



"They Are Always Trying to Hire Me Away"

"You asked me about selling, Bob, and I'm going to tell you a little of my experience."—It was a well-dressed man of thirtyeight or forty who was speaking. He and a younger man were seated in a quiet corner

of the big reception room.

—"Eighteen years I've been at it now—sold goods for a dozen different concerns and in all that time I've never been out of

work so much as a day.

—"You see, here's one way selling is different from every other occupation. You might be *ever* so good as an inside routine man, and hardly anyone

outside the firm would ever know it; but just the minute you go out and make good as a salesman, the news gets 'round mighty quick, and before you know it two or three big companies are on your trail -all trying to hire you

away.

—"Maybe they don't come right out and say so, first thing, but they snoop around and find out how much you're making and whether you're 'perfectly happy where you are'—and then they let it be gently known that 'you could do better with the Miller outfit'—

"-Last year, for instance, the head of the firm I started with came after me with a contract I really wouldn't know how to beat. Looks like it will net me fifty thousand in the next three years.

net me fifty thousand in the next three years.

—"But, as he told me, he doesn't care two cents how much I make so long as I deliver the business. It may be ten thousand, or it may be twenty-five thousand a year, but just so long as I make it by producing business, every dollar I get means bigger profits for the company."

The Testimony of Successful Salesmen

-Something to THINK about-that bit of con-

—Something to THINK about—that bit of conversation!

For there's not a statement made by the older man regarding opportunities in salesmanship which will not be borne out by any man who has won his spurs as a salesman.

Is selling only for the man with unusual gifts?

Take a look at the men now selling goods and making a handsome living. Doyou see any evidence that they are specially gifted? On the contrary, they are just as tall and short, as pleasant and crabbed, as quick and slow, as any other group of business men.

men.

And the men who hire them, without exception, will tell you that they rarely have much luck with the "born salesman." It's the trained salesman that they're after, and they will point to dozens of men who never had any experience at all in selling, but who made a serious study of the business, and who today are cutting circles around the good-looking

chap with the glib tongue who relies on good looks and "natural ability" to get him by.

Training Is the Thing -and You Can Get It

Do you have an ambition to become a really successful salesman?

Does a first-hand acquaintance with the big cities, the better clubs, the fine hotels, appeal to you—and would you like to increase your earnings within the next few years—quite possibly within the next few months—to a point where you could tell the architects to go ahead with those plans for a "home of your own," could step into an automobile sales room and put down the money for that better car you would like to drive—in short, could

For a number of years the selling methods of these men were observed and analyzed, and during this period these men—comprising many different sales crews—were personally coached in the principles and processes now set forth in the LaSalle course in Modern Salesmanship.

The sales-increases which resulted were referred to by the heads of the companies under whom these men were enlisted as "extraordinary"—ranging in many instances as high as 300 and even 500 per cent. The fact that such gains were made not merely by "cub salesmen" who still had their spurs to win, but also by seasoned veterans, proved that every step of the training was absolutely sound and practical—the straight, sure path to the greatest success in selling.

It is the truths established in this practical way and reduced to plain,

established in this practical way and reduced to plain, straightforward talks, that form the basis of La Salle training—and so clearly and forcefully are they presented that not a day goes by but what LaSalle is in receipt of such enthusiastic comments as the following:

the following:

"The first two texts have given me so much that I am firmly convinced that if I never learned anything more from the course, I would have a full return for the entire investment. I tell you frankly that I would not take \$25,000 for my contract if another could not be had."

—C. J. JONES, Canada.

"From a salesman in the

if another could not be had."

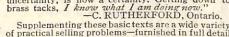
—C. J. JONES, Canada.

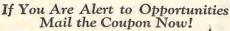
"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase—and right in the middle of the summer months—but I have had a keener grasp of the principles of selling. I know the meaning of fundamentals now; I know that by the application of certain definite truths, certain definite results can be attained. My effort, formerly more or less of an uncertainty, is now a certainty. Getting down to brass tacks, I know what I am doing now."

—C. RUTHER FORD, Ontario.

Supplementing these basic texts are a wide variety of practical selling problems—furnished in full detail by some of the most aggressive sales organizations in the country. This feature alone marks the greatest forward step yet taken in imparting sales instruction.

If You Are Alert to Opportunities





If you are in any phase of business whatsoever, you need a thoro training in salesmanship—the best

you need a thoro training in salesmanship—the best you can obtain.

For, in the last analysis, everything you will get from this world will depend upon your ability to SELL.

The coupon will bring you complete information regarding LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship—all the facts you need to set you on your way to greater earning power.

The man who is alert to opportunities will mark and sign and mail the coupon NOW.



"Just the minute you make good as a SALESMAN, the news gets 'round mighty quick, and two or three big companies are on your trail—all trying to hire you away."

begin to realize those dreams for a prosperous future which up to now you have hardly dared to entertain?

There is no magic about successful selling.
The man who sells the most goods is the man who knows the most about his line—is intent to SERVE his prospective customers—and thoroly understands the principles of SALESMANSHIP.
The first of these qualifications is merely a matter of study. The second EVERY man must have, regardless of the field he enters—if he would succeed.
That leaves but a single factor, SALESMANSHIP—and that requirement can now be definitely met in a way that will place you on an even footing, in point of actual understanding of the game, with the ablest salesman in America.

How Other Men Are Winning

How Other Men Are Winning the Big Rewards

LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship is by the home-study, spare-time method, and is based on the actual methods of more than a thousand outstanding salesmen engaged in selling a wide variety of products and services—everything, in short, from boots and shoes and electrical appa-ratus to motor cars and life insurance policies.

LA SALLE

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 10328-SR Chicago, Illinois
Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me. Modern Salesmanship: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents, and all those energed in retail wholesels or specialty solling.
Business Management. Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions. Date of Description De
or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc. If allway Station Management: Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Management: Training practical Employes and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice. Spanish-speaking: Training in the art of positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. Spanish-speaking: Training in the art of positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree. Commercial Law: Reading. Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men. Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employers, Employers, Employers, Executives, Industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc. Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc. Clubmen, etc. C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
Name Addrson

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Five



Features for October, 1923

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, Special Official Circular on Japanese Relief	4	The Slave, a story by Albert Payson Terhune	28
Horizon, a poem by Margaret E. Sangster Decoration by G. H. Mitchell	5	How to Make Money by Mail, a snappy	
Woodsmoke, Part I—a vivid drama of the African jungle by Francis Brett Young Illustrations by Douglas Duer	6	John Chapman Hilder Drawings by Ray Rohn	32
World Series Facts and Figures, an article by Walter Trumbull	12	The Cactus Derby, a story by Romaine Lowdermilk and Lyle Abbott	34
Peachbloom, a story by Rita Weiman Illustrations by Everett Shinn	16	Editorial	38
Who Pays for Advertising?—an article by James H. Collins	21	Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, Official Circular No. 2	40
A Quiet Afternoon in One of Our Southern California Cities, drawn by George		Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order	43
A Plain Fellow's Bookshelf, book reviews		Factors Underlying Security Quotations—by Stephen Jessup	78
by Claire Wallace Flynn	27	Cover Design by Paul Stahr	

23

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission: John K. Tener, Chairman; Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer; James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, William M. Abbott, Rush L. Holland, Frank L. Rain, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio)

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U.S.A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y.

Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please allow four weeks' time

Copyright 1925, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elka of the United States of America

のかられのかられのかられのかのかのかのかのかのかのかられのかられるかられるから

A remarkable introductory offer that may never be made again



FREE-A beautiful pair of Bas-Relief Lincoln Book-Ends

It is hard to do justice, in an illustration, to the beauty and character of these book-ends. They are of heavy bronzed metal. The pair would sell in most stores for at least \$1.00, in some stores probably for \$1.50. This unprecedented offer is made to introduce a new set of thirty Little Leather Library masterpieces quickly into representative American homes. If you wish a pair, please send the coupon below at once.



thirty LITTLE LEATHER LIBRARY world's masterpieces

An amazing bargain in books now made almost unbelievable. Each book complete, not extracts. Over 3000 pages in this new set. The greatest works of Masters whom you have always promised yourself to read, or re-read.

WHEN Little Leather Library volumes first appeared, old and established publishers held up their hands in amazement. Booklovers were equally astounded. "It seems too good to be true!" "How in the world can you do it?" "I have never received so much for my money." This was the tenor of thousands of letters that were received.

When booklovers, who did not know their price, were asked to guess what it was, thousands actually estimated from five to twenty times the real price. (These interesting records are on file.)

Now, in response to a long-continued demand, and after the most careful consideration of titles, this new set of thirty world's masterpieces is announced to the world's respectively. It is a set in the oninger of the public. It is a set, in the opinion of the publishers, even more interesting, more valuable, more broadening, than the previous one.

How Many Have You Read?

This new set comprises the greatest masterpieces—in some cases, several—of each of the Masters listed; books that

charmed, entertained, uplifted and inspired untold millions of people.

Barrie	Dumas	Lamb
Kipling	Emerson	Moore
Shaw	Whitman	Tennyson
Yeats	Whittier	Plato
Allen .	Poe	Wilde
Balzac	Irving	Maeterlinck
Browning	Ibsen	Turgenev
Eliz. Browning	Shakespeare	Longfellow
Dante	Elbert	Hubbard

How Can It Be Done?

These are books that no cultured person cares to confess he is not familiar with. If the low price makes you skeptical, if you think they are "cheap-looking" books, consider these facts: The paper is the same as that used in books that sell usually for \$2.00 apiece; the binding is NOT paper, NOT cardboard, like imitations of these books that have appeared. It is a specially made, rich limp material, actually more durable than leather, and tastefully embossed and tinted to resemble HAND-TOOLED leather volumes.

How can thirty such books be sold for only \$2.98? Simply by printing in editions of at least one million books at a time. relying on the good taste of the public to keep the enterprise self-sustaining. Quantity production—that is the whole secret. Surely, sooner or later, you will want to obtain this wonderful set—at least a year's good reading for the price of a theatre ticket!

Why, then, not obtain it at once, taking advantage of the exceptional "premium offered above for promptness?

Sent for 30 Days' Examination

Do not send any money. Simply mail the coupon below, or a letter mentioning this advertisement. When the books and book-ends arrive, give the postman only \$2.98, plus the few pennies for delivery charges. Then, if you wish, examine the books thirty days. If you are disappointed in the slightest respect, if you do not agree that this is one of the most satisfactory purchases you have ever made, send the set back any time within thirty days, and your money will instantly be refunded. Can a fairer offer be made? References—Elks Magazine, Manufacturers' Trust Company, or any magazine.

Little Leather Library Corp.

354 Fourth Avenue

City

Dept. 9510

(Outside U. S. \$3.50; Cash with Order)

for the



Japan Relief Circular

Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

> Watertown, South Dakota September 6, 1923

MY BROTHERS:

The appalling tragedy in Japan calls forth the humane instinct of every citizen. The President is using the resources at his command to furnish immediate relief.

The American Red Cross and the Salvation Army are taking active steps and will raise necessary funds to carry on the work of succor and rehabilitation in the stricken district of Japan.

I urgently suggest that the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks contribute liberally through either the Salvation Army or the American Red Cross and that every Subordinate Lodge co-operate fully with one of these organizations in this immediate campaign for relief funds.

You will please report promptly to this office just what your Lodge does, the amount of contribution made by your Lodge or its membership, and with which of the organizations you co-operate. This is a real work of charity and brotherly love.

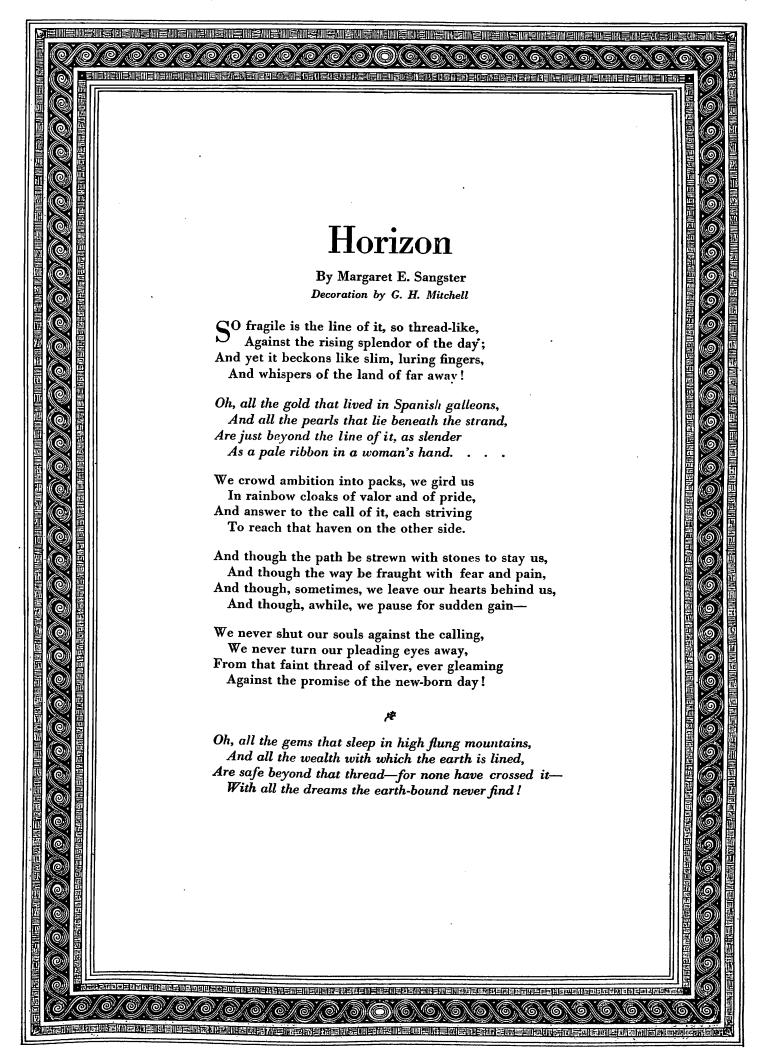
"Let's do"-promptly.

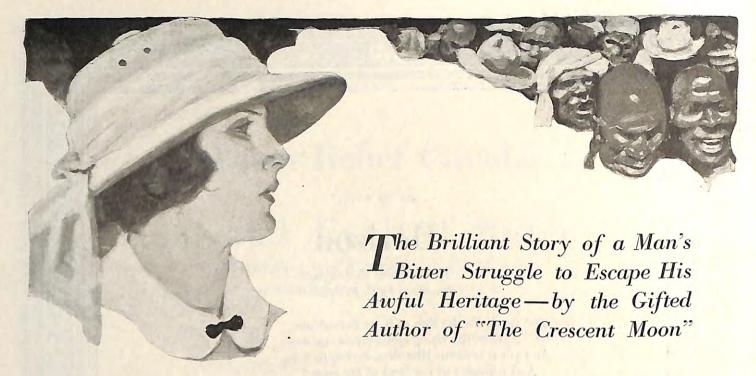
Attest:

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Trid Cholinson
Grand Secretary.





Prologue

FIRST met Jimmy Antrim at a de-testable spot called M'bagwe, half-way through Smuts's invasion of German East Africa. Our hands were full of pitiful wounded after the fight at M'Kalamo, and so my ambulance had lagged behind, arriving in the cool of the evening at a place where we had been told that water would be found. By the time we reached it the division had done its worst; all that remained of the promised river was a series of rockpools from which one scooped with diffi-culty a creamy liquid colored like coffeegrounds; but once it had been water, and that was enough for us. Near it, like a jealous watch-dog, Antrim had pitched his tent, or rather slung between two acacias of a vivid and illusive greenness the piece of rotten tarpaulin that sheltered him from

As I rode up he rose in defense of his coffee-grounds from the yellow patch of grass on which he had been lying. He came staggering out into the sun, a tall man in a captain's uniform, his pale face blotched with freckles like a leopard's skin, reddish hair, and eyes of deep blue, singularly honest, that looked straight into mine from their cavernous orbits. I told him who we were; and as soon as he was satisfied that we needed water and had a right to it, he trotted off, like a dog to its kennel, and left us to ourselves.

Later in the evening I strolled round again to his bivouac, partly because he was the only white man with whom I could the only white man with whom I could talk, and partly because I felt certain that the man was ill and hoped that I might do something for him. There he still lay on his patch of grass, sticking to his post as if he feared that he would be court-martialed for letting the water evaporate. Evidently he resented my visit. He asked me gruffly what I wanted, and when I told him that I'd come round for a smoke and a talk he I'd come round for a smoke and a talk, he

was silent, as if he didn't believe me.

"At any rate," I said, "you'd better let
me have a look at you. When a man's as
ill as you are he shouldn't sniff at a doc-

tor."
"Doctors!" he said with a laugh. "I think I know more about malaria than most of them. Don't talk to me about quinine. I'm what the Germans call chinin-fest. I might as well eat charcoal as quinine.

You'd better take a pew."

The pew was another tuft of grass, and

He lit a blizzard lamp. The air danced with moths and mosquitoes. Once again I with moths and mosquitoes. Once again I was struck with the extreme pallor of his face. "A candidate for blackwater fever," I thought. "This fellow ought to be sent back to the base." I told him so.

At this he became excited. "All you medicine-wallahs are just the same," he said. "I know all about myself. I know what I feel like and I also know that I'm

what I feel like, and I also know that I'm what I feel tike, and I also know that I'm perfectly fit to carry on. When I report sick you can do what you like with me"
"You should have reported sick long ago," I told him.
"But I've not done so," he said, "and I'm not going to"

I'm not going to.

"You know this country pretty well,"

I said. "Yes. How long have you been in East Africa?"

"Six months."

"Up at Nairobi?" he sneered.
"For five days."

"My name is Antrim."

This sudden information seemed unnecessary. I told him mine, vaguely flat-tering myself that it might be familiar. But it wasn't.

"It's an extraordinary country," I said,

"full of atmosphere."
"Atmosphere? What do you mean?" That was a question that it would take a book to answer.

"I mean that there's more in it than you can see with your eyes or survey with triangles. You never know what you're going to find. You spoke of Nairobi. Well, Nairobi, to my mind, has none. This country here is full of secrets . . . ghosts, if you like to put it that way."

"Ghosts?" he echoed. "You're right. You're right. Ghosts. But you're the first man I've met here that's seen it.

first man I've met here that's seen it. What did you say your name was? I've a regular East African memory. you never know what you're going to find. That's where you differ from me. I do."
He chuckled to himself. "That's why I'm
not reporting sick, doctor. D'you see?"
I didn't; but I pretended that I did.

Or perhaps I really thought I did. I thought he was going to find an attack of blackwater and a shallow seven-foot trench.

And of course I was wrong, as doctors usually are.

Next day we moved on and caught up with the division. All through the day's march my meeting with Antrim had stuck in my mind, and in the evening I made

some inquiries about him.

"An old regular," they told me. "Jimmy Antrim. He's well known in Nairobi; used to be in the K. A. R. Bwana Cui the natives call him. His freckles do make him look like a leopard. Antrim's a curious look like a leopard. Antrim's a curious fellow. In the old days up at Nairobi he was a popular man, thorough good sportsman all round. Then there was a queer story about a hunting trip—somewhere down in this country. He went out with a man and his wife. There was trouble with the wife; a queer business that was never properly explained. If you get hold of some of the old East Africans they'll tell you all about it with accumulated interest."

WEEKS went by. We settled down in a bush country at the edge of the Masai steppe and watched our cattle and

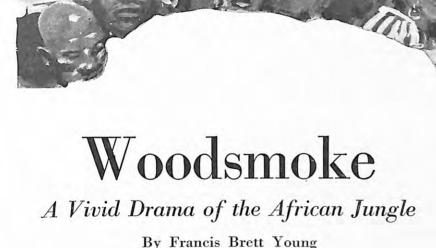
mules and horses dying of flu.

In that camp—it was called N'dalo—
Antrim suddenly reappeared. In the meantime they had kept him doing odd jobs on Lines of Communication. Sometimes he was Political Officer, sometimes he was Political Officer, sometimes Intelligence, sometimes A. P. M. In all these billets his knowledge of native languages was useful. It was as Political Officer, in white tabs, that he came to us; but, quite apart from the change of uniform, I wouldn't have known him. have known him.

The man had looked awful enough by the water at M'bagwe; now there was nothing left of him but his eyes. His uniform bagged about him; his hands were claws, his face a dirty yellow. There was nothing left but those two points of burning blue. And how they burned!

And how they burned!

One day, inspecting a fatigue party of Baluchis who were burying the last of their transport animals, I made a gruesome discovery. One of the sepoys who had scat-tered through the bush in search of soft ground for the burial had suddenly thrown up his arms like a drowning man and dis-



Illustrated by Douglas Duer

appeared into the earth. The others ran up to see what had happened and found him, frightened, but none the worse, at the bottom of an old game-pit of the kind that the natives dig to catch animals. The mouth of the pit had been quite masked by a growth of creeping vines and thorns. They pulled him up, laughing at the mishap, with a cable of linked belts, and as soon as he got his breath he began to tell the Jamadar what he had seen. When he came to himself at the bottom of the pit he had found himself lying between two human skeletons. It would have been natural enough to find the pit full of bones; but these two seemed to be complete, just him, frightened, but none the worse, at the but these two seemed to be complete, just lying there together undisturbed as the ants had left them. . . "Some poor devils of natives," I thought, "probably driven to hide there by our friend Zahn." Zahn was the German officer who had been in charge of that district in peacetime; a hard case, and one of the blackest in the black book with which the Intelligence supplied

"Will the Sahib see for himself?" the Jamadar asked me; and since the discovery would have to be reported I said "Yes," watching the Baluchis as they cleared the tangles of undergrowth from the mouth of the pit and let in the light.

THEN I climbed down. There were two complete skeletons as the sepoy had told us. In one of them the right thigh-bone was us. In one of them the right thigh-bone was completely broken; an ugly fracture in the middle third. The shape of his skull told me that he had been a European. The other, shorter, but massively built, had obviously been a native. No scrap of clothing was to be found; the ants had seen to that; but, scattered over the floor of the pit were a number of metallic objects: a gold hunter watch, on the dial of which I was surprised to read the name of an English maker; a rusty hammer; a couple of corroded pans of the kind which men use for prospecting; a claspknife, a pencil case of untarnished gold, and, last of all, a gold locket which had once hung round it is the case of the control of the white man's neck, but now hung round the white than's neck, but now dangled within the cage of his ribs. These things I collected and carried to headquarters, leaving a guard of Baluchis to see that nothing was disturbed.

Headquarters was not interested in my

find. Nobody seemed to know what I should do with my trophies until a languid Brigade-Major suggested that Antrim was my man. "Take them to Captain Antrim with my compliments and ask him to report.'

Antrim was sitting at his table writing under the same old tarpaulin. When he saw me coming he cleared away the natives that were waiting to be examined and rose with difficulty to his feet.

"So you've come at last," he said, be-

wilderingly.

"Headquarters sent me. . . ." I began.

"Yes, yes, I know. Sit down. Let me see
what you've got."

The man whom I had borrowed from the Baluchis dumped everything on the table. Antrim went paler and paler. I thought

Antrim went paler and paler. the man was going to faint and jumped up to catch him. "No, I'm all right," he said. "Leave me alone."

He picked up the watch and opened it. It had stopped at ten minutes past five. He closed it with a snap. Then his

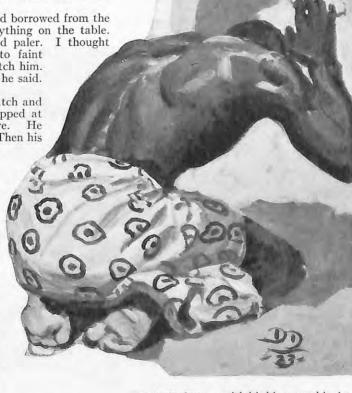
closed it with a snap. Then his thin fingers strayed over the other rubbish. It was just as if he were afraid to touch them, but felt compelled to do so. Last of all he came to the locket. He pressed the spring; but it wouldn't open. He forced it with a penknife. A scrap of paper fluttered out on to the ground. I picked it up and read a dozen English words that were written on it in pencil. Dingaan found me. Too late though. Leg smashed. Nobody to blame. Lacey has the figures.

I handed the paper to Antrim; but he took no notice of me. His eyes were fixed on a portrait, a colored miniature, that the locket contained. I leaned over him and looked. The portrait was that of a young girl with dark hair and a pale, serious face, at which Antrim gazed and gazed.

He looked at me with his blue eyes blazing, his lips trembling. Evidently the poor devil's mind had given way. That sometimes happens after months of malaria.

Then he tottered; his hands dropped the

locket; I caught him and lowered him gently to the ground. He lay there quietly, his eyes closed. I was glad that he'd closed his



eyes. They were unbearable. But his lips still smiled. That was the funny thing. He looked as if he had suddenly lost all anxiety.

I sent the Baluchi running round to the ambulance for bearers and a stretcher. Antrim was still lying quiet when they arrived. I roused him.

"Look here, I'm going to shove you into hospital," I said.

He took it like a lamb.

RIGHTO! You can do what you like with me now. I've finished with the ghosts.

Evidently he remembered our conversation at M'bagwe in spite of the "East African

memory.'

We hoisted him on to the stretcher and carried him away. He lay there placidly, his eyes still closed. I walked by his side, thinking what a tragedy it was that he hadn't given way before his reason went, Suddenly I heard him whispering: "Doc-

tor!"
"Yes?" I bent over him and listened.

"Will you do me a favor?"
"Of course." He sounded sane enough. "I want you to go round to the wireless people-Harrison's a friend of mine-and put through a private cable for me. Really important. Will you take it down?"

"Very good. Fire away!"
He dictated: "Antrim. Chalke Manor. Wilts. I don't know if you'll have to put England. . .

'I'll see about that."

"Thanks. Go on: Ghost laid. Love. Jim. Got it?"

I read it over. He was wonderfully collected. I began to wonder if I'd made a mistake in diagnosis.

"Yes, that's right," he said. "A thousand thanks.

He closed his eyes again. The stretcher passed into the shadow of the hospital banda. A fortnight later, when I lay convalescent beside him on the way to the base, I heard his incredible story.

Chapter I

Four years before the beginning of this adventure, James Antrim had been seconded from the Indian regiment to which he belonged for a term of service with the King's African Rifles at Nairobi. It was a pleasant life that he came to and the only one that he understood; the atmosphere of Nairobi was, as near as may be, that of an Indian hill-station. Its social traditions were those of Indian official life; its inhabitants, soldiers and civil servants, members of two connected castes, speaking the same language, accepting the same conventions of behavior and the same code of sport.

A good life . . . Antrim-Jimmy, as everybody called him-could not have asked for a better. First, he was a keen soldierheredity answered for that—and the K. A. R. of those days was a crack corps of magnificent physique tempered by the fires of war that still smouldered on every border of the colony. He was proud of his men and being born to the job, he soon came to know them and like them as well as his own Pathans. Next, he was a born sportsman and this was the best country in the world for sport.

Antrim never bothered his head about women. He had learned all he wanted to know about them years ago in India, at a station too hot for any other amusement, and emerged from this tuition with a profound distrust. Not for one moment that he was insusceptible. It was a game for which he had an aptitude as marked as for any other. The trouble, to his mind, was that it was a game without rules-or rather

Antrim and Rawley sat for hours over the imperfect maps that were available.

Mrs. Rawley rarely spoke, but Antrim felt that she understood things that with Rawley he must explain at length

that women, in his experience, wouldn't stick to those that he accepted. That was why he preferred bridge . . . and male bridge at that.

For this reason he came to Nairobi with a reputation for "difficulty" among women. Throughout the whole of his service there he lived up to it. He was considered a waste of the very best material, for in many ways he was attractive to women, in his air of perfect physical efficiency, his reputation for good sportsmanship, his breeding and, above all, his voice, which was low and strong with the inflections rather than the accents of a brogue.

PERHAPS it was a feeling of disappointment, long suppressed, that made the outcry which was raised against his first adventure at N'dalo so bitter and so prolonged. To Antrim himself it was also inexplicable, for he had left B. E. A. after four years of service with the battalion, to all intents a popular figure.

Certainly no man could have asked for a better send-off. He didn't suppose that he would ever see Nairobi again, but as he left it he felt more kindly toward it than to any station in which he had served.

In after years he was often to remember that down-hill journey to the coast. He had never been fitter in his life; he was modestly conscious of a job well done, and sure of a first-rate confidential report on his service. In front of him lay the prospect of six months' leave. What he would do with it he didn't know. It was enough to be sure that he would be in Ireland for the white trout and the grouse, and six months was a deuce of a time in any case. Three days at least he must spend in Mombasa waiting for his boat, but that, on the whole would be rather fun, for he was booked to spend it with the provincial Commissioner Kilgour, another Irishman whose house was the oldest quarter on the island, overlooking the harbor in which he would swim at dusk.





By the time that he had reached these pleasant determinations the train was running fast through the game reserve and his eyes became watchful, and there came into his mind the memory of many golden

days on those rolling highlands.
And he thought: "Well, this is good-bye.
This is the end of Africa for me. I'm still in it, but every moment I'm moving away from Funny how a damned shenzi country like this gets hold of one." All through that evening he was thinking more of Africa than of Connemara. Lying there awake and, as it seemed, less and less likely to sleep, his thoughts became possessed by the fantastic idea of cancelling the passage he had taken, throwing up the idea of Europe, and spending his six months' leave in Africa. It might be his last opportunity, and in any case he could never again do it so cheaply. Supposing he fitted up a small safari in Mombasa and started down South, over the German border into new country. The idea was ridiculous, but he couldn't banish it from his mind and at last surrendered to working out its details. In ten years' time there wouldn't be a spot uncharted on the map of Africa. Supposing that he stuck to his original plan and made another visit on long leave from India? The odds were that by that time all accessible country would have lost its virginity, and therefore be useless to his fastidious taste. "If I don't go now," he told himtaste. "If I don't go now," he told himself, "I might just as well not go at all. Damn it, why shouldn't I go now?

HIS sister Honoria, down near Athenry, would be disappointed not to see him. Honoria was married and had two children. She was said to be happy, and told him so herself. Poor old Honoria! It was all very well to think about her; but the pleasure and the pity that he got out of it were equally sentimental. Really, they were strangers.

When he came to think of it there was nobody in his life at present who wasn't a stranger. It had been his rule to cultivate the pleasant superficial relationships that were necessary to his army career, and to leave it at that. Much better all round. You expected less of people and weren't open to disappointment, and the men at Headquarters decided you were a sound fellow. What was more, it allowed you to lead your own life. The train had reached the thorn desert of Taru before he fell asleep.

On the platform at Mombasa next morning two of Kilgour's boys in uniform were waiting for him. On the way to Kilgour's quarters he caught, between two baobabs, one glimpse of the long arm of Kilindini

harbor. There, in mid-stream, swung the *Vandal*, the ship on which his passage was booked, lazily loading a cargo of hides from up-country. Antrim eyed her carelessly. It was useless trying to think about anything until he had bathed and scrubbed his body and washed the red dust of the train out of his eyes. He didn't suppose he'd see old Kilgour before *tiffin*—but Kilgour's *memsahih*, one of the best sportsmen in the colony, would make him comfortable.

The trolley swung round a corner, and there she was, in pajamas, mosquito-boots and a topee talking fluent Swahili to a couple of gardeners.

"JAMBO, Bwana!" she called, waving her sunshade. "How are you?" she asked, looking him up and down with her keen candid eyes. "Pat's down at his office doing a job of work. You look like a Red Indian. Better make a start with a bath. Sorry I'm too busy with these shenzis to show you in, but you can find your way."

He thanked her, and she called after him: "Lunch at one, Jimmy. Better make yourself pretty. There's a lady coming; just arrived on your boat."

He liked Mrs. Kilgour; her downrightness, her pluck, the hospitality that had turned their house into a hotel and run away with every penny of their income. He liked to hear her capping Kilgour's inimitable lies, the mixture of tolerance and prejudice with which she astonished official womankind.

When he descended he found them waiting in the cool-flagged drawing-room; Pat Kilgour, a little thinner than usual, with a twinkle in his eyes that meant stories; Mrs. Kilgour clothed almost elegantly in white, and the two strangers to whom she introduced him with a rush, "Mrs. Rawley . . . Mr. Rawley . Captain Antrim is going home on your boat . . . You'll be able to tell him all about it." The man bowed: the woman held out her hand

bowed; the woman held out her hand. "Chakula tayari," said a tall, white figure at the door, and they passed in to lunch, Kilgour following, with a friendly grip on Anticia."

Antrim's arm.

One of the skel-

etons had been

a European. . .

Scattered over

the floor of the pit were a number of metallic objects; among

them a gold

hunter watch

At lunch, if he had wished it, Antrim had plenty of opportunity to examine the other guests, for Kilgour and his wife, treating him as a familiar of the house, who could look after himself, spent most of their cares on them.

A curious pair. At the first glance Antrim had not found either prepossessing and least of all the husband. Physically Rawley was

almost a fine figure of a man, standing at least six feet in height; but the figure was illbalanced, its lines tapering downward from the shoulders that were massive, over tooslender hips, to feet of a ridiculous smallness, and this gave him the silhouette of a tall peg-top. His arms were too long; his hands huge, clumsy, slow-moving; his head set low on his shoulders; his eyes habitually lowered in a way that seemed shy rather than fur-He spoke little, rising with the sluggishness of an overfed trout, to the quick casts Mrs. Kilgour made in his direction; and when he did speak it was only to confirm a point that he had grasped five seconds too late with a hurried,

yes. Quite so," that led nowhere.
Once, at the end of a conversational blind-alley Mrs. Kilgour's eyes met Antrim's in an appeal for help, but he only smiled to himself. It amused him to see her carrying on, for he had just realized why Rawley didn't or wouldn't listen. The man was looking at his wife, straining his ears to catch the least word that she spoke to Kilgour at the other end of the table. "Poor beggar, he's jealous," Antrim thought. And then Rawley in a paroxysm of awkwardness upset the salt. "Throw it over your shoulder quickly!" Mrs. Kilgour commanded. Rawley took her serious-ly. "You've no idea how I detest superstitions," "W e 1 l, your blood's on your own head. Don't blame me if





Even in a young girl you could judge a good deal by that. Her eyes he could not see; but he liked her voice, for it was low, with a certain ready quality. He found himself listening for it. As a rule he hated the high-pitched voices of women. This was the voice of a boy, speaking English that was delicate and clear-cut. When he came to think of it, her voice was like the rest of her; it had given him the clue to her quality. She wore no jewelry but a necklace of small well-matched pearls, luminous on the pallor of her skin. Her cheeks showed no flush of color, and yet her skin was alive: ivory, and yet warmer than ivory

Toward the end of the meal, for the first time, he spoke to her. Evidently, up to this point, she hadn't realized his existence; and this, on the whole, pleased him.

BUT, when they rose from the table and he pulled back her chair, she turned to him, and for part of a second their eyes met. Hers were golden-brown, and very frank. In that glance she seemed to be summing him up, deciding exactly what manner of man he was. After that the wonder that she should have married Rawley increased. though she looked at him she didn't speak. She didn't even say "thank you." And he was filed not with annoyance but with compassion. "Poor kid!" he thought.

Presently they found themselves together and alone. The resources of Antrim's politeness forsook him; he had nothing to say. They stood in silence, facing each other, in the middle of the room. He couldn't think what had happened to him that he should be tongue-tied like this. And then, suddenly

she spoke:
"Mrs. Kilgour told me that you were returning to England on our boat. I am sorry I didn't catch your name."

"My name is Antrim."
"You're Irish like the Kilgours?"

"I am." "When are you sailing?"

He hesitated. Not because he didn't know the date, but because he habitually spoke the truth. Then he answered, as it seemed, in spite of himself: "I don't know." "I suppose it depends on the cargo?"

"The boat sails on Thursday.

"I thought your passage was booked?" "So it is. I booked it a month ago. "And you've changed your mind?"

It was as though her questions were forcing him into a decision that his mind had not cared to face. It was certainly an easy way of arriving at conclusions. He smiled at of arriving at conclusions.

himself as he answered her.
"Yes, I've changed my mind."
And she smiled back at him, curious,

incredulous: "What an extraordinary thing! I like people to do things like that. I wish you'd tell me why . . . if it isn't a secret."

He did not answer her. In any case he

couldn't have done so, but the arrival of Rawley and the Kilgours saved him from the difficulty. Rawley Made straight for his wife. Are you ready?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

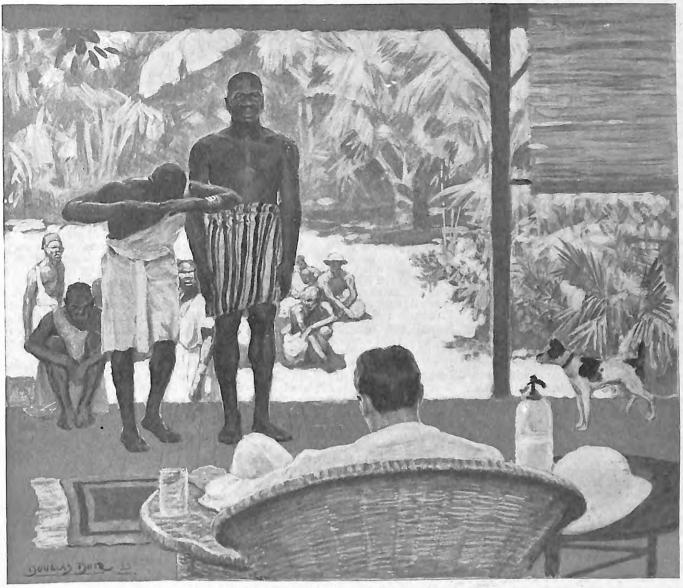
"But you are not going yet?" Mrs. Kilgour protested.
"Sorry, I'm afraid we must. I hope we

shall see you again.'

"Of course," said Kilgour, warmly, "of course."

They made their farewells. This time Rawley shook hands with Antrim; it was a good firm hand-grip. His wife only bowed. Kilgour showed them to the veranda steps. Antrim and Mrs. Kilgour stood looking at each other in amazement as the voices of the others died away.

he decided, a plucky mouth.



Antrim found cooks and headmen waiting for him in droves

"Who are they?" he asked at last.

"Rawley's Chemical Dip. Didn't you

know? I thought I told you."
"No. But who was she?"
"She's an 'honorable.' Her name was Carlyon. A Cornish family. She's a daughter of Lord St. Pinnock, if that leaves you any the wiser. I'd never heard of

him."
"No. But I think I must have met one of her brothers in Simla. Nothing to boast of, by the way, and a good bit older than this

girl."
"Yes. "Yes. She's the youngest. Rawley must be a millionnaire, to judge by the advertise-

ments."
"I wish she'd tell him not to wear that

Guards' tie.'

"He can't help it, Jimmy. That's the funny part of it. He was in the Grenadiers. He 'let it slip' as they say."
"Good Lord! You don't say so?"

"But what are they doing in Africa at all?" Antrim asked, when Kilgour re-

appeared.
"Going on a safari up country," Kilgour replied. "It's getting fashionable, worse luck! He's been asking my advice about porters and equipment. If I don't look after him he'll get done brown. But when you get him to talk, let me tell you, Rawley isn't a fool by any means. He's a clumsy fellow and all that, and he hasn't a lot of conversation, but he seems to know what he wants. And he's very fond of his wife. I

don't blame him. Charming woman, as I said before.

"What did you make of her, Jimmy?" Mrs. Kilgour asked suddenly

...? Nothing at all," Antrim replied.

Chapter II

N THE cool of the evening, or rather in that pleasant, tepid air that envelops the island when the shadows of the baobabs lengthen seaward and the breeze begins to fall, Antrim saw them again. He was walking in from the Bluff to look for old acquaintances in the Mombasa Club. Reaching the corner of the wide avenue of flamboyants where the road from Kilindini dips downward to the fort, he became aware of a crowd collecting in the middle of the street. trim hated nothing in the world more than a row; but this seemed serious, and he could not pass it by. If there were trouble it was his business to be there; so he too hurried to

There, in the middle of the murmuring crowd stood a ricksha with lowered shafts, and in it, erect, fragile, and very pale, sat the white figure of Mrs. Rawley. Antrim pushed his way through the crowd that smelt of black flesh and spices and the sickly oil with which the natives smear themselves. In front of the ricksha, crumpled up in the dust, lay its owner; and

above him, flushed and dishevelled, stood Rawley, breathing heavily like an angry bull. In one clenched hand he held a greenbacked Swahili vocabulary; in the other the splintered shaft of a walking-stick that he had broken over the fellow's back. He was cursing in English at the hostile crowd.

Antrim walked straight up to him and took him by the arm, but he seemed too consumed with anger to notice him or realize what he said.

"What's the matter?" Antrim asked.
"Matter? I told the brute to go slowly. He wouldn't stop."
"Are you sure he understood you?"

"Of course he understood me. It was just damned obstinacy."

The figure in the dust gave a groan that

was echoed by the sympathetic crowd.

Antrim gave the ricksha boy a poke with his foot. "Get up!" he said in Swahili. "What's the matter?"

The native began to whine. "The bwana told me to go fast. I went fast. How could I go faster with such a weight behind? Then he stood up and beat me like an ox with his stick. What could I do? And then he jumped from the ricksha and knocked me down with his fist. Now I wait for the police."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Antrim. "Get up. Let me see what's the matter with you."

Apart from the dust, which was his (Continued on page 58)



World Series Facts and Figures

By Walter Trumbull
Sketches by Herb Roth



ANS from as far North as Greenland's icy mountains and as far South as the straits Magellan sailed, from as far West as the Golden Gate of San Francisco and as far East as India's temple bells; rooters piled row on row in great concrete and steel amphitheaters, which are so huge that 1,000 human beings may be as lost in their vastness as a handfull of birdshot scattered on a battle-field; silence which is tense, or a volume of sound which seems to shake the very firmament; a few men in uniform, stationary or moving swiftly upon a great carpet of green, marked with white lines; a little sphere of cork, wound with yarn and covered with horsehide, whose every movement is recorded and flashed to every part of the world by telephone, telegraph, cable and radio and upon whose every act thousands of dollars depend—that is a brief and incomplete picture of a world's series of to-day.

The New York American League stadium will hold some 70,000 spectators, but they are as nothing to those who are interested in the result of a world's series game. In the cities thousands more crowd halls or block street traffic to watch score-boards which record each play. In every corner of the land persons eagerly tune their radio sets to the returns while the wireless flashes them to ships at sea and to shores across the ocean. The final batter has scarcely been retired before England and Hawaii, Alaska and the Argentine know the winner and the

And then the presses begin their job of setting down the story in print. Endless columns, written by hundreds of eye-witnesses who are trained observers and who set down every detail of action and surroundings in their efforts to give to millions a moving picture of everything which has taken place. These stories will be the basis of arguments for a year to come. A world's series is far reaching in its effects.

Theoretically the scene of a world's series is the same as the scene of any of the season's games at that particular park, but actually the difference is tremendous. It is noticeable miles away from the grounds.

The whole city is in a state of nervous excitement. It is noticeable in the crowds on their way to the game, in the police who are in charge of traffic, in the ticket takers at the gates. You see it in the way the teams come on the field, in the manner in which the players warm up. They either are more brisk than usual, or assuming a sort of forced carelessness and gaiety. Sometimes just before the

opening of the first game of a world's series there is a tension in the air which actually can be felt.

Really to understand anything you must know something of its history. Let's go back a few years and see how the world's series originated.

In 1876 the National League was organized. It retained unmolested control of baseball until 1882, when McKnight of Pittsburgh and Von der Ahe of St. Louis formed the American Association, with clubs in Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. In 1884 the Providence Club of the National League and the Metropolitan Club of the American Association played the first world's series. It consisted of three games and Providence, with Charlie Radbourn as its pitcher, won them all.

What the receipts of this series were we do not know, but the series of 1885 was played between Chicago and St. Louis for a purse of \$1,000, which was contributed by A. G. Spalding and Chris Von der Ahe. As each club won three games and there was one tie, the purse was divided.

These championship games continued through the season of 1890. The largest total receipts of which we have any record was the \$42,000 taken in in 1887 in the Detroit-St. Louis series. The expenses were \$18,000 and the balance of \$24,000 was divided equally between the two teams in spite of the fact that Detroit won ten games to four for St. Louis.

In 1891 the Brotherhood war broke up the series and finished the American Association as a major league. In 1892 the National League season was divided into two parts and the winners, which were the Boston and Cleveland teams, played a post-

season series.
The two-part
season soon
was abandoned.
In 1894
William C.



It used to be the thing to interview the first customer in line

president of the Pittsburgh club in 1892, donated a trophy known as the Temple Cup, to be played for by the National League teams finishing first and second. These games, therefore, really were not in the nature of a world's series, as one of the contesting teams already had won the championship of the league. But they were much more sporting than the previous series where the receipts were equally divided. In the Temple Cup series the first club to win four games got sixty-five per cent. of the net receipts and the losers the other thirty-five per cent.

One thing which this series tended to prove was the uncertainty of baseball. In 1894 the Baltimore champions, with such players as Gleason, Esper, Robinson, Brouthers, McGraw, Jennings, Kelley, Brodie and Keeler, lost four straight games to the second-place New York club, which had Rusie and Meekin pitching for it. And the following year Baltimore, which was again the champion, lost four games out of five to the second-place Cleveland club, which had Young and Cuppy as pitchers.

IN 1896 Baltimore, for the third time champions, beat Cleveland four straight games and the following year, finishing second, beat the champion Boston club four out of five. It is a fact worthy of notice that the old Orioles were contenders in every series for the Temple Cup. And, moreover, the year they beat Boston that club had Nichols, Klobedanz, Stivetts and Hickman pitching, Bergen and Ganzel catching, Tenney, Lowe, Long and Collins in the infield, and Duffy, Hamilton and Stahl in the outfield. After this the National League abolished the series.

This brings us to the modern world's series. In 1899 there was a financial depression in baseball which probably was due to conditions growing out of the Spanish-American war. The National League decided upon a policy of retrenchment. Instead of a twelve-club league it formed itself into an eight-club league by dropping Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore and Louisville.

Ban Johnson, who was at that time running the Western League, saw his chance and organized the American League, with teams in Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Washington. In 1902 New York was substituted for Baltimore and the following year the American and National Leagues signed a peace treaty known as the New National Agreement.

Thus 1903 came to be the year of the first modern world's series.

The contestants in this series were Pittsburgh of the National League and Boston of the then new American League. The Pittsburgh team had on it such men as Wagner, Clarke, Bransfield, Beaumont, Phillippi and Leever and so confident were the supporters of the older league of its superiority that they firmly believed that the result was a foregone conclusion. Their confidence seemed to be justified when Phillippi won two of the first three games, which were played at Boston, with little diffi-

When Phillippi also won the fourth game, played at Pittsburgh, it was supposed to be all over but the shouting. Then Bill Dineen—now an umpire—and Young pitched Boston to four straight

victories and the championship.

Deacon Phillippi pitched five games in this series for Pittsburgh and won three of them. Dineen pitched four games and won three and Young pitched three games and won two. Here were three great

pitchers.

Boston won its league championship again in 1904, but New York, which won in the National League, refused to play a post-season series. In the first place, John T. Brush, of New York, had been the one-club owner who to the very last had stood out against making peace with the new organization. In the second place, he refused to play on the ground that there were no accepted rules for such a series. There was much commotion over the matter and it finally led to the adoption of special rules which made the playing of the series compulsory and placed entire control of the series in the hands of the National Commission.

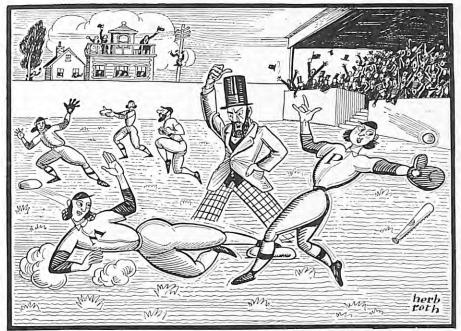
THE series was to be the best four games out of seven. In later years the series was extended to nine games, and then contracted again to the original number. In those early days the share of the receipts which went to the players was split seventy-five per cent. to the winner and twenty-five to the loser. Later this was changed to sixty and forty per cent. and eventually provision was made for the clubs finishing second and third. The players share only in the result of the first four games.

Many persons do not take into account the series of 1903, but reckon the modern world's series from the games of 1905. Of course, there is much justice in this, as those were the first games played under the special rules and the agreement which still exists.

In some ways that 1905 series was the most remarkable ever played. It consisted of five games, all of which were shut-outs. Christy Mathewson shut out the Athletics three times—a feat never equalled in these post-season games—and McGinnity shut them out once. Bender blanked New York

in the only game Philadelphia won.

How remarkable such pitching was the figures show. From 1904 to 1923 the major leagues have played eighteen series, of which



The first world series, played in 1884, was between Providence and the Metropolitans

the American League won ten and the National League eight. In those series the American League won fifty-two games and the National League fifty-one. That makes a total of 103 games.

Among those games there were twenty-eight shut-outs. Matty pitched four of them, Miner Brown three, and Bender, McGinnity, Walsh, Overall, Mullin, Adams, James, Benton, Schupp, Ruth, Vaughn, Eller, Ring, Kerr, Coveleskie, Mails, Grimes, Mays, Hoyt, Nehf and Scott one each. It surely is an extraordinary thing that of those twenty-eight shut-outs, spread over a space of eighteen years, five should occur in one series and three of them be pitched by the same man.

In any short series it is an evident fact that pitching is the most important thing. That doesn't mean that you need a lot of pitchers to win. It means that you need a few good pitchers. Some dopesters figure that pitching is seventy per cent. of a world's series. It certainly is fifty per cent.

Since the National and American League first met to settle the world's championship only six times has the winning team used more than four pitchers. Seven times three pitchers have won a series and, in 1910, the Athletics won four games out of five from the Chicago Cubs by using just Coombs and Bender. Connie Mack had in addition such pitchers as Plank, Morgan and Krause, but he kept them on the bench.

The names of pitchers who won three games in a single series are Phillippi and Adams of Pittsburgh, Dineen and Wood of



Boston, Mathewson of New York, Coombs of Philadelphia, Faber of Chicago and Coveleskie of Cleveland. Great boxmen, all of them! We always have considered Mathewson the greatest pitcher who ever lived. If he were in his prime and had the present Giant team behind him we don't believe he ever would lose a world's series game.

Of course a pitcher can not win for you unless you do some scoring. And strangely enough the great hitters of a season may not be the great hitters of a world's series. Frequently they are not. George Rohe just about won the series of 1906 for the White Sox by

his remarkable clouting, but he never did anything in major league baseball after that.

On the other hand Babe Ruth up to this season never has done much in a world's series. Let's look over his record.

THE Babe first got into a series game in 1915, when, playing for the Boston Red Sox against the Phillies, he batted for Shore in the ninth inning of the first game and grounded to Luderus. The following year he pitched and won the second game against Brooklyn. He went to the plate five times and did not get a hit. Twice he struck out. In 1918 he pitched and won two games against the Chicago Cubs—although he had to have some assistance from Bush to win the second—and played a couple of innings in left field. He was five times at bat and made one hit—a triple.

Ruth made his best world's series showing with the Yankees in 1921, when he was badly crippled. In sixteen times at bat he made five hits, which gave him an average of .313. One of the hits was a home run.

But in 1912, when he wasn't held together by bandages and sticking plaster, the Babe hit only 118. Out of seventeen times at bat he made a single and a two-bagger. And the Giants were pitching to him. They only gave him two bases on balls and hit him once and struck him out three times. But before each pitch they looked over at the bench where McGraw was sitting. The keenest baseball brain in the country was doing the pitching to Ruth.

But, whatever his world's series record may have been, George H. Ruth is the greatest hitter in the country. McGraw is among those who have called him the hardest hitter of all time. And he is getting smarter. He doesn't swing his head off at a third strike as he once did. Now, if the pitcher gets him in the hole, he is content to try for a single or double. That is to say, he concentrates more on hitting the ball and less on knocking it out of the lot. But he gets his share of home runs just the same.

Ty Cobb once told us that during his early years in the majors there were certain pitchers who worried him. They were not the great pitchers. Some of them were almost second rate, but he couldn't seem to hit them. Later, as he gained experience, he quit worrying. He simply figured that there were certain days when he would



hit and certain days when he would not. The only thing was to keep the percentage in his favor. Then, he said, all pitchers came to look alike to him.

Ruth has just about reached this stage. He may hit, or he may not, but the chances are that he'll hit. He always is dangerous. If he can get his bat squarely on a ball he doesn't care who is pitching. We doubt whether you ever could get him to study pitchers very much. When he was a pitcher himself-and one of the best-he never

cared who the batter was.

In the 1918 series between the Boston Red Sox and the Chicago Cubs the latter club had a player-we'll call him Pat-who was reported to be gun shy. In the meeting before the series, where the opposing team was discussed, this fact was noted. decided to drive him back from the plate by the use of fast balls pitched close to him. During the series, while Ruth was pitching, another Chicago batter came to the plate and the Babe got the ball a little too close to him. In fact, he bounced it off his head. But he came to the bench proudly. certainly fixed that fellow, Pat," he said. "He'll keep away from the plate after this." The Babe hadn't taken the trouble to find out which man was which, in spite of the fact that one was a left-handed and the other a right-handed batter.

BUT Ruth is a great baseball player and some time we expect to see him find himself in a world's series-and when he does things are going to happen. No pitchers can stop him forever. Sooner or later he gets the range and then some one in the stands has a chance to dodge or catch a new baseball.

In one respect a world's series is like a golf championship. It is not always the man with the reputation who does the long hitting or the best playing. It is the man who happens to be, just then, at the top of his game. For example, a partial list of the men who have hit .400 or better in post-season games, with their averages, is as follows: Gowdy .545, McLean .500, Robertson .500, Groh .474, Frisch .471, Steinfeldt .470, Baker .450, and .409, Lewis .444, Evers .438, Luderus .438, Collins .429, .421 and .409, Chance .421, Herzog .400, and Rossman .400.

In 1911, Murray of the Giants didn't make a hit out of twenty trips to the plate. In 1912, Murray was at bat thirty-one times and, with an average of .323, outhit Tris Speaker. Herzog hit .400 in one series

and .053 in another.

Strangely enough the champions in the two leagues generally come from the same section of the country. From 1904 to 1923, only four times has an Eastern club faced a Western in the series games. The Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs played in 1910, the Chicago White

Sox and the New York Giants in 1917, the Boston Red Sox and the Cubs in 1918, and the Cleveland Indians and Brooklyn Robins in 1020. Nine times the games have been confined to the East and five times to the West.

In the National League, New York, up to this October, has been in seven series, Chicago in five, Pittsburgh in one, Boston in one, Cincinnati in one, Philadelphia in one

and Brooklyn in two.

In the American League, Philadelphia has been in five series, Boston in four, Chicago in three, Detroit in three, New York in two and Cleveland in one. St. Louis and Washington are the two cities which never have had a world's series. Many baseball managers have told us that they figured that St. Louis to win a championship would have to have a team ten per cent. stronger than its nearest rival. This is on account of the terrific heat which frequently exists there in summer. Visiting teams only have to stand it for a few days, but the home teams get long stretches

WASHINGTON is another city which VV gets piping hot at certain seasons. In spite of Walter Johnson—one of the greatest of all pitchers-the Senators never have been able to finish better than second. Certain St. Louis teams have lost pennants

by the width of an eyelash.

Since the post-season battles between the National and American Leagues first started, those series in which the winning club had to win four out of seven games have been completed in an average of five and one-half games. Only once has the series been won in four games, the Boston Braves turning the trick against the Phila-delphia Athletics in 1914. On eight occasions the series has been won in five games, four times it has been won in six games, once in seven games and once in eight games. Only once was the nine-game series won in seven games. The other times the winners had to play eight games to win the necessary five. While the longer series may be actually the better test, the shorter series is the better series. You can't keep the interest of the fans at fever heat in a series which runs over a week.

But scarcely ever is there a world's series, or a world's series game, which is not interesting. Among the players, nerves, muscles and brains are strung to highest tension. Players may figure during a season that one game more or less is apt to make little difference. But it makes a tremendous difference in a world's series. A season's race is to a world's series as a milerun is to a 100-yard dash.

Every hit and every error counts. time the ball is in motion the difference between the winner's and loser's end of the purse may be traveling with it. One lusty wallop, one base on balls, one steal, one good throw, one fine bit of fielding may be worth hundreds of dollars to each man on a team. One fumble, one muff, one stupid play may cause glory and money to vanish like a wisp of smoke. It is small wonder that the players are on their toes and the spectators on the edge of their seats.

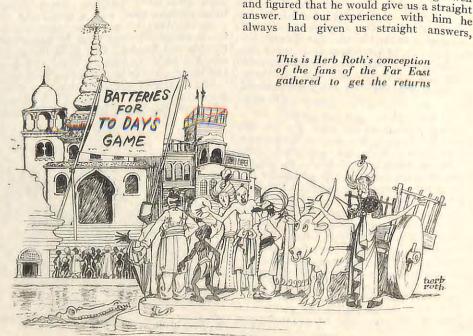
There are certain series which stand out in memory. For example, take the 1906 series between the two Chicago clubs. The Cubs had set a record in the National League that season by winning 116 games. They were supposed to be one of the greatest teams of all time—and they were. The White Sox, led by Fielder Jones, were known as the hitless wonders. They had won the American League championship through fighting spirit, fine fielding and the great pitching of such men as Ed Walsh, Doc White, Nick Altrock and Owen.

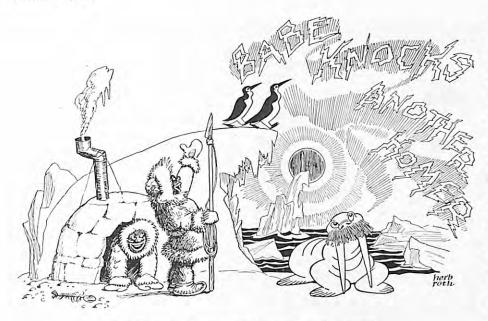
Frank Chance's team was a heavy favorite. In all Chicago the only man we remember seeing who really wanted to bet on the White Sox was a barber who had some of the players for customers. Yet the White Sox won four games out of six. They outhit the Cubs and outpitched them.

The series of 1914 was supposed to be little more than a practice gallop for Connie Mack's Philadelphia club. In the infield Mack had McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker, and his pitchers were Bender, Plank, Bush, Shawkey, Pennock and Wyckofi. That team had beaten the Giants four games out of five the previous autumn. The Boston Braves were thought to be a very ordinary team which had won a pennant largely through weakness in opposition. It was led by George Stallings. That was the season he was given his title of Miracle Man.

Before the series started we were talking

to Stallings on the telephone.
"For our own personal information," we said, "what do you really think of your chances?" We had known Stallings well and figured that he would give us a straight answer. In our experience with him he





And this is Roth's idea of the way the world's series news is received among Greenland's icy mountains

although often on the understanding that what he said was confidential.

We never had a man reply to a question more earnestly than he did at this time.

"I suppose that you think we should be worrying about making a good showing," he said. "Well, I'll tell you something. We'll win that series. And not only that, but they won't have a chance with us. We'll make a clean sweep. I'm telling you that we'll win in four straight games. Go and bet on it."

WE DIDN'T take his tip. We thought either that he had hypnotized himself into believing what he wished to believe or that the strain of leading the Boston Braves to a pennant had been too much for him. We tried gently to argue with him. We didn't want him to be too disappointed. He wasn't. The Braves took four straight.

Two things won for Boston that year. They were momentum and fighting spirit which has seldom been equalled in baseball. The Athletics won the flag in their league ten days before the season closed. After that came a natural let down. They entered the series calm and confident.

On July 15, 1914, the Boston club was in last place. On August 1, it was in fourth place. On September 15, it was in first place. But New York still had a chance. Even when Stallings had actually led his team to the pennant he still managed to keep it under headway.

keep it under neadway.

And the Braves went into the world's series with something of the fighting spirit of a Malay running amok. They had no of a Malay running amok. They had no friendly feelings for their rivals. They were out to flatten them in the manner of a steam roller. There was no fancy stuff. At the bell they came out of their corner swinging both hands. Their attack fairly swept the Athletics off their feet.

Rudolph, Tyler and James pitched like masters. Gowdy, Evers, Maranville and Schmidt hit like wild men. Everybody contributed all he could give. One game was won in the ninth inning, by a score of I to o. Another went twelve innings. It was an extraordinary series.

A series which we never shall forget is that played by New York and Boston in 1012. The Giants should have won this series, but they didn't. It was filled from first to last with suspense, unexpected happenings, great baseball, terrible baseball

and wild excitement. To finally win four games the Red Sox had to play eight, as one of the games was a tie. This is the only one of the so-called shorter series which ever ran to eight games. The Boston team had New York three games to one, when the latter took the next two battles and tied the

Christopher Mathewson pitched three great games in this series and didn't win one of them. His team failed him in each instance. His defeat in the final game was almost tragic. Never did he pitch more skillfully. A popup, which dropped safe while three men stood around it, a muffed fly and a foul which easily should have been caught, nullified truly great pitching.

In a world's series the players have so much at stake that their choice of a pitcher receives some consideration from a manager. It was not known whether Matty or Marquard would work in that final battle. On the morning of the game we met Fred

Merkle at breakfast.

"Who will pitch?" we asked him.

"The Big Fellow can pitch for my money," he replied, "and the others feel the same way about it. Matty's the man to tie to in a place like this." to tie to in a place like this."

MATTY didn't fail them. They failed him. He was a veteran of the game, but he came on the field looking like a boy that day. He was anxious to win for more reasons than one.

"I want to win to-day," he said to us before starting for the field. "This may be my last world's series."

Mathewson received the finest tribute after that game we ever saw a player given. As he walked wearily from the mound the Boston crowd, which had just seen its team win a world's championship, didn't cheer. It stood in silence. We saw men and women crying. McGraw came from the player's bench to meet his pitcher. Even

his voice was none too steady.
"Matty," he said, "you pitched the finest game I ever saw.

Herzog ran from third base to throw his arms around his team mate—and there were tears on his cheeks.

"Never mind, old boy," he called. "It wasn't your fault."

There was one rather amusing personal incident which we remem-

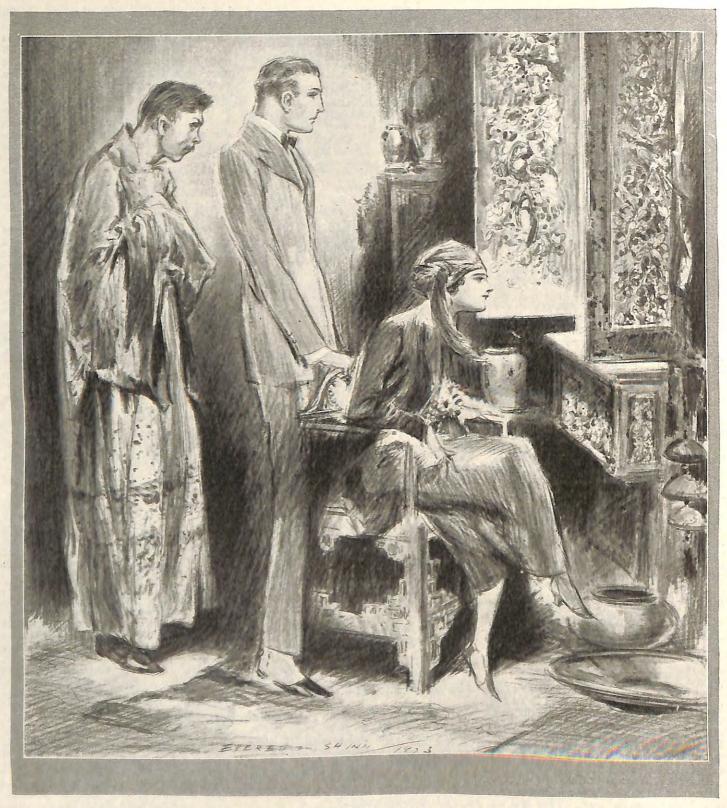
ber in connection with that series. once wrote an interview with George Stallings—at the time he was deposed as manager of the New York Yankees—which other newspapers branded as a fake. not only Stallings, but his lawyer had been over that interview carefully before they consented to its publication. Something of the same sort happened here. We were handling John McGraw's daily articles on this series. We used to meet him immediately after each game, he would tell us what he wished to say and we would then go and typewrite the stuff in as nearly his exact words as we could. After that we would take the copy to him and he would read and correct it, before it was put on the wire to a syndicate of newspapers.

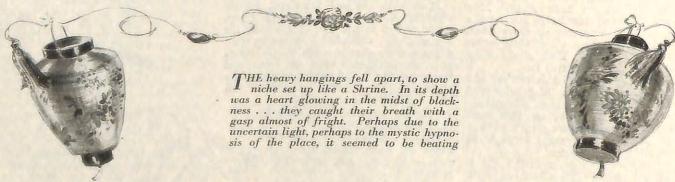
After one game he criticized a player rather sharply for what he considered a mistake. We didn't think it was the player's fault and argued to that effectwithout result. So we typed what McGraw wished to say in his article and then disagreed with him in our own story of the game. A little later a paper in another part of the country wrote a scathing attack on the practice of signing the names of baseball men to articles which they didn't write, and pointed out the statement made under McGraw's signature as an excellent example of what foolish statements ignorant sporting writers caused authorities on the game to make.

While the big stands of to-day have added spectacular features, they also have taken them away. In the old days, when space was more limited, a world's series ticket was regarded as about in equal value to the largest crown jewels. Fans would stand all night outside the grounds, in long lines marshalled by the police, in an effort to buy their way in as soon as the gates were opened. It always was the proper thing to send a reporter out to write up this crowd and interview the first customer in line. His picture was published and he felt like one of the heroes of the series.

Nowadays all that is a thing of the past. The parks are big enough to take care of almost everybody who cares to come. A man doesn't have to start for the grounds hours in advance. He can leave his office at pretty much the usual time and, without having to fight his way through milling thousands, walk comfortably into the grounds. No longer can a playful enthusiast reach over and drop one of Harry Stevens' peanut shells down a fielder's neck. The fields are so large that a rooter would have his troubles hitting a fielder with a far-flung pop bottle. Not that he would try. A world's series crowd is as well behaved as a theater crowd. It's largely made up of the same people.









Peachbloom

How Great Love Came to Two Baffled Souls, Out of the Mystic Wisdom of Old China

By Rita Weiman

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

PRICKLY rain had risen from the bay and fallen from the skies over San Francisco. It hung, a dripping veil, so that the view of little islands snuggling into the arm of the bay was completely cut off. It was as if the city of hills, almost moated by water, were itself an island cut off from sunshine, bathed in tears.

In the most elaborate suite of the most elaborate hotel the city afforded, a wet window framed a tearful face as the glass covering an exquisite portrait might have enclosed it. In fact it was more like a portrait than anything real. Not that its bloom was the bloom of paint. There was not a suggestion of cosmetic on the smooth cheek, not a touch of it on the rich red of lip. The limpid eyes, just now wet and pathetic with appeal, were gray, their lids heavy white as a gardenia, with lashes curling back so astonishingly that they almost touched the clear black lines that marked the brows. Peel might have painted her—or Romney—or she might have been the inspiration for Gainsborough's "Nellie O'Brien." The same delicately etched features, the same lure of transparent skin whose quality one longed to test but dared not; the same dense mass of hair, full of light and life, sometimes the copper of autumn, sometimes the gold of a summer

She was sad, like the city, the lovely creature who only three weeks before had become Mrs. John Carrington Cross, and her lord and master, who was her slave, studied the droop of the inviting lips with

a sort of dumb misery.
"Darling, I can't help the weather," he protested at last. "It knocks me out completely to see you like this. But what can we do?"
"It's rained for three whole days," she

sobbed accusingly.

"If there were a matinée to-day, I'd take you. It probably wouldn't be worth seeing with the rotten companies the managers send out here. But it would be something. We've been to all the decent picture

"Oh, movies! I hate them!"

"If we had time we could pack up and bolt for Southern California again. But we leave for Honolulu in four days—"
"I don't care now if I never see Hono-

lulu!"

"You'll feel differently, sweetheart, when the sun comes out.'

'It's never going to."

"Nonsense! It always has up to date, and there's no reason to believe it's going to change the schedule of a few million years. It's out somewhere, you know-only we don't see it."

His attempt at persiflage brought only more sobs.

"Now you're making fun of me! Do you think that's kind when I'm so miserable?"

"Making fun of you? Precious, I'm just living for one thing—to make you happy—to see those heavenly eyes full of smiles instead of tears." He lifted the quivering chin. "They're lovely either way, and I love them—love them—love them!" He was kissing them now tenderly, sweetly, adoringly, but he could not kiss away the wetness of her lashes. The floodgates were down and she would have her cry.

Her reaction to the rain was very different from his own. When they had driven into it, coming by motor out of the dazzling sunlight of the south, he had welcomed its gentle patter, the foggy veil that seemed to shut them off from the rest of the world. Now he would have her to himself! For the first time during their honeymoon they would not be rushing about sightseeing, being entertained, trying to crowd into a few brief days the activities of weeks. He knew very few people in San Francisco-was glad of it. He wanted to know his wife, to grow closer in thought, in spirit, in living, to the beautiful girl who had so completely captivated him that he had swept her into the possession of himself and his millions; and himself—as he had thought—into the possession of her in less than a month. Eight weeks ago he had not known of her existence. To-day that existence was so welded with his that he could not imagine life without her. Yet they had still to know each other. The fascinating revelation of all the crosscurrents that direct impulse, that toss the fragile craft of love in the rapids of intimacy were yet still waters to them. To him the long shut-in hours meant riding those rapids, meeting the woman in the girl he adored, gauging her innermost thoughts, the whimsies, those tender little caprices that make the feminine mental process such a charming jigsaw puzzle for the male to fit together— if he ever can. All the exquisite nothings

that form the invisible bonds of love were to draw them close in the days of waiting for the steamer that would carry them to the land of love.

And instead, her misery had welled into the gray eyes until they brimmed over. She stood, back to him, framed in a window, looking longingly at the wet world outside, pleading for some diversion to make the days speed by. She drew away from his

kisses.
"If only there were some one to play bridge! But there never is in these big city hotels! It wouldn't be safe to pick up just anybody. Oh dear"—and it was a sigh, not a term of endearment—"isn't there anything we can do? Think, Johnny—please!" The "Johnny," murmured by red lips so wistfully, smoothed his frown. He went to the reading table lifted a bouffants bisque

to the reading-table, lifted a bouffante bisque lady whose skirts covered the telephone instrument, and ordered a closed car.

WE'LL go to Chinatown. It won't be crowded a day like this, and we may pick up something you like."

She brightened instantly.

"And will you take me right through? You know, we only went a few blocks the day we got here. You were so scared somebody would steal me, Johnny, that you were funny." Her laugh was like the trickle from a songbird's throat.

"Well, I don't like those yellow mongrels at you."

staring at you."

They drove through the fashionable business section with its smart shops like wellgroomed women, and turned into Grant Avenue, that phœnix of the old and mystic Chinatown—of subterranean tunnel and underground den—arisen from the fire. Gold pagoda-like roofs with pendant carvings of red and green gleamed wetly. The street, as it narrowed, mirrored strangely hybrid creatures scurrying past. Saffron-skinned girls with daubs of red on each cheek, bobbed hair and their little feet tapping in high heels below the trousers and coat of a coolie suit—China bounded at both extremities by the U.S.A. Men with inscrutable eyes and soundless step, their expression unchanging, their smile slow. Centuries of masking emotion, of quiet repression had carved control into those bland faces.

The faint scent of incense came through

the open doorways. It was more a sense The low projecting than actual odor. windows offered wares of the Orient rakishly like careless Geishas flitting their fans across gold-painted lips. Damascene smoking-sets, bits of translucent jade, Philippine embroideries, gay kimonos, all jumbled together regardless of fitness or art. strects of fashion just a few blocks away were a mirage. This garish replica of old China transplanted was as full of temptation as if it had not been frank counterfeit.

The wide car bumped over the cobbles

of the tight roadway.

The little bride's big eyes lighted. "Let's get out and walk, Johnny! I

want to stop in every itty-bitty shop. He protested. It was raining—they had a car—why run the risk of catching her death? In other words—though he did not

say them--she might melt. "Don't be silly! The car can followwe'll get in whenever we like. I'm going to

walk, anyway!"

He got out, of course—still protesting. His lady's smile was his reward. It was the first time she had smiled in three days. They linked arms and crisscrossed the street in her anxiety to penetrate the pungent promise of each of those beckoning, low-set windows. Behind one he bought her a black cord bracelet from which two tiny jade animals, a tie between lionine and canine, dangled—the sacred dogs of Peking, the slant-eyed salesman told them solemnly. In another shop he saw her enfolded in a wildly embroidered Manchu robe, which did not at all suit her exquisite daintiness, but which she must have for a breakfast-coat.

"When we sit on the enclosed veranda facing the sunken gardens at the Long Island place, Johnny dear! It will fit them divinely."

He could not quite see the connection between Italian gardens and a Chinese coat. But it was her wish and another of his lady's whims was gratified.

BY THIS time the gray eyes were shining. Rain still dripped dismally, fog still veiled the world. But for John Carrington Cross

the sun had broken through the clouds.
"Happy, darling?" he whispered, bending down as they made their way, arm in arm,

along the skiddy street.

"All happy again," she pouted, squeezing his hand. "Isn't this fun and aren't you

glad we came, Johnny?'

They stopped before a window scarcely wider than that of a house, but long as a French one, almost reaching the pavement. A carved screen of gold lacquer at the back cut off the shop beyond. In front of it squatted the big-bellied god of good fortune. He sat upon a square of pressed velvet that was a dusty red. From above a queer amber light showered over him.

It was different from any of the recklessly bedecked show windows they had passed, granting merely a glimpse of possibilities, withholding its greater gifts for those curious enough to penetrate behind that lacquer

The door, diagonally placed, stood partly open as though smiling an invitation instead of shouting it. She drew him toward it and he, realizing that the day was hers, that further protest was futile, followed.

They entered the velvet stillness, their feet touching a dense rug instead of bare boards. The place was more like a chamber of thought than a shop. There were no cases of display, no cabinets filled with gewgaws. A few teakwood stands and ornaments oddly shaped. A dragon of burnished bronze snorting incense from his nostrils, a scent different from the others. A silver stork on a table of ebony. A tall urn of royal blue cloisonné with its thin threads of gold marking the outlines of bird and flower, an opium bowl of smooth brass. Everything in the place had a personality as if for centuries its lack of animation had been merely the desire to hold its secrets tightlocked within itself, as if its lack of life were a matter of choice, not destiny.

HE two who entered might have been part of that silent world. By mutual impulse, without a word to each other, they stopped just within the doorway and waited. The back was dimly lighted with the same amber glow that fell upon the god of good fortune in the window. Presently they saw the shadowy folds of a curtain pushed aside and a small, slender figure in mandarin coat of faded gold came toward them.

He walked slowly with step almost measured and head slightly forward as through trying to make out their features

before he reached them.
"Come in," he said in a low, gentle voice
and English amazingly accurate. "You

are my first visitors to-day.

He had the manner completely of a host. His voice had a soothing, musical quality. He might, indeed, have been welcoming guests to his palace.

His long, tapering hands lifted and placed a stool, intricate in its carving, just under the light. He opened the drawer of a chest the dull black of age, took out a round cushion of gold satin, put it on the seat, then made a gentle gesture that matched his voice. The girl followed every movement,

fascinated.
"Will you honor me?" he asked of her.

She sat down, her husband standing beside her, brows drawn together in a puzzled This Chinaman was absolutely apart from the persuasive salesmen of the other bazaars, as so many of them are fittingly called, as different as the shop itself. His odd-lined face like the seared cream of old ivory; his faded eyes and fine hands with their glossy pointed nails; his perfect command of an alien tongue; roused a questioning curiosity. He had the immobility of an ancient Chinese god, as if he had lived always and would never die; as if the flesh were a garment that could be shed and resumed at will; as if the spirit were of all time. His faded eyes centuries wise and centuries sad.

His manner, too, of exhibiting his wares was different. They were not marked with prices, nor did he quote any. Old embroideries, little figurines of green and white jade, trees whose flowers were semi-precious stones, all were produced in the manner of seeking the approval of guests not pur-And something in that manner made them reticent about inquiring.

At last she voiced the strange impression. "This is the most heavenly place I've ever seen—not a bit like a shop. things really for sale?" Are these

The sad eyes rested on hers.

Yes, they must be sold. But they are not what you buy in other shops. They have not been bought. They are minemy treasures. They have been the treasures of my family for many years."

"And you have to sell them now?"

"Alas—that is evolution. The landed aristocrats of yesterday are the paupers of to-morrow. My father had his palace in the Forbidden City, his lands near Peking. Modern commerce and competition invited him to join them and he refused. In revenge -to teach him his lesson, it may be, they took away all he possessed-his house, his

gardens, his life at last. But his treasures he left to me. Now I sell them that I may live.

"You are poor—with all these wonderful things? Why, they ought to be worth a lot of money.

The wide eyes were raised wonderingly. He looked down into their young shallows

with his age-old smile.
"They are—beyond value. But tourists

do not buy them.

He did not add that when he saw what appeared to be a prospective customer he put upon his treasures prices almost prohibitive, with the sneaking wish that they would not be sold. For many days he had realized that wish. For many days he had subsisted on rice and tea. His step was slow that the onlooker might not see it was

He kept gazing down into the lovely eyes with their gardenia-petal lids, at the glow of the transparent skin, a curious tenacity in his own. The slave who was her lord and master stood beside her like a sentinel, unable quite to gauge the extent of the Oriental's interest in his bride, not yet prompted to resent it.

"Do you see anything you want, darling?" he asked, watching the glow of her eyes as each additional treasure was produced.

"I want to see everything first," she answered with a thrilled note of excitement.
"I have one thing I should like to show

you," came in low, measured tones after a moment of silence. "I have decided that its beauty is for you to see, though no eyes except those of my people have looked upon it."

HE LED the way in the direction of his coming, lifted the curtain with his fine, yellowed hand, let it drop as the others followed into a mystically dark corridor.

John Carrington Cross caught hold of the arm of his beloved with a sudden sense that hands unseen might slip through that darkness and spirit her away. The Chinaman's volce came back to him reassuringly, though the man had not turned his head.

There is nothing to fear. You are both

I am here alone.

They felt rather than saw his hand go up once more, drawing aside a curtain, and found themselves on the threshold of a room so small that the walls seemed to close together. It had the cool, sweet smell of a cathedral, not pungent but persistent. The walls, they discovered, were hung with black velvet—that was what gave them that feeling of closeness. It fell in heavy that feeling of closeness. It fell in heavy silent folds. The light came smothered from two bronze braziers.

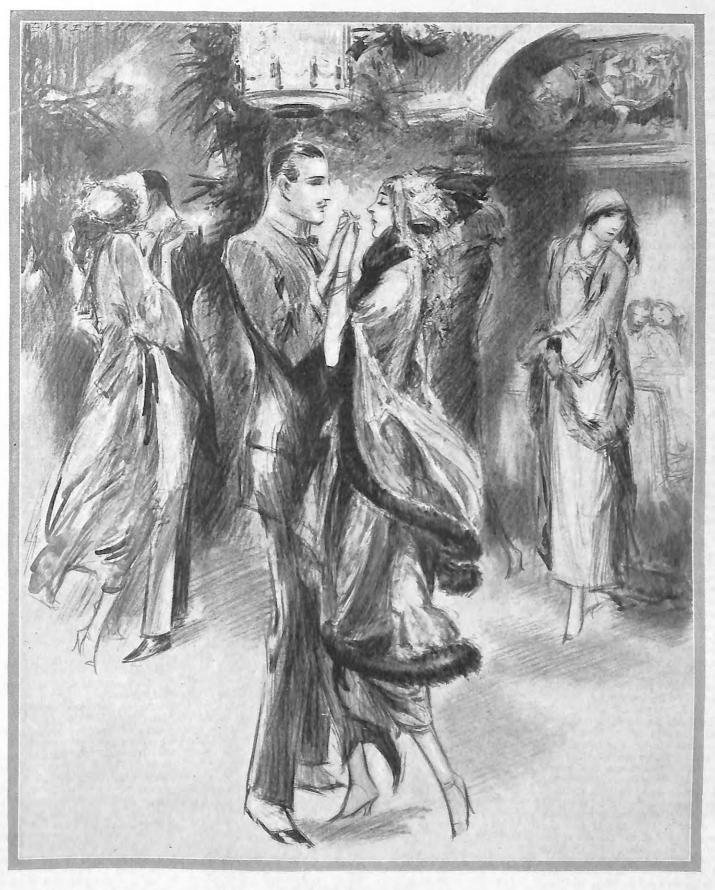
Once more the Oriental turned, concentrating his gaze upon the girl. It rested a time on the flushed cheek, the wide, expectant eyes. Then it traveled to the man. His gaze, too, was on her. There was less concern for the strangeness of their surroundings than for the strangeness of that enthusiasm in her eyes which all his ardor, all the devotion of the honeymoon had been unable to bring to them.

The Oriental stood a moment, head bowed as in prayer, then with soft footfall moved toward the heavy hangings on the wall facing them. His hand disappeared among the folds. They fell apart, to show

a niche set up like a shrine.

In its depth was a heart glowing in the midst of blackness. The two to whose curious eyes it was revealed caught their breath with a gasp almost of fright. Perhaps due to the uncertain light, perhaps to the mystic hypnosis of the place, it seemed to be beating.

A spell fell about them, of stillness, of



wonder—the wonder approaching choked fear that seizes those of the Western world when they encounter the intangible tradi-tion of the Eastern, as mysterious as life, as unending as a vista that vanishes beyond

as unending as a vista that vanishes beyond where the eye can reach.

The heart glistened as if wet, its pale red deepening until at the point it was like blood dripping downward. The sacrificial red of suffering, yet at the top its pink was the pink that came and went under the smooth skin of the girl whose gaze fastened on it.

They danced in a restaurant where the caress of softly played instruments was supposed to invite complete absence of thought for to-day, of concern for to-morrow

"What is it?" she breathed at last.

The Chinaman looked from it to her with

his sad, age-old eyes.
"The heart of my ancestress," came softly.

Again silence fell, this time of vague terror. Then the girl gave a laugh that cut through it. "But of course it isn't a real one."
"I do not know."

"Hoto not know."
"But how—how silly! It couldn't be!"
"Anything can be. There is so much in this world of which we know nothing. So much we can not explain. What is love? A thing we can touch? Yet it lives beyond life. Why should not the heart that has beat for it be preserved because of it-forever?"

He spoke with the conviction of one whose long living had taught him not to question,

not to expect to find the answer to its puzzle at the end of those labyrinthian paths of emotion that curve so many ways. Wisdom had given him the key to his own ignorance. He had learned to accept that which he did not understand. Only the man whose mind is harnessed by egotism becomes the scoffer. In the divine realization of its own limitations, the big mind rejects nothing unequivocally.

 A^{S} HE spoke he did not remove his eyes from the lovely, modern creature whose presence in that little room of silence struck an incongruous note of to-day bending backward and encroaching upon yesterday. His eyes that seemed as old as Time went slowly from hers to the beautiful pouting mouth, to the slender shoulders and fragile form that looked as if it might break under a touch too human. No woman of his own land could have boasted feet tinier than those in the high-heeled arched slippers. She was lovely as a porcelain goddess, elusive as a dream. Yet for some reason elusive as a dream. Yet for some reason the sadness of the Oriental eyes deepened as they moved from her to the man at her side. His bigness and frank boyishness, his proud air of the possessor, the very aura of love with which he seemed to surround her—was there anything about them to deepen in those wise eyes their look of sad

sympathy?
"Is there a story about it?" she broke in. "There must be!"

"Yes—there is a story. It is not new. It was not new at the time it happened. It will never be new—it will always be new." He paused, then went on, his voice like a

chant. "For many years the porcelain factories of China had been searching for means to make the sacrificial red in their glaze. Fathers had left the task to their sons-sons to their children. We learn patience— we of the Asiatic world. In 1683 T'sang Ying-hsüan, a man of great and rare genius, was in charge of these porcelain factories. He had a young assistant, a boy who dreamed of becoming the one blessed—the discoverer of that secret which the god of art held locked in his heart. My ancestress was very young then, too, and very beautiful, with the deep rich beauty the Orient grants to its women."

Again he paused, gazing into the light, limpid eyes raised to Again that slow gaze wandered to the worshipful husband before he proceeded.

"They met, these two, when she visited the factories with her father. And he knew, that young artist, why he had searched for the glow of red to impart to his glaze. Because it was the glow of her cheek, the red of her lip. They loved, the dreamer and the daughter of an aristocrat. Many times she caused her father to send for him, to bring rare glazes to their palace in the Forbidden City. She developed an intense interest in the art of porcelain-making. She began to study it. In the hours when

he could steal away from his master, the artist became her teacher. To her he whispered his hope, his prayer: 'I thought to find the sacrificial red—but now I know it is the secret of the color of your lips I seek, beloved—to preserve it always." His slow smile lifted the sadness rom his

"They were so young—they did not know that Romance so often lives only in the heart that believes it. To the outsider it wears the mask of Folly. Her father discovered one day that she was learning an art more delicate than porcelain, more fragile than the finest glaze. He took her from the arms that adored and gave her in marriage into arms which had known many embraces. She bore sons and daughters, but her heart she never gave. And dying she bequeathed it to the one whose image it had held. She was still young and still beautiful, but the light had gone from her eyes long before death came to them. 'Give my heart to my beloved who has always possessed it,' were her last words. 'If you do not do this, I shall not die. I shall not know peace. And when he comes to join me, let him give it to my first-born, who should have been his.' Death, not life, is the greatest sacrament to the Chinese. At the end of this short path of life stretches the boundless Beyond, and none who enter must bear burdens. They took the heart from her and gave it to her beloved and he encased it in tears—and porcelain that it might never die. And with it close to him he found the glaze he sought-a soft pink which was the color of her cheeks that grew deeper and wet like blood, the sacrificial red, the color of the lips he loved. And he called it 'Peachbloom.'"

The voice stopped. The sad eyes wandered to the heart that seemed to throb

against its background of black. Silence of

He was gone. Like a shadow moving wraithlike across the floor... like the past on which we bolt a door

mystic thought, of murmured prayer, silence filled with the presence of a power more enduring than either held the room. To those under its spell the beating of that heart could be heard.

The Oriental bowed his head. "The heart of my ancestress," he breathed. "Now you know its story."

"Why have you told it to us?" asked

John Carrington Cross curiously.
"I wish madam to remember it," he answered with a lack of hesitation that

made his listener start.
What did the Chinaman mean? Why had he been staring so persistently at the girl as he told his story? Cross didn't understand it, didn't exactly like it. It was the wide chasm between the Oriental and Occidental mind-the one seeing beauty a thing apart, the other seeing in that close regard only the desire to possess. Yet even in his suspicion, the American sensed in the soft words the other man spoke some motive deeper than their surface interpretation.

THE girl caught his arm, brought him as it were out of the spell the room had

woven about them.
"Johnny," she whispered, "I want it."

Somehow the phrase shocked as a sacrilege. The mere thought of offering money for that which faced them was like trying to

buy God.

The Chinaman's slow smile returned.

John Cross knew his low-spoken answer

"It is not for sale."

Partly due to embarrassment, partly to bring himself back to practicality, her husband put his next question.
"What is the value of peach-

bloom glaze?"

"It is very rare. One tiny bit has brought in New York as much as ten thousand dollars.'

"Have you any other pieces?" "No.

"Johnny darling," came another beseeching whisper, "if you offer him enough, I'm sure he'll let us have it.

'It can not be bought," the Chinaman told her.

"But if I want it-most awfully?"

"A heart can only be given," he half-smiled.

As if the mere mention of bargaining had no place in this niche of worship, he raised his hand to draw the curtains.

"No—no!" she lifted her hand

and it closed over the yellowed one. "It's so fascinating. I don't want to leave it!" And she gave him the look from under white lids that had made the strength of one John Carrington Cross a reed to be broken in her slim fingers. "Won't you think it over? I've never wanted anything so much in my life. And I'm a bride, you know—I ought to have everything I want.

Now shouldn't I?"
"You should want to give for love," came the soft answer. "Do you get the greatest joy

from that?"

"Of course! We both do! And you shouldn't deny us anything that will make us happier. You're—" she hesitated.
"Yes"—he did not wait for her to go on—

"I am old. And I have no one to love or (Continued on page 48)

Is Advertising Really Wasteful, Or Is It an Economy? And—

Who Pays for Advertising?

By James H. Collins

"T UST WAIT!" the Socialist used to say to the advertising man. "When say to the advertising man. the industrial revolution comes, your job will be one of the first abolished. Advertising is waste. It won't be needed in the proletarian commonwealth—people will get all commodities from the communal warehouses."

"Advertising isn't waste!" was the indignant retort. "It is the cheapest form of salesmanship, and increases the consumption of commodities by making them

better known.'

"Yes! It increases the consumption of patent medicines, chewing gum, lipsticks and cigarettes! Salesmanship is going to be abolished, too, for it won't be needed when the state supplies everything."

So they argued, hammer and tongs, each defending his view, which was only a theory, anyway, until communism get its trial in

Russia.

Then it turned out that the Socialist was right—advertising quickly became unnecessary in Russia, because there were no commodities to advertise.

But the advertising man was right, too, because the Soviet government soon began advertising for men and money to come in

and make commodities!

Is advertising really wasteful—or is it an economy? Does it increase the price paid for commodities? Who pays for adver-

tising, anyway?

Not the communist alone has asked these questions, but the economist, the banker, the business man. Yes, even the advertising man himself, for while confident that his business was useful, necessary and of public benefit, he has sought facts which would make it clear to others.

People think advertising is extravagant because, nearly always, they hear about great sums spent for space. know nowadays that a single page in a popular magazine costs anywhere from \$3,000 to \$7,000. They have heard that more than \$100,000,000 a year is spent for advertising in seventy leading periodicals. Estimates of the national advertising outlay in magazines, newspapers, billboards and other channels run all the way from \$250,000,000 a year to more than a billion.

Proud of his growing profession, the advertising man has talked these large figures

in proof of its importance.

What he should have talked about, however, is the insignificance of advertising expenditure. The little figures of adexpenditure. vertising are most important, not the big

WHEN you hear that \$1,000,000 was spent to advertise coffee last year, that sounds like a lot of money.

But when you know that the per capita drinking of coffee was increased from 320 to 400 cups a year at an advertising cost of less than one cent per person—how does it sound then? Did you notice any difference in the price of coffee?

Suppose \$100,000,000 a year is spent in magazine advertising. Suppose that much is added to the price of advertised commodities, and the public pays it—which is by no means the case. Your individual share is less than a dollar a year on purchases that will hardly be under \$500which is a fifth of one per cent.

As a matter of fact, for every penny you spend in that way, you have received a nickel without knowing it.

Some months ago, a well-known weekly magazine broke a record, appearing with 212 pages and cover in the biggest issue it has ever

THE idea that advertising is THE idea that advertising is some sort of overburden or supercharge added on to the price of commodities may have worried the reformer. It has not worried the consumer, for an inquiry was lately made among thousands of housewives, by a business association, to find out what they thought about adver-tised articles. "When you find two things just alike in a store, one you have seen advertised, and the other unadvertised, which do you prefer to buy?" was one question, and more than eighty-seven women out of every hundred preferred the advertised article

published. You could buy it on any newsstand for a nickel, or get it by subscription for less than four cents. There was more than seven cents' worth of white paper in There is always a full nickel's worth of white paper every week. The publisher must spend five cents for paper before he even thinks about stories, articles, illustrations, printing, wrapping, addressing or mailing.

He was able to give you, for four cents,

enough white paper to make a six-hundredpage two-dollar novel, with more reading matter in the stories and articles and more pictures. Advertising paid the difference. Roughly, for each dollar that publisher gets from readers his advertisers pay him about five dollars more. For each new page of advertising, he can give readers another page of stories or articles. may come out next week twenty pages thicker, which will mean two or three additional stories, but the reader pays no more. In the past fifteen years that magazine has grown from an average of about eighty pages to somewhere around one hundred and eighty, with no increase in the subscription price. If it contained no advertising, and sold for a nickel, there would be the thirty to a new page 1.

This principle of something for nothing to the public holds true of all advertising. Not in magazines alone do people get reading matter for less than white-paper costs, but in their daily papers they get news service that, without advertising, would make it necessary to sell newspapers for five and ten cents a copy. By tradition and conviction, the American farmer refuses to pay more than a dollar a year for his weekly

probably be thirty-two pages, and perhaps

agricultural journal. Without advertising it would be well-nigh impossible to give him such journals. And the technical journals that keep merchants, manufacturers and professional men in every line posted on their work would also be more expensive. Street-car advertising helps keep down fares by furnishing secondary revenue. Even the billboard and electric sign pay taxes, and stiff taxes, too. In the "white light" section of every city, where big buildings make land valuable, you will see some little old buildings surmounted by advertising signs. Such buildings would never earn enough money in rents to pay taxes on the high value of the land they occupy, but the advertising signs pay them.

Quite apart from this value return, how-

ever, advertising pays for itself by reducing

selling expenses.

By some queer kink in reasoning, people often forget that it always costs money to sell goods. The Michigan farmer slips a note into his bag of potatoes, "I got 24 cents a bushel—how much did you pay?" and it is found by a housewife in Virginia who paid \$2.00. Whereupon they both jumped to the conclusion that somebody took the difference as clear profit. Part of it was freight and hauling, but the merchants who passed along that bag of pota-toes and split it up among perhaps a dozen housewives had to pay rent, clerks' wages and other necessary selling expenses. Our school books are full of problems like "Smith bought a horse for \$100, and sold him for \$125—what was his percentage of profit?" When Johnny Jones answers "25 per cent.," the teacher says "Right," though Smith had to feed the horse until it was sold, spend time looking for a purchaser, or maybe pay a commission or auction fee. Even the economist has been fooled when he heard that a given article sold to a customer in South America was billed at a price lower than it could be bought in New York. Sales expense again -the South American importer has to bear the cost of selling to his customers, and adds that cost to the retail price.

HE more you make of a certain commodity, the cheaper it can be made, by the well-known economies of quantity pro-

And the more you can sell, the less your sales cost per unit on the same principle.

Twenty odd years ago a young doctor came home, after studying in Europe, with the conviction that Americans did not eat enough soup. Going to work in his uncle's cannery, he began putting up tinned soup, and sold half a million cans the first year.
As soon as he could afford it, he began advertising his product. To-day his advertisements are seen everywhere, and a good many folks marvel at his apparently lavish expenditure. But when he sold half a million cans a year, his sales cost was over twenty per cent., while to-day it is only five per cent. A cent's worth of advertising sells six cans of soup. By constantly reminding people of soup through the printed word they not only buy enough to make quantity production possible—the output now often runs to 18,000,000 cans a weekbut they buy straight through the year, and that keeps the factory running steadily, and effects economies in overhead expenses. No housewife could make soup for as little money as this manufacturer sells it. His vegetable soup, for instance, contains thirty-four different ingredients. One of them is cabbage, and the housewife would have to buy a whole cabbage to get half an ounce of chopped cabbage in a can of soup.

Less than twenty years ago another manufacturer began making a new type of breakfast food. Right at the start he spent onethird of his working capital for a single page of magazine advertising. That bold "smash" increased his sales from thirtyfive cases a day to a couple of thousand. He has been advertising ever since, and now sells more than a million packages daily, having in the meanwhile doubled the size of his package and cut the price in half.

The orange growers in California wondered, some twenty-odd years ago, how they could ever sell 5,000 cars of their fruitand orange growers in Florida were wormed by the same problem. To-day, through advertising that costs about one-fifth of a cent per dozen oranges, California and Florida fruit have been put into towns that never got it before, and the country eats

something like 75,000 cars a year.

Then, advertising solved an interesting problem for the cranberry growers. the first cranberries came to market every fall they usually sold at a stiff price-so stiff that many housewives refused to buy even when the price went down later. Also, merchants had a thoughtless habit of sticking to that opening price through the whole cranberry season. Nowadays, the growers begin advertising their berries as soon as they go to market, and a moderate opening price is made on the first berries, and holds throughout the season, so that housewives get the fruit on reasonable terms, and the whole crop is eaten up, where formerly some of it was unsold.

Advertising men have figured out lower selling costs on many every day articles that you see advertised in your magazines

and newspapers.

One of the most famous cases is that of an artificial abrasive made in the electric furnace. In 1893, only fifty pounds a year were made, and the only customers were jewelers, who bought it for grinding diamonds at nearly \$1,000 a pound. To-day, it is sold for four cents a pound, and advertising did the trick. As new customers were found, and the stuff made in larger quantities, the price was steadily reducedto \$500 a pound, then \$400, then \$10 and finally four cents. Tons and tons of emery powder were used for all sorts of grinding. It sold at four cents. The artificial abrasive could not be made cheap enough to compete in price then, but it would do so much more work, and faster than emery, that it was advertised on that basis, and the output increased so the manufacturing cost could be lowered still further.

WHEN a camera manufacturer began advertising more than thirty years ago, he sold a camera that made a twoand-a-half-inch picture for \$25. To-day, he sells a better camera of the same size

Grape-juice is another interesting example. The first manufacturer to advertise this beverage, now almost a national drink, sold his product to the grocer at \$10 a case when he began business, at which time he was paying \$10 a ton for grapes. People didn't like unfermented grape-juice then. Even temperance people opposed it.

So the public had to be told about its food value and healthfulness, through adver-tising. Gradually, the trade price has been brought down to between four and five dollars (it fluctuates according to the season), while grape growers are paid from \$50 o \$60 a ton for their fruit.

In other cases advertising gives people better value at the same price.

NOBODY in business escapes selling costs, though some men do forget to figure them, and thereby come to smash. Among folks who purchase as consumers there is a good deal of ignorance on this subject, and even more among reformers who suggest that the advertising man and merchant be eliminated, and commodities distributed to the public at the government warehouses. But one seldom finds a Socialistic merchant because every merchant knows by experience that goods could not be distributed that way much cheaper. Without the advertising that explains and reminds, the volume of output would often decrease and the selling costs therefore increase correspondingly

A certain well-known make of underwear has sold steadily at the same popular price since its manufacturer began advertising twenty years ago, but year by year as his output increased he has used better materials and given his garments a better finish.

A stocking manufacturer, sticking to the same retail price, has put better and better material into his product, and paid his em-

ployees better wages.

corset manufacturer, selling a certain model for one dollar twenty years ago, now estimates that it contains seventy per cent. better value in materials, workmanship and little patented conveniences, yet it still sells for one dollar.

Nobody in business escapes selling costs, though some business men do forget to figure them, and thereby come to smash.

Among folks who purchase as consumers there is a good deal of ignorance on this subject, and even more among the politicians and reformers who suggest that the salesman, advertising man and merchant be eliminated, and commodities distributed to the public at government warehouses. But one seldom finds a Socialistic merchant, because every merchant knows by experience that goods could not be distributed that way much cheaper. Without the advertising that explains and reminds people, the volume of output would often decrease and the selling costs increase correspondingly.

A little while ago the advertising man found the banker questioning his usefulness. It began during the business depression, when bankers had to scrutinize the manufacturers' and merchants' balance sheets more closely than usual to determine how much money could be safely lent them. The advertising appropriation often ran into an impressive figure, and more than once the banker suggested cutting down expenses by stopping the advertising. Quite a vigorous debate got going between the

banker and the advertising man until one banker settled the argument in this con-

"When the merchant waits for business to come to him in a buyers' market, we laugh at him, and call him a poor business man. When he is forced to cut down one of his best methods of selling because his banker considers advertising an unnecessary item of expense, it is my humble opinion that we should laugh at the banker. we strike at efficiently applied advertising we strike at salesmanship and the heart of

But every capable banker endorses advertising by using it himself.

Besides making and distributing com-

modities more reasonably, it has been shown that advertising increases wages and makes

steadier employment.

the business."

When the business depression came in 1921, the textile mills of New England suffered severely. For a time it seemed almost impossible to give their products away, and both woolen and cotton fabrics reflected the sullen, silent "strike" of the buying public, when people made last year's suit do a year or two longer, and wore cobbled shoes. But there were several New England textile mills that ran through the hard times with only a few days' lost production, and one cotton mill especially that was millions of yards behind in its orders at the blackest period of depression. Some of these concerns paid higher than average wages to employees, while others, though paying no more by the day, gave their workers more real wages in steady work. In each case, advertising made this possible. For those mills make fabrics that are advertised to the public on their quality, and widely known by name. "Consumer advertising is the key to good wages and good dividends," was the way one manufacturer put it.

And quite apart from dollar considera-tions, there is the educational value of

advertising.

You know that good teeth are worth taking care of—regular brushing and dental attention mean good health. But suppose that you are the one person in a hundred who knows this, and you set to work to improve national health as a missionary, by preaching the gospel of dental hygiene. How would you get the message over to a hundred million people? Tell them by the printed word? Suppose you wrote some articles on dental hygiene and succeeded in persuading every magazine and newspaper editor in the United States to publish such an article every three months. Very few editors would print that many articles on the same subject, but even if they did there would be anywhere from 50 to 350 issues of their publications during the year that contained no article. Through paid advertising, however, this subject of dental hygiene is dealt with in practically every issue of every prominent magazine and newspaper, and in many cases there are a dozen different articles dealing with some angle of the subject in the advertising of dentrifices, tooth brushes and the like.

Americans are known in other countries for their good teeth. That speaks well for the work of 50,000 dentists, but in many cases advertising has sent them to the dentist. Americans are also known the world over for their "room and bath" standard of living—another hygienic development largely brought about through advertising. Pick up any magazine or newspaper and mark the advertisements that have this (Continued on page 80)



Phyllis Povar

JOHN GALSWORTHY, the author of "Windows," describes it as a play "for idealists and others." It is an ironical comedy, much better known and appreciated on the continent, and especially in England, than here. The present production, which is the first important presentation the play has received in the United States, may legitimately lay claim to the title of an all-star cast. In addition to Miss Povar as Faith Bly, there are Henry Travers, Helen Westley, and Moffat Johnson, who has directed the play in addition to playing the rôle of Mr. March



Irene Bordoni is well established in a piece entitled "Little Miss Bluebeard," built to order by Avery Hopwood. It contains one exceptionally clever song, and allows the star a number of bewitching costumes in which to face the audience and her excellently cast confederates



Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson share the authorship of "Tweedles," a satire on people much preoccupied with matching ancestors. Gregory Kelly is incomparable as the none-too-bright lad who casts covetous eyes on Winsora, of the Tweedle clan, a family old when Maine was young. Ruth Gordon is a most engaging Winsora and George Farren is irreproachable as a Tweedle parent



Lynn Fontanne and Ralph Morgan crossing the bridge that Jack built just before the final curtain of Vincent Lawrence's comedy, "In Love With Love." Miss Fontanne plays Ann Jordan, whose state of mind lends a title to the play, with her usual skill. She is happily surrounded by a cast of great merit—Henry Hull, Robert Strange, and Mr. Morgan as Jack Gardner, the enterprising young engineer

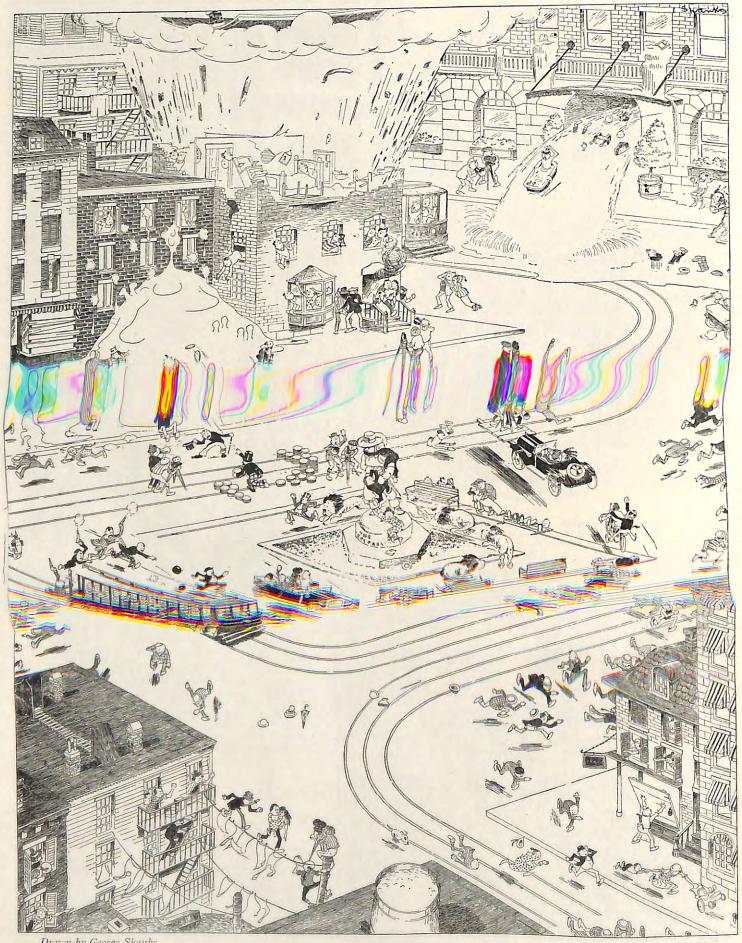


AEBI



Ida Rubenstein, as she appeared lately in Paris in "Fedra," Gabriel d'Annunzio's tragic drama. Mme. Rubenstein is famous throughout Europe both as actress and dancer. December will bring her to New York in a series of dramatic and dance recitals, to be followed by an engagement of considerable duration with the Folies Bergères, also to be imported from Irance early in the New Year. M. Lemarchand, veteran director of the Folies, will pilot this most famous of French revue companies in America

Regina Wallace and McKay Morris caught in one of the climactic moments of "The Breaking Point." From her novel of the same name, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has evolved an entertaining play which has some genuinely thrilling moments. Mr. Morris's interpretation of the dual personality of the young hero struggling in the web of a prolonged attack of total amnesia, is an outstanding piece of acting. Miss Wallace is all that could be expected of a somewhat painfully insipid heroine



Drawn by George Shanks

A Quiet Afternoon One of Our Southern California Cities

Suggestions for Some Reliable Standbys for

A Plain Fellow's Bookshelf

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THE plain fellow was a small manufacturer of umbrellas. For a manufacturer of anything at all he was singularly unembarrassed with riches. Enough to be comfortable on, of course, but his rooms on Lexington Avenue did not boast one rare object of art, such as bachelors often expend their affections upon, nor were his walls "lined with books.

The umbrellas were all right for the rainy days, but what of the rainy nights? Was he a confirmed patron of the Follies or did the

fellow read—at times?

It seemed that he was and did—both. But he didn't know a darned thing about literature. Was just a plain fellow who liked a good book, but it had to be some-thing that could make him forget the umbrella business. None of your thin,

uctyous seum keyen up m b'

had been lending him some of that lately and it made him sick. He didn't "set up" to be a critic, bu, by jinks, he felt he could tell a

a critic, bu, by jinks, he felt he could tell a good tale when he got hold of one.

He wasn't all for fiction. He enjoyed other things as well. Biography and science and history and poetry. Yes, even a little poetry. But it had to be human. About people. A lot of vague feelings unrelated to any special person didn't get him anywhere. And he wasn't "hell bent" on having his poetry too fine, either. There didn't appear to be any real reason why poetry should be too fine. And so on.

Do you wonder we wanted to get at this man's books? To find out what tales could be too fine. It is a business that the state of t

His books lived in a single row on the mantel of an old-fashioned fireplace. tobacco jar held them back on the north and a framed photograph of Lillian Gish stood

guard on the south. No, he didn't know her, but he liked the movies as a whole and the photograph was movies as a whole and the photograph was pleasing. The editor of a motion-picture magazine had given it to him. Would you believe it, motion pictures had actually encouraged his reading. He'd seen some of the world's best stories on the screen and after that had been impelled to read them—"Treasure Island," "The Three Musketeers." They had given him an appetite for romance. romance.

Laughing Ann

He took first from the shelf Joseph Conrad's "Within the Tides," and showed it to us with pride.

"I like that book," he said. "I like all of Conrad. He makes your emotions and intelligence work together. To begin one of his short stories, or his long ones, is to hear the violins tuning up in a theaterqueer little squeaks that get your nerves all jumpy and make you straighten in your seat—the lights go down—every one whispers—and the curtain lifts slowly. Thrilling people move before the footlights, and back of them is scenery that has stood for adventure and mystery ever since old Marco Polo sailed away to the East.

"There's one particular story in this book called 'Because of the Dollars' that is a corker. The story of a big-hearted bad woman and a pinch-hearted good woman and a man who thought folks were as kind and simple and understanding as-you and I wish they were. I don't know much about such things, but I'll wager anything that is as good a yarn as comes these days. though, I wish Conrad had called it 'Laugh-

IF YOU are a plain fellow you probably have a healthy fear of being "bookish." Still, don't you keep a few well-thumbed volumes handy for a rainy night? tren't sou willing to admit that

there's some fun in books—when you stumble on the right ones? Then read about this other plain fellow, because there's every likelihood that his favorites will have an equally strong appeal for you

ing Ann.' After you've read it you always think of it as 'Laughing Ann.'

So much for Conrad.

The umbrella manufacturer loved to read him because in doing so he was conscious of a quickened sense of life, of hot, flaming back-grounds, of electrifying impulses and dramat of the works

times to buy umbrella handles and model parasol styles, but, believe me, what I don't know about French history and literature would fill Yellowstone Park."

Still, here was a fat red volume, "Molière. A Biography," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (published in 1906), leaning against the tobacco jar and giving to the owner an air of contact with classic forms and a friend-

liness for a great master.

"I bought that on a book-stand in Twentythird Street," said the umbrella man simply. "It was cheap. I didn't know a thing about that French playwright and actor of the seventeenth century before I opened that book. Don't remember having heard his name."

But then, upon opening it, he had found himself lifted out of his prosaic round of work and middle-class entertainment and set down bodily in Paris and the fascinating countryside of France when Louis the Fourteenth was king.

He heard the sound of the drums that "beat up" trade for Molière's little traveling theater-cart as it went from village to village.

He saw footsore actors, tired actresses, sitting on piles of luggage and cheap scenery. Jeering country rakes and yokels

Later there was Molière acting in his own marvelous comedies before the King at Fontainebleau and Versailles. Molière, foe of all humbug, flinging his satires into the very teeth of the hypocrites.

The great actor's marriage with a young girl about whose parentage gossip and slander swarmed with ugly though interesting surmises.

Calumnies besieged him.

Louis, to show his belief in the most illustrious writer of his reign, became himself godfather to Molière's child.

France laughed and held its sides at Molière's plays, but it hated him for his scathing pen.

The waning of the King's favor.
Molière's heart-breaks. The reconciliation with his foolish wife.

The last tragic night at the theater in the Palais Royal—Molière dying on the stage while the audience roared at his

for the crime of deing an actor, for

daring to hold liberal views and for being intolerant of sham, he was denied Christian burial.

In the dead of night his body was carried through a yelling mob and buried by torch-

Here indeed is a story that makes fiction Who would not rise, enkindled, from

"That man must have been magnificent to know!" said the surprising P. F. "Think of the fellows who actually did know him walked with him-saw him act-heard him laugh at the frauds and bootlickers, gayly but insolently! I don't believe that any one who is writing plays just now gets as much zest out of his work. That man believe high

the old French chap did. Still, I don't know much about Shaw. I feel that mostly from his photographs.

And that hat with a great red feather that Molière used to wear-

The Weather Settles Down

"I suppose you think it strange," said the that in my little row of books there isn't a copy of Wells's 'Outline of History' or a copy of 'The Story of Mankind.' I'm going to get them some day, but mean-

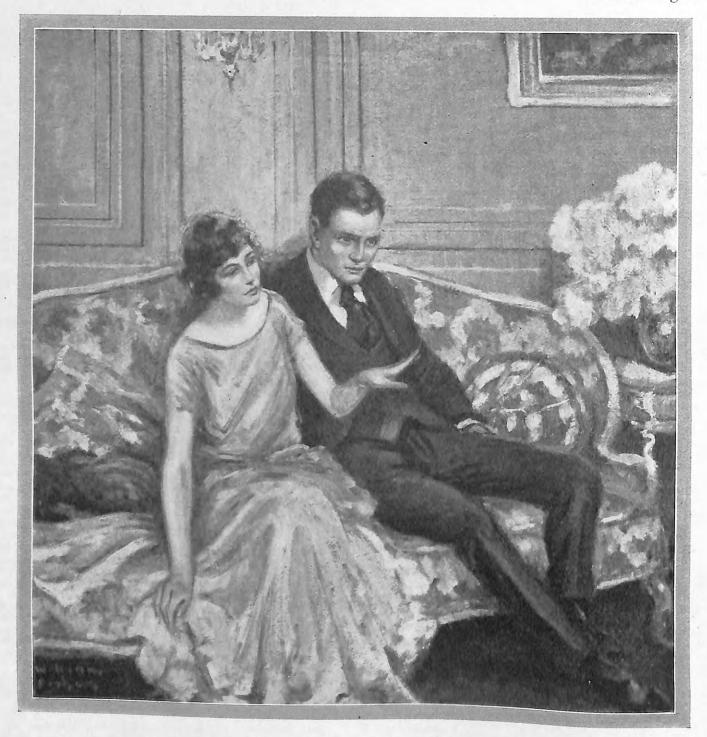
He dislodged a little green volume, "Time and Change," by John Burroughs, turning from one well-worn page to another.

"This has made me realize that unless one has some idea of evolution, of the earth and the various forms of animal life on it, of the rocks and the sea and the mountains, that existence and contact with one's fellow man have only a pitifully thin meaning.

Burroughs's simplicity and sanity and genial humanity were what intrigued him:

"Man owes his five toes and five fingers to the early amphibians of the subcarboniferous times. The first tangible evidence of these five toes upon the earth is, to me, very interesting. The earliest record of them that I have heard of is furnished by a slab of shale from Pennsylvania, upon which, while it was yet soft mud, our five-toed ancestor had left the imprint of his four feet. He was evidently

(Continued on page 78)



If an Employe Had Stolen from You, Would You Send Him to Jail —or Administer Justice Yourself?

The Slave

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by William Fisher

IRCK KENT stole two hundred dollars from the Brian Novelty Company. This sum he squared in his books and then carried the transaction to his other ledger; squaring that in like manner. The thing was done two days after the books of the company had undergone their regular half-year session with the auditor—a semiannual procedure as regular and as old as the Brian Novelty Company itself.

It was Dirck's first venture into the broad field of theft; even as Simeon Brian was his first employer. He had been with Brian for five years, now; ever since he left business college at nineteen. And he had risen by

inches to his bookkeeping job and its \$34 weekly pay.

Dirck was not a congenital crook. Lombroso or Bertillon would have scanned the young fellow's rather good-looking face in vain for sight of the lobeless ear, the nostrilpucker, the narrowly high forehead or the score of other supposedly symptomatic marks of the criminal. There was not even the shifting eye or the furtive manner which laymen so gravely attribute to dishonesty.

Here, in a scant handful of words, are the

causes for his theft:

Two months earlier he had become engaged to Madge Olin. To her and to her non-business family, he was a future financier. Being only twenty-four he lived up to the part with conscientious fervor.

When Madge and he discussed the all-gripping topic of an engagement ring, the

girl said:
"Maida Durell has such a hideous ring! It is four whole carats; and it looks like one

of those joke rings they used to sell in candy stores when I was a baby. I'd hate to have anything like that on my finger."

She held up the finger in question, along with its four shapely little hand-mates; and studied it reflectively; her lovely head on one side. It was worth the studying. All

five of them were. Dirck broke in on the inspection by kissing each in turn. Madge

"I know just exactly the kind of ring I want. At least, I know the precise size I want the diamond to be. Two carats. Not a bit more. I've thought it all out."

She beamed on Dirck; as though awaiting his praise for her economical tastes. Dirck tried to beam back. But inwardly his cosmos was one vast sum in arithmetic. He was summing up his savings, which were sparse; his debts, which were less sparse; his living expenses, which his social tastes had made unduly close to his weekly wage even before he met Madge.

Then he drew a long, long breath of resolve. This was one time, if ever, in his career, when he could not afford to be a piker. He did not even consider saying:

MY DEAR girl, I haven't enough cash in the world to pay for a two-carat diamond." No, it was up to him. And he

arose to the occasion.
"All right," he said, almost carelessly. "So that's-

"Mother!" called Madge gleefully to Mrs. Olin, who chanced to be passing along the hall outside the little room where the lovers were ensconced. "We've decided all about my ring. And it's only going to be a two-

carat diamond. We-

'Only a two-carat diamond!" exclaimed her mother, pausing for a moment in the doorway. "You're a lucky girl, Madge. Your father was so poor when he and I were engaged, that my diamond weighed just a bare half-carat. He had to go without lunches for ever so long, he told me afterward, even to get me that. Diamonds were cheaper then, too. But-oh, I used to think it was the loveliest ring ever made!

"But Dad was only a lawyer's clerk, in those days," protested Madge. "That's ever so different from being a business man. Isn't it, Dirck? And when do you think you'll be likely to get the ring? If it would be absolutely convenient to you, I'd love to wear it to the Barings' dinner, Friday. Wouldn't that be simply golden, though! But, of course

And so it was settled.

Dirck did no sleeping, that night. Next day, at lunch hour, he made a round of downtown jeweler shops. There he saw what he wanted; but he saw no possible chance of getting it. Jewelers are chary of extending long credit to unknown young bookkeepers on two-carat diamonds. Nor did Dirck have any close friend who could or would lend him the difference between his savings and the price of the ring he had picked out.

I have said once or oftener that Dirck Kent was only twenty-four. It is worth -twenty-four being the age saying again;when everything is desirable and few things are attainable; when the glory of youth atones fiftyfold for dearth of judgment and of brain; and when high tragedy is as com-mon an adjunct to life as are neck-car-

buncles.

The ring must be bought. He had given his word to Madge that she should have it that very week. He must not begin their love life by breaking a solemn promise.

It was amidships of the second sleepless night that the solution blazed upon him; well-nigh choking him with its audacious simplicity. The ordeal of the auditor's halfyearly chore gave Dirck his idea. In much less than six months—oh, in less than three, at most—he could easily put aside enough from his weekly \$34, by a little economy, to pay back the loan. And it would be child'splay to square the books.

Shutting his ears to the indignant shouts of conscience and with bellowed mental explanations that it was nothing worse than an informal loan and that nobody would be a penny the worse for it, he shut his ears still tighter; and went through with his plan.

Madge was overjoyed with her ring.

On the third of May, old Simeon Brian summoned Dirck to his private office. It was not the first nor the fiftieth summons of the sort young Kent had received. Hitherto, these calls had meant little or nothing to him. Indeed, he had grinned to note the perturbation on the faces of middle-aged men with big families as they had answered such a mandate to go to the inner office.

Being single and young, Dirck had been immune to wage-slave fear. The thought of losing his job had not been palatable. But assuredly it had been fraught with no such horror as had scored the faces of older fellow-employees on the way to Brian's sanctum. There were plenty of jobs in the world for a foot-loose lad. No use in wasting worry over the chance of losing one of them.

Dirck's visits to the private office had sometimes entailed a word of commendation or a notice of promotion. Once or twice they had been the occasion of a mild call-down. Oftenest they had to do with some item of the day's routine. In any event they were not significant enough to stir nerve or blood.

To-day, to his own wonder. Dirck Kent found himself approaching his employer's presence with an ugly little contraction of the heart. He was vaguely uncomfortable; apprehensive. Almost he was scared. His common sense rebuked him sharply for such cowardice. It was out of the question that his transfer of a mere \$200 could have been found out so soon. He had juggled the books too cleverly for that. No, it was just bad nerves. And to counteract their teasings, Dirck faced his boss with something akin

SIMEON BRIAN was infinitely old; infinitely or mitaly or make the same of the nitely cryptic; a business man of a sort commoner forty-five years ago than now. He ran his Novelty Company on lines of his own; deaf and blind to a million innovations suggested to him by younger colleagues. Yet, withal, the concern was as solid as a cliff; and as conservatively remunerative as in its first flush of prosperity. It was conducted on a non-spectacular scale and it employed a comparatively small staff for the volume of business transacted by it.

Brian needed no efficiency expert to teach him how to keep expenses in bounds or to get the best out of his workers. He was not stingy and he was not a slave-driver. But he did not spend one dollar on men or on material when the same results could be achieved for ninety-eight-and-a-half cents. That was Simeon Brian's rule.

For a moment, now, as Dirck came into the shabby office, the old man did not speak; but continued to scribble figures on a scratchpad. Then he glanced up at the youth, whose swagger was beginning to ooze. Still he did not speak. And Dirck's graceful pose merged into scarce-controlled fidgets.

When at last the old fellow broke silence, his words brought queer relief to his listener; even though those words were couched in rebuke.

"Kent," he said, abruptly, "you were out at lunch, forty minutes overtime, three days Two mornings this week, you punched the clock, behindtime. Last night you cleared out, ten minutes before you were supposed to."

He paused to let the preamble sink in. Dirck opened his unwontedly dry lips; then closed them. Brian went on:

"You aren't a genius, Kent. But you've ways been a worker. That's why I've always been a worker. kept you on, more than once, when cleverer men have been let out. It isn't liké you to shirk. Next time I have to speak about it, I'll say it with a blue envelope.

Now, at this point, it was Dirck Kent's manifest cue to draw himself up, indignantly, and tell how often he had worked early and late, in the rush season; and to invent a subtle illness which could not conquer his devotion to his employer's interests but which sent him home to bed early and made him too weak to get up on time in the morning and which had driven him to a doctor on that noon-hour when he had been away from his desk forty minutes too long.

Indeed, Simeon Brian seemed expectant of some such outburst. But it did not come. At the routine hint of discharge, Dirck's

knees came as near to smiting each other as ever knees in real life can hope to. If he were to lose his job! The books would be gone over, instantly, for the enlightenment of his successor. The \$200 "loan" would stand forth as obscenely visible as a pesthouse on a hilltop.

WHEREFORE, with dry mouth and blank face, Dirck Kent stood there; and said not a word. Brian waited a civil space of time for the usual rebuttal or selfjustification. Then he nodedd slightly; and continued in a more matter-of-fact tone:

"Let it go at that. I don't think you'll need a second warning to work harder and to stay closer on the job. Nobody but a born fool runs his head into the same hornet's nest, twice in succession. Vinton's sick again.

This last statement switched the theme of discourse without so much as a second's interim. Dirck, still bewildered and scared, hardly caught its import; until Brian re-

'That means we're short-handed in his department. He's always getting sick at the wrong time. And he's always away for a fortnight at the least. Generally longer. If he hadn't been with me from the start I'd fire the old pest. Never mind that. point is-I'll either have to get some one in to help in his department, till he gets back (and by the time a new man can break in enough to be of any use to me, Vinton'll be well) or else I'll have to spread the extra work over some of the staff. Now here's where you can make up for loafing:-When your quitting time comes, to-day, I want you to report to Walder."
"Huh?" ejaculated Dirck.

"I've spoken to him about it," said Brian, theeding. "It'll probably mean an extra unheeding. hour or so of work for you, every day, till Vinton's back. And there may be once or twice a week that you'll have to put in a whole evening at it. I told Walder to use you as much as he needs to. You're under his orders, remember, for the overtime. And a few wholesome evenings of work," he concluded, jocularly, "will be better for you than whatever gadding keeps you from getting down here on the dot and makes you sneak out, ten minutes early. It'll do you good, Kent."

He turned back to his desk, in the immemorial fashion whereby employers notify their underlings that an interview is ended. But Dirck did not go. Instead, he stood gaping convulsively, like a fish out of water. Pres-

ently, he blurted:

What pay do I get for all this extra-"The same pay you've been getting, since your last raise, Kent," answered Brian, sweetly. "Ample pay—generous pay for a lad of your age and for the work you do.

When I was in the twenties I'd have thanked my stars for such a salary. I'd have

"What time do you want me to get down in the morning, then," demanded Kent, sulkily, "while I'm doing all this overtime?" "My dear boy," cooed Brian, "you

needn't get down one minute earlier than you're due here on other mornings. Only remember what I just said about your punching the clock, late. That's all. Report to Walder at five o'clock."

Again he buried his attention in the scratch-pad figures. Still, Dirck Kent did not go. The bookkeeper's brain was seething with the most torturing form of wrath;—the

wrath that can find no outlet.

A week ago, he would have protested loudly and fiercely against the injustice of making him stay late at the office every day for perhaps a month, and to give up two or three precious evenings a week, in addition; -all for no extra pay and in a non-rush season.

This was not the first time Vinton had been laid up. On his other absences nobody had had to sacrifice leisure hours to do the ancient invalid's almost nominal work. It

was an outrage!

BUT Kent's tongue stuck on the words of expostulation that boiled up from his heart. He recalled that grim threat of dis-And discharge just now would It would mean—! Why, it would charge. mean prison!

For the first time, and with blinding clearness, Dirck realized what he had done. He cast a glance of abject terror at Simeon Brian's bent old back. He yearned, crazily, to confess—to throw himself on the mercy of the man who held his freedom and his

Then, with a gulp, he wheeled and almost ran out of the office and back to his own desk.

That was the begin-

vinton was away for five weeks. During that time, Dirck Kent's regular day at the office averaged eleven hours in length; and, something like thrice a week, it was followed by an evening session of from three to four hours of grindingly unremitting toil.

Dirck grew thin. Queer lines formed about his mouth. It was not the extra work that wrought this change. It was the sick worry that ebbed and swelled like

typhoid temperature. Kent was on the point of rebelling at the labor thrust so unjustly upon him. But always before him arose that specter of discharge. While his saner mind told him his employer was not likely to fire a man for no worse offense than for objecting to do two men's work, yet the stake involved was too great to let him take the risk. After that first panic hour he had no further temptation to jump out of a leaky boat into a raging sea, by confessing.

There were moments when he laughed at himself, for worrying over the impossible peril of exposure. There were other times when he visualized the whole scene of dis-

covery and of his arrest. He took to eating as little as would support life. He changed his lunch place to one where hunger could be deadened rather than satisfied, and at less than half the cost of his former comfortable meals. He moved from his cozy room to a hall bedroom in a mean street. He gave up tobacco and the theater. Every penny thus saved went toward the paying of his \$200 defalcation. But the rate of repayment was terrifyingly slow.

Unconsciously, Madge Olin made easier his campaign of economy by going as usual to her father's Adirondack camp in early June; to stay there until late September. Thither it was arranged that Dirck was to fare for his two-weeks vacation in July. The girl's absence relieved him of much expense; but also took from him the one alleviation to

Vinton came back to work, the first week in June. Dirck looked forward with nega-

tive pleasure to a let-up in his own endless labors. But on the day of Vinton's return, old Brian sent once more for his

bookkeeper

Kent." he said, "it's lucky that Vint showed up when he did. You see, it's the slack season; and it's slacker this year than I can remember it. That means we've got to stop whittling at the 'overhead' and take an axe to it. It always jars me to do it, but it's got to be done. I hate to fire good men, just because we're getting so few orders we can't afford to pay their salaries."

He stopped; and blinked commiseratingly at Dirck. Kent's heart turned a complete



youngsters to look after. Then there are men-like Vinton-who've been with me before you were born. Such men can't be kicked out to starve; so long as I can keep them. That's bad finance, maybe; but it's good humanity. I don't lose by it, in the long run. Well-there's how we stand. Old employees and men with families must take priority over a parcel of kids who have nobody but themselves to look out for. So the axe must swing on the single men and the newer men and the younger men. It's tough luck; but it's better than to let men out who can't weather the storm. sorry," he said again, and fell silent.

DIRCK KENT listened with sagging lips and eyes that were sick. He was aware of an absurd yearning to beseech the old fellow to let him stay on and not to wreck his whole career by discharging him. He bit back the babyish craving; and tried not to think of the tales he had read of prison life.

"I foresaw this, more than a month ago, said Brian, after waiting long enough to let the barb revolve at will in his hearer's soul, and you were the first man I picked out to go. Especially after the way you had begun to scamp your job. Of course, you've done fairly well—at least, Walder doesn't complain of you—this past five weeks. Still that doesn't alter the fact that you are a single man and-

Again he paused, as if battling with some weak impulse to kindliness. The impulse seemed to conquer. For, hesitantly, he added:

It isn't as if you'd be willing to keep on doing overtime-perhaps even more overtime than you've been doing lately. I can't expect that, I suppose. If I could, the puzzle might be solved. As it is, I'm afraid I'll

"I'll keep on, doing overtime," mumbled Dirck, his throat sanded, his eyes hot. "I'll —I'll be glad to."

"Good boy!" cried Brian in obvious relief.
"Good boy! Then, that's settled. Only, I warn you you'll have a lot piled on you; now that I'm letting so many out. And-I'm afraid it means there won't be any vacation for you, this year. If you don't want to stand the gaff, say so. I'll be glad to give you a strong letter, recommend-

"I'll keep on," said Kent again, dazedly. "I'll—I'll be glad to. It'll only be during the slack season," he finished, speaking more to himself than to the other man.

"Then I'll hold you on the pay-roll," said Brian, turning back to his desk, "as long as I can. That's all. Thanks."

"As—as long as he can," mused Kent, unhappily, as he slumped out of the room. "He'll hold me on the pay-roll as long as he 'can'! Lord!"

The next month was a spell unrelieved agony. Hot of unrelieved agony. weather smote the city, unduly early, and it hung on. With Madge Olin with no hope now of seeing her until the autumn-with no vacation to look forward to and with the necessity of living on weekly board and lodging that a messenger boy would have flouted-life was bad enough, without the work which was piled upon him.

For Simeon Brian wasted no time whatever in fulfilling his pledge to make Kent earn his continued employment by such

extra work.





Kent's office days averaged eleven hours. Never a week passed without bringing at least four evenings of heavy labor.

Through the sickening heat, the victim plugged away at his mountainous task. Underfed, overworked, he existed for only one goal;—to pay off the last of the money whose theft had turned him from a free man into a galley slave.

THANKS to his Spartan mode of living, the debt was dwindling now at a more satisfactory rate. But there still remained a goodly slice of it to pay. In the beginning it had seemed to Dirck a simple thing to skimp a bit here and a bit there; and with the result of such saving to make good the entire \$200 in a short time.

But when one must eat and lodge and pay carfare and laundry and must dress neatly, the residue left from a weekly \$34 divides itself into \$200 a great many times. The more so when there are debts which crop up from time to time, in the shape of unrefusable duns.

Yet Dirck was gloomily satisfied with his progress; until, on the first of July (the day set months ago for the beginning of his glorious fortnight of vacation) Simeon Brian sent once more for him. Wondering dully what new batch of extra work Brian was going to assign him to. Dirck found his employer in a mood of Napoleonic terseness.

"Times are getting tighter and tighter," announced Brian. "If we weather the summer we'll be in rare luck. I am ordering a general cut of salaries. Until further notice your pay will be \$25 a week. I hope we sha'n't have to pare it still lower."

"I can't live on \$25!" raged Kent, as Brian turned back to his desk with the maddeningly familiar gesture.

Madge Olin went as usual to her father's Adirondack camp in early June; to stay there until late September

"Take it or leave it," ordained Simeon, his nose deep in his papers.

Dirck took it. The same day a collector called on him, to say that nothing but instant payment of a six-months-old account with an uptown florist would avert an application to garnishee his salary. Dirck paid.

To add to his plight, now came to him a horror of worry lest he fall ill. His head ached incessantly; and he was tired all the time. The heat had taken cruel toll of his underfed, overstrained system. If he should have an illness, the substitute bookkeeper would be certain to note the muddled condition of his accounts. That must mean the end.

Dirck forced himself to take more exercise, late at night, after his work was done. He forced himself to eat more nourishing food;—though Iood all had a taste of ashes and dust to it, nowadays. It grew harder and harder to write his daily letters to Madge, in his pitifully brief moments of leisure; and to make them sound cheerful. Life was horrible.

His Sundays, for the most part, were spent in lying flat on his back, in his hall bedroom, alternately trying to sleep and trying not to be frightened. The flies swarmed merrily to the feast, at such times; and the stuffy air of his room was redolent of the lodging-house's long-dead dinners and reverberant from the rackety street outside. Dirck would not let himself think of the missed Adirondack fortnight, nor even of the cool uptown room that had been his.

Presently, this Sabbath surcease from drudgery was denied him. A winter catalog

was to be compiled;—a catalog, it seemed to Kent, with more ramifications and with more need for accuracy than the whole Civil Code. Brian turned the task over to him.

"It'll keep you out of mischief, Sundays," Simeon explained, roguishly. "And it'll familiarize you with all our lines. I'm giving you a grand chance for educating yourself in our stock; and I'm not charging you a cent for it."

"You're not paying me much more than a cent, either," muttered Kent, a vista of labor-Sundays stretching before him.

"We had an understanding about that," Brian reminded the sulker. "If you'd rather spend the rest of the summer on a park bench, just say so."

Dirck did not say it. He said nothing at all. Much rather would he have spent the rest of the summer on a park bench. But he would not rather spend it in a cell. Every Sunday, thereafter, he labored over the wretched catalog for eight consecutive hours—the working spell set by Brian.

If ONE loves his job, if one has congenial work to do, there is a sort of inspiration in toiling alone in a big empty office after every one else has gone home or on holidays. But when each stroke of work is torment, such a place is haunted and it represents the abomination of desolation. So the Brian Novelty Company's offices appeared to Dirck Kent, on the unending silent Sundays of catalog compiling and indexing.

He was marking time, now. Scarce a dollar a week could he put into his reparation fund. Unskilled at saving, hampered by needful payments on debts that once had seemed trivial, his pay cut to \$25, it was all

(Continued on page 50)



AVING made rather less than a million dollars since leaving college, I decided recently that about the keenest thing to do would be to take up the mail-order business. I took it up two weeks ago last Sunday night. And so that you boys won't ever be able to say I kept a soft thing to myself, I'm going to let you all in on it.

Julius Rosenwald, who know something about the mail-order game himself, was quoted by a newspaper not long ago as saying that his success was due not to his own ability but to sheer accident.

I didn't believe this when I read it. But now that I have taken the thing up myself,

I believe it absolutely.

The whole secret—I promised to be open with you boys—the whole secret lies in the literature. That is what hooks the wandering dollar for you and brings it safely into the bill-fold. When you have decided what you want to sell, all you have to do is to turn out good literature, and lots of it. You can use either catalogues or letters. I am using letters to begin with. They are cheaper.

Here is another secret. As my last job was that of complaint manager for a garage, I knew nothing about writing letters. So I got a book that tells all about it. It is rather a long book, but I am going to give you the really important stuff right on these pages. In fact, I am going to do more than

that-I'm going to give you the big, essential rules and then show you exactly how I worked them out. When you see how simple it is you'll kick yourselves for never having gone into it before.

As nearly as I can figure it, after having read the book, mail-order letters must do six things.

Lesson Number One

First: Get the prospect's attention and create interest. Here is my first letter. It shows how to get attention.

Dear Mr. Jones:

You are probably one of the primest lunk-heads that ever lit a five-cent cigar. Why it is the authorities haven't put you in a padded clink is more than I can guess. From all I hear, your hat must fall off of your head every time you raise your eyebrows.

Please don't be distressed by these remarks. To be candid, I suppose you are not such an awful lunkhead after all. I only began that way to get your attention and to create interest in this letter.

Now that I've created it I want to tell you

Now that I've created it I want to tell you that if you ever feel inclined to buy a real, imported Scandinavian fishhound you must send your order to me. My fishhounds are real Scandinavian fishhounds, not those cheap, domestic imitations you see in the department

So now you know my address, let me hear from you by return mail.

Yours very cordially,

How to Make Money by Mail

By John Chapman Hilder

Lesson Number Two

The book says that the second essential is description and explanation of the goods— to create desire. Letter number two, creating desire by description and explana-

Dear Mr. Jones:

Take off your coat, put on your Comfy (adv.) slippers, sit by the radiator, and light the most promising cheroot in the box.

As you choke on the smoke, picture to yourself two clear crimson eyes, an orange nose and a bunch of green whiskers. It is the divine map of one of my real, imported Scandinavian fishbounds. dinavian fishhounds.

dinavian fishhounds.

Take another puff, and you will positively be able to visualize the rest of the animalrich, violet fur, long prehensile tail and delicate pink claws. There never was such an animal for sheer beauty as my Scandinavian fishhound. It is a cross between an Albino Marmoset and a duck-billed platypus. And between you and me, my dear sir, no home can be really home without one.

I get my fishhounds direct from the breeders in Chijkagholm. If they come any finer than mine the drinks are on me.

You can have a first-class guaranteed fish-

You can have a first-class guaranteed fish-hound for only \$30. What do you say? Yours very sincerely,



A Snappy Home Course in Business-Getting Correspondence

Drawings by Ray Rohn

Lesson Number Three

Rule 3 says: "Give proof of the quality of your goods." Letter number proving quality:

Dear Mr. Jones:

Here is a letter from a man of your own intelligence who bought one of my Scandinavian fishhounds to scare his great-uncle

"Gents:

Yore Scandmian fish hond Came saturdy. It has still got green beered and the Nap hasent wore of yet.

R. Smith."

This is a wonderful testimonial to the quality and class of my fishhounds. But I don't ask you to take another man's word for it. To prove I mean what I say I shall be glad to send you a fine specimen of the breed on five years' free trial at your own expense. If at the end of that time the animal has not run over 5,000 miles I will replace it with a new one at half price.

What can be fairer than that?

What can be fairer than that?

Yours for fair play,

Lesson Number Four

We come now to Rule 4, to invoke the art of persuasion which, as the book naively





puts it, "makes the prospect think as you do by showing him how he can use your goods." Good. Letter four, persuading.

Dear Mr. Jones:
You are really a corking good scout, even if you do wear knob-toed shoes, and I want

n you do wear knob-toed shoes, and I want to help you all I can.

Do you know what you could do with one of my real, imported Scandinavian fishhounds if you had it?

I'll tell you.

You could use it as a footstool, or eat it

You could use it as a footstool, or eat it with mushroom sauce, or put it on the lawn to frighten the rent collector. You could slip it in your bootlegger's bed and kill him, or use it as a fire lighter, or skin it and use the fur to polish your car with.

As a matter of fact, Scandinavian fish-hounds have a greater variety of uses than you could shake a stick at. And if I were you I wouldn't be without one for a minute.

I've got a lot of them. I know just how much good they are. That is why I want to see you take one. Besides, it hurts me to think of you way off there in (fill in name of town) without one of my fishhounds hanging 'round the kitchen stove. Let me send you one, there's a good fellow. Just mail your check for \$39.00 and I'll pick you out a fishhound you never saw the equal of.

Affectionately yours,

Lesson Number Five

Now for the fifth bright maxim. Make an inducement for the prospect to part with his money in exchange for your stuff. Letter 5, offering an inducement:

Dear Mr. Jones:
Perhaps you have considered the price of my Scandinavian fishhounds too high.
Of course, it isn't. You know that as well

as I do. You can't get a real imported fish-

as I do. Tou can't get a real imported ish-hound from Chijkagholm for nothing. But I've taken a fancy to you, so if you will send me \$25, or, say, just between us, \$10, I will let you have two fishhounds by

express collect.

Let me hear from you soon. This offer Let me hear nom will not be repeated.

Yours in anticipation,

Lesson Number Six

Then last, but not hardest, comes Rule 6. This is the climax. The clincher. The closer. The book says this letter must make it easy for the customer to order. I go the book one better and make it impera-

Dear Mr. Jones:

Dear Mr. Jones:

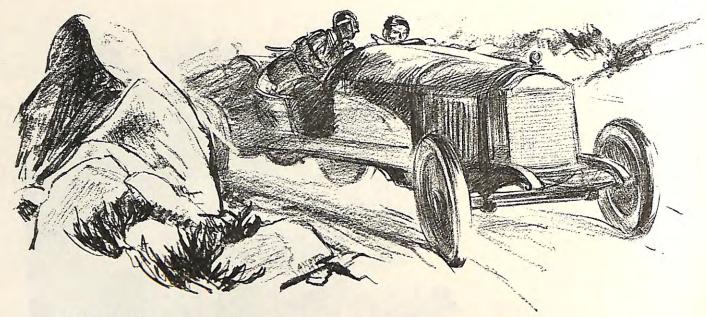
You can't put it over on me by not answering my letters. Whether you want one of my Scandinavian fishhounds or not, you are going to get one. It is on the way to you now. And there is a sight draft attached to the bill of lading.

If you don't come through clean and honor the draft, I'll not only have you blacklisted by the Credit Men's Association, but I'll have you arrested for obtaining fishhounds under false pretenses. Not only that, but I'll come down myself and give you the finest under false pretenses. Not only that, but I'll come down myself and give you the finest manhandling you ever got in your priceless

So HONOR THAT DRAFT. Yours very truly,

You see how easy it is!

I have already sent out 100,000 copies of each letter. One set drew attention and everything. If I ever get out of the hospital I'll tell you the results of some of the



What Happened in the Great El Paso-Phoenix Desert Race When An Apache Put On War Paint

The Cactus Derby

HICKENHAWK, the Mescalero Apache express-truck driver, whose pals claimed he was the only one of his kind in captivity, never was very expressive and he became less so during these oftrepeated conversations about the El Paso-Phoenix automobile race. Chickenhawk had discovered that when Peter Dowell drove the passenger car of the Lordsburg-Silvertip stage company into the garage and began fanning over the entries, the main repair job fell to Chickenhawk.

For it was a hard route this little moun-

tain stage company ran and after every hundred-mile round trip, the car needed fixing. Hugh Miller, the other half of the Company, wasn't eternally talking race like Pete, but he was a good listener.

That was the situation one afternoon late in September when Dowell brought the stage bus to a neat stop over the repair pit and, describing a wild gyration with his legs, slid over the unopened door and dropped to

the running board.

"Hugh," he asked, "what's a Schacht and a Lulu and a Chihuahua?"

"Them," said Miller, uncramping his boat and a latting the mild.

bent back and letting the weight of a crankshaft mostly fall to the supporting muscles of the recumbent Indian, "are racing cars."

Miller operated the office at Lordsburg,

met the traveling public and was a mine of information. He found it convenient to information. He found it convenient to know a lot of race gossip because people talk of little else along the route of the Borderland Classic, the 540-mile El Paso to Phoenix desert race—the Cactus Derby.

"But," he said, "It's a Lola, you mean. That's an Eyetalian car and—sweet patootie! Cylinders no bigger'n a whiskey glass used to be, but Mmmmm, Boy! Can

glass used to be, but Mmmmm, Boy! Can

travel!" groaned the prone truck

That was quite a conversation for Chickenhawk, and Hugh went back to work. But Pete, slipping into his greasy overalls to help tinker the two boats, kept up an easy line of talk, like a smoothly idling motor.

"Yes, that Lola is entered by Teddy

By Romaine Lowdermilk and Lyle Abbott

Illustrated by O. F. Howard

Hooper, the profesh. There's another speedway guy riding, too-Ralph Bowyer with an imported Moonbeam, and this Chihuahua Special from Mexico, I heard about. Fella

named Miguel Alatorre's putting it in."
"Alatorre?" said Miller with an odd
smile. "That's a friend of Chickenhawk
here. Hey Chick?"

Chick paid exactly as much attention as a sheet of shim metal, and except for the luster of its copper surface, that metal and the Indian's face were the same color

But the partners knew that their Redskin employee remembered Alatorre.

Five years before, when the automobile craze first hit the southern Apaches, Gaviland had traded all his horsesthrifty young buck had amassed forty-to Miguel Alatorre, the wealthy rancher, for a second-hand motor car. The trade had taken place at an Indian village on the international line and Alatorre had driven the band of mustangs south to his rancheria leaving Gaviland to coax his bus into action as best he might.

HE boy experimented for three days without getting a hoot out of the car and then borrowed a team and dragged the machine seventy miles across Silver Creek wash to Lordsburg, to find out why it wouldn't go. There he learned that in addition to numerous other fatal defects, his automobile had no engine under its hood!

If he was angered at the loss of all his horses, Gaviland did not show it. But he decided that some day he would have a car of his own that would run. So he went to work for Peter Dowell and Hugh Miller, who were then just starting their stage line.

Persons who did not know the translation of the Mescalero name, best rendered in English as "Gaviland," believed that Miller and Dowell had named their Indian "Chickenhawk" for the reckless speed with which he learned to swoop over the mountain trails in the big express truck.

"Came in over the road like a chicken-hawk" became Lordsburg language for terrific speed in dangerous places.

Chickenhawk made no sign when his friends talked of Alatorre and the Cactus Derby. He listened while Pete got out a late El Paso paper and read aloud the story of Alatorre's proud achievement in having built at Mexico City a car that he thought was destined to make racing history. expense spared—goin' fool—Alatorre's personal supervision. Hmm. Says 'I expect to win.'"

"These road races are not for the fastest cars." Milland to the last of the fast of

cars," Miller stated oracularly.
"No? I had a drummer aboard to-day that says the race'll be won this year at better than thirty-eight miles an hour.
Thirty-four won it last year. Why, I make forty and better richt the stage

forty and better, right along with the stage
sometimes. I think we—"
"Peter," interrupted Hugh solemnly, "if
you want to marry that girl this fall, you
keep race ideas out your head."

"I've seen this coming, Pete. And it's no go. You want to take one of these hometown hacks and work 'er over. But that won't win this little tour. Mike Alatorre would spend twenty thousand to win and there's a lot of other guys with big tire com-panies back of 'em that's got more jack than that.

"It ain't the measly five thousand prize money they're after but the honor and the ads they'll get in the papers. And Hooper and Bowyer—and Alatorre—don't haff to depend on no rebuilt touring cars."

But other garages put 'em in, and last year Jed Newkirk won with an old rehash

boat."
"Yes, but not in this year of Oh Lord."

You're up again more speed now than ever."
"Hugh Miller, gosh dang your greasy hide, you just told me it wasn't the fastest wagon that will win. Now you lissen t'me. This almost-highway from El Paso to Phoenix is crooked and it's rough and it'll break



the back of anything that ain't built like a locomotive. So where's their speed got a chance? A driver who sabes these mountain roads and saves his car is going to show 'em the way."

Miller was inclined to argue and he got him a wad of waste and wiped off a couple of fingers on which to mark his points. But Gaviland came wriggling out from under the truck and passed out of the machine shop. As he went, he threw a perfectly blank look straight in Peter's eyes and Pete shut up. A moment later, catching Hugh out of breath, Pete said, "Yes—yes-s-s," and slipped out in Chickenhawk's wake.

"Now, Chick," said Peter, that night in the office, "this is a directors' meeting and

you preside. You don't know how, but that merely qualifies you."

"Uh-huh," said Chickenhawk, sitting down at the desk. "Thass all ri't."

MR. MILLER," proceeded the mobile half of the stage company, "we got to go in this race

But a car?" sputtered Miller.

"We got an engine! That power plant in the stage car was built back there when they put stuff in 'em. I can tune her up to 80, easy. I move we stick that engine in Chickenhawk's frame, and we'll have a real road wagon. We can—"
—go broke!" Miller finished.

"Or-win the five thousand!"

around the office at the calendars and printed time-tables and drew a grimy finger along his jaw.
"What," he asked brightly, "will we do
for a stage car?"
"Buy a car—a new one. It's only a

matter of a month or two before we'll haff to, or quit running stage. That frame and body are shot—everything's shot but the engine. Let's soak what we got in a new car for the route and I'll take out this engine—and win the Derby with it!"

"Kill yourself, you mean. Who'd go mechanician?" asked Miller.

"I'd sort of figure!," Peter said slowly,

"on Chickenhawk. How 'bout it, Chick?"
"Uh-huh," Chickenhawk looked bored. "Thass all ri't."

A week later a shiny new car rolled out of the Lordsburg-Silvertip stage station on its first trip. Hugh Miller was at the wheel. Peter and Chickenhawk were bending over a

motor that dangled from an overhead crane above the gaping hood of the Indian's engineless chassis.

This running gear of yours," Peter was saying, "was made when they didn't give a carrajo-damn how much weight went into her. An' that's what we like—don't we?-

a frame that's good for a dynamite blast."
"Uh-huh," agreed the Apache, with what passed in his young life for intense enthusiasm. "She all ri't."

One corner of the garage had become an assembling plant. The work bench was loaded with parts, mostly wrapped in greasy factory paper. On the floor stood the chassis that had been Alatorre's. Metallic vitals were strewn about.

Peter and the Indian worked days between stage trips, and nights. The Apache seemed never to tire. In a shed near the gasoline supply tanks was his bed. No one would tamper with that racer while he lived to love and guard it.

"Chickenhawk," said Dowell one Sunday noon, "it's been a hard day."

Chickenhawk honored his companion with no spoken reply. He looked an assent. "Less knock off."

"Uh-huh," said the Chickenhawk.

Dowell spent the afternoon out at the edge of town, but what he said to her is nobody's business. Probably it was the race. Maybe she suggested the danger and perhaps he replied with financial arguments,



Chickenhawk was in conversation with a youth of his own race who carried a kodak

as young men with a penchant for speedand a girl—will.

At any rate, it was dusk when Peter hurried into the garage. He was musing and his thoughts turned to the contest. Old Chickenhawk would probably be still at it, giving a touch to a bearing, minutely examining a brake-lining or sorting the hard iron bolts and nuts that soon would be holding together the mechanism that was to be their offering on the altar of speed. But then a fellow can't be working all the time, and if

Peter broke off thinking and stared in astonishment at the picture the garage presented.

A DOZEN figures huddled about the chassis. Around their shoulders were gaudy blankets. Straight black hair flowed down from sleek black polls. The standing figure was Chickenhawk's. The one

So intent were they that no one perceived Dowell, who stopped with mouth open. Here was a new Chickenhawk, and well might that Apache's compadre marvel at him. For Chickenhawk was speaking.

Dowell edged closer to the strange council. The Apache's voice rose and fell in debate that gave the lie to the tradition of Indian composure. Here was Gaviland talking with his own people, and what he said was couched in terms of rage. The words seethed and hissed and growled and clucked. Peter was aghast at the viciousness mild old Chick was wrapping about each parcel of thought.

At last Pete's straining ear caught the word, Alatorre.

"Alatorre!"

That was it, eh? Well, an Indian never Yet Alatorre's hated name had forgets. never before provoked these white-hot passions in the even-tempered Apache.

"I wonder what that damn Mex has done to m'friend Chick, now," Peter speculated. He started to ease his way out when the council broke up.

The ten Indians stood up, hunching their blankets about their wiry shoulders. feet and legs were encased in the buckskin moccasin-leggins that southern Indians wear on the mounted trail. Through the rear window, Peter caught a glimpse of their drowsing ponies.

Several voices joined that of the still orating Chickenhawk. Half a dozen dusky hands stretched forth, palm down, as though a pledge were being executed. Chickenhawk looked around the circle, his eyes proud, and nodded gravely. The Indians filed out, each with a salutation that was almost comical in its formality.

Chickenhawk remained and Peter hurried

to him.
"Why, Chick! What's it all about?" The Indian stared at his friend, a trace of malevolence still in his face, which,

however, seemed not to have changed a single fiber.

Then the placid mask fell over the swart features. Chick evolved a grin that was

merely a baring of dazzling teeth.

"Chu-u-u-u!" he said, after the fashion of the Mexican, indicating dismissal of the subject. Pete knew the sign and asked no more questions.

There is a phase of the great Southwest apart from cowboys and prospectors. runs to commercial clubs and conventions, state fairs and good roads associations. Road racing begins in the ambition of this land of few folk and great distances to have fine highways and it ends at the Arizona State Fair. The purpose is to bring people together for trade and social intercourse.

When a couple of healthy and growing cities desire to promote their mutual highway, they organize an automobile road race. El Paso made up an excursion train and named it the Howdy Special, the year Pete and Hugh and Chickenhawk went into the racing game. And every business man who could jar loose from his job tied a brassard around his arm and prepared to go to Phoenix to witness the finish of the race.

THE Howdy Special was drawn up parallel to the El Paso Street where Bob Ringgold, a green flag in one hand and a gold chronometer in the other, was spacing the cars. The cars were numbered in the order of their entry but would start at intervals of fifteen seconds in an order determined by lot. Drivers, mechanics, backers, owners, bettors and officials milled around in the smoke from the puttering exhausts of the over-oiled engines. Waves of fumes billowed up and hampered the photographers, busy collecting press views. It was well to have a picture of every car—each might be the winner; any might decorate the story of a tragedy of the desert.

Miguel Alatorre sat in Number 11, a flashy buff racer with a wealth of foreignlooking nickel-plating. On its hood was painted in vivid green and compelling car-

mine, a Mexican emblem.

A gentleman driver was Alatorre, a sportsman eager for the thrill of the Cactus Derby, and greatly enjoying the attention he was

attracting.
"My frien'," he shouted to Ringgold, as the official gestured him to his appointed place. "I am the twelfth to start, bot I weel be first to Bisbee thees aft'noon. Tomorrow, I weel drive first into Phoenix. Do you, senor, care to reesk ten thousin'-American—or more?"

Full-bodied and bluffly good-natured, Alatorre stood up in his car and extended a

sheaf of bills.

"Ten thousand-feefty!-to say I win. Por Dios, I bet 'em beeg!

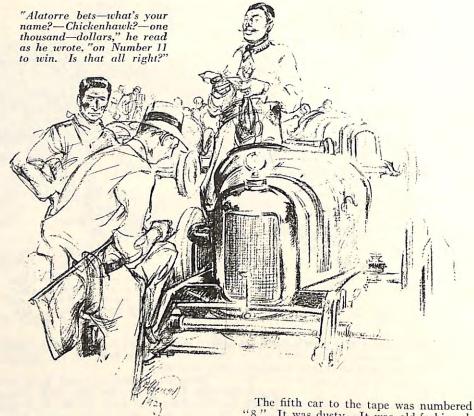
"You want bet?"

Alatorre looked down into the placid face of a desert Indian, hatless, clothed in greasy overalls, his thick black hair close-cut and standing out like a brush all over his head. A yellow silk handkerchief was tied snugly

around his neck. It was his only decoration. "Que hay, amigo?" exclaimed Alatorre, "so it's you, El Gavilan'—the Chickenhawk!" The Mexican threw back his head and roared with mirth. "What? You have money for het?" I think you to Jacobian. money for bet? I think you trade off some more caballos, eh? Oh, those ponee, they do fine for polo."

"You want bet?" Chickenhawk Alatorre's merry gaze without a blink Chickenhawk met

The big Mexican looked at Chickenhawk with a speculative squint in his dark eyes and his lips twitched as he studied this



situation. Then with a laugh, he called the

starter and said:
"'Ere, senor, another bet. Thees Chickenhawk desire to make the big wager. much, Indian?"

The Apache held out a single folded bill. It was for one thousand dollars and it meant that Chickenhawk had saved two hundred dollars a year since he had traded his ponies to Alatorre, five years before.

The Mexican bowed with high gravity. "You are 'eaven-sent, Senor Chickenhawk, he said, "and you are called. Please kees your money adios." With a flourish, Alatorre counted off a thousand dollars from his chubby roll and handed it to Ringgold, who took the Indian's money and entered a note in his memorandum book.

Alatorre bets-what's your name?-Chickenhawk?—one—thousand—dollars," he read as he wrote," on Number 11 to win.

That right?' "Senor, that ees correct," said the good-humored one, "bot almos' too good to be

true!"
"Uh-huh," said Chickenhawk, nodding thoughtfully, "Thass all ri't."

NERVOUS pilots, prodding their engines, made the Indian's reply inaudible, but his nod was conclusive. Ringgold looked after the Apache's sturdy, erect figure curiously as Chickenhawk went to his car. He pursed his lips for he had seen forlorn hopes bet-and win-before. But now he had work to do. He glanced at his watch and hurried to the tape.

A few seconds later, the flag described a swift arc. The first of the desert demons-Number 6—got away right on the dot of nine o'clock. The second car was Jed Newkirk's Schacht. It moved up to the tape. Fifteen seconds ticked away and as Number 6 was rounding the turn at the smelter and flinging out of sight, the second racer roared at the flag's drop and lurched off in a cloud castor oil smoke.

The third and fourth cars shot away, the latter being Ralph Bowyer's Moonbeam.

"8." It was dusty. It was old-fashioned. Its hood instead of a luck emblem, such as many of the others bore, was marked by soldered patches where Peter had repaired the holes Chickenhawk had punched five years before while trying to see what was inside, if anything.

Sitting behind the wheel was the Indian, still hatless, wearing neither goggles nor gloves. He looked not to right or left, even to glance at the slightly pale face of Peter Dowell. If Pete was nervous at all this clatter, not, not so the Redskin. Chickenhawk's Apache was up. His face was wooden in its expression and metallic in its color, his high cheek bones glowing like disks of copper.

Pete buckled the chin strap of his helmet, shifted his goggles, fiddled with his gloves. If he could not appear as unconcerned as this cussed Injun, he could at least hide the fact. Chickenhawk sent the car smoothly to the tape.

The starter's flag went up—down. Chickenhawk did not take a racing start. He pulled out after the fashion of one who looks forward to a long journey.

Two cars followed him to the bend by the smelter, then the Lola, a precious gleaming beauty, with confident Ted Hooper at the helm. More cars, big, little, ponderous and

spidery, and then-Alatorre.

This racer pulled down his goggles with a dramatic gesture and let his idly rotating motor edge the buff beauty forward until the fore wheels touched the tape, just as Ringgold, eyes on the dial of his watch, heaved on the flag. The Chihuahua had steerage way already, but it fairly leaped as the driver dug his foot into the floor boards, pressing down the accelerator. The thrust of speed thrilled every watcher, but many an experienced dopester wondered at the pace, thinking of the long gruelling task ahead.

On the charts it was recorded that Alatorre's Number 11 was twelfth to leave El Paso and was one minute and forty-five

seconds behind Chickenhawk and Peter.
The three last cars got away. The Howdies swung aboard the special train. Ringgold gravely wagged the green banner at the engineer and caught the steps as the

long train got into motion.

Peter Dowell once had driven five deputy sheriffs to Silvertip and beyond to head off a murderer, and that ride had marked the high point in his speed career. But then he had held the wheel. Now the grip was another's and Peter had a leaden feeling at the pit of his stomach before Chickenhawk had gone a mile.

Not that he hadn't every confidence in the Indian's power. Far from that, for it was Peter, himself, who had urged Chickenhawk's unbelievably calm and emotionless qualities as superlative for a race driver. But one never feels the same with some other man's fingers gripping the wheel and some other man's alertness depended upon to meet the problems of the road.

HE first thirty miles passed like a dream. Never in their practice trips had Chickenhawk tromped so hard on the speed-pedal, yet Peter had a feeling of utter futility. No matter how fast the terrain streamed backward, no matter how strongly the wind pressed on his protected face—he just knew that it was no use.

Pete did little to earn his keep during the first stage. Number 8 was running like a clock and the engine was using the stored oil of its crankcase. All the mechanic had to do was sit and wonder and watch the parked cars of the hundreds who preferred the speed on the open road to the sensations

of the jump-off.

This was the country where the first bursts of speed were put on—thirty long, level straight miles. Here it was that the lighter cars were wont to burn themselves out. And sure enough, fate had marked its first victim. Before Chickenhawk guided the ancient teakettle up the low divide at Myndus, Peter spied Number 6, idle by the road side and guessed that a motor bearing had played out.

Far ahead Peter could see the dust of the next racer and he knew that it was Bowyer's Moonbeam. It encouraged the mechanic to know that the Indian had not let the professional draw far ahead. It occurred to

Pete to look behind and his heart gave a great leap. There, boring out of the dust cloud of its own creation, came a car and Peter blinked with amazement when he read the number whitely gleaming on the dark radiator—Number 11! Alatorre had made up nearly two minutes and had passed six cars, not counting the disabled Number 6!
"Alatorre's coming!"

Peter screamed against the roar of the wind and the high-pitched buzz of the pop-

pets into Chickenhawk's ear.

"Step on 'er, Chick! Step on 'er! Don't let him pass us!"

Chickenhawk did not bat an eye. He sat like a bronze image on whose hard surface the powdery yellow dust was already lying thick as a hundred years in an attic. The car did not increase its speed by one jot. Instead, Chickenhawk pulled over to the right, courteously (or was it calculatingly?) giving his pursuer the right of way to pass if he could.

The buff And did. Alatorre could. demon ramped alongside and nosed out ahead. Alatorre removed a neatly gloved hand from the wheel and flung a graceful wave as one would say: "It's so e-easy!"

Pete slumped in his bucket seat. He

burned with shame. He forgot that he had been scared by automobiles and roads and speed. He felt like a disappointed child and wondered and mourned over Chickenhawk.

That was no way to take a challenge like Alatorre's. But Chickenhawk drove me-chanically. They were not within fifty miles of Lordsburg and he and Pete were old friends with every stone, every bush, every

curve in the road.

Hot resentment had boiled up in Peter by the time they thundered into Lordsburg. What was the matter with this dumb-bell Indian, anyhow? But Peter was busy as they swept into the one street of their home town. He leaned far out and signaled "O. K." to the blur of friends at the stage office. Good old Hugh would be there and he ought to know that no matter how slow and ambling, Number 8 and its crew were all right.

Where they slowed to turn and cross the railroad tracks half a mile from town, Pete again leaned out. The girl stood by the road, holding up a blackboard whose chalked symbols told him the leading car, the Schacht, was only a little over a minute Compressed within that seventy

down but the pilot set the gas lever at a stubborn 35-mile notch and Pete held on. Though great boulders bordered the narrow and dangerously canted track, Chicken-hawk slowed not. Indeed his black eyes glowed and he quit hunching in his seat. His glance quested ahead until he found what Peter did not observe until they were close—a group of half a dozen Apaches, five of them holding ponies and the sixth standing like a painted statue, close by the road, and silhouetted against the sky at the very peak of the pass.

As the car whipped her tail around the last jerky curve, and started to slide down grade, Peter saw the solitary tribesman fling up an almost ceremonial arm. In his hand he

brandished a short rifle.

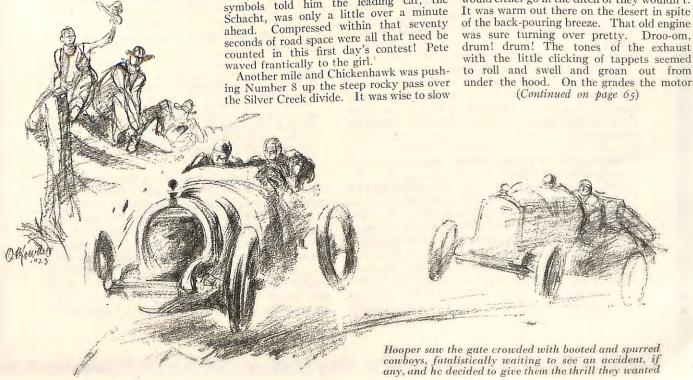
Pete pointed excitedly. Chickenhawk's face changed; his lips parted and his white teeth gleamed with—for him—unusual hu-mor. One dark hand dropped from the wheel and gave Pete's knee a reassuring

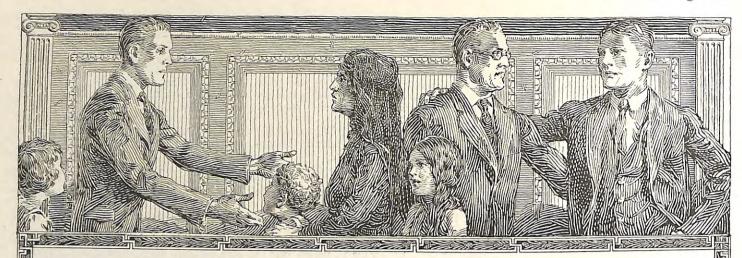
Peter looked back. The Indian was returning to the others by the horses.

There was something he didn't understand about this but Chickenhawk's mask was in place again and there was nothing but the squeezed knee to tell whether the brave on the pass was friend or foe.

IN A race—especially one's first race—there are too many things to think about; the aspect of the world does change so. Chickenhawk was guiding the racing car down the ridged trail into the Rodeo valley, over gulleys, up little pitches and through dry sandy stream beds. Old Number 8 was humming along like a chariot in an arena. The Indian seemed to foresee every chuck hole and antici-pate every misplaced stone in the right-ofway. On the grades he changed gears at exactly the right moment, using the western style of driving that says to go into a tough hole with the motor at speed and the transmission in second. On the down grades Chickenhawk began to use a pace that at first chilled Pete to his core. Each short straightaway found the Apache pushing forward with increasing speed.

Pete began to feel better. There are times when one does not care. Chickenhawk either would win or he wouldn't. would either go in the ditch or they wouldn't. It was warm out there on the desert in spite of the back-pouring breeze. That old engine was sure turning over pretty. Droo-om, drum! drum! The tones of the exhaust with the little clicking of tappets seemed





EDITORIAL

VERY Elk in good standing in a Subordinate Lodge receives, each year, a membership card, certifying that fact under the official seal of his Lodge and the attesting signature of its Secretary. The value of this certificate of identity, this personal credential, and the wisdom of keeping it always at hand, would seem to be quite obvious; and yet many members of the Order either thoughtlessly underestimate that value or deliberately disregard that wise precaution.

An Elk's card is not merely a proof of membership to be submitted to another Lodge in order to secure admittance to its sessions; or to be exhibited as an evidence of one's right to Club House privileges; or to be shown to a brother Elk as a form of introduction. Such are the uses it most frequently serves, of course. But it has a value and a significance beyond these incidental fraternal uses.

It is a letter of credit to all the world. It is a credential that bespeaks for its bearer good character, a worthy community standing, unquestioned patriotism and loyalty, and an established American citizenship. By virtue of the esteem which the Order has won for itself and for its members in the minds of all intelligent people, who know of its lofty purpose and its splendid accomplishments, an Elk, by his very membership, inspires the confidence and invites the consideration of all with whom he comes in contact.

Senator John Sharp Williams once said that during the war, when access to the department buildings in Washington was restricted to those who could identify themselves and prove their right to admission, he found his Elk's card his most useful credential; and that he always carried it with him as a sure means of establishing his identity and securing prompt and considerate attention at the door.

Only a short while ago, a member of Bellingham Lodge, traveling alone in Italy, was robbed of all his baggage, including his passport and other identification papers. He faced an embarrassing delay of several weeks, awaiting duplicate credentials from home. But, fortunately, he had with him in his pocket his Elk's membership card. Upon presentation of this, the American Consul was satisfied to certify his identity and citizenship, and was pleased to show him every considerate

attention. And he was promptly enabled to continue his journey.

These are but two examples among many that could be cited, illustrating not only the value of the membership card but the wisdom of always keeping it upon the person. One never knows when it may be really needed and may prove of the highest service.

The initiation injunction to carry the card always, as a means of identification, is no mere formal suggestion born of a desire to exaggerate its importance, but a wise admonition based upon long experience and a knowledge of its utility and value in many exigencies of life which can not always be anticipated.

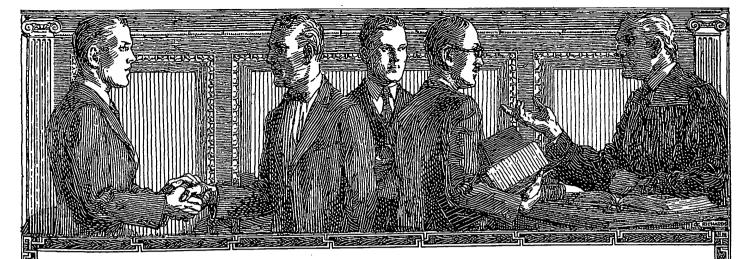
A wise Elk will obey the injunction. Failure to do so will almost surely result, at some time, in inconvenience. It may involve serious embarrassment.

OBSERVANCE OF LAW

RAND Exalted Ruler McFarland, in his first Official Circular, calls to the attention of the Subordinate Lodges, and of the membership of the Order, the patriotic duty, and therefore the Elk fraternal duty, which rests upon them to observe the law. His brief paragraph on the subject deserves reproduction here because of its significant pertinence:

"It is with a very pardonable pride that we know our Order to be recognized as a 'highly purposed fraternity,' a law-abiding and law-enforcing fraternity. No violation of any law of State or Nation can or will be overlooked; and we demand and expect the support of every individual brother in this matter of continued law enforcement. Real patriotism and loyalty to flag and country demand a full reverence and regard for existing laws and their orderly enforcement."

Patriotism is something more than an abstract emotion expressed by mere empty declaration, or even by a ready willingness to die for one's country on the field of battle. It is a life-controlling sentiment that only he may rightly claim who translates it into daily service and who exemplifies it in a true and loyal observance of his country's laws. The obligation of an Elk involves a pledge of that true patriotism; and one who forgets, or disregards, that pledge fails in a definite duty to the Order as well as to the Country.



THE ELK'S CREED

FROM time to time there have appeared in different publications varying declarations of faith, or mental attitude, or rules of conduct, which have been entitled "The Elk's Creed."

It is scarcely necessary to inform any Elk that the Order has never promulgated any definite "Creed," nor authorized nor approved any such declarations or expressions. They are simply the compositions of individuals who desire to express in formal words what they conceive to be the true spirit and meaning of Elk membership.

While these various "Creeds" differ in wording and arrangement of sentences, they are all quite similar in general tenor and indicate a noble and exalted conception of the true Elk attitude toward all mankind. And no fault is to be found with the fine sentiments they embody. Indeed, it is not unwise to have definitely in mind a clearly expressed ideal of Elkly conduct. It is suggestive and helpful; and an occasional reference to it can only be inspiring and uplifting.

One of these, which is more or less widely current throughout the Order, is worthy of reproduction. Credit of authorship is not given for lack of information.

Believe in thyself as well as in others. Exalted be thine ideas of right. Be lenient; be true.

"Protect childhood with tenderness, Woman with chivalry, Old age with respect.

"Others seek to benefit; do good here and now. Cherish with reverence the memory of those who have passed.

"Enjoy the good things of earth. eep within thee the glorious sunshine of youth. And above all, remain always of good Cheer.

LETTING GEORGE DO IT

COME months ago comment was made in these O columns upon the unfortunate disposition of many members of the Order to shift fraternal responsibilities to the shoulders of others—"to pass the buck." There is another expressive slang phrase which embodies a variant aspect of the same general mental attitude—"Let George do it."

Just how the expression was originally evolved

is not known; but its meaning is clear. There is generally some one willing worker in every group who is ready to assume more than his rightful share of any given task. He has been nicknamed "George"; and his generous shoulders are usually. overloaded by his shirking associates.

There is a "George" in nearly every Subordinate Lodge. He does not always get the credit that is due him for his unfailing response to all the calls made upon him and for the service he so willingly renders. His readiness to serve is too often taken for granted and as matter of course; and this attitude frequently results in real imposition upon him.

This, however, is not the most unfortunate aspect of such a situation. "George" may experience a real satisfaction in his own consciousness of his loyalty and fidelity. But the constant withdrawal of others from a personal participation in the conduct of the activities of the Lodge in-evitably leads to their lessened interest in those activities; and this, in turn, tends to defeat the very purpose in view.

One's enthusiasm in any undertaking is largely proportioned to his active participation in it; and the result of any Lodge activity becomes relatively more valuable according to the number of members personally engaged in promoting its success. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm and no Lodge can function to its highest degree of effectiveness unless its members generally are imbued with that spirit.

"George" is a very valuable and dependable member of the Lodge. But it would be better for the Lodge, and for all concerned, if Tom and Jim and Joe should more frequently share with him the performance of those fraternal duties in which they have an equal share of responsibility.

GENTLEMAN

'HE true and correct definition of "gentleman" has often been the subject of discussion more or less academic in character; and there are differences of opinion as to the various attributes which are suggested as essential to justify the title. But, apart from its technical significance, which in some countries is of importance, and in the general acceptance of the term in America, there is no word that more clearly defines itself.

"Gentle" means refined in manners, not rough, harsh or severe; considerate. A gentleman is a gentle-man. It can not be better defined.

Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Two

Watertown, South Dakota, September 15, 1923

To All Elks—Greeting:

My BROTHERS:

The selection of appointive officers of the Grand Lodge is an important and onerous duty and it has been only after the most earnest and careful consideration that the following list has been prepared. Innumerable requests for appointment were received and it is a matter of regret that many more of these loyal and deserving brothers could not be placed. The desire to serve and the expressions of cooperation from each applicant make it certain that we will have a very large measure of support from all of these real members of our Order.

These are your officers, my Brothers. Without your cooperation they can do but little. Every suggestion and assistance should be given, and will be received, I am sure, in the true Elk's spirit. Please remember that any problem or proposition should be taken up with the proper authority in order to promptly effectuate your object.

Your District Deputy is the immediate contact officer and I know you will give him your loyal and active support to the end that your district may surpass all others in progress and real Elk accomplishment.

Including the officers elected by your representatives, the following will act in the offices as indicated:

Grand Exalted Ruler-

James G. McFarland, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight— Harry M. Ticknor, Pasadena, Cal., No. 672.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight— George J. Winslow, Utica, N. Y., No. 33.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight— Clement Scott, Vancouver, Wash., No. 823.

Grand Secretary— Fred. C. Robinson (Dubuque, Ia., No. 297),

Congress Hotel, Chicago.

Grand Treasurer

John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48.

Grand Tiler-

Joseph F. Mayer, Globe, Ariz., No. 489.

Grand Inner Guard-

W. P. Murphey, Brownwood, Tex., No. 960.

Grand Chaplain-

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

Flint, Mich.

Grand Esquire

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

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler-

Charles D. Ray, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.

Pardon Commissioner-

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

Board of Grand Trustees-

W. E. Drislane (Chairman), Albany, N. Y.,

Robert A. Gordon (Vice-Chairman), Atlanta,

Ga., No. 78.

Louis Boismenue (Secretary), East St. Louis,

Ill., No. 664.

John Halpin (Approving Member), Kansas

City, Mo., No. 26. Robert A. Scott (Home Member), Linton, Ind.,

No. 866.

Grand Forum-

John G. Price (Chief Justice), Columbus, Ohio,

Henry L. Kennan, Spokane, Wash., No. 228. Thomas J. Lennon (San Rafael, Cal., No. 1108),

San Francisco, Cal.

John J. Carton, Flint, Mich., No. 222. William J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 603

Committee on Judiciary-

John F. Malley (Chairman), (Springfield, Mass.,

No. 61), 15 State St., Boston, Mass. Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99.

John C. Karel, Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46. John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336.

I. K. Lewis, Duluth, Minn., No. 133.

Good of the Order Committee-

W. H. Crum (Chairman), Springfield, Ill., No. 158.

George F. Hudson, Stockton, Cal., No. 218.

Waldo M. Pitkin, New Orleans, La., No. 30.

Committee on Credentials-

Fred A. Morris (Chairman), Mexico, Mo.,

S. John Connolly, Beverly, Mass., No. 1309. Fred Cunningham, Martinsville, Ind., No. 1349. Charles R. Docherty, Omaha, Neb., No. 39.

Jonas M. Rudy, Harrisburg, Pa., No. 12.

Auditing Committee-

Charles A. McCloud (Chairman), York, Neb.,

Marshall E. Ashcraft, Fairmont, W. Va., No. 294. John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.

State Association Committee-

James C. Murtagh (Chairman), Waterloo, Ia.,

Wm. H. Fox, Bristol, Pa., No. 970. Henry A. Guenther, Newark, N. J., No. 21.

Social and Community Welfare Committee-John P. Sullivan (Chairman), (New Orleans, La., No. 30), 642 Commercial Place. William H. Atwell, Dallas, Tex., No. 71. Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., No. 1. Lloyd R. Maxwell (Marshalltown, Ia., No. 312), Chicago, Ill.

Robert E. Evans, Tacoma, Wash., No. 174. National Memorial Headquarters Commission-John K. Tener (Chairman), (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Joseph T. Fanning (Sec'y-Treas. and Executive Director), (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. James R. Nicholson (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 373 Broadway, Boston, Mass. Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1010 Hennen Bldg. Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321. Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, Murphy Building.

William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter St.

Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 300), Department of Justice, Washington, D. C. Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203. William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsyille and Upton Ave., West Toledo, Ohio.

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

James G. McFarland, Grand Exalted Ruler (ex-officio), Watertown, S. D., No. 838.

Sanderson Memorial Committee— Edward Leach (Chairman), New York, N. Y., No. 1, 206 Front Street. Thomas F. Brogan, New York, N. Y., No. 1.

William T. Phillips, New York, N. Y., No. 1.

Galvin Memorial Committee

August Herrmann (Chairman), Cincinnati, Ohio,

Henry W. Morganthaler, Cincinnati, Ohio,

James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5.

District Deputies

menorialis is none is to provide the residence is the residence is the residence is the residence is the residence in

Alabama, North-Edward J. McCrossin, Birmingham,

Alabama, South-Harvey M. Blue, Montgomery, No. 596.

Alaska-J. E. Chovin, Anchorage, No. 1351.

Arizona, North-Hugh B. Cassidy, Phoenix, No. 335. Arizona, South-Peter E. Howell, Tucson, No. 385. Arkansas, East-Edgar M. Rowe, Little Rock, No. 29. Arkansas, West—C. R. Healey, Texarkana, No. 399. California, North—E. E. Gaddis, Woodland, No. 1299. California, Bay-Hubert N. Rowell, Berkeley, No. 1002.

California, Central-Geo. E. Ground, Modesto, No. 1282.

California, South-H. S. Williamson, Redlands, No. 583.

California, South Central-F. R. Cryderman, San Pedro, No. 966.

Colorado, North-Gray Secor, Longmont, No. 1055. Colorado, West-Coy E. Klingler, Grand Junction, No. 575.

Colorado, Central-C. B. Adams, Colorado Springs, No. 309.

Colorado, South-Walter C. Sporleder, La Junta, No. 701.

Canal Zone-R. M. Davies, Balboa, No. 1414. Connecticut, East-Thomas A. Tracy, Bristol, No.

1010. Connecticut, West-Frank E. Coe, Torrington, No. 372.

Delaware, Maryland & Washington, D. C.-Meredith H. Staub, Frederick, Md., No. 684. Florida, North—David Sholtz, Daytona, No. 1141.

Florida, South-H. M. Hunt, Tampa, No. 708.

Georgia, North-Arthur Flatau, Athens, No. 790. Georgia, South-J. E. T. Bowden, Waycross, No. 369.

Guam-W. G. Johnston, Agana, No. 1281.

Hawaii-W. L. Frazee, Honolulu, No. 616.

Idaho, North—Edgar C. Steele, Moscow, No. 249. Idaho, South-Geo. W. Edgington, Idaho Falls,

No. 1087. Illinois, West-Louis Pitcher, Dixon, No. 779.

Illinois, North-John O'Keefe, Highland Park, No. 1362.

Illinois, South Central-C. C. Weber, Litchfield, No. 664.

Illinois, South-D. H. Miller, Herrin, No. 1146. Illinois, North Central-J. G. Kramer, Kankakee,

No. 627. Indiana, North-H. J. Holland, South Bend, No. 235. Indiana, East-F. Clayte Mansfield, Muncie,

No. 245. Indiana, Central-David M. Boyle, Lafayette, No.

143. Indiana, South-Noble F. Mitchell, New Albany, No. 270.

Iowa, Northeast-C. W. Wallace, Oelwein, No. 741. Iowa, Southeast-Henry Louis, Iowa City, No. 590.

Iowa, West-F. G. Cluett, Sioux City, No. 112. Kansas, North-W. H. McKone, Lawrence, No. 595. Kansas, Southeast-Emil H. Koehl, Caney, No. 1215.

Kansas, Southwest-Jas. A. Cassler, McPherson, No. 502.

Kentucky, East-John J. Emmerick, Catlettsburg, No. 942.

Kentucky, West-Virgil Y. Moore, Madisonville, No. 738.

Louisiana, North-C. B. De Bellevue, Crowley, No. 745.

Louisiana, South-Hermann Moyse, Baton Rouge,

Maine, East-John B. Frost, Eastport, No. 88o.

Maine, West-Francis M. Langley, Lewiston, No. 371. Massachusetts, Northeast-Michael H. McCarron, Woburn, No. 908.

Massachusetts, Southeast- Frederick T. Strachan, Winthrop, No. 1078.

Massachusetts, West-John E. Donovan, Adams, No. 1335.

Michigan, East-Clarence M. Browne, Saginaw, No.

Michigan, West-H. I. Drescher, Big Rapids, No. 974. Michigan, North-Herbert C. Jussen, Ironwood, No. 1278.

Minnesota, North-Peter S. Neilson, Minneapolis, No. 44.

Minnesota, South-J. D. O'Brien, St. Paul, No. 59.

Mississippi, North-B. C. Wheeler, Greenville, No. 148.

NOTATA PROPERTIES DE LA CONTRA DEL CONTRA DE LA CONTRA DEL CONTRA DEL CONTRA DE LA CONTRA DEL CONTRA DEL CONTRA DE LA CONTRA DEL CONTRA DE LA CONTRA DE LA CONTRA DEL CONTRA

Mississippi, South—J. E. Breaux, Biloxi, No. 606.
 Missouri, East—J. O. Cramer, Poplar Bluff, No. 589.
 Missouri, West—James A. Stewart, Kansas City, No. 26.

Missouri, North—R. M. Duncan, St. Joseph, No. 40. Montana, East—Arthur J. Baker, Lewistown, No. 456. Montana, West—J. H. Roberts, Butte, No. 240.

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

Nebraska, South—W. C. Bullard, McCook, No. 1434. Nevada—Wm. B. Evans, Tonopah, No. 1062.

New Hampshire—Wm. J. Kennedy, Portsmouth, No. 97.

New Mexico-D. Rollie, Gallup, No. 1440.

New Jersey, Northeast—A. Harry Moore, Jersey City, No. 211.

New Jersey, South—Jas. H. Long, Camden, No. 293.
New Jersey, Central—Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy, No. 784.

New Jersey, Northwest—Frank L. Fisher, Bloomfield, No. 788.

New York, Northeast—W. D. Thomas, Hoosick Falls, No. 178.

New York, Southeast—Jas. T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, No. 878.

New York, North Central—T. Arthur Hendricks, Watertown, No. 496.

New York, South Central—Frank S. Powell, Norwich, No. 1222.

New York, West—J. William Daly, Lockport, No. 41.
North Carolina, East—H. E. Longley, Wilmington, No. 532.

North Carolina, West—E. W. Freeze, High Point, No. 1155.

North Dakota—Redmond A. Bolton, Jamestown, No. 995.

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

Oklahoma, Northeast—W. B. West, Tulsa, No. 946.
Oklahoma, Northwest—M. E. Wooldridge, Altus, No. 1226.

Ohio, Northwest—Geo. A. Snyder, Fostoria, No. 935. Ohio, North Central—R. F. Loomis, Elyria, No. 465. Ohio, Northeast—R. T. Sharer, Alliance, No. 467.

 Ohio, Southwest—Byron B. Harlan, Dayton, No. 58.
 Ohio, South Central—Wm. J. Meyer, Portsmouth, No. 154.

Ohio, Southeast—John F. Sherry, Bellaire, No. 419. Oregon, South—Frank T. Wrightman, Salem, No. 336.

Oregon, North—E. G. Gearhart, Astoria, No. 180.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—George F. Erick, Allentown, No. 130.

Pennsylvania, Northeast—John B. Knapp, Wilkes-Barre, No. 109.

Pennsylvania, North Central—E. DeHaven Brown, Johnsonburg, No. 612.

Pennsylvania, Central—George D. Albert, Latrobe, No. 907.

Pennsylvania, Southwest—W. D. Hancher, Washington, No. 776.

Pennsylvania, Northwest—John C. Hart, New Castle, No. 69.

Pennsylvania, South Central—F. H. Bell, DuBois, No. 349.

Philippine Islands—R. J. Harrison, Manila, No. 761. Porto Rico—J. D. Woodward, San Juan, No. 972.

Rhode Island—Jas. G. Connolly, Pawtucket. No. 920.
South Carolina—John G. Hughes, Union, No. 1321.
South Dakota—Howard B. Case, Watertown, No. 838.
Tennessee, East—W. H. Mustaine, Nashville, No. 72.
Tennessee, West—J. W. McGlathery, Humboldt, No. 1008.

Texas, Central-Gibson Gayle, Waco, No. 166.

Texas, North-J. S. Kone, Denison, No. 238.

Texas, West-A. M. Jameson, Ranger, No. 1373.

Texas, North Central—L. L. Pollock, Fort Worth, No. 124.

Texas, South—A. R. Hamblen, Houston, No. 151. Texas, Southwest—J. Q. Henry, Del Rio, No. 837.

Texas, Northwest—Chas. Y. Welch, Quanah, No. 1202.

Utah-O. A. Forslund, Park City, No. 734.

Vermont-Thomas H. Browne, Rutland, No. 345.

Virginia, East—David Johnson, Hampton, No. 366.
Virginia, West—Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville, No. 389.

Washington, East—Harry S. Elwood, Ellensburg, No. 1102.

Washington, Northwest—Walter F. Meier, Seattle, No. 92.

Washington, Southwest—William H. Tucker, Aberdeen, No. 593.

West Virginia, North—Charles Clifton Mayhall, Parkersburg, No. 198.

West Virginia, South—R. Kemp Morton, Charleston, No. 202.

Wisconsin, East-B. W. Arnold, Oshkosh, No. 292.

Wisconsin, West—O. R. Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids, No. 693.

Wyoming-Edmund P. Landers, Greybull, No. 1431.

Fraternally,



Attest:

The Robinson
Grand Secretary

Constant to the second

Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland has called an official meeting of the District Deputies of all the States, to be held at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill., on September 30. This call is issued under provision made by the Grand Lodge at its 1923 session in Atlanta. The Grand Exalted Ruler has also invited the Grand Lodge Officers, Chairmen of Grand Lodge Committees and Presidents of all the State Associations to attend this meeting.

and the contract of the following the contract of the contract



N OCTOBER 6 Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland will lay the corner-stone for the new \$750,000 Home of Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878. The day will also mark the celebration of the Lodge's twentieth anniversary and a special testimonial dinner will be given at the Hotel Commodore in New York City to Mr. McFarland. Many other prominent officials of the Order and representatives of neighboring Lodges are expected to be present to pay tribute to the new Grand Exalted Ruler and to show their interest in the splendid progress and development of Queens Borough Lodge.

Dispensation Granted for New Lodge At Dublin, Ga.

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland has issued a dispensation for a new Lodge at Dublin, Ga.:

Dublin (Ga.) Lodge, No. 1473.

New Home of Indianapolis Lodge to Embody Every Comfort and Convenience

The beautiful new Home of Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge, No. 13, now in the course of construction, will be one of the most complete Lodge buildings in the Order. Facing the Library and the ten-million dollar Memorial Plaza being erected by the State, the building will be architecturally a worthy companion of the finest structures in Indianapolis. It will cost over a million dollars when finished and will embody every modern comfort and convenience. It will have a large natatorium and gymnasium, billiard and social rooms, bowling alleys, a Lodgeroom seventy-seven feet long with a gallery running the entire length on one side, 200 sleeping rooms, each equipped with bath, a large restaurant and private dining-rooms, and many other features. The new Home will not only be a fitting monument to the ideals and efforts of the membership of No. 13, but it is destined to be an important factor in the social and civic life of the com-

Utah State Elks Association Meets at Logan

The Annual Convention of the Utah State Elks Association held this year at Logan brought together Elks from all parts of the State and resulted in the establishment of closer ties between the various Lodges and plans for greater cooperation. Logan Lodge, No. 1453, offered the delegates and their families a lively program of entertainment, and various local organizations took part in the many social events of the Convention. Officers for the following year were elected as follows: President, John H. Denhalter, Provo Lodge, No. 849; Treasurer, J. A. Boshard, also of Provo Lodge; Secretary, Fred W. Wilson, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association Meets at Erie

With Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward Leach and J. Edgar Masters among the visitors to the Convention, the seventeenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association, which began on August 27 with a banquet at the Hotel Lawrence in Erie and ended on the third of September with a huge parade and ball, set a new highwater mark in the history of the Association. The greatest number of delegates ever in attendance was present. Among the ac-complishments of the meeting were a determination for a better observance of Flag Day and Memorial Day, more cooperation with other bodies in the State in carrying on charity work, and the performance of public functions in a manner to bring creditable publicity to the Lodges of the Order. The matter of establishing an orphanage for the children of members, which has been under discussion at previous Conventions, was carried over at the request of the committee considering the subject. Memorial services for the departed of the Association were broadened to include the passing of President Harding, a charter member of Marion (Ohio) Lodge, No. 32, and resolutions citing his splendid qualities were ordered engrossed and sent to Mrs. Harding and to Marion Lodge. A resolution endorsing The Elks MAGAZINE and the work it is accomplishing was also passed by the convention. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland's address was

"No man can find anything to criticise in the fundamentals of our teaching—Charity, Justice, Brother Love, Fidelity and real, beautiful Americanism," he declared. "The exemplification of these attributes by your action in what you do in your Lodges and State Association will add greater prestige to our Fraternity." The annual parade, a feature of the last day of the Convention, was participated in by some 5,000 members, the larger delegations coming from Philadelphia, Williamsport, Scranton and McKeesport. The Association gave hearty thanks to the members of Erie Lodge, No. 67, and to the city for the generous hospitality offered the many thousands of delegates and visitors. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Harry I. Koch of Allentown Lodge, No. 130; Treasurer, Harry W. Gough of Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12; Secretary, William S. Gould of Scranton Lodge, No. 123.

First Children's Outing Conducted By Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) Lodge

The first annual "Kiddies Day" of Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 178, was recently held at Kedges' Lake with more than 300 boys and girls under twelve years of age enjoying the hospitality of their "big brothers." The children took part in a program of games and field sports, swimming and boating, and were provided with many different kinds of refreshments. Thirty automobiles took the youngsters to and from the picnic grounds. So successful was the outing that Hoosick Falls Lodge is planning to make it a yearly event on its calendar of Social and Community Welfare Work.

Five Thousand Kiddies Guests of Stamford (Conn.) Lodge

Five thousand children were entertained by Stamford (Conn.) Lodge, No. 809, at its annual outing to the youngsters of that city. The great party, held at Hallowe'en Park, was an unqualified success due to the good work of the various committees and to the splendid way in which the people of Stamford turned out to help make the affair the best ever. by giving the Lodge the use of their motor cars for the day. More than 500 cars

were used to transport the children to the Park and all of them were gaily decorated with festoons of purple and white streamers. Many games were arranged for the youngsters at the Park, and refreshments of all sorts were served throughout the afternoon.

Hotel to Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and the other distinguished guests marked the opening day of the Convention. The Grand Exalted Ruler, speaking at the luncheon, lauded Indiana lodges for their militant and aggressive spirit. Short addresses by Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director

Work of Chicago Lodge Praised by United States Veterans' Bureau

The Chief of the Rehabilitation Division, U. S. Veterans' Bureau of the Chicago, Ill., District, has written to The Elks Magazine expressing his appreciation of "the wonderful spirit of cooperation shown by Chicago Lodge No. 4 toward the wounded and disabled ex-service men of the World War." "It has," he goes on to say, "given one hundred per cent. cooperation in providing entertainments and creating the com-forts that are so essential to the boys who are confined in the Government hospitals in Chicago and vicinity. Its slogan is, 'A Buddy is Never Forgotten.' It has cooperated in placing many of our disabled ex-service men in positions enabling them to carry on suc-cessfully in civilian life and thus show the real American spirit. . . . It has also aided many families of destitute ex-service men. I might quote at length various instances to show the love and esteem of the boys to this Lodge and to its Soldier Service Committee, but, as one Buddy phrased it at one of their entertainments, 'the story can be told but it can not be written!'" Similar praise comes from the Department Commander of the American Legion, who writes in behalf of the hundreds of men who have been helped by the generous hand of Chicago

New Home and Hotel Building Opened by Lorain (Ohio) Lodge

An elaborate program marked the opening of the new Home and Hotel Antlers built by Lorain (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1301. On the afternoon and evening of the first day of the celebration there was a public reception to which every resident of Lorain was invited to inspect the new building. A group of 25 members acted as a Reception Committee and escorted the visitors all over the building, pointing out its beauty and advantages. In the evening of the second day there was a large banquet and ball with a splendid orchestra especially engaged for the occasion. The evening of the third day was Elks' Night. Members of Lodges in the vicinity attended the festivities. A program of unusual interest was arranged and special dance music provided. Thousands of people visited the new building during the three opening days and nights and voiced their appreciation of the achievement of Lorain Lodge. The formal dedication of the Lodge quarters will take place later in the year, when officers of the Grand Lodge and prominent Elks from all over Ohio are expected to be present.

Fort Woyne Lodge Host to Indiana State Elks Association Convention

The twenty-second annual Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association at Fort Wayne was one of the most successful and largely attended meetings ever held by that body. Grand Exalted Ruler James G. Mc-Farland was the guest of honor, and many other prominent members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Secretary Fred Robinson, and Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott were present. A luncheon given at the Anthony

and the other distinguished guests marked the opening day of the Convention. The Grand Exalted Ruler, speaking at the luncheon, lauded Indiana lodges for their militant and aggressive spirit. Short addresses by Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, Grand Trustee Scott and Grand Secretary Robinson were received with enthusiasm by the listeners. A baseball game, a clay pigeon shoot and swimming contests were some of the entertainment features of the Convention. beautiful Country Club of Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 155, was thrown open to the visitors and was the scene of the out-of-door festivities. At the business sessions a resolution was passed urging that a greater campaign be made among Indiana lodges for an increased membership, and that the various lodges "go deep into the work of stamping out that awful malady known as the white plague and assist the anti-tuberculosis societies wherever and whenever possible." A resolution commending the work and purpose of The Elks Magazine, and one expressing gratitude to the membership of Fort Wayne Lodge for its splendid hospitality were also passed. Memorial services conducted after the business sessions were particularly significant, as they included a commemoration of the late President Harding and Arthur J. McDonald, President of the State Association, who died in office. The Convention elected the following officers for the year 1923–24: President, Edgar J. Julian of Vincennes Lodge, No. 291; Trea-surer, George S. Green of Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 277; Secretary, Don Allman of Noblesville Lodge, No. 576.

Some Interesting Facts About Agana (Guam) Lodge, No. 1281

The location of Agana (Guam) Lodge, No. 1281, is perhaps not very well known to the majority of members, first because it is on a very small island, only 225 square miles in extent, and secondly because no ships touch it except Army and Navy transports. Guam is located about 1,500 miles west of the United States. While No. 1281 is not the most easterly lodge, it claims the distinction of being farther from its Mother Lodge than any other, having been instituted under a dispensation granted to two members of Newport (R. I.) Lodge, No. 104. Members of Agana Lodge live in an atmosphere of tropical beauty and plenty. Fruits and vegetables grow there in the wildest profusion and with very little care; there is plenty of game in the hills and the waters are literally alive with fish. Palms of nearly



all varieties are a constant delight to the eve. Alligator pears, mangoes, papayaa, lemons and oranges grow all over the island and, in addition, there are hundreds of purely ornamental plants and vines. The lodge was instituted a little over ten years ago, March 20th, 1013, and the tenth anniversary was celebrated by a banquet. It was not possible to hold the celebration on the actual anniversary date because of a typhoon, one of the tropical storms which often swoop down upon the island with very little warning, so it was given at a later day. Covers were laid for forty and considering the fact that all flowers, fruit and blossoms had been blown off the trees and vines the week before, the decorations were excellent. Music was provided by a string orchestra and a spirit of fraternity and brotherly love was evident from the beginning until the singing of Auld Lang Syne

at the close of the evening.

Because a great many of the members of Agana Lodge are in the Army and Marine Corps, there is rarely more than a fifth of the membership present. But it would be hard to find a more enthusiastic group in any lodge. Like all lodges who have not already attained the goal, Agana Lodge is looking forward to the day when it can own its Home and it is now in a fair way to realize At the same time the Lodge that hope. does not forget others. Its Charity Committee works throughout the year. It has a Big Brother movement and members who own cars make up picnic parties for the Kiddies, something that is possible throughout the year, as Guam has only two kinds of weather: warm by day and cool by night.

Brotherly Love Exemplified By Galena (Ill.) Lodge

Just how strong is the chain of brotherly love and service existing between various lodges in the Order was recently demonstrated by Galena (Ill.) Lodge, No. 882, when Raton (N. M.) Lodge, No. 865, requested the Illinois Lodge to conduct the burial services of one of its members who had died at his home in Darlington, Wis. It had been this member's expressed wish during his illness that, should he die, his funeral should be conducted by the officers of Galena Lodge. Members and officers accordingly went to Darlington, where they held services at the grave for their departed brother. After the funeral the members from Galena Lodge were shown every hospitality by the inhabitants of Darlington, who were all deeply touched by this beautiful exemplification of brotherly love.

Boy Scouts Adopt Resolution Praising the Order of Elks

Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson has recently received the following interesting letter from James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America: "It gives me great pleasure to transmit to you the following resolution adopted at the Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, held at the Palisades Interstate Park, New York City: "Be it Resolved that the National Coun-

"Be it Resolved that the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America express to the Elks its appreciation of their continued support and its sense of obligation and gratitude for their cooperation in promotting Scouting throughout the United States."

"All of us are more than appreciative of the word of the sense of the sense

"All of us are more than appreciative of the wonderful cooperation extended by your Clubs throughout the country to the Boy Scouts of America."

Home of Iowa City Lodge Completely Remodeled and Refurnished

The membership of Iowa City (Iowa) Lodge, No. 590, has completed extensive alterations of their home—the entire building having been redecorated and refurnished throughout and new equipment installed. It is now the boast of Iowa City Lodge that considering a town of 12,000 population, and a membership of 425, there is no other Club Home that can compare with it in its completeness and elegance.

Maryland State Elks Association Holds Convention at Ocean City

The Maryland State Elks Association held its Annual Convention this year at Ocean City. The eastern shore Lodges successfully combined and offered unusual entertainment to the delegates and their families. Holding the Convention late in September at the close of the regular resort season proved a wise plan, as all unnecessary crowding and difficulty in procuring accommodations were avoided. An interesting event in connection with the Convention was the contest between various Lodges in the jurisdiction for a silverloving cup, donated by James L. Ward, for presentation to the Lodge whose officers exhibited the best exemplification of the Ritual.

Members of National Home See John Robinson's Circus

Every year when John Robinson's Circus plays in Lynchburg, Va., all the members of the Elks National Home at Bedford are invited to attend the performance. This courtesy is extended to the Home Lodge by Mr. Jerry Mugivan, one of the owners of the circus and a member of the Order. This year over fifty made the trip to Lynchburg, saw the circus and enjoyed in other ways the generous hospitality of Mr. Mugivan.

Bessemer (Ala.) Lodge Plans Program Of Welfare Work for Boys of the City

Bessemer (Ala.) Lodge, No. 721, has recently appointed a Committee to investigate means of assisting needy boys of the city during the fall and winter. The committee is drawing up definite plans for welfare work among the school children, one feature of which will be the supplying of schoolbooks to pupils not able to buy them.

Watertown (S. D.) Welcomes Home Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland

A great public reception was tendered Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland on his return home from the Atlanta Convention, by his fellow members of Watertown (S. D.) Lodge, No. 838. Not only Watertown, but every section of South Dakota, was represented. The reception was held on the Court House Square, where after a band concert, Rev. Father O'Meara, a charter member of Watertown Lodge, delivered the welcoming address. Later in the day, a reception, given to Mr. McFarland by the visiting delegates, was held in the Club House of Watertown Lodge.

"Uncle Billie" Hildreth Passes Into the Valley of Death

"Uncle Billie" Hildreth, as he was commonly known by his many friends, recently passed away at Ouray, Colo., ending his life's journey of over one hundred years. Mr. Hildreth was born on March 21, 1823,

at Mount Vernon, Ohio. He went West when a young man and followed the mining industry in Wyoming and Colorado practically all of his life. He became a member of Rawlins (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 609, May 31, 1904, and in 1920, at the age of 97, attended the Grand Lodge Convention at Chicago, Ill. "Uncle Billie" was also a member of that great but fast vanishing organization—

The Revised Ritual

RAND Secretary Fred C. Robinson will make distribution of the revised Ritual on or before October 15, 1923, and it is a matter of general interest to the Order that instead of separate volumes containing only the lines of the respective officers, a complete leather-bound book, with instructions and lines for all participating in regular or initiatory ceremonies, is to be used by each officer. This will be effective as the only Ritual of the Order on and after October 15, 1923, and the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers are charged with the duty of taking up and destroying all Rituals of any former edition as they make their official visits.

This newly revised Ritual, which the Grand Secretary will distribute to all subordinate Lodges without requisition therefor, was adopted at the Grand Lodge Session at Atlanta, Ga., July 11, 1923

the G. A. R., being the second last member in his section of the country. His body was brought to Rawlins where funeral services were conducted at the Elks Home by the officers of Rawlins Lodge. He was laid to rest among his comrades in the G. A. R. plot. After the last rites were read there was a salute from the firing squad, composed of members from his Lodge and the American Legion. Taps was sounded, and "Uncle Billie" Hildreth, who had come into the world when Monroe was President of the United States; who had been a friend of Abraham Lincoln; who had fought Indians with Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Jim Baker and other great scouts; who had fought throughout the Civil War with Company G, Forty-first Illinois Infantry, and who wore the Grand Army of the Republic uniform proudly, passed into loving memory.

San Francisco (Cal.) Lodge Breaks Ground for Million-Dollar Home

San Francisco (Cal.) Lodge, No. 3, broke ground recently for its new \$1,000,000 Elks' home. Several hundred members took part in the exercises, which were preceded by a procession from the present Home, on Powell Street, down Powell Street, to Post Street, thence to the site of the proposed structure. The officers of the Elks' Building Association, Lodge officers, band, drill team and members of San Francisco and neighboring lodges, took part in the parade.

At the building site, Nadeau L. Bourgeault, Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, presided over the ground-breaking program. William M. Abhott, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and President of the Elks'

Building Association, manned the big steam shovel with which ground was broken, and other directors of the Building Association wielded the smaller shovel, the original implement with which ground was broken for the present Elks building, 15 years ago. A "Ground-Breaking" banquet commemorating the event was given in the evening. The new building will require 18 months' time for completion and, including the site, will attain a value in excess of a million A Roman plunge will occupy a part of the basement, and on the same floor will be steam rooms, showers, hot rooms, lockers and individual dressing-rooms. On the first floor will be the hotel offices, with hat, coat and check rooms, and the gallery to the swimming-pool. The second floor is to be given over entirely to Lodge-room purposes, the Lodge-room itself being one of the largest fraternal rooms on the Pacific Coast, having total dimensions of 87 by 70 feet. The main floor will seat 1200 people. A fully equipped theatrical stage for entertainment and a maple dancing floor for social gatherings will make the Lodge-room a useful and popular headquarters at all times. the front of the building on the second floor will be a memorial hall seventy feet long. The main lounging-room in front and the dining-room in the back will be located on the third floor. On the fourth floor the billiard-room, buffet and social rooms, the lounging and game rooms, will be situated. Two large committee rooms will also be located on the fourth floor. From the fifth to the thirteenth floors thirteen double bedrooms are to be placed on each floor, all being outside rooms, and with bathroom attached to each. The furnishings and accessories of the new building will be the finest obtainable, and every detail will be faithfully carried out to accomplish the maximum of comfort for the members without sacrificing any needed conveniences.

Yankton (S. D.) Lodge Inaugurates Visiting Day to Non-Resident Members

Yankton (S. D.) Lodge, No. 994, recently inaugurated its first visiting day. About thirty of its members set out by automobile for a two-day trip through that part of its jurisdiction, known locally as the "Platte Line." Elks in eight towns were visited. The Old Hickory Fife and Drum Corps, with an all-Elk membership, was a feature of the trip and proved a unique attraction. Members residing in the towns visited expressed appreciation by a liberal showing of hospitality, and Yankton Lodge has voted to make such visits to all parts of its jurisdiction regularly hereafter, in a belief that a friendlier relationship is thus promoted between the mother Lodge and its non-resident members.

Everett Lodge Host to Convention of Washington State Elks Association

The Washington State Elks Association held its nineteenth annual Convention at Everett, August 13–15. The gathering was one of the largest ever held in the State, nearly 10,000 Elks and their wives enjoying the hospitality of Everett Lodge, No. 479. Twenty brass bands, many beautiful floats and drill teams, competed for the five hundred dollars in cash prizes offered by the Entertainment Committee. All the streets and buildings in the city were specially decorated in honor of the occasion. The Convention opened with a Grand Concert at the Armory by the Seattle Civic Symphony Orchestra of 100 pieces. On the following day there was a golf tournament,

baseball games and other sports. The features of the last day of the Convention were a large picnic at Silver Lake, a pavement dance and a Grand Ball in the Armory. Among other resolutions adopted at the Convention was one endorsing the work being accomplished by The Elks Magazine Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Joseph St. Peter of Everett Lodge, No. 479, President; Walter F. Meier of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, First Vice-President; Frank L. Cooper of Everett Lodge, Sccretary; C. W. Van Rooy of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, Treasurer. Bellingham was chosen for next year's Convention and Bremerton for the mid-winter meeting of the officers.

Free Milk Furnished to Poor of City by Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge No. 22

Sixty thousand dollars is the goal set by Brooklyn Lodge for its Kiddies Fund which will provide free milk to the poor children of the city. Over 100 "Elk Milk Stations" have already been established throughout the Borough insuring an even distribution in all quarters. Besides these stations, Brooklyn Lodge also opened one at Coney Island, a large tent at the entrance of the Boardwalk where, under the supervision of the Board of Health, the milk provided by the Lodge is distributed. In addition, milk is being furnished to all local hospitals, nurseries and charitable institutions.

Choir of San Antonio (Tex.) Lodge Plays Part in Musical Life of the City

A large and appreciative audience heard an impressive program of sacred music given at the First Baptist Church by the Choir of San Antonio (Tex.) Lodge, No. 216. This was the first of a series of church programs which the Choir plans to give as part of its contribution to the musical life of the community. The Choir has already won for itself a distinguished place and is often called upon to take part in various public events. Recently the members of the Choir sang at a luncheon given in San Antonio in honor of General John J. Pershing.

Great Crowds Attend Circus and Rodeo Staged by Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, recently staged an Elks Circus and Rodeo, which netted more than \$10,000 and was attended by about 25,000 people during the several days' entertainment.

Minnesota State Elks Association Elects New Officers

Closing a most successful Convention, the Minnesota State Elks Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, John E. Regan of Mankato Lodge, No. 225; Treasurer, William W. Koons of St. Cloud Lodge, No. 516; Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44. Choice of the 1924 Convention City was referred to the Executive Committee of the Association.

Platteville (Wis.) Lodge Host to Neighboring Lodges at Annual Picnic

Platteville (Wis.) Lodge, No. 1460, the "Baby" Lodge of the State, recently held its first Annual Picnic at Tuffa Park. Large delegations of members from Cuba City, Hazel Green and Galena were guests of Platteville Lodge and enjoyed one of the best outings ever held in the district. The day was enlivened with keenly contested

sporting events of all kinds. In the evening an outdoor dinner was served, after which the members of Platteville Lodge and their guests sat around a great camp-fire singing the old-time songs.

Riverside (Calif.) Lodge Building New \$100,000 Home

Plans for the new \$100,000 Home of Riverside (Calif.) Lodge, No. 643, have been completed and work on the building will be started soon. The new Home will adjoin the Plaza Hotel and have its main entrance on Market Street. The lot is 90 x 135 feet and the building will cover a space of 83 x 121 feet. The structure, which is to be two stories high with a full basement, will be one of the most complete Homes in the West. The architecture will be pure Spanish with concrete construction and tile roof. Wrought-iron ornamental work and railings will add to the appearance of the club. An unusual feature of the building will be a fireproof motion-picture projection room in the basement.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge Entertains 6,000 Children at its Country Club

Over 6,000 youngsters were recently the guests of Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge, No. 155, at its Country Club. The great crowd was assembled at the Elks Home and marched, with bands playing and flags flying, to the starting point, where many trucks and autos were waiting to take the youngsters to the Country Club. Field sports of all kinds, games in the swimming-pool and refreshments were features of the day's program. It was indeed a wonderful outing, organized with skill and carried through without a single accident.

Columbia (Tenn.) Lodge Raises Fund To Combat Typhoid Fever

Columbia (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 686, has declared war against the dread typhoid fever. Through popular subscription the Lodge has raised a fund to be used for the purchase of anti-typhoid vaccine sufficient to inoculate some 600 people against the ravages of the disease. The vaccine will be distributed to physicians throughout the district, and through the members of the Maury County Medical Society, it will be administered free of charge in deserving cases.

New Home for Dover (N. J.) Lodge To Be Started Soon

Dover (N. J.) Lodge, No. 782, has plans under way for the erection of a new Home to cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000. The present Home of Dover Lodge has been found unable to take care of No. 782's growing membership and its increased activities.

Boys' Manual Training Class Started By Grand Junction (Colo.) Lodge

Grand Junction (Colo.) Lodge, No. 575, has started a weekly class of instruction in Manual Training for boys of the district between the ages of ten and fourteen years. The class will be held every Thursday evening at the Elks Home and will be under the supervision of an experienced instructor. The boys will be given practical instruction in useful handicraft work and every effort made to develop their talents in this direction. The Lodge has made arrangements to supply the boys with all the necessary tools and materials.

Malden (Mass.) Lodge Dedicates New Building at Children's Camp

Appropriate exercises marked the dedication of the building erected by Malden (Mass.) Lodge, No. 965, at the Children's Health Camp on Waite Mount. This camp was established by the community some time ago for the purpose of assisting subnormal children to regain health by providing a place where they can enjoy plenty of sunshine, nourishing food and regular hours of sleep, rest and recreation. The building, which Malden Lodge has erected and given to the camp, will take care of the growing demands for accommodation made on the camp. The new structure will be known as the "Elks' Building."

Georgia State Elks Association To Meet at Augusta in 1924

Howard P. Park of La Grange (Ga.) Lodge, No. 1084, was elected President for the ensuing year of the Georgia State Elks Association at the Annual Convention recently held at Atlanta. Other officers elected were G. P. Maggione of Savannah Lodge, No. 183, First Vice-President, and Thomas B. Lamar of Columbus Lodge, No. 111, Secretary and Treasurer. Augusta was selected as the meeting place for 1924.

Connersville (Ind.) Lodge Plays Host to Orphan Children

Thirty children, including the boys and girls from the Children's Home, were recently entertained by Connersville (Ind.) Lodge, No. 379, at a picnic. The event was arranged by the Lødge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, assisted by the members and their wives. The youngsters were given an automobile ride before going to the picnic grounds. At the park games were played and refreshments served. Each child was given a toy balloon as a souvenir of the occasion. After the picnic the young guests of the Lodge were taken to the Auditorium Theater where they witnessed a performance of Jackie Coogan in the movie, "Daddy."

Ohio State Elks Association Hold Twenty-fifth Anniversary Convention

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the guest of honor at the Silver Anniversary of the founding of the Ohio State Elks Association, celebrated at Cedar Point (Sandusky). The Convention was one of the most successful gatherings of Ohio Elks ever held. One of the outstanding features of the meeting, which was attended by thousands from all over the State, was a banquet of Past Exalted Rulers of Ohio Lodges and the establishment of a permanent organization of these former officers. The Hon. John G. Price, member of the Grand Forum and former Attorney General of Ohio, was elected the first President of the organization. The convention adopted, among other resolutions, one providing for a special tribute to be paid late President Harding, in connection with the Annual Memorial Devet Marian organization. Memorial Day at Marion on Sunday, Dec. 2. Each Lodge in the Association will send a delegate to Marion to participate with Marion Lodge in the service, and will also send a memorial wreath to be placed on the tomb. The Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, and President of Board of Aldermen of New York City, told the delegates of the work of New York State Elks (Continued on page 70)



All of Shakespeare— 39 complete volumes in one!

UNBELIEVABLE, yet true. Here, in one limp leather, India-paper volume, are contained all the complete plays and poems of Shakespeare, usually published separately in single volumes.

The type is large and clear, printed on opaque India paper—1352 pages. The thumb index makes place finding easy. And the beautiful leather binding crowns a masterpiece of the bookmaker's art.

In Glasgow, at Collins' Clear-Type Press, we found, last fall, a few hundred unbound copies of this masterpiece. We rushed them to New York, and bound them at the great Collier bindery.

Within three days after the appearance of our first advertisement the supply was exhausted.

Since then, we have repeatedly cabled to Glasgow for more books. Now another small edition has been received. We will fill orders as they come in—while the books last!

Here, indeed, is a book to have in your library, for reading, for reference, for the pure joy and pride of possession. A book, too, to slip in your traveling bag, a true friend for every journey.

To make sure of your copy, act quickly. Many will order. Some will be too late. Here is the coupon. Fill it out now—before you mislay or forget it.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
416 West Thirteenth Street New York, N. Y.

All of the great master's writings are here, every word and line, one volume instead of 39:

All's Well That Ends Well
Antony and Cleopatra
As You Like It
Comedy of Errors
Coriolanus
Cymbeline
Hamlet
Julius Caesar
King Henry IV (First part)
King Henry IV (Second part)
King Henry VI (First part)
King Henry VI (Second part)
King Henry VI (Second part)
King Henry VI (Second part)
King Henry VI (Third part)
King Henry VIII (Third part)

King John
King Lear
King Riehard II
King Riehard III
Lover's Complaint
Love's Labour's Lost
Macbeth
Measure for Measure
Merchant of Venice
Merry Wives of Windsor
Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado About Nothing
Othello
Passionate Pilgrim

Pericles
Phoenix and the Turtle
Rape of Lucrece
Romeo and Juliet
Sonnets
Taming of the Shrew
Tempest
Timon of Athens
Titus Andronicus
Troilus and Cressida
Twelfth Night
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Venus and Adonts
Winter's Tale

Also Sir Henry Irving's Famous Essay on Shakespeare, Biographical Introduction, Index to Characters, and Glossary

P.	F.	COLLIER	& SON	COMPA	NY		
		c 117 . TI		C	MT	W-1-	C:

Send me for free examination, charges prepaid, one copy of your limited edition de luxe of Shakespeare's works, complete in one volume.

[] When the book is delivered, I will deposit \$1.50 with the postman, and send you \$1.00 each month until the full price of \$6.50 has been paid.

OR

I I will deposit \$5.50 with the postman, which will be credited as payment in full if I retain the book.

(Mark X in square to indicate plan of payment you prefer. Your deposit will be refunded at once if the Shakespeare does not exceed your expectations.)

Name, Mrs. Miss

Street and Number.....

2197-SHB-M

.....State.....



"Them days is gone forever!"

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS have gone where all the good schooners go. If you want to cross the desert to-day, you slip over behind a gas engine. You may be no better than the pioneers, but you travel better,

You can get "better smoking" too—all you want of it—in Mapacuba Cigars. Every one of 'em is a fragrant package of mildness-of prime, ripe Havana filler, blended with choice, do-mestic leaf and wrapped in satisfying Sumatra—better in the good way that Bayuk Bros. have been concentrating on for 26 years.



Peachbloom

(Continued from page 20)

matter."
"Well"—her trilling laugh showed a faint "Well"—her trilling laugh showed a faint discomfort—"that wasn't just what I meant. But after all, it is only a vase, isn't it? And that legend that goes with it is probably just a pretty fairy-story."

The American, not the Chinaman, winced.

The delicate, sweet voice was like a discordant jarring note in sacred music. He felt vaguely that he must find some means to make up to the other man for what he told himself was mere thoughtlessness. He smiled, a boyish apologetic smile, and his eyes warmed to the Oriental ones.

"Life is pretty much of a fairy-story to my wife," he explained. "Fortunately, she doesn't know what it means to suffer for love."

"She does not know what it means to suffer at all," the Oriental added.

"Oh, yes I do! I've been poor and had to do without things. That's why, now that my husband wants to make me happy with them, you really ought not refuse us."
"Things can not make you happy."

"I know that vase would. I never wanted anything so hard in my life. Please—please—won't you? Johnny—do try to persuade him!"

THE heart glistened as if with tears. Every ray that touched it from the glowing braziers changed the light upon it. It was as sensitive, as live as if it were human, beating in the breast which had held it centuries before. should dare to say that under the peachbloom it was ashes?
"I don't suppose any sum I could name-

put John Carrington Cross tentatively.

startlingly The Chinaman's answer was irrelevant.

"You leve her very much," he stated.

The American's reply was to gaze down at the bit of loveliness beside him. His answer was in his eyes.

"I would like to see such a love live long."

"It's going to."
The Oriental said nothing. He looked from the girl's eager, pleading eyes into the deep ones of the man. He looked back again. And

then his own lingered on the heart.

"You say a small piece brings as much as ten thousand dollars," John Cross prompted once more. "Then a rare bit like this should go 'way beyond that."

"It can not be valued. It can not be thought

go 'way beyond that."
"It can not be valued. It can not be thought of in terms of money."
"But when you—when you—" the girl's

light voice halted.
"When I pass," he supplied instantly, more with his sad eyes than with his lips, "it must go with me."

A tremor seized her.

"But why—why bury a beautiful thing like that? It ought to be looked at——"

"And loved," he told her quietly, "as I worship it."

His hand, this time with the late.

His hand, this time without halt, wandered into the black velvet folds. Jealously they closed in upon the heart.

The girl gave a cry. "Please think it over--please! My husband will pay anything—fifty thousand if you like! Won't you, Johnny?"

"Anything—if he can be persuaded to part with it"

Without a word the Chinaman led the way back to the outer room. In spite of the charm of their surroundings it was like coming out of a trance. As if an enchanting dream had come and gone!

He insisted upon serving them with Chinese He insisted upon serving them with Chinese tea in fragile cups and no saucers on a teakwood table just as fragile but firm. But the light did not return to the eyes John Cross loved. In spite of his effort to tempt her with anything else the shop might hold, the vase held her imagination, her desire. The moist, beautiful mouth drooped at the corners.

"If it's worth your while," he came back to the subject, still hesitating, "I'll give you what my wife suggested, fifty thousand, for the vase. You needn't look on it as a sale, either. I'm investing fifty thousand in her happiness. You're the means of presenting that happiness

to love me. Soon I must pass on—and it will not matter."

"Well"—her trilling laugh showed a faint me a service as impossible to value as the heart disconfart "that wasn't just what I meant itself. The many will be markly an evidence

itself. The money will be merely an evidence of good-will."

The Oriental's smile met his. But in silence. "Think it over! Will there be more satisfaction to you in taking it into that Beyond you meak of or in leaving it here as a symbol. you speak of or in leaving it here as a symbol of love realized?"

Some unknown depths had been plumbed by the Chinaman's mysticism, by his calm belief in the legend. A quick, poetic response, al-most deprecatory, a shy imagery unacknowl-edged, had leapt to the touch of his words in

edged, had leapt to the touch of his words in the heart of the big, conventional American. And its effect was sweet, softening, as though the frank confession of the importance of faith were a rare and wonderful thing.

"If you change your mind about it"—he wrote down his name and that of the hotel and tore the page out of a memorandum book—"here's the address. We're sailing for Honolulu in four days. I hope you'll see your way to decide favorably before then."

"Oh, you won't disappoint me, will you?" There was a tear on her lashes. "If you knew what it will mean to me to have it!"

That slow gaze of the Orient did not move from the man, however.

That slow gaze of the Orient did not move from the man, however.

"If I should do it," he said in a strange, prophetic voice, "it would be for you."

"It would be for us both," appended the American urgently. A sudden impulse made him add: "And thank you."

The Chinaman bowed.

"I have you to thank. You are the first American with whom I have shared a thought."

The other reached the door and turned.

The other reached the door and turned.

"How do you happen to speak such perfect English?"

The Chinaman bowed once more. "I have traveled much. I have learned the language of all men." of all men.

John Carrington Cross felt the age-old eyes follow them as they stepped across the threshold and into the waiting car. He felt the same sad gaze long after the swift-moving car had carried them far out of view. The girl's voice came to him as through a reverie.
"What did he mean, Johnny, saying he'd

be doing it for you?"
"I don't know."

"I don't know."
"Well, I don't think it was a bit nice. It's
for me you want it, isn't it?"
"Yes, beloved."
"Oh, dear—I do hope he'll let me have it.
If we don't hear from him, let's go back tomorrow."

But there was no need to go back to-morrow. Early in the morning it came, an old teak-wood box lined in black velvet against which lay the coveted heart of peachbloom. With it there was just a line inscribed in a fine, careful hand

"I have not long to stay—there is no one to follow me. I have decided that you need it more than I do."

CHAPTER II

THE room had been old Italian, that richness of dulled oak and marble and red velvet not faded but deepened by time. But to it had been added faded touches of frou-frou that made it somehow a burlesque. In one corner of the couch was heaped a pile of silken cushions, blue, rose, orchid. Across it was flung a lace cover dotted with saucy rosebuds. On the mantel above the wide fireplace that seemed to be full of shadowy secrets ticked a gold clock elevated by cupids each poised on one foot and flanked at either end by electroliers to match. A cardinal masquerading in ballet skirts, that was the instant impression! THE room had been old Italian, that richness

was the instant impression!

But the girl seated at one side of the fire-But the girl seated at one side of the hreplace seemed to belong to the room before it had been fluffed up, made one forget the coquetry of rosebuds, the incongruity of toe-dancing cupids. She was part of its depth and beauty, its richness and a certain sadness intangible. She had dark, smooth hair that glistened, and skin the luminous olive that belongs to southern Italy but sometimes

appears in a strange reversion to type in blood appears in a strange reversion to type in blood that for several generations has called itself pure American. Her figure was long and supple. Her hands moved quietly with a grace-ful lack of haste. She might have been twenty-five or six. Hers was a face difficult to stamp with any age. Her dark eyes, set wide apart, were tragic with question. At the moment they were raised to meet those of John Carrington Cross.

THOSE who had known the John Cross of his bachelor days often studied with frank his bachelor days often studied with halfs curiosity the face of John Cross two years after his marriage. It was that of another man. Boyishness was gone. The man might have been his own father, so completely had middle age stolen a march upon his youth. It had descended on him much as a conquering warrior, leaping onto his shoulders so that they bent under its weight; slashing lines like gashes from nose to mouth; its hands of the victor tearing the thick hair from his temples. The John Cross who slowly passed back and forth before the girl at the fireplace was a man exhausted who looked back upon life like a pilgrim in a desert to whom hope has become a mirage. Suddenly without warning of any kind, he

rashed down on his knees and his lips touched

"Laura, I can't help it! I must tell you—"
She touched the bent head with her free

"You don't have to," she whispered, "I

They were silent, that silence of communion between two for whom the confession of love takes neither word nor explanation, whose lips

have no need to utter the message unspoken.
"I've known for months," she added in a low voice at last. "It's very wonderful, isn't it?" He looked up at the eyes that looked down on him with a tenderness so poignant that it

was pain.
"Wonderful?" the man's voice was a rebellious echo. "It's terrible!"

"Yes—it is! I ought to be able to give you this home, my name—everything. I can

give you nothing-"But your love. That's everything—to me."
"But it's tying you up to a husk. It's asking you to give your youth, your life to a dream that can't come true."

"But it's tying you up to a liust. It's asking you to give your youth, your life to a dream that can't come true."

"I'd rather give my life to a dream with you than to reality with any one else. I don't suppose any of us can have everything. And I've found you—we've found each other. I don't think either of us would have known if we hadn't suffered first. And if we can't have each other, we've both found love—the real thing—that's more than most people are granted. I can always be beside you in your work. You can always tell me your thoughts. No one can take that companionship away from us."

"I want you with me always, Laura. To share—everything! I've no right to ask for anything if I can't do that."

"You're not asking—it's been given. That's something we can't control."

"But it's hideous selfishness! I've no right to rob you of your chance of happiness. I mustn't let myself smash your life the way I've smashed mine."

"We can't shape circumstances, dear. We can only shape the way we meet them. You married, loving her—"

"Love!" the word was a swift arraignment—a judgment of himself. "I loved the way her hair grew, the way she lifted her eyes, her daintiness, the appeal that seemed to call for my protection. I loved everything about her that didn't count and knew nothing of the things that do. But she's taught me. God—how she has taught me in two years!"

He got up, paced the floor silently a few times, wheeled back to her.

"Have I got to make you pay for that mistake, too? Sometimes I think I'd have cleared out.

times, wheeled back to her.

"Have I got to make you pay for that mistake, too? Sometimes I think I'd have cleared out of it all—the disillusion, the misery—if it hadn't been for you. To go down to the office each day and find you there; to feel the sympathy you never had to express; to know you'd steady me when my nerves were ready to crash from the wrangling here; is that a crime for which we've both got to pay the penalty?"

"There's no way out, dear. Whatever has (Continued on page 50)

(Continued on page 50)



You wouldn't saw the handle off your shaving brush

Most shaving sticks are as inconvenient to hold as a shaving brush would be with the handle cut off. But look at the room for your fingers on the new Williams' Doublecap Stick. You can wrap your whole fist around it. And this generous, full-hand hold remains the same, even when both ends of the stick are worn down.

Williams' Doublecap gives you the same quick, thick lather, the same skin care that has made all forms of Williams' Shaving Soap famous the world over. The Williams' lather has never had an equal for making shaving speedy and easy and for making faces glove-smooth and perfectly conditioned.

Doublecap—the newest of the Williams' Shaving Sticks—is typical of the leadership that the J. B. Williams Company has unquestionably maintained for over three generations.

A "working model" of this new stick will be sent you free. Send postal or clip coupon below.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Montreal, Can. Glastonbury, Conn.



This new stick is made by the mak-ersof the famous Wil-liams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream with the Hinged Cap.

Doublecap is handsome enough to stand beside your finest toilet articles. Its highly-polished metal container will not corrode and is good for years. As one soap-stick after another is used up, get reloads from your dealer. They cost less than the original package. Putting in a Doublecap reload is as simple as filling your pipe. No fuss or bother at all.

An exact "working model" of Doublecap FREE!



Here's a little "working model" of Doublecap. It's not a toy but a stick you can use. Contains enough soap to let you test Williams' thoroughly. Your name and address on a post card will bring you this free stick. Or use the coupon opposite.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Dept. 48. Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free "working model" of Williams' Doublecap Stick as advertised.

Name .

Address

MACKINAWS

"The Famous Mackinaw"

A "Genuine" Patrick

"PATRICK" sewed in a mackinaw is like "STERLING" stamped on silver. It is the sign of the real thing, the genuine. There are none better.

And, there is a reason. They are made from the wonderful Patrick-Duluth 100% Virgin-Wool Cloth, woven in our own mills from choice, long fibre Northern Wools.

This sturdy cloth is nationally famous for its great warmth, its beauty and unusual wear.

Patrick - Duluth Mackinaws have style and fit and careful tailoring. They are ideal for every Winter sport, Made for Men, Youths and Boys.

At good clothing and sporting goods dealers

Send for Rugged-Wear Booklet. It is interesting and you will want it. Send today. Address Desk No. 7.

Pure Northern WOOL from Sheep that Thrive in the Snow MINNESOTA Makers of both Cloth and Garment

Peachbloom

(Continued from page 19

happened behind these doors, to the world outside, to the law, she's your wife. She's done nothing to justify you in asking for your free-

nothing to justify you in asking for your freedom."

"No! She's only made living hell—and the law takes no count of that. It's a neat joke, isn't it? She can dance every afternoon, like to-day, with an army of lounge lizards. She can play round with other women's husbands—teasing them just for the satisfaction of vanity—she can milk me of every dollar she can drag out of me and let it fly, heaven knows how! But if a divorce ever threatened, all she'd have to do would be to lift plaintive eyes and tell judge or jury—and that means the world!—that I'm in love with my secretary, and she'd have everything her way. She'd be the poor, abused wife. Only you and I would be ruined." His voice shook with the last words. "It's ruin for us anyway!" he ended.

"No, it isn't! I'll always love you, whatever happens—or doesn't. I'll always stand by you—

happens—or doesn't. I'll always stand by you—wherever you are and I am. Even if we're miles away from each other! And you'll know—you'll feel that, won't you, dearest?"

"IF THAT were enough! But it's not. You have the power to give me all that I wanted—from her—all that I had the right to expect from the woman I married. Lord, what an ass I was, looking for depths in the most transparent shallows! Why, she doesn't even know I was, looking for depths in the most transparent shallows! Why, she doesn't even know what it means to cry—unless she wants something! She's never shed a tear for anything but self-pity or abuse of me! She's never given me a caress without tagging it with a plea for some piece of extravagance. I've stood it in absolute silence, telling myself I had myself to blame and must take my medicine. But now—you, dear! I've dragged you into a position where you've nothing to look forward to—no future but a hope that can't be realized. If I could settle a big enough sum on her, she might be persuaded to let me go, but you know what losses I've suffered in the past two years, how my capital is tied up. It's impossible!"

The words had been spoken with a fierceness that crashed against the four walls until they reverberated like echoing stone. But when the sound of them had died into silence, he dropped into a chair beside hers, bowing his head against the tour the bands were heartly and hear the part was a hourtly and the same true hands were heartly and hear the hands were heartly and heartly he

that crashed against the four walls until they reverberated like echoing stone. But when the sound of them had died into silence, he dropped into a chair beside hers, bowing his head against her two hands much as a bewildered boy who has been battered in a fist fight might seek his mother for consolation. And then in a sort of shaken cry he put the question so many who love have asked so futilely.

"Why do you suppose we've found each other—too late?"

"I've told you—perhaps it's only suffering that can make those who belong together recognize each other. That may be the key to sympathy. The life we lead these days—the rush, the fight of it—closes so many doors of understanding, that only those who have known disappointment and disillusion know the way to open them. You see, dear, it was because I knew what it meant to be starved of affection in my own home, because of my own loneliness, that I was able to sense yours. If I'd had one bit of companionship from my father or brother, I might not have felt your need for it. We were just two terribly lonely people who suddenly weren't alone any more."

They sat for another long moment without words. Then abruptly he got up and went to a small panel cut into the high oak wainscoting. He took a key from his key-ring, inserted it and the panel slid back.

"Come here, Laura," he said. "I want to show you something."

As she went toward him, he switched on a light behind the little door. She stopped, with just a murmur of wonder. On a black velvet bed lay the heart of peachbloom. Less mystic in its present surroundings, less potent with the possibility of romance, it still made the breath halt, the eyes widen at its beauty. But for some reason inexplicable, it seemed to have stopped beating. Under the white light shedding down on it, the blood red at its tip seemed congealed, as if frozen where it had dripped. Quite still it lay within its black bed. It might have been petrified a thousand years. "What is it?" she put breathlessly.

"Peachbloom porcelain—very old and rare. I got it—for her—in San Francisco when we were there on our honeymoon—from a wonderful old Chinaman. There's a legend—one of those tender, haunting stories that Orientals

"Tell it to me, won't you?" she urged, this time with that poignant tenderness in her voice.

He drew her to the couch, and, sitting beside her, told the legend of the heart. And as he spoke, the scene in Chinatown came before him—the faded old mandarin coat, the sad, age-old eyes fastened on him with a look he could not fathom, the seared fine hands. Momentarily the girl who had stood at his side, whose pretty drooping lids had pleaded for the vase, had no place in his vision. They for the vase, had no place in his vision. They were just two men, one with reverence unashamed for the poetry of tradition, the other just awakening to the poetry of tradition, the other just awakening to it.

"I know now what he meant when he sent I know now what he meant when he self-us the heart next day with the message that we needed it more than he did. He wanted to give her the thing she lacked," he ended. Then with a dry laugh, "I wonder what he'd have done if he'd found out how little value she put on it after she got used to having it round."

on it after she got used to having it round."

"It's an exquisite little story," the girl beside him murmured. "And when I look at the heart, I seem to see the whole thing—like magic coming from it."

"To her it was just a gew-gaw. Once she left it in the hotel where we'd been staying in Tokio, and I was the one who dashed back for it. I felt somehow that its loss would be an irreparable calamity. You can see the hold the thing had taken on me—though it was meant for her. I never let her touch it after that. for her. I never let her touch it after that. The queer part of it is," he added after a second, "that it's never been paid for. I sent him a check for sixty thousand dollars. No amount would have several to give for it.

would have seemed too much to give for it then. But it has never come through."

"He sent it as a gift, of course."

"But the man was terribly hard up. I got that from little things he said. Sixty thousand must have been a fortune." must have been a fortune.

must have been a fortune."

"He probably couldn't bring himself to sell anything so dear to him."

Suddenly he was on his feet again. A glow like the flare of a torch had come into his eyes, illumining them, lifting the weight of their tired lines. It seemed to come from far behind them, from the very depths of his being.

"Dear—I'm going to give it to you. It will be a tie, a bond—for always. It will mean for us what it meant to those others years ago—perpetuation."

perpetuation.

He strode toward the little recess in the wall, his step eager as it had not been in months. Tenderly he took out the heart of peachbloom and laid it in the

Tenderly he took out the heart of peachbloom and laid it in the two sensitive hands stretched out for it. She sat with her eyes bent to it. Slowly they filled with tears. "Sanctuary," he murmured, scarcely realizing that he spoke the word.

The room might have been a temple or a place of worship under the open sky. It was filled with a sense of isolation as vast as the universe, as shut in as the limitations of human expression. There was no feeling of love renounced, of sacrifice, no consciousness of loss. A pledge more sacred than actual contact, more binding than the span of life, held them.

As they sat so the door opened. A gold mesh bag jingled against a vanity case and the delicate sound accompanied by a faint wave of perfume

one singled against a vanity case and the delicate sound accompanied by a faint wave of perfume fell like a blast across the stillness.

The dainty woman who accompanied it smiled as the man started up, and made no attempt to address the girl.

"Don't disturb yourself, Johnny. So you and Miss Knowles have been working at home again?"

The words with a time of the tore in which

The words said nothing. The tone in which they were spoken said volumes. Insinuation, amusement, a tithe of patronage, a world of triument.

triumph were in them.
"I call that devotion—to business," the light voice added, "working even on Sunday after-

John Cross went toward her. The expression which had softened every feature was erased as the swift splash of an artist's brush changes

the surface of a canvas. For a flash his lips went tight. Then that look, too, vanished and he gave an indifferent smile. He ignored any explanation of the other woman's presence, although a pile of papers scattered on the table might have provided the excuse his wife evidently expected.

"Have you have appeared to the stable of the provided the scattered to the stable might have you have appeared to the stable of the stable of the scattered to the stable might have you have appeared to the stable of the scattered to the scattered to the stable of the scattered to the scattered

"Have you been amusing yourself?" he put

She dropped the enveloping fur cloak from her shoulders and the jangling vanities from her fingers. She was as fragile, as delicately drawn, as on that day two years ago when she had fallen heir to the heart of peachbloom. But like it, her cheek had lost its surging color, But like it, her cheek had lost its surging color, its sense of warmth. It was a steady, unchanging carmine. The lips, intensely red, were carefully modeled. They made her look like one of those immobile, beautifully decked nouveau dolls the shop windows of Fifth Avenue delight in exploiting. The one vital thing about her was a look of petulance. Even that was more in her carriage, in the shrug of her shoulders, than in any definite expression.

"We tried a new place," she said. "The music was heavenly—José says the best in town."

Her husband smiled again at the mention

Her husband smiled again at the mention of the fire-eyed South American who was one of her many dancing partners.

"José ought to know."

She covered him with a flash of resentment.

"At least we play together in public places! "At least we play together in public places!" came low but not so carefully low that the intruder might not hear. The words were followed by a veiled glance to watch their effect. It halted abruptly as it rested on what the girl held, then darted back to the man. "Oh, you've been showing Miss Knowles my peachbloom vase!"

Laura Knowles got up.

Laura Knowles got up.
"Yes," came in a voice still hauntingly tender. "It's very beautiful, isn't it?"

WITHOUT a second's pause she went quietly to the recess and laid the heart on its velvet bed. No actual warning passed from her to John Cross, but he knew that with the movement the receiving the momentary draws. ment she was resigning the momentary dream of its possession. Not fear nor embarrassment nor guilt made her do this, but rather the realizations nor guilt made her do this, but rather the realization that she could not accept such a gift without causing him discomfort, that however lightly his wife might hold it, its value would become inestimable the instant it might become the property of another woman. The quiet relinquishing of this one tangible bond must be made to avoid a scene, the result of which would undoubtedly be what could be accomplished without one. She stood before it a moment, her back to the other two, in her dark, expressive eyes all the tragedy of aloneness she had not let him see. Then just as quietly she went to the table and gathered together the papers lying there.

maps lying there.

"You won't need me any more to-day."

Mrs. Cross gracefully gathered up her things.

"Oh, don't let me interfere with you! I'm dining out, and if Mr. Cross wants you here with him—"

The maps were were blazing but his voice

with him—"
The man's eyes were blazing but his voice came in absolute control.

"You might come back to-night, Laura, and we'll finish things up. Leave those papers."

His wife's light gaze followed the girl out of the room. Then she dropped her things once more and slipped down into the silken cushions of the couch with a faint sigh.

"How did you happen to show her the vase?" she asked so casually that he did not catch the appraising glance she sent him from under her lids. "You haven't had it out of there in over a year."

"I knew its story would interest her."

"I knew its story would interest her."
"Oh, then you don't spend all your time working?" she murmured with sweet interro-

"No!" It came rather with defiance than resentment. "She's got a mind worth looking into—and a soul."
"I've thought for a long time, Johnny, that it was nice your secretary should be so companionable. That sort of evens things up between us, doesn't it?"
"Just what do you mean?"

"Just what do you mean?"
"Well, you and I are fond of each other, but we don't like exactly the same things. It makes (Continued on page 52)

How did your Garters look this Morning?



Hurried on in the morning-tossed off at night, your garters are perhaps not so carefully scrutinized as are other articles of apparel. Keep them fresh and lively-the added comfort will repay you. Try the new Wideweb "Boston."

Boston Garter

George Frost Company, Boston-Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family

52 WALL COVERING Enriches the appearance of any home Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is peculiarly appropriate, in color, tone and design, to the occasion of every room, with its soft flat tints that can be made individual by

stencilings, frescoes, or Tiffany blending, or with selections from the large variety of cheerful, colorful decorative patterns.

But Sanitas offers still more than beauty. Sanitas is made on cloth, ready-painted with durable oil colors. It does not crack, tear, peel, blister, or fade. It can be hung as soon as the plaster is dry, and cracks in old walls, properly filled, do not show through. Sanitas can be kept clean and fresh by wiping with a damp cloth. Comes in styles for every room in the house.

Enamel Finish plain colors and tile effects for kitchens, bathrooms, etc.

Flat Finish plain tints that can be hung as they come, or stenciled, frescoed, stippled, or blended.

Decorative Patterns, floral designs, leather, grass-cloth and fabrics.

See Sanitas at your decorator's Write us for samples and booklet

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS Co. 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Dept. 29

Peachbloom

(Continued from page 51)

me feel so much easier to know that you've found a woman who can give you what I can't."

Again the words were sweet, the insinuation acrid. But their very sweetness precluded any comeback. The look of her was much as it had been on their honeymoon when her pretty

petulance pleaded for diversion.
"Johnny," she added instantly, "I've been wanting to talk to you about something."

HE WAS standing by the table back of the couch and her small hand wandered toward his, resting with a light stroke across his fingers. "Johnny, dear, do you remember telling me last Christmas that if I found the kind of square-cut emerald I wanted and it didn't cost too much, you'd let me have it?

The muscles of the hand under hers tightened. "I recall telling you that I couldn't manage it then, but that if things went better by early spring, I'd see what could be done. Well—they haven't gone better."

He turned as if to conclude discussion but

He turned as if to conclude discussion, but the slight fingers closed round his like tentacles. "I've never wanted anything so much in my

life, Johnny!"
"You say that each time." "That's not true—nor fair. I don't ask for anything more than your wife has a right to, and lately, you seem to refuse me—everything."

The lips trembled.

"Not everything—only extravagances! I'm sorry, but I've had to. Conditions down-town make it imperative."

"What do you mean—conditions down-town?"

"What do you mean—conditions down-town?"
"Business! My capital's pretty well tied up—
I've got to pull up sharp for a time and ask you

to do the same."

She gave a little shrug of distaste, brushing aside the subject with the embargo of one who shuts out the unpleasant by refusing to face it.

"I don't understand anything about business. And after all, twenty-six thousand dollars isn't a fortune. It's lots less than the emerald I wanted last Christmas."

"It's lots more than I can afford to put into

a piece of jewelry just now."

"Why?" she was on her feet, eyes already brimming. "Two years ago you were willing to pay sixty thousand dollars for that thing." She tossed a gesture at the silent heart on its black bed. "Ten thousand more, even, than I offered him! I thought you were silly at the time. For a piece of porcelain!"

"You forget, you wanted that more than anything in the world—then."

"Well, I don't now! Sell it—and get me the ring. There's a bargain!" She went to him, eagerness behind her tears. "You'll even have something left over."

eagerness behind her tears. Four rever have something left over."

"The heart wasn't bought. You're over-looking the fact that the old Chinaman never cashed my check."

"What difference does that make, Johnny? It's worth a fortune—and you've had it locked in there so long. It's no earthly use as it is."

"It woulds": sort with it for any amount of "I wouldn't part with it for any amount of

The tears brimmed onto her checks. "You're cruel to treat me this way! If she wanted anything, you'd turn heaven and earth to get it for her."

What are you talking about?"

"What are you talking about?"
"You know! Do you think I'm such a little fool? Do you think I don't know why I've had to give up things? Do you think I haven't guessed why you objected so strenuously to José and the rest, to my going about with them? It was to cover your own tracks—to blind me to what was going on between you and this means accordance of yours!" mouse secretary of yours!'

For a bare whisper of time there was no expression at all on the man's white face. It was as if he had suddenly been petrified. Then his voice came, husky and low. But its tone

was the clarion cry of menace.
"You take that back!"
She laughed through the veil of tears.

"Take it back, do you hear!"
"Why should I—if it's true? Not that I care, really—except that I can't see why I, your wife, should be sacrificed. I ought to have some consideration, oughtn't I?"
"Are you going to retract what you just said?"

'Are you going to retract what you just said?"

"Dear me-why are you making such a fuss? If you love her, why aren't you honest about it?" His answer was scarcely audible.

"I love her—in a way you couldn't under-stand."

"There, you see! Whether my poor little brain grasps the greatness of it or not, you admit you do love her. And I accept the condition. What more can you ask? I think I'm very generous. And good gracious, Johnny, I'm sorry if I lost my temper and hurt your feelings. But you must see why I think I've every right to ask you to sell that thing and get me the emerald if I want it."

"Are you trying to put me in the position of bribing you?"

Her wide eyes narrowed suddenly "If that's what you choose to call it."
"Then get the idea out of your head."
Her eyes, still wet, turned in the direction of

the heart lying so completely inanimate under

the glare of light.

"After all, why should we have to argue about it? The thing belongs to me. If I feel like selling it, there's nothing to keep me from doing

With the words she had moved swiftly across the room and was at the recess, her hand thrust into it. It was all done quickly, absolutely without warning. He followed with a haste that was frenzy, but before he reached her, she stood facing him, the heart held tight in her

grasp.
"Drop that!" Her laugh was a thrilling one, part taunt,

part conciliatory.
"Don't be silly!"

"Drop it-do you hear?"

"Drop it—do you hear?"

"All right—suppose I do!" A sudden tremor seized and sent the hand holding the heart poised high. "Suppose I drop it and it smashes to bits? That's all it's worth! A bit of porcelain—I'll show you! You let me have it, or I'll prove in two seconds what the precious thing amounts to! Don't come nearer—or I'll do it now!"

He looked down into the small face, distorted

He looked down into the small face, distorted with threatening fury until it grimaced. A mask which she herself had worn without consciousness was torn away. Not that the woman who stood before him was a revelatiom. He had grown to know her well in the past two

years.
"I mean it!" she murmured. "If you try to take it away, I'll smash it this minute.

SOMETHING more terrorizing than terror shook the soul of John Cross. That heart of peachbloom had become a symbol—of hope unrealized, of love unattained. Not superstition, not legend, not hypnosis gave him the sense that it was part of his life. Because of this sense he had laid it in the hands of Laura Knowles. It represented all of poetry, all of dreams, of romance life held for him.

He stood gazing at the frail hand ready to let it crash, and at the moment felt he could kill her. She meant exactly what she said! She would smash it! Her tantrums, always exploited at well-selected moments, always got her what she wanted. But this time she should not have her way! They measured each other, trans strong man powerless before weak woman. But his face held a look that told her she was

Sur ms race held a look that told her she was supreme for the last time.

"If you do that," he brought out, "I'll take you in these two hands and break you—kill you, so help me God!"

She tried to laugh-tried to impress him with a complete lack of fear. Somehow she could do neither. That look in the set face above hers chilled defiance. It was one of those moments that sometimes happen in the most completely civilized, most absolutely controlled of lives a moment of primitive, devastating passion. The eyes were hard, like blocks of ice behind which fires burn. The hands were clenched. The voices were bare whispers. The quiet of that room was so intense that it resounded. They were not two human beings facing each other. They were hatred epitomized—the vibrating, resentful hatred that can rear its head only from the débris of love crashed into ruins. The hand held aloft quivered, its fingers

'I mean it!" came from the man.

The hand went slowly, uncertainly downward. "Well," she made a second attempt to laugh; "I didn't think we'd ever come to this—John Cross threatens his wife! Really, with all your faults, I never thought you'd be a bully." He said nothing. Towering over her and without waiting for her to hand him the heart, he quickly unlocked the fingers that grasped it and laid it in the recess. The light above it flashed out—the panel slid shut. It was gone

flashed out-the panel slid shut. It was gone

from view as completely as a dream that awakening wipes out.

The eyes of the woman followed as he started to leave the room. For the first time they had depths unfathomable. She went to the couch, arthread up her thing.

gathered up her things.
"Now that that's over," she said sweetly.
"I think I'll stay at home and dine with you. Then you and Miss Knowles and I can have the pleasure of spending the evening together.'

CHAPTER III

A PRICKLY rain had risen from the river and fallen from the skies over New York. It hung, a dripping veil, so that the arms of land that curl round Manhattan like an embrace were completely cut off. It was as if the island city stood alone in fog and water, a world of cliffs and precipices, of ravines along which many feet stumbled, shut off from sunshine, bathed in the tears of futility.

bathed in the tears of futility.

In a window looking out on a side street just off Fifth Avenue was framed a face much the same as it had been two years before when it gazed sorrowfully at the wet streets of San Francisco. More sophisticated, less ethereal, that was the one noticeable change. At the moment there was no carmine on either cheek or lip. Tears had purged both of all traces.

For over an hour the soft skin had been streaked with them; the lovely face had worn a strained look of rebellion. For over an hour a mind wrought with self-pity had been reviewing

mind wrought with self-pity had been reviewing the bitter denunciation of a flame-eyed South American as he leaned across the table in a restaurant where the caress of softly played instruments was supposed to invite complete absence of thought for to-day, of concern for to-morrow.

"I'm glad to learn that my love has been "I'm glad to learn that my love has been nothing more than a source of amusement—something to play around with, to dance with You won't be troubled by it again. This dream I've had—that I thought we both had—is over, a chapter closed. I shut the book! I am not the sort to plead for something that must be paid for!"

"José," she had pleaded, "you forget—I'm married."

"You forgot it first"—the white teeth had

"You forgot it first"—the white teeth had flashed—"and were glad to let me help you forget it. You have been with me like a young girl learning to love-and you have been laugh-

ing at me."
"José"—the lips had drooped, the light voice trembled—"that's not true!"

Jose—the fips had drooped, the light voice trembled—"that's not true!"

"Then why are you considering him instead of me? Why?"

"Nothing"—the lips had come together—"would give John Cross greater satisfaction than a divorce. I won't give it to him. I won't let him have his freedom!"

"Not even to be with me? Think what it would mean! You and I—together—roaming the world. India—Japan—China—"

"I went to Japan and China on my honeymoon. They bored me to death."

"You went with the wrong man."

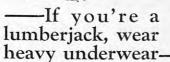
The drooping lips had fallen into their habit of soft trembling.

"He has given you everything money can buy," had come with a fierceness that fascinated.
"I can give you everything it can't. But you care more for his money than for me."

"José—"

"It is his money more, nothing alse! Pale love."

"José—"
"It is his money—nothing else! Pale love, my dear! The sort you American women give—with reservations about country houses and motors and an income that will buy you all the dresses and hats you want and don't need.
Love, pale from lack of blood—anemic. Well—
I don't want that kind." He had risen from the
table without waiting for her to do so. "When (Continued on page 54)





but if you're an indoor worker, wear Lawrence.

FOR the average business or professional man, heavy underwear in winter is as bad as underwear that is too light. Physicians recommend medium weight, knitted undergarments that reach to the ankle.

Lawrence Underwear in medium weight, with long or short sleeves and ankle or sock length, gives just the right protection, while the absorbent fabric with its ventilating air-cells, keeps the body dry and maintains an even temperature.

Because it is knitted Lawrence Underwear is pleasantly elastic. And no matter what your physique, you can be fitted well in Lawrence.

Union Suits—\$1.75 and \$2. Shirts and Drawers—\$1.00 to \$1.25. Two qualities—Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality. Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn.

All Lawrence garments are knitted—different from the woven or muslin type. If your dealer hasn't the particular style you wish, please send us his name. Always look for the Lawrence Label.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass. Established 1831

E. M. Townsend & Co., Selling Agents, New York City



LAWRENCE Tailored Knit UNDERWEAR



Dining Room, Franko Restaurant, 49th Street, New York, showing Stedman Naturized Flooring

Twenty years ago some of the best of the country turned towards their new WENTY years ago some of the best brains and promising field of rubber. All but one were attracted by the idea of making rubber tires.

J. H. Stedman, alone of them all, had the greater vision of an even more splendid field. He alone foresaw the perfect floor covering and wall covering of the future-made of rubber.

Go today into the great clubs, banks, offices, hotels, hospitals, and see Stedman's dream realized. Unique in its field, his Naturized Flooring is the complete and practical realization of all Stedman's ideals. Its peculiar combination of qualities makes it a flooring that costs nothing but washing for yearly upkeep.

For lodge rooms, halls, public buildings, where rich display with small expenditure is is ideal. marble itself, it yields to your foot softly and pleasantly as a carpet of pine needles. In marble, granite and tapestry effects-in tiles, square and rectangular, in long runners-browns, reds, grays, black-in a classic floor, or in cozy warm mixtures in Nature's own colorings.

> Stedman Naturized Flooring is real rubber, reinforced with millions of minute web-like cotton fibres and integral permanent colorings, vulcanized in great heat under terrific hydraulic pressure.

Noiseless, resilient-it will not dent, crack or wear out. Soft and firm to the foot, it prevents slipping. Sanitary, with an impervious Won't stain, easily cleaned it requires no care. Simple to install. And the first cost—from 75c to \$2.00 a square foot—is your

Write us how you might use a floor that looks like Marble feels like Velvet, wears like Iron, and we will send a free sample and booklet, giving you exactly the information you need.

STEDMAN PRODUCTS COMPANY

Manufacturers of Reinforced Rubber Flooring, Sanitary Base, Wainscoting, Walls, Rugs, Table Tops, Shower Bath Mats, and other reinforced rubber surfacings

SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

Agencies in all principal cities

Direct Branches: New York Chicago

Detroit

Cleveland

Peachbloom

(Continued from page 53)

I leave for Mexico City to-morrow, that is the last you'll hear of me. You can settle down comfortably with John Cross's money for the rest of your days."

The words slashed stinging across her consciousness as she stood an hour later in the window of her room and gazed upon the glistenwindow of her room and gazed upon the glisten-ing streets of a weeping city. For the first time in her life a spring of emotional response had been touched and the iridescent sparkle of its possibilities was sweet to contemplate. For the first time she really wanted something more than she had ever wanted anything and saw no way of getting it. For the first time the gift of giving was demanded of her and it did not no way of getting it. For the first time the gift of giving was demanded of her and it did not occur to her to accept it. Whatever the temptation to listen to the impetuous foreigner whose divine dancing and whispered love words had taken hold of her imagination, what he suggested was impossible. A divorce from the security of John Cross's position to become the wife of a fascinating soldier of fortune! Absurd even to think of such a thing! That was not the actual form of her thought as the tears streaked their tracks across her loveliness. Rather was it expressed in an uplifting sense of martyrdom. She would have to drag out the rest of her life with a husband who did not love her. She must make the life of the man who did love her miserable for lack of her love. There was something exquisite in that. Its very sadness was beautiful. Her own life would be one long sacrifice. And weeping, there welled up with sacrifice. And weeping, there welled up with the tears the determination to make John Carrington Cross pay for it.

DURING the past few weeks—since that moment when he had conquered her—she had been waiting for the opportunity to settle had been waiting for the opportunity to settle accounts. Again that was not the form in which she put her desire. He had humiliated her, denied her rights, degraded her! In José's flaming devotion there had come some consolation. But not enough! She must regain that self-respect he had snatched from her, He had been a brute! She would not forget it had been a brute! She would not forget it. By her constant presence, not only when Miss By her constant presence, not only the Knowles was at the house, but during the Knowles was at the house, but during the evenings which for a long time the had been in spending alone, she kept him reproposed of the place that was hers. His home, his protection, his wealth—they belonged to her. This other woman was nothing. Her position was that of an employee. Whatever their relationship, it could only become more questionable, not more assured. There was satisfaction in that. But his haggard face and look of intense concentration when he came home each night told her there was little time during the day for anything but the demands of business. She made no attempt at further inquiry. That any serious issue was at stake was outside the realm of reasoning. Some instinct told her not to resume for a time the She made no attempt at further subject of the square-cut emerald—that was

subject of the square-cut the extent of her concern.

She turned from the window presently and sank among the lingerie pillows of the chaise-longue, crushing their laciness. It was too bad—too cruel! But farewells, after all, need never final losé would come back. Men were be final. José would come back. Men were like that. There was consolation in the fact that she could make him go with hopes of her unsatisfied.

The late afternoon gloom of a wet day climbed through the window, chilling her. It dulled the dainty mauves and pinks of the furnishings until they looked gray, all color sapped from them. She shivered, pulling a silk quilt over her, and dropped off to sleep from the sheer exhaustion of unaccustomed emotion.

It was quite dark, when a knock wakened her. She sat up, a bit dizzy, and expecting her maid, called: "Come."

A young Japanese who had recently become her husband's valet opened the door and stood timidly on the threshold.

If madam will pardon—" he began.

"Yes-what is it?

She got to her feet, switched on the light. "A man downstairs—he wish see madam. He will not go. Henderson send me down—talk to him. He—Chinaman."

Chinaman

"Yes, madam. Old man—very old. Say he have message—something about heart. He say—madam understand."

She gave a start, a little gasp of amazement. The old man of Chinatown? It wasn't possible! Here as if dropped from the skies three thousand.

The old man of Chinatown? It wasn't possible! Here, as if dropped from the skies three thousand miles away? No, of course not! But who else? She felt suddenly as if she were still asleep, drew a hand across her eyes, went toward the dressing-table, then turned again to the boy who stood waiting. stood waiting.

"Go down and ask if he's from San Francisco. If he is, I'll see him."

She still had the feeling of having not yet wakened as, a few minutes later, she descended to the library. That weird old Chinaman here, in her house, away from his funny little shop and collection of treasures. The man, so much like collection of treasures. The man, so much like one of his own shriveled ivory gods, who in his queer, mysterious way had made a gift of something for which he might have received sixty thousand dollars! What was he doing in New York—here, in her house? What did he want

of her?

That sense of unreality vanished, however, when she saw him. He was as out of place in the room of Italian architecture and furnishing the room of Italian architecture and turnishing as he had been perfect in his own surroundings. In his faded gold mandarin coat he would not have been so bad. But he wore European clothes, a suit of blue serge, shiny in spots, and a small bow tie, and above them his fine-lined, coared face rose grotesquely as though attached. small bow tie, and above them his fine-lined, seared face rose grotesquely as though attached by wires to a body to which it did not belong. He bowed as she entered, but his shoulders were so stooped that their slight inclination

"You are surprised at this visit. I must ask

"I am surprised to see you in New York," she answered, wide eyes resting on him curiously.
"Have you just arrived?" "No, I have been here a year."
"A year?"
"Yes. You will land

"Yes. You will laugh at me, no doubt.
But I did not want to remain so far away from
my heart. No one can quite understand how sacred such a possession can become until it is gone from him. Then, perhaps, his own goes with it. That was why I sold what I could at any price and came East—to be near the link with my aneaters." with my ancestors.

SHE glanced toward the panel behind which it lay and a faint expression of contempt touched her lips. The peachbloom vase had been taboo as a subject of conversation since the scene with her husband in this room. She

"I would give much to have it back," sighed the Oriental. "That is why I have come to you. I have known no peace since I let it go. Would you not make the Technology. Would you not make the effort to give repose to my spirit?"

She stared at him. In her eyes, heavier than usual, was puzzlement tinged with disbelief.
"Why did you wait all this time to come and ask for it?"

His gaze did not stir from her. In it was a curious appraisement, as if in some odd way he were testing her.
"I had not the right to take it away while you loved it."
"What a stress it."

What a strange idea!" "But it no longer has a place in your desires. The heart I gave to you has become a piece of porcelain."

She gave a laugh.
"It has never been anything else, has it?"

"I thought—it might be. I was wrong. I have come to this house many times, but did not find the courage to ach have come to this house many times, but did not find the courage to ask admittance. I have seen you go out—I have seen your husband. I have wished to approach you both. I have even gone to his office—and gone away without making myself known. We Orientals find it difficult to admit we are cowards."

"It's not cowardly to want what is rightfully yours. You never got the money. Why shouldn't you have the vase back? As far as I'm concerned"—she shrugged—"but my husband would not hear of it!"

The hand like old ivory traveled shakily to an inner pocket and withdrew a worn wallet.

He opened it, taking out an oblong strip of blue paper more clouded than faded from its long

resting-place.
"You see," he observed, "that I can return the certified check. It is in good condition." He held it over, leaning gently near for her inspection. "It requires only my signature After that, you or any one could cash it"

A S SHE examined it, the wide eyes narrowed. They turned slowly to his. She said nothing, yet the two pairs of eyes, so different, seemed

to be gauging each other.

"I should not ask this of you now," went on the gentle voice, "but in view of your husband's present business difficulties, I thought so vast a sum might be of greater service to him than a vase of porcelain."

Her delicate body went taut—but imperceptibly. Her voice did not waver.

"What do you mean—his business difficul-ties?"

The old eyes, hazier than when they had studied hers under the soft lights of San Francisco's Chinatown, took on a look of startled

sympathy.

"It can not be that you, his wife, are ignorant of the fact that the house of John Cross is on the

verge of failure!"
"Failure?"

The inscrutable gaze was replaced by sad amazement.

"You do not know, then. I am sorry. I

He started to fold the check, but her hand touched his arm, halting it.

"You mean—my husband is actually so near ruin that a sum like this would mean anything to him?"

"I know it."

"How?"

"The Oriental has a way of learning the truth

"How?"
"The Oriental has a way of learning the truth without seeming to. But this is no secret.
That is why I assumed you must know it."
"I don't believe it."

"I don't believe it."

"If he has not told you before this, there is not a doubt that he will deny it when you question him. He would wish to save you the worry of sharing his trouble—until you have to. They tell me it must come within a few days."

"Who?"

"Who?"

"Every one—down-town. It is not uncommon talk that he will have nothing. But you will be at his side. He will not have to stand alone. That is why I have come to you. It is my excuse for asking you to accept this." Her fingers interlocked so tightly that the white skin seemed stretched across the small bones. She did not move.

"Will you?" The query came very softly. He might have been caressing the words. "As you say, it is mine. And this is rightfully—yours."

He went to the table, picked up a pen and

yours."

He went to the table, picked up a pen and dipping it in the ink, held it poised suggestively over the narrow strip of blue paper which of a sudden had assumed such huge proportions.

Her breath caught, held. Whatever swift currents of thought crossed and eddied through the lovely head, they caused her terrified eyes to speed toward the closed recess and back to the stoop-shouldered Chinaman.

the stoop-shouldered Chinaman.
"Of course—of course. You ought to have

it!"
Scarcely touching the floor her small feet covered it. Her breath came now in short gasps of haste. Her hands struck out, tore at the panel. It did not budge. She gave a cry. Her shoulders, her whole slight body, sagged with desperation. Its weight swayed against the wall. Then suddenly without a sound, without a word, she felt a key thrust into her hand. She turned. The age-old eyes of the Chinaman were close to hers.

hand. She turned. The age-old eyes of the Chinaman were close to hers.

The key slipped magically into the lock—the heart of peachbloom lay revealed. He stood letting his gaze wrap round it. Presently his head bowed; his seered hands clasped; his lips moved. A long moment he remained reverently still. Then the heart passed from her possession to his

her possession to his.

The panel closed. And Mrs. John Carrington Cross held a certified check for sixty thousand dollars, across the back of which in carefully formed lettering was her name and that of the man who so strangely had stepped in to alter the course of her life. the course of her life.

(Continued on page 56)



Federal Reserve Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo. Mauran, Russell & Crowell, Architects

Federal Reserve System Manifests Preference for Indiana Limestone Construction

O such ovation has ever been paid any building material as has been accorded Indiana Limestone in its selection for the construction of eight Federal Reserve Bank Buildings.

Most recent of this interesting group is the building to be erected at St. Louis. It will be occupied exclusively by the various departments of the bank and will be completed in January, 1925.

The exterior walls are self-supporting and provide an opportunity for deep reveals. The scale of the building is massive and the stone will be used in large units for the purpose of creating an harmonious whole.

In this building, the Architects, Messrs. Mauran, Russell & Crowell, have created a design which admirably expresses the dignity and permanency of the institution it is to house.



Our new booklet on bank building is acknowledged to be an unusually fine compilation of material on this subject and will be sent free upon request

Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association Box 759, Bedford, Indiana

Service Bureaus in New York and Chicago

Individuality and Distinction in Home Decoration

The Decorative Arts League has taken the ancient system,—by which patrons of arts joined in little groups and subscribed for replicas of any beautiful design that pleased them, even while the design was still in the hands of the artist,-and has vitalized that system by the employment of all modern resources in getting quickly into touch with its members.

A lamp designed by the Muller-Popoff group, and owned by the "D. A. L." Pay Carrier Height about 5 feet, finish, rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap are cast in solid Medallium. The upper shaft is seamless brass. Stude is parchment, with the seamless brass. Stude is parchment, with the seamless brass. The seamless complete ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds. The regular the seamle seamless brass. The seamless complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds. The regular the seamless of the process of the process of the process of the put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds. The regular the introductory price and to members of the Decorative Arts League was temporarily made may have to be met when a porarily made may have to be the season of the process [INITIAL DEPOSIT] on Total Pric \$1985

WORK of art such as the Greek-Pompeian lamp, if only one lamp like it had been made, might have cost rather more than three thousand dollars. The League can produce it for about 1-150th of that price, because its membership is so widespread, and because those who wish to subscribe for identical replicas of it can be reached so quickly.

Three decorative experts of exceptional ability collaborated in the design of this lamp; Olga Popoff Muller, a sculptress of international reputation; Andrew P. Popoff, painter, student of the Beaux Arts—and John Muller, architect of many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty. The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace which at once distinguish it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of "factory designing departments."

ments."

We Send it Gladly for
Examination

We will ship the GreekPompeian Floor Lamp, the
Muller-Popoff design, to try out in
your own home. We tend it for
your inspection and comparison;
for the judgment of yourself, your
tamily, and those of yourself, your
tamily, and those of yourself. whose and those of your friends whose sometimes of your friends of your hand art have weight. When the carrier delivers it to you hand him the small charge for postage, and \$3.85 (which is the deposit, and is returnable). Then compare. Visit the art importers, the decorators, the jewelers, the large stores, and the jewelers in beautiful and prometimes the price at which this beautiful lamp can be yours (if you act promptly).

Search the

Search thoroughly. That is why the lamp is sent to you

We do no "sell-ing" in the ordinary ordinary in the ordinary ordin

may have to be discontinued.

The price has not been advanced yet. You can have one of the Muller-Popoff Greek-Pompetan lamps (if you act at once) at exactly members of the Decorative Arts League. And you can become a member without obligation.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE Gallery at 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City

505 Fifth	A venue	New York.	-
5-5 - 11011	zavenue,	Mew Fork	NV

sos Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me no thing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (an initial deposit), when delivered, plus the transportation charges If not satisfactory are to refund my deposit in full. If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

If you want information on our other special productions check here

Signed	***********	2.	ľ
Autobasea			
Address	* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *		
City	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · State		
THE PERSON NAMED IN			

Cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A

Peachbloom

(Continued from page 55)

"I can do no more than thank you," he said ftly. "But that can not tell you what you softly. "But tha have done for me."

She folded the bit of blue paper. Her fingers closed round it as if to conceal it forever.

"I'm going to ask a favor of you in return," her voice came so strained that it was un-recognizable. "If you should happen to see my husband, please remember that this—this re-turn of your property is an absolute secret between you and me—until the check comes through." through.

"He-I'm afraid he would make you return it," she added.

"I understand. But I think he would not be

sorry."
"I have your word, though?"

"The word of one who holds many secrets." He was gone. Like a shadow moving wraith-like across the floor—like a thought in the dark that passes with night—like the past on which we bolt a door.

we bolt a door.

She dropped among the cushions, silken and many colored, that were heaped on the couch. Ruin! John Carrington Cross without a penny—and he had dared to keep silent! What a trick to play her—what a revenge! Dazedly a hand went across her eyes. It was too over-

whelming to grasp.

Outside in the gloom of the hall, a hand like yellowed ivory slipped a key into another, just

yellowed ivory supped a key into another, just as saffron but younger.

"Replace that on your master's key-ring," murmured the old Chinaman to the young Japanese. "You have done well."

The world—or at least that part of it interested in news that covers the society columns is still discussing the possible reason for Mrs. terested in news that covers the society columns—is still discussing the possible reason for Mrs.
John Carrington Cross's sudden departure for Mexico and institution of divorce proceedings in a country not yet adopted by Americans for that particular facility. John Cross, himself, is in

the dark about her motive. He has never been able to fathom the reason for the note, hysterically scribbled en route, telling him that she could never bear up under the prospect of poverty. And her further reference to the injustice of failing to take her into his confidence as to his forthcoming failure. Failure! What did she mean? Where in heaven's name had she got hold of such an idea? There had been business tie-ups, true,—but no more than a big concern inevitably faces from time to time. Her letter confessed that she had returned the peachbloom heart to the Chinaman, adding that he must not be surprised when the check came through with her signature. She simply had to have funds and there was no time to sell her jewels. However, he is settling upon her enough to assure her the ease she requires. The rest is a puzzle to which he demands no answer. made no attempt to communicate with her.
For him the future holds all he asks.

And down in a far corner of New York's Chinatown from which that answer might come, a faded figure bows his head before a nitch of worship where rests a heart that seems to beat once more. In the age-old eyes is written peace. The secrets of centuries are locked in the narrow breast. The mystic wisdom of the Orient dwells under the yellowed brow. The lips move with-

under the yellowed brow. The lips move without actual speech.

"I did well," he murmurs, "oh, heart of my ancestress, to place the son of Japan in the service of John Carrington Cross. Through him I learned that my fear had become a truth, that misery dwelt in that house which should have been a home. It was what I knew when I looked upon her he loved two years ago. It was my reason for giving you to them. And now, through you, I have been able to bring happiness to a man who has suffered much. A little lie, oh, heart of my ancestress, but she, in whose breast you lay, would say we did well. If we carry no other message with us into the Beyond, that should gain for us life eternal."

The Slave

(Continued from page 31)

he could do, nowadays, to keep abreast of his

running expenses.
No longer was his day-and-night slavery cheered by the knowledge that he was bringing its dreary period toward an end and that some day soon he should be his own master again Now, the best he could look forward to was the holding of his detestable job and thus de-ferring the day of exposure. Meantime—the semiannual auditing was only three months

On the third of August, Brian called him to the inner office, to inform him:

"You must be sleeping, over that catalog work, Kent. It's going much too slow. At this rate it won't get to the printer before snow flies. Let's see—you're working for Walder, four nights a week, now, aren't you? I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask you to put in a couple more nights a week on the catalog. You see, it's really a rush

job. And—"
"I won't!" flamed Kent, his nerves going bad in a flare of weak anger. "I'm averaging eleven hours a day and four evenings and all my Sundays, here. I'm no slave! I——''
"Aren't you?'' asked Brian, quizzically; turn-

"No, I'm not!" shouted the nerve-tortured boy. "I'm—"

boy. "I'm—"
"Two hundred dollars," purred Simeon Brian, over his pad of figures. "Two hundred—"
"Huh?" gargled Kent, brought up with a jerk,

Brian blinked up at him, as though in surprise at the interjection.

"Oh, you're still there?" he observed.
"Thought you'd gone. Chase. I'm trying to figure out a balance. Two hundred dollars,

Dirck Kent made his shaky way to his own desk in the outer office. There, ignoring the work awaiting him, he sat down and began to write a letter. It was to Madge he wrote. Without the wonted saccharine salutation, he began:

"I stole \$200 from the firm, last spring. I Here he paused, then wrote on: "-to play a sure thing on the races. I lost. I've been trying to make it up. I thought nobody knew. But now I'm pretty sure the boss knows. I believe he's known it all the time and that that's why the old cur has been piling the work on me. Wants to get all he can out of me

work on me. Wants to get all he can out of me before he sends me to jail.

There isn't any excuse for what I did, Madge. I'm writing this to tell you about it before you can read it in the papers or hear it from any one else. I don't need to say I am letting you off from any one start and I don't ting you off from our engagement. And I don't need to whine or say I love you. If I'd loved you the right way it would have kept me straight. I see that, now. I see a lot of things, now, that I never saw before. I've been having a liberal education, this past three months. Not that it's likely to do me any good in prison. Goodit's likely to do me any good in prison. Good-

It was not an ideal love letter. Indeed, it was not an ideal letter of any sort. But Dirck consoled himself with the thought that at least it was conclusive and that there was no snivel or self-excuse in it. Dimly he wondered at his own progress, in having graduated unwittingly from the self-excuse grade and for ceasing to consider himself a marty

He enveloped and sealed the letter; and he was beginning to address it when an office-boy came to him with a second summons to the pres came to him with a second summons to the presence of Simeon Brian. Instead of obeying on the jump, Dirck first finished addressing his letter. Then stamping it he stuck it into his coatpocket, and in leisurely fashion made his way to Brian's office. For the first time in three months he went to the ordeal without so much as a quiver of the nerves or a throb of apprehension. He was down to hard-pan. He had suffered all. He was down to hard-pan. He had suffered all, for the present, that his nature was capable of suffering. The rest was bovine heaviness.

"Sit down," invited Brian, after an appraising look at the gray-white haggardness of the newly

old face. "Sit down. You seem played out. Been working too hard, lately?"

He waited for the obvious retort to flash back at him. There was no retort. When the pause had lasted long enough, the old man said again: Sit down.

"I'll take it standing," replied Kent, his face and voice dead. "I robbed you people. You know that. Cut out the cat-and-mouse part of it and go ahead."

Then, without realizing it, he obeyed the order to sit down. This because his legs chose that instant in which to give out. By tense effort he kept his senses from following their example.

SIMEON BRIAN did not seem to have heard the sullen speech. He was reaching back for his everlasting scratch-pad. Holding it at

arm's length and squinting at a double line of figures sprawled across it, he said:
"On May 2, you made the most bungling attempt to cover a \$200 defalcation that it has been my bad luck to see. It was a disgrace to modern bookkeeping. Walder brought it to my notice the next morning. So did Vinton. Half a dozen more men would have done it, if half a dozen more men had had access to the books we traced it from."

Dirck said nothing. He could not even feel self-disgust that his brilliant feat of trick-bookkeeping had been so pitifully transparent to these oldsters who kept every detail of the compact firm's business under their daily supervision.

supervision.

"I told them to shut up," proceeded Brian. "I wanted to try an experiment. I wanted to see if you were worth punishing. If you weren't, I was out \$200. If you were, then I'd have an employee worth boosting. I'd always liked you, Kent. And I'd seen big possibilities in you. That's why I always pushed you along, as fast as you'd stand pushing. It was a nasty jolt to find you were crooked. First time I'd ever been wrong about an employee. It was up to me to salvage my own vanity; and maybe to salvage you along with it. So I sent Vinton on his vacation a month early. He wanted to take extra

tion a month early. He wanted to take extra time off, at his own expense. I let him."

"I suppose I'm really hearing all this," thought Kent. "But it doesn't make sense."

He stared heavily at his tormentor.

"A week later," resumed Brian, "I was tickled pink. You'd begun to pay back. Then I knew it wasn't the races or Wall Street or a woman. My hunch was paying dividends. You were My hunch was paying dividends. curable. You were worth punishing. You could be taught that nothing is valuable enough to

Once more he squinted at his pad, at long

Once more he squinted at his pau, at long range.

"Know how the books stand, now, between us?" he questioned.

"Yes," answered the dead and queerly old voice. "I still owe you forty-one dollars."

"Your bookkeeping is as bad as when you tried to scatter two hundred dollars' deficit over a set of books that three men know as well as they know their middle names," rebuked Simeon. "Here's the statement: I'll simplify it, if you aren't enough of a bookkeeper to follow the technical figures of your own trade."

This with elaborate sarcasm that was lost on its victim.

its victim.
"On May 2," continued the old man, briskly, "On May 2," continued the old man, briskly, "you abstracted \$200 from this company's funds. Interest on \$200 for three months (up to to-day), at 6 per cent., is \$3. Total indebtedness, to date, \$203. You forgot the interest, Kent, when you said you had paid up all but \$41. You meant you'd paid all but \$44. You are too careless about details."

The reproof was mild. Dirck nodded, stupidly.

The reproof was mild. Dirck nouneu, stupidly.

"Debit Dirck Kent \$203, to date," expounded Brian. "Now for the credit side:"

"What's that?" babbled Kent, puzzled.

"Credit, I said," repeated Brian. "As follows: Your salary is \$34 for a week. A business week, here, ordinarily consists of forty-eight working hours. A fraction over seventy-eight cents an hour. For purposes of rough estimate," he conceded, didactically, "call it seventy-eight cents per hour;—though I've no patience, as a rule, with 'rough' estimates. They're too rough for smooth work." too rough for smooth work.

He frowned, as though seeking to crystallize the awkward phrase into something approaching an (Continued on page 58)

One Lucky Strike Leads to Another

O man who smokes LUCKY STRIKES ever feels that he has smoked too much. He is satisfied but never sated.

He finds that the Toasted Process produces a flavor mild enough to be continuously enjoyed.

He doesn't have to debate whether or not he ought to have another one, because he knows from experience that even if, in his private opinion, he sometimes smokes too many, he never has the sense of having smoked too much.

CHANGE TO THE BRAND THAT NEVER CHANGES





Try this new Playing Card designed especially for Elks Clubs

BECAUSE their finish is per-fect and their indexes are large enough to prevent eye strain, these cards speed up play and add tremendously to your pleasure. The back is designed so that even continuous handling will not noticeably soil it.

Yet with all these advantages, these cards are moderately priced.

Eleven O'clock Playing Cards are sold only at Elks Clubs. Ask for them. You, too, will say they are good!

STANDARD PLAYING CARD COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.



The Slave

(Continued from page 57)

cpigram. Giving up the attempt, he glanced

again at the scratch-pad and went on:
"Seventy-eight cents an hour. That is the appraised valuation of your time; to this comappraised valuation of your time; to this company. And eight hours a day is all of that time the company can call upon, except once in a while in rush seasons. The Christmas bonus balances that.

"Thus, any overtime, not made good out of such bonus, is a direct asset to the company. Since May fifth—three days after you became our debtor to the amount of \$203—I have been enabled to get from you precisely four hundred and nine hours of overtime work. That counts the extra daytime hours, the work evenings and the last five Sundays at eight hours per Sunday. Mighty good work it was, too. Walder saw to

that.

"Well, 409 hours, at 78 cents an hour, comes to precisely \$319.02, Kent. Add to that the \$34 a week we saved by docking your two-week vacation; and the credit total runs up to just \$387.02. As against the debit of \$203. Add the \$9 a week saved the past five weeks by cutting \$9 a week saved the past five weeks by cutting down your salary; and that saves us another \$45. Of the \$203, you've paid back \$159—almost as clumsily as you took it out. So, to date, the Brian Novelty Company has a net profit of \$341.02, plus \$45, on the transaction; or \$386.02, in all."

Triumphantly, he handed Dirck the scratch-pad, whereon he had set forth the figures in double-entry form. Kent looked blankly at it. Then the carefully prepared sheet fluttered from

his nerve-forsaken fingers to the floor.

"I'm—I'm glad you people weren't the losers," Dirck heard himself saying, as from a long distance. "And now if you'll send for a cop or notify the district attorney's office, or do

whatever employers do in such cases—I'll be obliged to you. I'm pretty tired."

A flare of noisy anger from old Simeon Brian

stirred the lad from his lethargy.
"Hey?" snorted Brian. "What's that? D'you suppose I've been sweating the idiocy out of you for three hot months and making a man out of a brat, and making you worth real money to us— just to turn you into jail-meat? What breed of fool do you think I am? Does a man spend time and skill in training a colt into a Derby winner,

and skill in training a colt into a Derby winner, just for the fun of poisoning the poor brute as soon as he gets to be worth something?"

"You mean—you mean you'll let me go—and give me a chance to get a job somewhere and pay back the forty-one—the forty-four dollars that's left on the debt?" asked Kent, babblingly.

The old man ground aloud.

The old man groaned aloud.
"You gawping imbecile!" he shrilled. "I put You gawping imbedie: he shriled. I put in solid work, making out that statement, on the floor there. Then I spent valuable time in explaining it, so that any kid could understand. And now you're still blithering about \$44! Lord, I can stand a criminal; but I sure do hate a fool. Here! Get this straight. I've made a fool. Here! Get this straight. I've made something of you. And I'm going to get my trouble back by using that 'something' to advantage in my business. You're cured. And you've learned how to work. I did that. No competitor is going to get the benefit of it. Go to the cashier and draw your two weeks' vacation money. Then clear out and don't let me see you again for a fortnight! . . . What's that

see you again for a fortnight! . . . What's that you're tearing up?" he broke off, querulously.

For Dirck Kent, staring and moving like a sick man in a wonder-dream, had drawn from his pocket the newly addressed letter to Madge; and was carefully pulling it into little

·Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 11)

natural portion in life, there wasn't much amiss

"You see, he's all right," Rawley grumbled.
"How much does the bwana owe you?"
Antrin asked.

Two rupees." "I'll make it five," said Antrim. "Will that do? Answer quickly, or you'll get nothing." "N'dio Bwana," said the man, with a feeble

grin. He held out his hand. Antrim gave him

of this. Will you come and have tea with me at the club?"

The details and the we'd better get out of this. Will you come and have tea with me at the club?"

The details and the we'd better get out of the we'd better get out.

He offered his hand to Mrs. Rawley, who descended from her ricksha, and made a way for her through the laughter of the disintegration and the state of the disintegration and the state of the disintegration and the state of the district and the state of th for her through the laughter of the disintegrating crowd. The whole business had been unpleasant; just the sort of thing that oughtn't to happen in a British possession, the very last affair that he would have chosen to be mixed up with. He would have a straight talk with Rawley when the woman was out of the way and tell him a thing or two for the good of his soul. So far the fellow hadn't even had the decency to apologize for landing a luncheon acquaintance in a street row. acquaintance in a street row.

HE CALLED for tea on the club balcony, a peaceful and civilized place commanding the ancient harbor and the water-gate of the fort. Rawley sank down in the most comfortable chair and mopped his forehead. It was emotion rather than walking that made Rawley sweat, and with the perspiration came out the applicant for which Antrim had been waiting. apology for which Antrim had been waiting.

apology for which Antrim had been waiting. Antrim sat awkwardly silent, listening to a piece of self-abasement as thorough as anything he'd ever heard, watching the two big tears that formed in Rawley's eyes and the ridiculous movements that he made with his broken stick. It wasn't decent. And then, to add to the fantastic situation, he heard in his left ear the clear unemotional tones of Mrs. Rawley's voice: "Captain Antrim, may I give you milk and sugar?"

Cool? The woman was as cold as ice! He simply had to come to Rawley's rescue: "Yes, I quite understand," he said. "You're new to

Africa. But I assure you that in this country you don't handle a man unless he's done some-

thing pretty serious."

"But what I want to explain to you is this,"
Rawley went on. "I'm cursed with the most
unfortunate temper. It's the one thing that's
been in my way all through life. If once I let
go, I'm done for. My wife will bear me out."
He looked at her appealingly; but she didn't

move an evelid.

Antrim felt uneasy. "Your tea's going cold. Have some more. Or would you prefer whiskey?"

He chose whiskey, and Antrim himself was grateful for the excuse; but this did not close the subject as he had intended.
"You paid him some money, I didn't gather how much."

"My dear fellow, don't worry about it."
"It was five rupees," said Mrs. Rawley.
Rawley took out his purse and fumbled with

Rawley took out his purse and fumbled with it. Another indecency, Antrim thought. How disgusted the wife must feel! With an effort he said "Thank you" as Rawley handed him the coins. He needn't have rubbed it in.

"Well, that's over," said Rawley with a sigh. "I wonder if it would bore you greatly if I talked about our plans?"

"Not at all," Antrim lied. "But let me tell you to begin with that—" he hesitated,—"that this sort of thing won't pay in Africa. If it's going to happen again—I mean when you're somewhere out in the blue, I won't answer for your safety or that of your wife."

"You're perfectly right," he said. "I wish I could be sure of myself. Unfortunately I can't. It's ten to one that I shall make a fool of myself again; and the worst of it is, as you say, that

It's ten to one that I shall make a fool of myself again; and the worst of it is, as you say, that my wife may suffer." From Mrs. Rawley not a word. "However, there it is, "he went on, "and that's partly why I want you to listen to our plans. I may as well tell you that I'm not a sportsman in the ordinary sense of the term. I'm merely interested in game from the photographic point of view. I want to get some pictures of lion and things like that at close quarters. And incidentally I want to see something of Africa. I want to get on to new ground. Do you mind if I call for another drink?" ground. drink?"

"Not in the least." Antrim beckoned to one

of the waiters.

"Thanks very much." Rawley drew in his chair. "Well, I've been talking to Mr. Kilgour about porters and all that; and what he's told me has rather put me off the idea of being sent on a kind of Cook's tour by one of the usual safari outfitters. I shouldn't be satisfied if I merely saw the sights, so to speak. I want to see things that other fellows haven't seen. It isn't a soft job, I know that. But I'm prepared for a certain amount of danger and discomfort, and so is my wife." He spoke of her with a pride that was almost touching. Antrim liked him

"I SEE what you mean," he said, "but aren't you a bit ambitious? After all, you've had no experience of the country, and it isn't as easy as it looks."

Rawley looked at him straightly.

"I'm not going to be persuaded out of this, you know," he said. "I don't want anything simple.

... I didn't come here for that."

"I didn't come here for that."

"I know you didn't. If you were an old hand, understood natives and had a sense of the country, it'd be another matter."

"Yes, yes, quite so, of course, I see what you mean," Rawley broke in, "and that brings me to what I wanted to say. You've been up-country for some years, and I should imagine that you're a mod induce of men. Can you suggest to me the a good judge of men. Can you suggest to me the a good fatego of hiera. Can you suggest to he the country and would go with us?"

"Upon my soul. . . ." Antrim hesitated.

"Money is not to be considered," he added.

"Money is not to be considered," he added. Antrim stiffened.

"No. I realize that. But what you want isn't exactly a marketable commodity. If you went up to Nairobi and made friends there. . . . You see it's an intensely personal thing. I really don't know that I can help you."

"That's a pity. From what Kilgour told me I felt sure that you would. Will you think it over? It's hardly fair to bother you at such short notice. You're sailing the day after tomorrow, aren't you?"

"No," said Mrs. Rawley, "Captain Antrim isn't sailing on the Vandal."

"Really? But Mr. Kilgour said. . ."

"He changed his mind this morning. Didn't you?"

Antrim laughed. "Yes, I suppose so."

Antrim laughed. "Yes, I suppose so."
"That alters matters," said Rawley, eagerly.
"We have rather counted on your helping us."
Rawley leaned forward. "Would it be pre-

Rawley leaned forward. "Would it be presumption on my part to ask what you intend

to do if you are staying in Africa?"
"Not in the least. I've made no plans. At present, if they'll have me, I shall stay with

Rawley swallowed the remains of his second whiskey and stared at the glass as though he

whiskey and stared at the glass as though he wished it was full again.

"I want you to tell me straight away," he said, "if the idea offends you. It may be out of the question. But I've just been thinking. If you would consent to be our guest on the trip that we're planning, or if I could make any arrangement."

that we're planning, or if I could make any arrangement. . . ."

"No, no. Thanks very much. But it's quite out of the question."

"Look here, I'm sorry. I should have known better. If I've offended you by suggesting that some arrangement might be made. . ."

"Please don't speak of it. I'm not in the least offended. I hope you won't think me rude if I leave you here? I'll get someone to put your name in the book if you care to use this place."

He rose, and Rawley rose and faced him.

He rose, and Rawley rose and faced him. "I'm very much your debtor already for that unfortunate business this afternoon, I assure

"Not at all. Glad I was able to help you."

He took Rawley's hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by . . . and many thanks."

"Good-by, Mrs. Rawley."

She rose and held out her hand. "We shall

"Good-by, Mrs. Rawley."
She rose and held out her hand. "We shall see you to-morrow," she said.

The devil they would! An hour of it had been quite enough to go on with, and Rawley's sudden proposal that they should join forces had frightened him. Two days before, in Nairobi, he would have said that no man of his acquaintance knew his own mind better than himself. Before that disturbing night in the train he had guesthat disturbing night in the train he had questioned nothing. Then, in a casual moment at the (Continued on page 60)

Beauty~ Accuracy



The best there is

The Hamilton Watch not only tells time accurately; it also tells very definite things about the wearer's personality.

The new Hamilton models are singularly beautiful. They are thin and encased in white gold or green gold with variations of superb craftsmanship on the precious metal. It is the Accuracy and the Beauty of any Hamilton Watch that make it supreme among good watches — the best there is. Send for copy of our new "Timekeeper."

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

The Watch of Railroad

Accuracy

New England

George W. Chadwick

BOSTON, MASS.

Year Opens September 20, 1923

Located in the Music Center of America

It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical edu-cation. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional fa-cilities for students.

Complete Curriculum

Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training

In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges

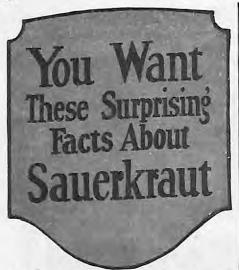
Of lectures, concerts and opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra

Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department
Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager



O you know that sauerkraut is a natural cleanser and disinfectant for the intestines?

Do you know that in Ander's "Practice of Medicine" sauerkraut comes first in the vegetable diet for diabetics?

Do you know that sauerkraut is rich in lactic acid bacilli—the beneficial germs to which Metchnikoff attached so much importance in his famous book on "The Prolongation of Life"?

Do you know that in modern hospitals very interesting experiments have been made with sauerkraut as an article of diet in serious ailments?

Do you know that highest medical authorities and food scientists advise everybody to eat sauerkraut as a natural regulator and conditioner for the system? All these remarkable truths about sauerkraut are interestingly told in detail in the free booklet, "Sauerkraut If you are inas a Health Food." terested in health through rational diet, you want these facts. The booklet also contains many new recipes. Mail the coupon now.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery and delicatessen stores and meat markets)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION

You Want This Interesting Booklet-

FREE



	MIT		ITM
The National Kraut Clyde, Ohio	Packers'	Association	n El
Please send me postpaid as a Health Food," with	your free b new tested	ooklet "Sauer I recipes.	kraut
Name			
Address	001107711	- 100	
City and State	2 (23) (1)	1011	

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 59)

Kilgours, this woman, who never opened her mouth, had sprung a question on him, and straightway, without a second's hesitation, he had announced a radical change in his plans. Even after he had told her that he wasn't leaving Africa he hadn't believed it. And yet, not two minutes since, he had confirmed the change again. It was ridiculous. He had acted like a man under hypnotic suggestion rather than the staid, determined creature he believed himself to That alone should be enough to convince him that he'd had enough, and a little more than enough of Africa.

enough of Africa.

As he walked up the hill he was thinking of the Rawley's safari. A queer show it would be for certain. Rawley, his wife, and some unfortunate devil whom they'd get hold of to shoot for the pot, manage the porters and generally make things comfortable. Well, he wished them luck.

things comfortable. Well, he wished them luck.
It was easy to do that. But supposing they didn't get it; supposing, for instance, the whole bunch of them went down with fever; supposing Rawley died, and she were left alone with the she were left alone with the other fellow died and she were left alone with Rawley? He began to reproach himself for the way in which he had choked them off. Whatever Rawley might be, his wife was a lady, a woman of his own caste.

He hadn't played the game with her.

These sentimental twinges annoyed him.

After all, he wasn't under any particular obligation to these people; if anything, the boot was on the other leg. And Rawley's proposal was monstrous. It was just about time to make a stand against this nonsense; to assert his real self, which had never for a moment doubted that he was sailing for England on the Vandal, against these ridiculous fancies. "This day three weeks," he told himself firmly, "I will dine with Harry at the Rag. So that's all about it.
No more nonsense, now!"
And there, as though it owed its creation to

the potency of his thought, stood the shipping office, just on the other side of the street. He crossed the road, and this action, of itself, gave him a feeling of recovered virtue.

him a feeling of recovered virtue.

"I've come about my passage on the Vandal," he said to the clerk. "I think you've got my name. Antrim . . . Captain Antrim."

"Captain Antrim? Yes, sir. We've given you berth a hundred and six; port side. I think that was what you asked for."

"Thanks. Yes. That'll do quite well." He put his hand into the breast nocket in which he

put his hand into the breast-pocket in which he

kept his cheque-book. It wasn't there. No doubt he had left it in the other coat. He swore. "The Vandal is to sail at daybreak," said the clerk, tactfully ignoring the language. "It will have to some board to night"

be best to go on board to-night."

"To-night?" So he was in luck.

"You can send along the cheque this evening, or pay when you get on board."

"Can I? I think I'll do that. It will save trouble."

He went out into the street, annoyed that he had not done what he intended.

MRS. KILGOUR had arranged a dinner-party MRS. KILGOUR had arranged a dinner-party in his honor. Wells, the District Commissioner; Tredinnick, the High Court Judge, and their wives. It was a very different affair from the Rawley's lunch, for all were well acquainted, being members of the same official family. Everybody envied Antrim his trip home, and told him so; but they did it as nicely as if they were extracting a vicarious pleasure out of his good-fortune. It was such a jolly, goodgood-fortune. It was such a jolly good-humored party that Antrim forgot all about his troubles, the Rawleys included.

When the women left them. Kilgour pro-

duced some excellent port. They laughed a great deal, being all in a mood for amusement.

great deal, being all in a mood for amusement. Antrim was enjoying himself.

"By the way," said the Judge, "have any of you come across a fellow named Rawley?"

Antrim smiled to himself. Now that he was safe he could afford to smile. He reminded himself to tell Mrs. Kilgour of the altered sailing. It was Kilgour who answered the question.

"Yes," he said, "T've met Rawley. He and his wife were lunching here this morning. Came in on the Vandal yesterday. What about him?"

"He's Rawley's Chemical Dip, you know. Only son. Pots of money." "Yes, so I believe."

"And his wife was old St. Pinnock's daughter. Rawley's father bought the St. Pinnock's estate. The heir was killed up in the Chitral or somewhere. The title's extinct."

"And what about Rawley?" asked Kilgour.

"And what about Rawley?" asked Kilgour.

"Rawley? Oh, I don't know. He's a queer chap. The old man did him well. Sent him to Eton; but somehow it didn't fit. Then he was in the Grenadiers for a time. I don't know how that ended. The next I heard of him he was being married to Janet Carlyon."

"How did that happen?" Kilgour asked.

"I suppose he took her over with the estate.

There must be something decent about him, otherwise that wouldn't have come off. The Carlyon's are extraordinary nice people. She was the only daughter. Still, I can never was the only daughter. imagine how she did it."

"Well, I must say it struck me as rather queer," said Kilgour. "I couldn't make head or tail of Rawley. What's the matter with him?"

"WELL, really, it's hard to say. Heredity, perhaps. Old Rawley married his house-keeper. Altogether the old man was a pretty tough customer; clever as they make 'em, and a first class man of business, but hard as nails. The mother was a pretty woman, regular East Cornish type. I only saw her once; but I gather she had rather a thin time. So did the son. The old man was a bully. One day he'd give the boy a couple of thousands to play with and encourage him to blow it. Then he'd cut him down to nothing. He liked the idea of power. Terrific temper, too. I gather young Rawley inherited that from him. There was a police-court case. One of the keepers sued him for assault. It made a tremendous scandal at the time. I gather the father had to pay pretty heavily for it. Well, he could afford little luxuries."

"Then why the deuce did St. Pinnock's daughter marry him?" Kilgour asked.

"The housekeeper? Because she had to, I suppose. The usual reason."

"No, no. St. Pinnock's daughter. I'm talking about the son."

"Oh, the son? Really I don't know. Sentiment, perhaps. All the Carlyons were awfully keen on Withiel. I don't blame them. It's a charming place. They were desperately poor, too. And young Rawley was just about the only educated man in the district. Besides, one always felt that the boy was more sinned against than sinning. Possibly she was sorry for him.

always felt that the boy was more sinned against than sinning. Possibly she was sorry for him. And besides all that it's quite likely that he has a decent side; he was a side of the side

decent side; he may be quite an attractive fellow when you get to know him."
"It doesn't exactly leap to the eye," Kilgour

"No, it doesn't. You're quite right. And then, of course he drinks."
"Drinks? The devil he does."
"He was fairly obviously tight when I saw him down at the club to-night."
"Was his wife there?" suggested.

Was his wife there? "Was his wife there?"
"Yes. That's why I didn't speak to them.
I thought it would embarrass the poor soul. I expect she knows how to manage him by now."
Antrim was seized with a sudden uncasiness.
He remembered the eagerness with which Raw-lev had reported up his second whisky. Antrim

le remembered the eagerness with which Raw-ley had mopped up his second whisky. Antrim felt that he himself was in a way responsible. He shouldn't have left the Rawleys so precipi-tately. He thought of the woman piloting her husband back to the hotel through the dark. It was damable

It was damnable. "More port?" then I think we'd better join them." Well,
On the versage the

On the veranda the women were waiting. As they entered Mrs. Kilgour beckoned to Antrim. "I've news for you," she said; "they've just sent up a message from Kilindini to say that the boat will sail at daybreak. We'd better arrange to get your heavy baggage aboard."

arrange to get your heavy baggage aboard."
"Yes," said Antrim penitently. "They told
me about the change at the office this afternoon.
I meant to let you know, but somehow it slipped
me."

me."
"What's this, what's this?" Kilgour sang out cheerfully from the other side of the starp.
(Continued on page 62)



Do animals obey the Ten Commandments better than men and women?

DOES the bear know by instinct that it is wrong for him to steal from his brother bear? Is the growl of a dog with a bone really a warning to other dogs to respect the command, "Thou shalt not covet!" Did you know that a pack of timberwolves has been known to punish the wolf-sentinel who repeatedly gave "false witness" about approaching danger? Are the seven great "thou shalt nots" and the three great "thou shalts" known and observed by squirrels as well as elephants—by bees as well as birds?

Where did Moses get the Ten Commandments? Did the finger of a personal God really write them "on tables of stone" or did the great Hebrew lawsgiver write them after long, profound observation of the

Hebrew law-giver write them after long, profound observation of the lives of beasts as well as men? Was Moses really a deep student of Nature's fundamental laws as well as a great leader of crowds?

These are fascinating questions. Their answers give to the nature-lover a fresh, vital interest in the lives of all wild creatures. No one but a truly great observer of animal life could have answered them. Yet that is what the famous naturalist-author, Ernest Thompson Seton, has

In an absorbing little book called "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World" he shows you, by actual examples from his notebooks, how every single one of the Mosaic laws is known and enforced in the animal world. Wouldn't this be an absorbingly interesting thing to

The book is a truly amazing disclosure. It has made enthusiastic nature students out of people who "thought they weren't interested" in Nature.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS in the ANIMAL WORLD"

By Ernest Thompson Seton

In order to stimulate an even wider interest in Ernest Thompson Seton's remarkable revelations of the fascinating lives and habits of wild creatures, we have printed an edition of this astonishing little book for free distribution.

If you do not yet know this great naturalist's writings, you have the first of many great treats coming to you for the asking. We say the first, for, frankly, we feel sure that you will be so delighted with Seton's absorbing eye-witness story about how animals enforce the law of Moses among themselves that you will want to own and enjoy all of his fascinating books.

A Remarkable Offer

A Remarkable Offer

To supply the great and increasing demand for Seton's works, a new edition has just been published, and the remarkable short-lime offer we are now making brings these six beautiful volumes within easy reach of every home.

Just send the coupon requesting "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World," and we will also send you, with this book, the complete new edition of Seton's works for five days' FREE EXAMINATION.

These six wonderful volumes are out of the ordinary in every way. The dark, forest-green covers are uniquely stamped with original drawings by the author, in place of titles. The text is printed on rich, soft paper, in clear, open type, with deep, generous margins. And almost every page has an interesting, and often delightfully whimsical picture from the author's own pen or brush—or a remarkable wild-life photograph from his camera.

Here is a wealth of delight for the nature lover, the camper, for everybody who loves the out-of-doors.

Hundreds of the most absorbing and gripping tales of wild animals, Indians, scouts. And you can examine this entire fascinating library for five days, without obligation.

Send No Money

Today is the time to request this privilege, if you want to benefit by the special low price, and secure "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World" But don't delay, or you may be disappointed. Mail the coupon at once.

But don't delay, or you may be disappointed. Mail the coupon at once.

Today is the time to request this privilege, if you want to benefit by the special low price, and secure "The Ten Commandments in the Animal World" FREE of cost. This unusual offer must be withdrawn



FOR BUSINESS and DRESS WEAR



"One beauty about IDE starched collars is that they give me that 'I'm all right' assurance.

The collar I am wearing is the

IDEPEER

a new style twist in square corners with streamline style and comfort. Semi-close Smart and meeting. at all times correct."



STARCHED COLLARS

20c each

GEO. P. IDE & CO., INC. TROY, N. Y.



PATENTS

HIGHEST REPERENCES REST RESULTS BOOKLET PREE PROMPTNESS ASSURED PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Send drawing or model for examination and report as
to patentability

WATSON G. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyor
Washington, D. C.

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 50)

"Jimmy has to be aboard to-night.

"Immy has to be aboard to-night. The Vandal's off at daybreak."

"What about this baggage, Jimmy?" Kilgour called. "You'd better settle it now, and get it off your mind."

"I've done that already," said Antrim. "Don't bother about it. I've decided not to sail on the Vandal".

on the Vandal."
"Not to sail on the Vandal?" cried Mrs. Kilgour. "My dear Jimmy, what do you mean? gour. "My dear Jimmy, "You've booked your passage."
"I know," said Antrim, smiling at her and at

"My dear fellow," said Kilgour. "You must be ill."
"Not a bit of it," said Antrim. "Never fitter. Can't I change my mind?"
"You don't usually," Kilgour reminded him.

"Only I think you might tell us the lady's name!"

"Nothing doing busing hubban" Anti-

name!"
"Nothing doing, bwana kubwa," Antrim laughed. "You're on the wrong horse."
"And to think of the emotions we've wasted on him!" said Mrs. Kilgour. "After all these goodbyes, I don't see how any decent man could stay."

At the end of a pleasant and futile evening he found himself alone with the Kilgours. This was the moment that they had been awaiting with some curiosity.

"Well, Jimmy, what's it all about?" Kilgour

asked him.
"I don't know. All the way down from Nai-

"I don't know. All the way down from Nairobi I felt in my bones that I didn't want to go."

"Rubbish!" said Kilgour. "I've heard of that sort of thing before. There ought to be a regulation compelling officers to take their leave out of the country. It's morbid. Result of altitude. Pull yourself together and I'll drive you down to the ship."

"No, Pat... I've made up my mind. No use talking about it."

"Obstinate old devil! What the deuce do you think you're going to do?"

"A long safari. See something of the country."

"Good God, man! When you might be in Ireland! Where do you think of going?"

"I don't know. Nothing is fixed. I'm going with the Rawleys."

"The Rawleys."? My dear Jimmy, are

"The Rawleys . . . ? My dear Jimmy, are you mad?"

"When I want a medical board I'll ask for it." "You heard what the Judge said about him?"
"What did the Judge say?" asked Mrs. Kil-

gour eagerly.
"Drinks like a fish. A very queer customer.

Jimmy, this is all damned nonsense."
"Well, it may be. But I'm going."
"Then God help you for a bigger ass than I

ever believed you!"

"Jimmy," said Mrs. Kilgour seriously, "there's more in this than meets the eye."

"I quite agree with you," said Antrim.

CHAPTER THREE

FORTNIGHT later, to the wonder and A solicitude of his friends, Antrim had arranged to leave Mombasa in the company of the Rawleys. By this time the visitors must have become aware that the attitude of Mombasa toward them was not inviting, for though Rawley had not repeated his exhibition of the first night in the club, his wife having been with him when it happened, crowned his infamy. Add to this that the story of the injured ricksha boy had found its way into many kitchens, and from the kitchens, spiced and garnished, to the drawing-rooms.

No doubt the person who suffered most was

Antrim. Morning and evening—for he was still living with the Kilgours, he had to stand the fire of Mrs. Kilgour's reproaches. What anfire of Mrs. Kilgour's reproaches. What annoyed her most was that she couldn't get a rise out of him. When she told him that he was

making himself ridiculous, he took it like a lamb.

"You wouldn't allow me to say things like
this to you, Jimmy," she said, "unless you were
in love. You, after all these years, to go trotting
after a petticoat!"

At this he laughed outright. "My dear burra memsahib" he assured her, "that's the widest shot of all. I've scarcely spoken ten words to the woman. I don't even know her."

"That makes no difference," said Mrs. Kilgour darkly.

When he laughed at the idea of his being in love with Mrs. Rawley he was perfectly honest with himself. He wasn't in love with her and didn't intend to be.

If Antrim had given a truthful answer to a direct question he would have said that he didn't really like her. Now, after ten days of her acquaintance, she seemed no nearer and certainly no more attractive than she had been at the Kilgours' luncheon. It bothered him a little to think that it was she who had actually forced his decision to stay in Africa, not ly ary active intervention but just as an inactive body will precipitate crystallization in a saturated solution. If for one moment he had admitted her as an active influence he would have taken fright and backed out of the affair as well as decency allowed him; but, as the days went by, he found himself more and more deeply com-

BY THIS time the whole arrangement of the safari rested on his shoulders. He and Raw-ley had sat for hours over the imperfect maps that were available and the route of their tour had been thought out in detail. They were to start, on the first of the next month, from Voi; and by the end of ten days Antrim had worked out the whole bandabast to his own satisfaction, while Rawley was plodding steadily in the rear.

In all these preparations Mrs. Rawley rarely spoke; but when she did speak, he felt that she understood things that with Rawley he must explain at length. Her mind gave him the same impression of clean efficiency as her body. Compared with her husband she was a creature of another world. And that world, Antrim quickly realized, was his own. It cheered him to realize that there was to be one efficient, reliable person with the instincts of his own kind in this mad

Because Rawley told him she was a good shot, Antrim bought her a rifle, a 257 Mannlicher, and a little sixteen-bore shotgun by

licher, and a little sixteen-bore shotgun by Purdey, a gem of a weapon that was going cheap second hand. These he duly delivered at the hotel, and heard no more about them. She didn't even say, "Thank you!"

This incident, and a dozen others of the same kind, put him out of heart. Even if he had been a paid servant instead of a friend who, on the slenderest acquaintance, was doing all the donkey-work for nothing, he would have been entitled to a little recognition.

donkey-work for nothing, he would have been entitled to a little recognition.

Rawley, in his blundering way, was obviously grateful. If only this woman would acknowledge his existence!

Perhaps it was the amused curiosity that the island showed in his affairs that had made him would be somether the way with the somether way. Well, the sooner he was out of it the better!

Everything connected with the safari had now been arranged but the engagement of the head-men, the gun-boy and the cook. In another week they would be setting out for Voi. Once away from these artificial conditions of life and from the prejudices of a limited society, matters would solve themselves.

So he forgot his grievance and set to work at the last, and, as it seemed to him, the easiest of his labors: the choice of servants and gunbearers for the safari. The news of Rawley's expedition had by this time filtered downward from the dinner-tables of Mombasa to the last alley of the native locations and Antrim found that cooks and headmen were waiting for him in droves; that they knew not only the number of the party but the exact date that had been fixed for starting and the route to be taken; matters that had only been discussed within the closed circle of the Rawleys and himself.

This discovery annoyed him. Later, when he thought about it, it also made him a little uneasy. Suddenly he realized that what he had taken for the dark indefinite background of native life, passive and inert, was, in fact, an active acutely conscious environment in which he and his fellows moved as in a dark wood, seeing nothing, but watched in their every movement

and heard in their least whisper. The thought of this dark omniscience came to him as a revela-tion; for he saw that this speck of an island was a microcosm of all Africa. Perhaps this explained the mystery and terror with which the continent

had always inspired strangers.

Among the applicants that swarmed about him he found a headman well experienced in the German country, a Zanzibari named Asmani, a Somali gunbearer, and a personal servant who took his fancy more than any. This was a sturdy, thick-set fellow of Zulu race. How he had been cast up on this northern coast Antrim could not guess, though men of every Bantu could not guess, though men of every Bantu tribe may be found in Mombasa or Zanzibar. His name was that of the great conqueror Dingaen, son of Chaka, and Antrim saw that he was full of a pride of race that would make him a valuable ally, isolating him from the other servants, who belonged to coastal tribes, and throwing him, in case of trouble, on the white man's side. To Asmani, the Zanzibari, he entrusted the engagement of fifty porters and two so-called askaris to act as watchmen and put the

fear of God into them.

That evening, when he was sitting at dinner

with the Kilgours, a servant came in with a message. Mrs. Rawley to see him.

He found her in the Kilgours' formal drawingroom, that seemed to have been transported bodily to Africa from an Irish country house of the last century. She heard him coming and turned to meet him.

"Oh, here you are!" she said.

They were the words in which she might have

They were the words in which she might have greeted a man who was late for an assignation rather than one who had been snatched away from the middle of his dinner to meet her, and they gave Antrim something of a shock. He had been expecting at the least a confession of weak-ness, at the best an appeal for help. But he

got neither.

"Have I dragged you away from your dinner?" she said. "Of course . . . I'm sorry. I a

wanted to let you know at once that our plans are changed."

"Changed?" Antrim caught at the word. It meant he supposed that for any page that meant, he supposed, that for some reason that had its origin in Rawley the trip was off. During the last fortnight he had wished a hundred times that it might be; but when he contem-plated the fulfilment of these wishes, he felt as though all purpose had gone out of his life.
"It's rather sudden, I admit. My husband

has had another unpleasant experience. He's very much disturbed. He feels that he can't stay in this country. We are sorry to upset your plans."

Sorry, indeed! It was pretty cool to talk like that to a man who had done what he had done

"So the trip's off?" he said.
"Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with
"Off? Not at all, if you're just to go on with
"Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with
"Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with
"Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with
"Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with "Off? Not at all, if you're game to go on with it. We can start from another point. As it was we were going to spend most of our time in German territory. Why shouldn't we start there instead of from Voi?"

The idea bewildered him. His mind was accustomed to processes of routine; yet it clutched at the least hope of holding to this detestable business.
"But my dear Mrs. Rawley." he said. "That

"But my dear Mrs. Rawley," he said. "That "But my dear Mrs. Rawley," he said. "That means scrapping all my staff-work and beginning all over again. I fixed up this morning with a headman, a gunbearer and a cook, and these fellows have been authorized to collect the porters. Probably they've done so by now."

"Yes, that's a pity," she admitted. "You'd better stop them collecting porters. The others we can take with us."

"Where . . when?" He laughed at her. "You're talking as if by wishing things you could make them happen. You can't, you know. If you could I should be delighted."

"You mean that you still want to come?" she asked.

"You mean that you sent many she asked.
"You needn't ask me that," he said, "for you know the answer. Do you think I'm the kind of fellow that backs out of an undertaking?"
"No," she answered. "But this is your chance. You may not get another."
He laughed. "Well, you want me to start the job all over again?"
"As a matter of fact," she said, "it isn't quite

"As a matter of fact," she said, "it isn't quite as difficult as you imagine. I've been doing a little 'staff-work' on my own. There's a small German steamer lying down at Kilindini. She's (Continued on page 64)



To Dealers Sunfast Fadeless Felt Hats will bring youpermanent,sat-isfied customers. If you are not handling this line and are interested, write us at once for full particulars.

A Triumph in Color Chemistry Has Made the Fadeless Felt Hat Possible

AFTER years of research and experiment, Hill & Loper chemists have discovered the secret of fadeless dyes for soft hats, and a process by which each fibre of felt can be penetrated to the very heart with these changeless colors.

The result—the Sunfast Fadeless Felt—a hat which bears a specific guarantee againt fading.

Wear it as long as you will, where and when you will a Sunfast Fadeless Felt hat will stay the same, soft, bril-liant hue that it was the day you bought it.

And what is more-Sunfast Fadeless Felts are just as sturdy and just as distinctive in style as they are superior in their fadeless qualities.

Tear out the guarantee shown below. Show it to your hat dealer. Accept no hat unless it contains this guarantee, and has the Sunfast Trademark on the leather.

The hat illustrated is a close napped

pearl gray. It comes in all the season's most popular shades and finishes, distinctive for lasting quality and fine lines of style, in grades

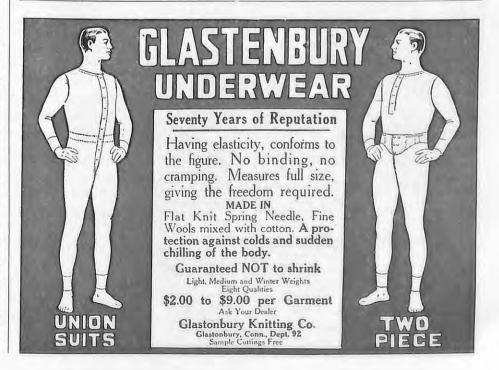
THE HILL AND LOPER COMPANY, INC.

SUNFAST FADELESS FELTS are colored by a new exclusive process and WILL NOT FADE. We guarantee the color of the body of this hat to you

color of the body of this hat to you rough your dealer. Keep well brushed dust may give hat a faded appearance. THE HILL & LOPER CO. INC. Danburv, Conn., U.S.A.

DANBURY

Exclusive Manufacturers



-Buv ELK EMBLEMS-

Direct by Mail from

JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass. and Save One-Third

For over 47 years we have sold direct to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we are able to save you one-third on regular prices. Money refunded on all purchases unless entirely satisfied. Following are a few of the many items selected at random from our free catalogs. Mail coupon below for free copies.



35834B

35834B
This Elegant 14K Solid
Gold Ring is one of
this season's latest
designs. Set with your
choice of genuine Amethyst, or Synthetic
Ruby or Blue Sapphire—on which is
encrusted Elk head
and B.P.O.E. in 22K
solid gold. Our price

\$16.50



35580B This Beautiful Diamond mounted Elk Ring has a perfectly cut, blue-white diamond, set in artistically carved all platinum Elk head on blue enamel background. The 14k solid hand carved Ring is richly hand carved An extraordinary value for

\$27.50

34725B Elk's Member ship Card Case Actual size 2 inches long. Can be attached to

\$4.00

for

34687B Men's Solid Gold Ring—newest style raised em-blem, background in proper colors, as shown on the right, but without the diamond. \$8.50

34698B



31358B

Solid Gold Lapel Button \$1.65

34692B This heavy solid gold Ring with platfurm front. Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, mounted with perfectly cut blue. \$37.50 same style ring without diamond \$18.00.

34600B Green Lapel with sm feetly cr Solid Gold Button

white diamond. \$5.00

34445B 34445B
Ladies' Elk Pin
Solid Platinum front backed with 14k solid gold,
Has safety catch, \$5.00



EMBLEMS This beautifully illustrated Cata-log of Elk Buttons, Rings, Charms, etc., mailed free to you on request.

Order Direct and Save 1/3!

-- CLIP COUPON -- FILL IN AND MAIL NOW --

JASON WEILER & SONS Mig. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870

Dept. 11, Weiler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

or meanington & Fra	nklin Street
Picase send FREE Catalogs che	cked x below:
Jewelry, Watch, Silver and	Diamond

														П	10	n	3	~				C	2	••	-	**	1	۶.			6	
Name .		٧,	·	,			Á	è	i	į			,					į,												Į	į	
Address					,	V.			,		k	,			į	į	ļ	į,			ĺ							Ì				
City.	3																N	21	å													

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 63)

going along the coast; Tanga, Pembeni, Bagamoyo, Dar-es-Salaam, and starting to-morrow morning. We have plenty of time to get aboard her. You might collect the people that you've engaged as well."

"But are you sure they'll take us?"

"I've arranged for my husband and myself already. Whether you come with us is entirely your own affair."

"You're very anxious to make me responsible?

"Yes, I am."

He felt that he could say no more of this. "Your staff-work is a little too rapid for me," he said. "Where have you decided to disembark?

bark?"
"I don't know," she said, "and really it doesn't matter. Anywhere in German East. I'd thought of Pangani. All I want to do is to leave Mombasa. I don't think the people here would press us to stay, do you? We're going to leave it in any case."

For a moment Antrim was silent. It hurt him to think that even now, when she was pushed to

to think that even now, when she was pushed to an extremity, the woman wouldn't confide in

him.

"Look here, Mrs. Rawley," he said, "it's better that we should understand one another. I don't pretend to understand your husband; but I think I can understand you if you'll let me. It's obvious in any case that we're in for a difficult time. I'm most awfully anxious to spare

your feelings."
"I know," she said, "and I appreciate your

windness."

"Thank you," he replied. "So far you haven't shown me that you do."

"No," she said, "I don't show things. I don't want to. Let it be understood."

"It shall be," said Antrim, "and we'll say no more about it. But I think you owe it to me to tell me why you want to leave Mombasa in such a frantic hurry. Tell me what the trouble is. I don't ask out of curiosity, but because it will show me how I can help you."

"It wouldn't in the least," she said, "and in any case, I can't. We did not press you to come with us. My husband had made up his mind that you wouldn't when you came back and

with us. My husband had made up his mind that you wouldn't when you came back and said that you would."
"Yes, that is true," said Antrim, though he felt that it misrepresented the truth.
"And now," she said, "if you wish to, you are at liberty to desert us."
"Desertion?" Is it as had as that?"

"Desertion? Is it as bad as that?"

O . . . you pick me up so quickly. I mean that you can stay behind. I wish to goodness you wouldn't keep on trying to be intense as if I were mysterious or romantic. I'm not in the least, so it's no good pretending. us leave it at that."

"But if I refuse to leave it at that?"
"Then you'll stay behind, I hope. But you won't refuse."

"No. You're quite right. I shan't," he said, surveying her seriously, a little hurt by her refusal to accept him in the rôle of knight errant which had flattered his fancy.

"Well, what is the arrangement?" he said at

"The boat is called the Köln. We shall have to

get our things on board this evening."

"Very well," he said, "I'll meet you on board the Köln. Let me see you to the door."

"No," she said, "don't bother. Go and finish your dinner."

your dinner.

Without another word she left him, "Your dinner is cold, Jimmy," said Mrs. Kilgour when he returned.

Yes, I'm sorry," he said, "and I'm afraid I shall have to make a bolt for it when I've

finished."
"Oh!" Nothing could have surpassed the expressiveness of this monosyllable.

expressiveness of this monosyllable.

"We're leaving to-night."

"My dear old fellow," said Kilgour, "don't talk rot! There's no train till to-morrow."

"We're not going by train," said Antrim.

"Not going by train?" Mrs. Kilgour exclaimed, as though such a proceeding were a violation of all the laws of God and man. "Then where are you going?"

"God knows," said Antrim, in perfect honesty.

Buy Diamonds Direct

from Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers
For over 47 years the house of Jason Weiler &
Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading
diamond importing concerns in America selling
direct by mail to customers and dealers alike
all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40 k.
Here are several diamond offers—direct to
you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our
position to name prices on diamonds that should
surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

This one carat diamond is of



1 carat, \$145.00



Ladies' White Gold
Diamond Ring... \$50.00
A perfectly cut blue-white
diamond set in 18K solid
white gold mounting. The
new style octagon top
enhances the size and appearance of the diamond.
Money refunded if this
ring can be duplicated
elsewhere for \$75.00.



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring \$75.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four small-er perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds on the sides. The mounting is 18K solid white gold, beauti-fully pierced and carved.



Men's Diamond Ring \$150.00

Perfectly cut, blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy set in a men's solid 18K white gold mounting of Gypsy style. Money refunded if Gypsy style. Money refunded in where for the duplicated elsewhere for the diamond of the S200.00, our price.



Ladies' All Platinum
Diamond Ring
\$200.00
Perfectly cut blue-white
diamond of fine brilliancy. Set in all platinum. Mounting richly
carved and pierced.



Ladies' Solid Platinum
Diamond Mounted Ring
Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brigging
in beautifully hand engraucy
in beautifully hand engraucy
in beautifully hand engraucy
in beautifully hand engraucy
in perfectly cut blue-white
diamonda embedded in the
diamonda embedded in the
screation A supers \$305.00

1 2 carats - \$217.00 2 carats - 290.00 3 carats - 435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee of full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY
FOR THIS
CATALOG
FREE ON
"HOW TO BUY
DIAMONDS"

DIAMONDS

This book is beautifully illustrated.

Instructs how to
indge, select and
buy diamonds.

Tells how they
mine, cut and
market diamonds. This
back showing monds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20.000 \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Jason Weiler & Sons Diamond Importers Since 1876
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870

Dept. 11, Weiler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Corner of Washington & Franklin Streets

When writing for Catalogs you may use coupon at bottom of the 3rd column on this page

Mrs. Kilgour stared at him, not wholly convinced that he wasn't making fun of her. She

"Well," she sighed, "we've only one consolation, and that's the special providence that is supposed to look after fools . . . and drunkards," she added. When she began her sentence, she hadn't suspected that it would present her with such a triumphantly accurate description of the Rawleys' party. She beamed with the satis-faction of having been witty in spite of herself.

But Antrim didn't smile.

"Let's hope so," he said, as he hurried on with

his dinner.

(To be continued)

The Cactus Derby

(Continued from page 37)

would drop its voice to a ferocious growl, a more sustained even note that soothed Peter because it meant the power plant was responding.

Good old boat. Maybe it actually could beat those professionals. Speed wasn't everything. Patience. Injuncunning and patience. Great stuff—

Peter's thoughts came back from the Infinite.

Great God! He shuddered. Dozing! Whew! What if the Redskin should succumb to the drumming, that hypnotic machinemonotony!
Rats! Peter said it aloud. An Indian never

sleeps on the trail.

Peter stretched his neck and took in a vast gulp of air to drive the unaccountable drowsiness away. His eye caught sight of a car ahead with men working over it. The Schacht! The crew's oil advertisements showed in red letters on the backs of their overalls. They were replacing a dished wheel.

Only three cars ahead now! Peter wondered if the Chihuahua was responsible for Jed New-kirk's plight back there. Not that it mattered. You raced in a road race and only the highest demand of humanity made you stop to help a

chap.

Number 8 dropped down the long gentle slope

Number 8 dropped down the street there. Peter remembered that this town marked the state line. They were in Arizona now, but what a lot of moving they would have to do before they got to Phoenix!

His meditations were interrupted at the middle of the great speedway leading into Douglas, by the rushing roar of a car trying to pass. He the Lola. Dust covered, it was, with its two hooded and goggled men looming like goblins

"The Lola!" Peter screamed to the Indian.

"Give 'er a race!"

But with sinking heart he saw Chickenhawk

But with sinking heart he saw Chickenhawk stolidly draw aside and give the Lola room. The Indian was playing fair, anyway, darn it!

Bisbee—the night control—lay barely twenty-five miles ahead for they were cutting across the outskirts of Douglas with a paved boulevard before them. Oh, if the Injun would only tromp on her! The old bus could make 80 an hour on these roads and here Chickenhawk was content. these roads, and here Chickenhawk was content with a measly 50. And the Lola crashed by, singing the sweet song of a perfectly tuned motor. Pete cursed, vaguely accusing, and yet not knowing where a whether ing why or what.

He felt a rush of weariness like a flood of warm

He felt a rush of weariness like a flood of warm water filled with nettles as he began to relax in the suburb of Bisbee. A day's work, all right! Chickenhawk drew up at the control station without a flourish and tendered his checking card to the control master. That official's helpers grabbed the car by the wheels and rolled her into the roped off park. The motor was silent but the hood tinkled as the heat began to radiate away and the worn metal warped.

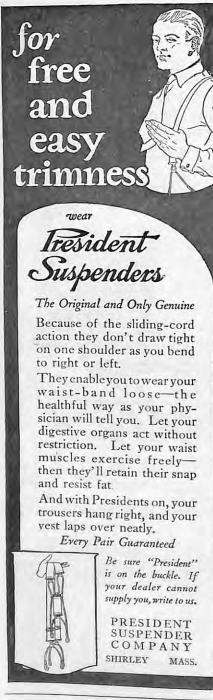
Peter groaned and dismounted. He felt as if he were being whirled backward at incredible speed and his ears ached at the absence of that droning, drumming, pulsating roar. He stag-

droning, drumming, pulsating roar. He stag-gered and caught Chickenhawk's arm. The Indian awarded him a searching glance through eyes rimmed with caked dust that added nothing to his looks nor took away a particle of his expression.

(Continued on page 66)









Meyer Both Company, the largest Commercial Art Organization in the World, offers you an unusual opportunity for practical training, based upon twenty-three years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. Meyer Both instruction is the difference between successful fact and tion is the difference between successful fact and experimental theory. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, anywhere in the United States, Canada, England or Australia about the Meyer Both Company—let them tellyou about us. Write for our illustrated book telling about the success of our students—for one-half the cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Department of Art Instruction
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept.63 CHICAGO, ILL Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure prac-tical artists among our graduates. Write us.

The Cactus Derby

(Continued from page 65)

Next, Peter saw Alatorre widely addressing the bystanders and Pete heard the excited gabble of men and boys admiring the rich treat the Mexican had afforded them when he hurtled up the steep avenue and brought his car to a stop where the clockers and checkers stood around

their table by the park entrance.

Chickenhawk's eyes were not concerned with his Mexican rival, however. The Indian knew he had only a moment before he would be ordered out of the roped enclosure and he was surveying the Chihuahua Special, whose buff perfection was gone. It sagged a little on disordered springs and the stout taped straps that girded the axles

to snub the rebounds were broken and dragging. His inspection finished, Chickenhawk led the way into the street and in a moment was in conversation with a youth of his own race, one who wore a very light blue suit and screaming tan shoes, and whose up-to-dateness was further attested by a kodak.

Pete noted these things casually, for his attention was drawn by the spectators who surged and crowded about the control, shouting back and forth as they awaited the next car. A little later Pete saw the sporty Indian push forward with several other men who were talking to the control

boss.
"Alatorre," said this officer, "get back in your car a moment. The newspaper boys want a picture of the leader."

The Mexican complied gracefully. He lolled in his seat and tried to look as though passing eleven racing cars, three of them driven by worldfamous pilots, was the slightest chore he ever undertook.

Chickenhawk's dazzling tribal brother slipped back among the newspapermen and went out the control gate with them, casting one fleeting glance at Chickenhawk. The weary Indian pilot turned and walked away, not raising his feet and

yet not quite shuffling.

"Oh, Chick," called Pete. "Start right after nine in the morning. Remember!"

"Uh-huh," said Chickenhawk. "I be'n here. Tomor' win, huh?"

NO BOISTEROUS crowd, just a handful of sportsmen and a few workingmen on their way to the mines constituted the background next morning when the yawning pilots gathered at the park and shivered and lit cigarettes and

at the park and shivered and lit cigarettes and were polite and silent to one another on all subjects connected with the race.

Peter felt like a misery all over but he had a warm spot under his belt where he had stowed three cups of coffee. Chickenhawk stood apart, his eyes calm, almost vacant.

The control master called the drivers together for instructions. The pilots who had been in this

The control master called the drivers together for instructions. The pilots who had been in this race before knew this talk by heart but Peter listened closely. Nobody could touch a wrench to a car until his starting time. Mechanics could crank up and warm the motors. Peter nodded to check off the points the chief was making and then glanced at Alatorre, sleepy, grumpy and not paying a bit of attention. His restless gaze sought an audience and found rope.

restless gaze sought an audience and found none. Chickenhawk and Peter stood by their car as it warmed up and tried to pierce its vitals with intense gaze. Pete, at least, hoped nothing was wrong inside. It looked all right. There would be gas to take on and that, apparently, was all. But not so some of the other speed demons. How little they looked like speed now! There was one with a flat tire; another had a dripping was one with a flat the; another had a dripping gas line. Nearly every driver had a helper lined up just outside the control with a big flagon of gasoline, cans of oil, spare tires, ready to ship the moment time was called. And that was right now.

Alatorre's buff car shot away on the stroke of nine o'clock. The motor was missing and coughing but the powerful machine dashed up the steep street, around a warehouse and then mounted to a higher level on the switchback road that led to Tombstone Canyon. The diminishing roll of the motor poured down with saucy arrogance even as the Chihuahua whisked out of sight far away and above.

Number 5, the Phoenix entry, got away. Then Hooper trooped out in the Lola after taking on fuel from a broad-mouthed milk can. He was barely out of sight when the Moonbeam's song

burst forth and Bowyer was away to do or die. Chickenhawk and Pete started in Bowyer's wake. This was to be the hard old day, the telling day. Peter sighed and gripped the handle of the oil pump; he'd scarcely had use for it yet. But maybe Chick would shoot it to her to-day—

quien sabe?

And Chick did. Perhaps it was better roadway he found in Arizona; or maybe the crafty Apache was no longer content to laze along. Up Tombstone Canyon he sent the dilapidated hack and whirled her down the other side of the mountain at dizzying speed. Then, just as the highway left the foothills in a passel of sharp dips and turns, the Indian grabbed the emergency. For a mile he guided the car at a creeping pace, one hand lightly clutching the brake, his intent eyes darting to the dusty shoulders of the road ahead.

Peter watched in astonishment but wasted no breath in questions. He, too, watched and took passing notice of the dismantled buildings and exposed, rusting machinery of the abandoned Turley mine as they moved leisurely past.

ATTHE lowest dip of the wash where the grass-A grown road up to the mine workings met the highway, Chickenhawk raked on the brake ratchet and the car slowed to a stop. From the ratchet and the car slowed to a stop. From the sharp-cut shade of a mesquite, a figure detached itself. An Apache. Pete looked on as the slender Redskin approached the car and spoke to Gaviland in the mother tongue of Old Cochise's hill domain. The driver replied briefly and the strange Indian slowly turned and pointing with his upraised chin—these Indians don't use the index finger—he called Chickenhawk's gaze to the south. There stretched the broad flat valley. index inger—he called Chickenhawk's gaze to the south. There stretched the broad flat valley, walled by the dwindling peaks of the southern Rockies. That ground was Mexico and the international line here ran close to the Border-land Highway, the racecourse of the desert

Then the Apache's sing-song changed sharply

Then the Apache's sing-song changed sharply and he stooped and laid a hand on the ground. Peter sought to solve the puzzle with his eyes. He saw two sets of wheel tracks as though a car had swerved sharply off the highway into the mine road and then had come back. Peter's eagerness to be away dimmed his vision or what was there to be read might have sent hot questions insistent demands, tumbling from his lips. tions, insistent demands, tumbling from his lips.

But his ear caught once more the guttural name of Alatorre. Chickenhawk emitted one

word:
"Yah-te!" Peter didn't know, but that meant "Good!"

The unknown messenger moved aside. Chickenhawk appeared satisfied but said nothing. Eyes straight ahead, he got Number 8 in motion. Emerging from the rough, broken foothills to the flat that led to historic Tombstone, the

Indian settled himself with a wriggle and a shrug. He let the battered old car have the prod. The exhaust grew to a roar and the wind whipped back into the faces of the men like a many-leashed scourge. They were off in a literal cloud of dried mud.

So hungrily did Chickenhawk eat up the road So hungrily did Chickennawk eat up the load that he drove into the dust clouds left behind by Bowyer. Wisps of yellow cloud hung in the heavy morning air, celebrating the previous passage of some one in a great hurry. The scrubby brush was coated with a deposit left there by a morning of earnest racing. Before long there came back the voice of the laboring there came back the voice of the laboring service of the laboring between the lower than the load of the laboring the service of the laboring the service of the laboring that the load of the laboring the service of the laboring the service of the laboring than the laboring that the laboring the service of the laboring than the laboring that the laboring motor, rising as Bowyer drove into some hollow, diminishing to nothing when he rounded some hidden bend that deflected the sound waves.

After Bowyer's car had hove in sight Peter began to realize the wizardry of the Apache's driving, then he understood his method. Chickenhawk did his gaining where the road was worst, which was pretty much all along. Bowyer, like other professionals, depended upon the smooth stretches. Yet in spite of the splendid power of the Moonbeam, the Lordsburg creation was creeping up. Chickenhawk knew by an uncanny in-stinct where the bump of a wash would strike and he eased into the gulches, often cushioning his car by taking the dip crab-fashion, down, then up; always with the rear wheels grinding for traction. As a result he was able to come out of the rough (Continued on page 68)

Do Your Friends "Feel Sorry" for You?

YOU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are "invited" some one stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, some one believes, or at least hopes, that you

will do and say the right thing.



What's Wrong With This Picture?

Good breeding or the lack of it—is as quickly detected on the street as anywhere else. There are good manners and bad even in the simple matter of walking in public. Is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them? Your ability to answer these questions is a fair test of your knowledge of what is the correct thing to do.



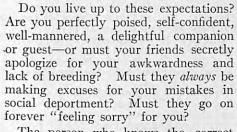
Shall She Invite Him In?

She doesn't know. They have spent a delightful evening together. Might they not prolong it a little? She would like to, and plainly so would he. But what should one do under such conditions? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? What does good usage say is the proper thing to do?



Are You Ever Tongue-Tied at a Party?

Have you ever been seated next to a man or a woman at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world to talk about? Does the presence of strangers "frighten" you—leave you groping desperately for words that will not come? When in the company of strangers, are you suddenly stricken dumb?



The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity, either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, "tonguetied," ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.

Are You a Welcome Guest?

To know what to do, say, wear, at all times and on all occasions, is to display those signs of gentle good breeding which people of culture and refinement approve.

Are you a welcome guest in the most highly respected circles? Do you know how to impress others with your dignity, grace and charm, whether in the theatre, on the street, at the dinner table, in the ballroom, wherever you may be? Do you converse smoothly and entertainingly? Do people seek you out, enjoy your company? Is your every word and act faultless, pleasing, beyond reproach?

The One Standard Social Guide

More than a half million people have found the Book of Etiquette the one authoritative, complete and acceptable guide to correct behavior and pleasing manners. Every phase of social intercourse is treated in detail in this remarkable two-volume set of books. Everything you want to know and should know is clearly and simply explained.

Do you know how to introduce men and women correctly? On what occasion, if any, a man may hold a woman's arm when they are walking together? How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment? What to say to your partner in the ballroom after the music ceases? Whether olives should be eaten with the fingers or a fork? Whether a man precedes or follows a woman down the aisle at the theatre? Whether she may be left alone during an intermission? These are but a few of the hundreds of embarrassing problems which are solved for you in the Book of Etiquette.

Neither wealth, position, nor fine clothes can give you refinement of manner. But no matter what your station in life, you will be amazed at what a difference the priceless information contained in the Book of Etiquette will make in you.

If you want to make friends, be popular, mingle with the best people, and be invited everywhere, you cannot afford to wait another day to procure this remarkable set of books.



Nearly Halfa Million Sold at \$350 NOW\$ 98 For a Very Limited Time

As a special inducement we are offering the famous Book of Etiquette in the *regular* \$3.50 *edition* at the special low price of only \$1.98.

You have always wanted to own this remarkable set of books. Now is your chance. We cannot extend this offer beyond the sale of a certain number of copies. Don't put it off and afterwards be sorry. Take advantage of this wonderful bargain right away.

Send No Money

Why not take advantage of our special reduced price offer and let us send you the Book of Etiquette right away? You need send no money. Simply mail the coupon below. When the books arrive, pay the postman only \$1.98 (plus the few cents postage), NOT \$3.50, the regular price. Read the books for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them at that time, and your \$1.98 will be promptly refunded.

To be sure of getting the Book of Etiquette at the special price, clip and mail the coupon—right away.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 12210, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 12210 Garden City, New York

You may send me the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. On arrival, I will pay the postman only \$1.08 (plus few cents postage) instead of \$3.50, the regular price. It is understood that if I wish to return the books within five days, my \$1.98 will be promptly refunded.

Address...

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege. (Orders from outside the U.S. are payable \$2.44 eash with order. Leather binding, outside U.S., \$3.44 eash with order.)



This New Easy Way Thousands who never dreamed they

could draw can now easily become You too-without any preartists. vious training—and no matter how little apparent talent you have—can now easily learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning through this amazingly easy method.

Big Money In Commercial Art

Millions of dollars are being spent this year on advertising and story illustrations, commercial designs, and

cartoons. And even more will be spent next year. Commercial art is a tremendous field— and a field where very big money is gladly paid anyone who can produce good art work. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, printing houses, business concerns all need trained artists. Competent artists easily earn from \$50 to far over \$300 a week. And now you can easily enter this "world's most fascinating, best paid business."

New Easy Way To Learn To Draw

You will be amazed at the ease with which you learn—amazed too at your rapid progress. You start at the very simplest fundamentals, yet almost before you realize it, you are able to produce salable work. It's actual fun learning to draw this way. You learn at home yet your work receives the personal attention and criticism of one of America's most successful artists. Many students actually sell enough work during their training to pay for it many times over!

Mail Coupon For FREE BOOK

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the thousands of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling new method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our stu-dents—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—how they made him money while studying. This attractive big money while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now.

Washington School of Art Room 3610, 1115-15th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington School of Art Room 3610, 1115-15th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me without cost or obligation your new book on art, "New Easy Way to Berome an Artist" and details of your special Free offer,

Please write plainly Mr., Mrs., or Miss

City State

The Cactus Derby

(Continued from page 66)

with power on and wheels gripping, whereas Bowyer was jolting into the sandy beds at high speed, flinging his car about aimlessly and then slowing to save himself. On the good ground again, the Moonbeam would lose valu ble time getting its pick-up after the terrible vibration that threatened to wrack the machinery to

The delays counted and finally, five miles out of Tombstone, Chickenhawk was tailing Bowyer and the two cars were fighting grimly for the lead. Bowyer thought he was safe to brake down at a broad sand wash but it was here that the Indian got his rival. He swung wide, dipped off the highway and hit the shallow gulch twenty feet upstream. Number 8 shot a stream of sand high into the air as it careened around a solemn sajuaro, flipped the rear wheels back onto the grade and edged ahead of the struggling Moon-

"Yee-ee-ee-ip!" shouted Peter with wildly waving arms. The Apache's lips moved: "Thass all ri't."

"That's more like a auto race, Chick," Pete shrilled. "Now you go get the rest of 'em!"

A LL THE Indian's attention was going into the driving. Peter began considering the Lola as the next possible conquest, and he remembered the order of the morning's start and approved the way Chickenhawk tore into and out of Tombstone, up the grade to the west, past the weird monument that gives the town its name and over the rising plateau toward the Huachuca Peaks. As the miles ripped by, he knew they must be gaining on the Italian.

But it was not Hooper they caught sight of going into Fairbanks. It was the Phoenix entry,

Number 5, pounding away ahead of them. The cars shot across the bridge under steel girders that shrieked at them like devils and they made that shricked at them like devils and they made it a race up the 25-mile grade toward Empire. Number 5's mechanic kept looking back at every turn and finally spoke to his driver the word of ill-timed advice that was to pulverize their chances. The white-hooded Phoenician nodded and cramped his huge steering wheel and they escaped from Chickenhawk's sight around a bend that was of those crazy merry-go-rounds that seem never to straighten out. Panicky, the Phoenix pilot drove too far to the right to escape the deadly drop-off on the outer curve and his inside wheels broke the soft bank of the and his inside wheels broke the soft bank of the drainage ditch. A tire blew, the rim crumpled like a plaything of wire and the car up-ended and spun like a top. The crew, trained for the job, flung free as the racer toppled with a crash against the gravelly bank. Peter twisted to look, his hand ready to rest lightly on Chickenhawk's arm to stop their mad rush. But the two Phoenicans jumped to their feet and Peter breathed deep relief and dropped his hand deep relief and dropped his hand.

Chickenhawk's face was expressionless as a daub of clay. Had he seen the crash?

It was forty miles before they drew up to the Lola. Nearing the vast Empire ranch, the road is a lane between good fences. At the entrance to the "home ranch" the road turns at right angles but the lane continues straight, fifty paces, through a gate and thence to the cluster of red roofed buildings, standing out in sensational relief against the brushed and combed green of the grassy rounded hills and the blue sky. Lola was heading for the turn with Chickenhawk burning it up in the near vicinity. Hooper was a track it up in the near vicinity. Hooper was a track driver and liked himself on the curves. He saw the gate, straight ahead, crowded with booted and spurred cowboys, fatalistically waiting to see

and spurred cowboys, fatalistically waiting to see an accident, if any.

The Willing pilot decided to give them the thrill they wanted, but miscalculated the slipperiness of the soil. For here in the valley there was no gravel to give a grip to a spinning tire. Hooper whirled his wheel but the Lola spun on a vertical axis; she reversed, every ounce of metal in her screaming protest, and shot backward, emergency-locked, straight for the gate.

The gallery of cowhands let go all holts and fell tangled to the turf behind the gate. But Hooper had the Lola under control and although

Hooper had the Lola under control and although her rear spring shackles thumped a gate post,

she was stopped without damage.

Chickenhawk had not slackened an iota.

Veteran driver that he was, Hooper gasped to see

CLASSICAL ART

Album of 60 miniature \$1.00 reproductions and one original 8x10.



These beautiful Camera Etchings of Nude and Draped Figures are the studied life

WORK OF G. Maillard Kesslere, B. P.

who is truly an artist having a wonderful gift for producing the most bewildering effects in photographic etchings.

in photographic etchings.

Every subject, every pose of Mr. Kesslere's bespeaks his remarkable originality in transforming the ordinary to the most beautiful and pleasing creations, every one of which is really worthy of a place in homes of refinement, for decorative purposes generally and wherever Art is understood and appreciated for Art's sake alone.

We now offer Mr. Kesslere's new and beautiful Album of sixty miniature reproductions together with one original 8 x 10 for one dollar. For your protection kindly remit by Post Office or Express Money Order.

Beautiful Photographic Prints from the original 8 x 10 plates on 11 x 14 artistic mounts, may be obtained of any miniature reproduced in this Album through your Art Dealer, Book Store or direct from us.

GEMKA ART CO. 44 East 50th St., Studio 6, New York



From This Day You Get BIGGER Pay"

"And so I was promoted. The boss seemed surprised, until I told him I had been studying nights—to learn more about my job, and how to do it better."

An American School Course will put you in the way of earning big money in the line of work you like best. Look over the Coupon, check the Branch you want to learn, mail it and we will send you full information FREE. Pay no money until you know all about what we can do for you. The cost is low, the terms easy and the results insured by our money-back guarantee. The pay increases you will get will more than pay for your course in a few weeks' time.

We have thousands of successful graduates holding jobs today. You can join this money-making class. Fill out the coupon, mail it today. Get your start in life.

American School, Denk, G-727, Derey Ave, & Sb, St, Chieggo, Ill.

American School, Dept. G-727, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

American School, Dept. G-727, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked.

Architect ...Business Law

...Lawyer ...Lawyer

- Architect.
 Building Contractor or
 Carpenter
 Carpenter
 Carpenter
 Categories
 Automobile Repairman
 Civil Enginer
 Advertising Manager
 Business Manager
 Financial Manager
 Sales Manager
 Cert. Public Accountant
 Accountant and Auditor
 Draftsman and Designer
 Electrical Enginee
 General Education
 Personal Analysis
- Business Law
 Lawyer
 Machine Shop Practice
 Machine Shop Practice
 Photoplay Writer
 Mechanical Engineer
 Shop Superintendent
 Employment Manager
 Steam Engineer
 Foremanship
 Sanitary Engineer
 Surveyor and Mapping
 Telephone Engineer
 Relegraph Engineer
 High School
 To Insurance Expert
 Worden-Hadde
 Undecided

the Indian shoot into the turn, giving his car more gas as he swooped around on two wheels, and breaking the back of the curve by sheer

muscle.

Number 8's drive wheels bit the tortured Number 8's drive wheels but the toltated adobe and sent back a shower of dust and clods that pelted the Lola and the fleeing cowpunchers like machine-gun fire. The Indian straightened out and went boring into the wind without ca-

reening.

Peter looked back. The feat had not thrilled him. He saw Hooper's mechanic out and winding on the crank. Shucks! The Lola had seemed to turn out and stop to let them by. Peter wondered if they could keep their lead. He suddenly realized that there was only one car ahead—Alatorre's Chihuahua.

The mechanic looked at the Indian with new respect.

The mechanic looked at the finance respect.

They roared through Tucson, where the biggest town on the race route had turned out to see the wagons tilt along. Pete was furiously busy now, shoving oil to the engine. Chickenhawk was sustaining the pace and mechanicians know a driver can make an oiler work like time unless they occasionally throttle down to let the oil flood into the engine with the pressure off.

pressure off.

Blisters broke under Peter's gloves, for Chickenhawk was devouring the best highway they had encountered, his leathery cheeks grim set and a fire in his nearly closed eyes. On to Canyon de Oro, the Golden Canyon, they sped, a stream of tall sajuaros flitting by like sunlit ghosts in green. Down that terrible river-bed, where cloudbursts take toll of cars, out on the flat monotony of the Gila desert along a highway laid out by a ruled line on the map.

At Florence Pete saw the towering haze-clouds of dun-colored dust behind, hurled into the air against the purple of the Santa Catalina

the air against the purple of the Santa Catalina Mountains by the pursuing racers. They had sixty more miles to go and the road was so good here, at least, that speed counted. Chickenhawk here, at least, that speed counted. Unickennawk was letting the car out, finding unsuspected reserves of speed in the ancient motor.

"Not a stop yet!" Peter gloried, and then:

"Oh, boy, if we can only keep it up!"

Seventy miles an hour! Awe-inspiring speed for an antiquated boat.

THE report of an exploding rear tire and the sickening lurch of the car shattered Peter's dreams. Quick, Chickenhawk applied the brake, gentling the car to a stop. Numbly, Peter leaped from his seat, seizing the jack from its clip on the floor boards. The Indian tore at the straps holding the spare wheels, and in a frenzy of haste they unbolted the useless wheel and Peter spun it off the road. A sound tire and wheel went on it off the road. A sound tire and wheel went on and was bolted fast. Chickenhawk was already under way while Peter, straddling the back, re-

under way while Peter, straddling the back, refastened the tire straps.

"Well, it's second place, anyway," he told himself as he slid into his seat. "Second place to Alatorre, Alatorre!"

They felt their heads pressed back when the Indian fed her the gas. Chickenhawk's dusty hair lay against his head as if glued. The loose ends of his neckerchief stood out behind like tiny blades. His eyes were squinted almost shut and little muscles in his cheeks stood out. Peter was amazed at the sayage intensity of that counwas amazed at the savage intensity of that countenance. It wasn't easy-going old Chick's face,

tenance. It wasn't easy-going old Chick's face, at all.

Dowell was more sorry for the Indian than for themselves when they tooled along the paved avenue past the north suburbs of Phoenix and curved into the fair-grounds to be hysterically applauded by the great crowd. For there by the checking station in front of the grandstand stood the Chihuahua Special. They had come to the end of the trail and Alatorre was ten minutes before them.

There are certain rites celebrating the finish

There are certain rites celebrating the finish of the Cactus Derby that are changeless like the of the Cactus Derby that are changeless like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Each year, the winning car is driven with much racing of motor and smoking of exhaust into the lobby of the Maricopa Hotel. There it rests in state, a thing idolized by the speed-mad. Its driver, of course, shares in the admiration.

Miguel Alatorre did not wait for evening to go down-town and claim the prepagative of the vice-

down-town and claim the prerogative of the vic-tor. The hero vanished—his car, dust covered, spring-tie straps broken, oil dripping from the abused crankcase to the tiled floor. For, while

(Continued on page 70)





NO picture can show the qualities of accuracy, dependability and reliability which have built the Smith & Wesson reputation for superiority. Actual examination will convince you. Any dealer will gladly permit close scrutiny of any Smith & Wesson revolver.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

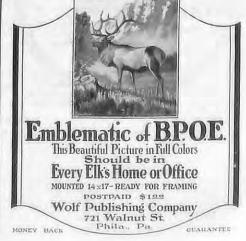
Catalogue sent on request. Address Department A

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representative:

Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.







KNOW THE HOTEL

UNIQUE SERVICE

T the McAlpin, you find the Assistant Manager just across from the desk, always available and ready to meet your emergency-

Almost any immediate need is pro-curable without leaving the building— The famous Nahan Franko's

orchestra entertains in the main Din-

ing Room —
Dancing, under ideal conditions, is popular in the Terra Cotta Grill during dinner and supper —

An entire floor is exclusively for women, with Hostess, Chaperones, Guides and Competent Shoppers manicurists, masseurs and facial experts—also a Library and Children's Playground.

There are modern Turkish and Russian baths with swimming pool— Club Breakfasts are a feature at very moderate rates-

But, in addition to all its features,
Arthur L. Lee, Manager, personally
seeks to so assure the pleasure and
comfort of your stay as will cause the
Hotel McAlpin to be your New York
home in the future.

ARTHUR L. LEE, Manager.

"The Center of Convenience"
Broadway at 34th Street



American School Dept. H7-27
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

	rchitect	
	uilding Co:	
A	utomobile	Engineer
A	utomobile	Repairman
	ivil Engine	
S	tructural F	Ingineer
H	maineas Ma	onger

- Business Manager.
 Cert. Public Accountant
 Accountant and Auditor
 Bookkeeper
 Draftsman and Designer
 Electrical Engineer.
 Electrical Engineer
 General Education.
 Vocational Guidance
 Business Law

Name . Address . Linwyer
Machine Shop Practice
Photoplay Writer
Mochanical Engineer
Mochanical Engineer
Mochanical Engineer
Mochanical Engineer
Mochanical Engineer
Mochanical
Engineer
Mochanical
Mochanica

The Cactus Derby

(Continued from page 69)

he adored the spotlight the pretty ladies focused on him at this moment of triumph, he preferred to be seen in his customary immaculate state.

It was dusk before most of the drivers and the officials who had waited for the belated cars, crowded into the lobby. Alatorre, fresh, prosperous and expanding among new friends, lounged on the mezzanine. He waited for the final touch of glory that would come when Bob Ringgold arrived with the stakes and the winner's pledge.

Suddenly, Alatorre sensed a new note in the racket about the entrance. A dozen Howdies—the Lordsburg delegation—clattered into the doorway, laboriously wheeling the disreputable Number 8 into the lobby with stolid Chicken-hawk in the seat. Up to the desk beside the Chi-huahua, they parked the battered car.

The Mexican's neck turned red and the veins stood out on his prominent forehead. He lumbered down the stairs and paced forward angrily.

"Just a moment—just—a—mo—ment!"
The cool voice at his elbow halted him and he

snarled into the tense face of Peter Dowell.

"You get that bus of yours out of here, Ala-

Bob Ringgold, coming up after an inspection of the Chihuahua, spoke sharply to the Mexican. "Like hell!" blazed the owner of the Chihuahua. "You pay me first those bets, that

purse!"

"Wait." Peter took Alatorre firmly by the arm and Chickenhawk strode over, handing Ringgold a flat, soiled package.

"Now, Chickenhawk, show this fella what you the referee"

showed the referee."

RINGGOLD took from the parcel a photograph of the Chihuahua as she lay at Bisbee graph of the Chindanua as sie by at Disoce the evening before, Alatorre strutting behind the wheel. The Indian's forefinger sought out a white blaze, splotched on the frame almost directly under the driver's seat. "Look out!"

Peter grasped Alatorre's clawing fingers in time to save the implacable face of the Indian.

All eyes turned to the Chihuahua. Nothing marred the smoothed paint on the frame but the dust.

"Don't try any argument, Mike," Peter advised. "Chickenhawk's Injun friends told him about that duplicate car you smuggled over the border. Had it waiting nice and fresh down there at the Turley mine, didn't you?"

"But the mark?"

A dense ring of spectators had surrounded

"But the mark?"
A dense ring of spectators had surrounded Alatorre, the officials and the serene crew of Number 8. A dozen voices asked:
"What about that mark?"
"I'd never have guessed it, either," Peter laughed. "Chick, here, knew there was no chance anybody'd believe his wild Injun tale about that other Chihuahua, so he framed Alatorre.

Alatorre.

"That mark was shot there—with a .22 rifle. Chickenhawk planted one of his Apache friends out near Lordsburg and when Alatorre slowed up for a bad turn, the buck branded him. The mark was there at Bisbee when the picture was taken, but this car has no mark."

Out of the buzz of conversation Peter heard:
—Number 8 is chalked up winner—"
He poked Chickenhawk in the ribs.
"How's that sound to you, Old Citizen? We

win!"
"Uh-huh," said Chickenhawk, "thass all ri't!"

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 46)

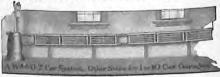
Association in bettering play conditions for boys. The program arranged for the delegates and visitors by Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge No. 285 assured every one a most enjoyable time. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George C. Canalos, of Lorain Lodge No. 1301; Treasurer, William Petri, of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5; Secretary, John W. Ranney, of Columbus Lodge No. 37. Cedar Point was selected again as the meeting place of the Convention of 1924.

Fashionable Panel Model The Rage This Season



DRIVE IN AND OUT OF A WARM GARAGE ALL WINTER

Dept. C16510 67th & Halsted Sts. CHICAGO



Enjoy the same comfort that tens of thousands did with their WASCO Systems during the past long drawn-out winter. Because of the patented automatic regulation, no matter how cold the night, your garage is always warm—your car, warm and dry, ready to start.

THE WASCO REGULATES ITSELF ALL WINTER WITHOUT ATTENTION

You only put on a little coal once a day. You DON'T touch the drafts. Our patented automatic regulator saves on coal and prevents costly freeze-ups. All cast iron hot water heater and radiators. Shipped all-built—any handy man sets it up. NOT connected to city water.

Write today for Catalog and price list

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., ING. 317 Eastwood Station Syracuse, N. Y. Some good territory open for live distributors

GARAGE FIBATING SYSTEM READY-TO-SET-UP

for heating Offices

WONDERFUL INVENTION THIS



converts any ordinary cook stove into a gas stove OXO-GAS is made from kerosene and air. Cheaper, cleaner and more efficient than coal. Responsible distributors wanted.

GLORIA LIGHT CO., 87 N. May St., Chicago, III.

How The Elks Magazine Is Delivered To The Alaskan Lodges

Around dog-teams and the Arctic Circle is woven a new chapter in the romance of The ELKS MAGAZINE and in this chapter are intermingled the story of the Magazine and that of Alaska, mother of so many tales. In it is told how the Magazine each month penetrates the North, not stopping until it has carried cheer and fellowship across the Arctic Circle, bringing a new warmth to the Elks in that frozen country. The number is not great, but each Magazine goes speedily to its destination, by steamship, by train, by boat, and in those last stages, by dog sled.

goes speedily to its destination, by steamship, by train, by boat, and in those last stages, by dog sled. The story was brought out of Alaska by J. E. ("Jack") Chovin, Past Exalted Ruler of Anchorage Lodge, No. 1351, who represented his own and the three other Alaskan Lodges—Juneau Lodge, No. 420; Skagway Lodge, No. 431, and Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429—at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta. Mr. Chovin traveled 4,600 miles to get to Atlanta and it required two months' time to make the round trip. It was he who told of the dog-teams that carry the Magazine into the heart of Alaska beyond Fairbanks, the end of the railroad, and inland from the sea and river ports.

Anchorage lies on the southern coast about midway between Canada on the east and Bering Sea on the west. Here is found the most northerly located Lodge in the Order and to the north is spread practically the whole of vast Alaska. Only three Lodges are situated further west than that at Anchorage, those at Manila, Guam and Honolulu. The other Alaskan Lodges are found on that southeastern handle of the country that extends along the Pacific and so teasingly shuts off upper British Columbia from the ocean, Ketchikan being almost at the most southern point of the country. Thus it is that most of the Magazines that eventually travel by sled before reaching their readers are sent first to Anchorage for forwarding.

The Magazine is sent on from Anchorage by boat and by train. By boat it skirts the coast, cuts through the Aleutian Islands and finds its way up the west coast to St. Michael and Nome, and during the summer months it continues its journey into the interior on government boats that ply the Yukon and other fascinating rivers. There are months when all the Magazines will be delivered without any having traveled by sled but there are the long winter months when the rivers are frozen and sleds, drawn by hardy dog-teams, are dispatched with mail, piercing the far corners. From Anchorage, the Magazine is also carried directly north by train to Fairbanks and from there it goes into the interior, in the summer by boat and in the winter by sled. Not always quickly but always surely the Magazine penetrates the North, until by one way or another it crosses the Arctic Circle, takes cheer into the region of Fort Yukon and the forks of the upper Koyukuk River. Here letters from home are received with hardly more acclaim than The Elks Magazine, according to Mr. Chovin, who said that the postmaster at Anchorage always hears from the men in the interior when they fail to receive a single number. The dog-teams that carry the mail are made up of eight or ten dogs and a leader and they can do an average of fifty miles a day. While the native Malamute is the most dependable, according to Mr. Chovin, the Gordon Setter bird-dog is greatly favored as a sled animal. A large percentage of sled dogs are brought in from the outside.

The jurisdiction of Anchorage Lodge extends approximately 1,500 miles east and west but it has a population of only about 10,000 from which

approximately 1,500 miles east and west but it has a population of only about 10,000 from which to draw. The Lodge now numbers about 800, bringing the Elk membership in Alaska to approximately 2,200. Anchorage Lodge has nearly finished paying for a \$57,000 home and the other Lodges in Alaska are equally prosperous.

bringing the Elk membership in Alaska to approximately 2,200. Anchorage Lodge has nearly finished paying for a \$57,000 home and the other Lodges in Alaska are equally prosperous. An incident of which Mr. Chovin told gave a glimpse into the hardships attendant upon the life of the Lodges in the North. Because of the great distances, teams are sent out from Anchorage to initiate candidates in various districts when the number of candidates has become large enough. Last spring Mr. Chovin was one of a delegation who went to Kennecott, several hundred miles away, mostly by water. Waiting fourteen days for a boat on which to make the return trip was only one of the experiences of the jaunt.

(Continued on page 72)



NOW— is the time to come to New York

THE Season is on. Theaters in full swing. Broadway a nightly play-ground for world celebrities. Smartly groomed throngs fill hotels and famous restaurants. The time to come to New York is NOW.

Let The ELKS Travel Service help plan the trip for you, tell you what hotels are best—and why—what plays to see, the better restaurants—where to go—and how to get there.

All rail, steamer and hotel reservations arranged.

No service fees asked—or permitted. Just address your inquiries to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Travel Bureau, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—earn \$200.00 to \$500.00 a month. The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars worth of publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

The Federal Course is a Proven Result Getter.

THE FEDERAL AUTHORS
include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and over fitty others. Exclusive, original lessons especially prepared by these famous artists are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

SEND TODAY FOR "A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this free book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name and address in the margin below, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.



Federal School of Illustrating 1065 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND NO MONEY 2 GENUINE DIAMONDS 4 EACH

SOLID GOLD \$25

14 kt. White Gold Top. Gold Emblem Inlaid in Genuine

HOPE RUBY Send size of finger and ring will be sent for in-

spection.



Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co., "The Mail-Order House" Buffalo, N. Y.

Sell our wonderful tailored to order, \$31,50, wirgin wonders—all one price—\$20,00 cheaper than above a swarte outlit free reverses. Commissions in advance, Everything guaranteed a swarte outlit free revocated templates to the commissions of Big awatch outfit free; protected territory for hustlers J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., Dept. 640831 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

Under the Spreading Antlers

The Order of Elks is one of the most welcome institutions in Alaska, said Mr. Chovin. The four Lodges up there do most of the social and community welfare work in the vicinities in which they are located. They give the children Christians trees and Santa Clauses. The life of Christmas trees and Santa Clauses. The life of families of members and non-members is enlivened by the social activities of the Lodges, which entertain at dances and amateur shows and take the lead generally in a social way. The Elks also lead in civic enterprises and play an important part in the reception of all government officials who visit the country. Anchorage Lodge greatly prizes a page of its visitors' register bearing the signature of the late President Harding dated July 17, 1923.

Cripples Entertained at Outing By Camden (N. J.) Lodge

Over 400 cripples enjoyed an outing given them by the membership of Camden (N. J.) Lodge, No. 203, at Island Beach Park in Burlington. The long boat-ride to the Park and the parade from the wharf, in which the Elks Band took the lead, were events that greatly pleased the youngsters. The parade was a re-enactment took the lead, were events that greatly pleased the youngsters. The parade was a re-enactment of the Pied Piper of Hamelin Town with the cripple children following along proudly while a cripple children following along proudly while a clown cut capers for their amusement. At the picnic grounds refreshments were served to the children and prizes for various contests were awarded. Two trained nurses from the Child Hygiene Bureau were detailed to the outing to Hygiene Bureau were detailed to the outing to guard against accidents and to help the youngsters to enjoy the day to the fullest. The members of Camden Lodge and their families were present in large numbers and took part in the outing as whole-heartedly as the children. The names of the cripples needing assistance were taken by a committee and the ways and means of helping them were discussed later by the membership. membership.

Lamar (Colo.) Dedicates New Home and Club-House

Home and Club-House

Delegates from Lodges in many parts of the State were guests of Lamar (Colo.) Lodge, No. 1319, on the occasion of the dedication of its new Home. A special feature of the day was the initiation of a large class of candidates by the officers of Pueblo (Colo.) Lodge, No. 90 and La Junta (Colo.) Lodge, No. 701. A banquet, an illuminated parade and a smoker were part of the elaborate program provided the visitors by Lamar Lodge. A week after this formal dedication, members and their families enjoyed a Grand Ball and Home Warming in the new building.

Orphans of Kings County, N. Y., Given Field Day by Brooklyn Lodge

More than 10,000 orphans from the various institutions of Kings County were entertained by Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 22, at Ebbett's Field. The children were taken to and from the scene of the outing in special trolley cars and buses, and private automobiles, furnished by members of the Lodge, carried the crippled.

Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge Acquires Property for Summer Home

Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge, No. 173, recently acquired property which will be converted into a permanent summer home. It is situated about a mile west of the city line on the State road near Linden Station. The property covers 15 acres of land, has a ten-room house, a big barn which can be turned into a dancing-pavilion, another building which will house eight cars, an icebuilding which will nouse eight cars, an ice-house and parking space for 200 autos. There is also ample space to accommodate a ball dia-mond, a tennis court and a small golf course. Williamsport Lodge will begin the necessary extensive remodeling early in the spring.

Phillipsburg (N. J.) Lodge Opens Its First Clinic for Cripples

New Jersey Lodges continue to carry on the excellent work of examining and caring for the

crippled children within the State. Phillipsburg (N. J.) Lodge, No. 395, recently inaugurated a two-day clinic under the head of a prominent surgeon and more than fifty children were examined and treated. In all cases where the parents of children were unable to pay for the parents of children were unable to pay for the braces and other necessary articles of relief, Phillipsburg Lodge provided the funds. The Lodge also has plans in mind for the assistance of cripples who have passed school age and others, hoping to place them in a position where they gen laws some trade or business that will be they can learn some trade or business that will be beneficial.

Alexandra Lodge Host to Convention Of Virginia State Elks Association

The Virginia State Elks Association held its annual Convention this year at Alexandria. Extensive arrangements made by the Association and Alexandria Lodge, No. 758, provided the delegates and their families with many unique and interesting entertainments. The business sessions of the Convention were carried through in fine spirit with gratifying results to all the Virginia Lodges that took part.

Class of 500 Initiated Into Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge

Waukegan (Ill.) Lodge, No. 702, recently initiated a class of five hundred candidates. The officers of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, who conducted the initiatory ceremonies, made the trip to Waukegan accompanied by a large delegation headed by their prize-winning band of fifty pieces. A large parade preceded the initiation and a banquet to the visitors was given by Waukegan Lodge in the evening.

Brownsville (Tex.) Lodge Reorganized. New Officers Elected

Brownsville (Tex.) Lodge, No. 1032, which has not functioned for the past two years, has now been reorganized by a committee composed of several Past Exalted Rulers. A meeting was recently held at which the following officers were elected: Exalted Ruler, A. C. Hipp; Secretary, James J. Fox.

Madison (N. J.) Lodge Entertains Crippled Children at Picnic

Though Madison (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1465, was instituted only a short while ago with a membership of 68, it is rapidly making a name for itself by its social and community welfare work. Recently the Lodge organized a concert for its "Krippled Kiddie" fund which netted a tidy sum and assured the unfortunate youngsters of the vicinity a fine day's outing at Olympic Park, Irvington. The band of Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, younteered their services for the occa-No. 21, volunteered their services for the occa-No. 21, volunteered their services for the occasion and the town of Madison gave whole-hearted support to the event. In addition to the band music, the concert program contained the names of several prominent professional singers from New York City. The picnic given the children, most of whom were from the Morris County Children's Home, was followed in the afterneon by a party at an open air theater at afternoon by a party at an open-air theater at which a comedy film was shown. As a result of this charitable act which attracted the attention of the community, Madison Lodge received many applications for membership.

Services Held Throughout the Order In Memory of President Harding

Many were the public memorial services conducted throughout the Order in honor of late President Harding. Each subordinate Lodge, as directed by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland in directed by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland in his first official circular, held a special service announcing the death of one who, as a charter member of Marion (Ohio) Lodge, No. 32, and as the leader of our nation had endeared himself to the hearts of his fellows everywhere. One of the most impressive memorial services was that held in Grant Park, Chicago, under the auspices of Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4, at which Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland expressed, on (Continued on page 74)



Don't Go Through Life Ailing, Weak, Unsuccessful

happiness a will-o'-the-wisp—never to be realized.

You may be one of the thousands who, for one reason or another, are unable to make headway in reason or another, are unable to make headway in this busy world of ours. "You may fail in attracting attention, in advancing to the higher positions in office or shop. You may lead a dull, listless life and suffer constant tortures mentally. You have come to feel you haven't a chance. These are the penalties you pay for ill-health! You can't hope to cope with your competitors who, full of manly vigor, blaze the trails in business, go forward to the higher positions and the bigger salaries, go to the top of the social world, and stand out as leaders everywhere, because in their every action they are the personification of health. Yet you need not be despondent and hopeless.

Strongfortism Will Remake You

Thousands of letters from those I have helped prove that the results following my confidential advice are simply astounding and that men are built-up and rehabilitated and rejuvenated as they never hoped to be—cured of serious, degrading afflictions, filled with pep, fired with desire and ambition and made to function as a real man should. Even old age has been stayed in its ravages on the human body

I build men scientifically through an easily followed system-first removing troublesome ailments, then developing the muscles of arms, legs and chest as well as of the internal organs, so that you have the groundwork always essential to perfect, continued good health. Each course is individual-for you-and personal instructions given you. It is not a cut and dried general plan. Each case requires different treatment and my course is changed as your condition calls for it.

One Price to Pay

Remember, please, that you will know to the penny what my course for your weakness will cost you. There will be no dragging out of the treatment with constant payment for extras. The price is in all cases extremely moderate, and is stated at the beginning. We make it come for We make it easy for anyone to take this wonderful course.

Send for My FREE Book

I've devoted a lifetime to the study of the human body, and its care, and I've written the results of my body, and its care, and I've written the results of my experiences and research in a wonderfully interesting and instructive book, called "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." It tells you in plain, frank, understandable English how you can make yourself over into a vigorous, clean, healthy specimen of manhood. Send a tencent piece (one dime) for this book. Sit right down and write for it today.

STRONGFORTISM—What Is It?

STRONGFORTISM, the culmination of my 25 years of physical and health teaching, is the ONLY and original system of Health and Strength Building through internal and external muscle development in connection with proper mental and physical hygiene. I developed myself to be one of the strongest and healthiest men the world has ever known. Dr. Sargent of H.rvard said of me: "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

I did this for myself through STRONGFORTISM, the reflection of Nature's own methods of vitality, health and strength building. Now I am teaching others how to do the same thing for themselves; how to become physically fit, without the use of pills, or dope, or drugs of any kind; without the use of fads or fancy methods or expensive contraptions; without interfering with your occupation; entirely in the privacy of your own room. My way is the scientific way, nature's own way—you follow my simple, sensible instructions, and you will build up your health and restore your vitality. I guarantee that I shall accomplish all that I undertake.

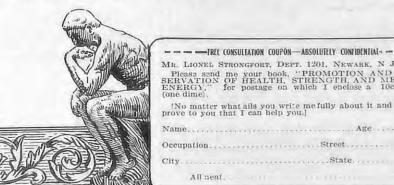
(Signed) LIONEL STRONGFORT.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

PHYSICAL AND HEALTH SPECIALIST

1201 Strongfort Institute

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



-FREE CONSULTATION COUPON-ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL- --

MR. LIONEL STRONGFORT, DEPT. 1201, NEWARK, N J.: Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CON-SERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage on which I enclose a 10c place

[No matter what ails you write me fully about it and I shall prove to you that I can help you,]

Name.....

City____State,...





STACOMB keeps any kind of hair in place—just as it's combed. Dry and brittle, soft and fluffy, stiff and wiry hair—all kinds controlled by STACOMB.

Leaves hair soft and lustrous. Excellent after a shampoo, or a swim. Insist on STACOMB-the original in black and yellow package. At all drug counters.

Tubes—35c Jars —75c

Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc. 750 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Dept. 2-E Please send me free trial tube.





Every Advertisement in The Elks Magazine is Guaranteed.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 72)

behalf of the whole Order, the sorrow felt by each and every member. Numerous Posts of the American Legion and large delegations from neighboring Lodges participated in the services. More than 10,000 persons were assembled in the Park. William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, who arranged for the great meeting, delivered an address and there was special music by the Chicago Elks Band and the Chorus of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge No. 46. the Chorus of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge No. 46.
Hon. Charles A. Rawson, former U. S. Senator
from Iowa, a member of Des Moines (Iowa)
Lodge No. 98 and an intimate friend of President Harding, was on the platform with many other prominent state and city officials. Benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. P. Rupert, Chaplain of Chicago Lodge. Following the playing of the Star-Spangled Banner, taps was sounded for the fine and generous soul gone to the last vertices and seed to the last vertices.

sounded for the fine and generous soul gone to the last resting place.

The state funeral, held in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington two days previously, was also attended by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters. Perhaps the most beautiful of all the many floral tributes that lined the rotunda was that which came from the Grand Lodge of the Order. At the funeral services held in Marion, Ohio, Marion Lodge No. 32 played an important part. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred Robinson were present, as were many other prominent officials of the Order.

News of the Order Gathered From Far and Near

Bridgeport (Conn.) Lodge, which recently retired \$10,000 of its New Building bonds, will redeem an equal amount of these bonds sometime in the Fall.

Plans for rebuilding and refurnishing the Home of Metropolis (Ill.) Lodge, which was recently destroyed by fire, are being worked out by the membership.

Russellville (Ark.) Lodge has purchased a plot of ground 120 feet square on Main Street near the Post Office on which it will build a new Clubhouse in the near future.

Over 1,200 children were recently entertained by Rochester (N. H.) Lodge at Cold Springs Park, just outside the city. The boys took part in a marathon race and a variety of other sports marked the day.

Illinois Elks from Moline, Clinton, Sterling, Dixon and a delegation from Davenport, Iowa, joined in the annual picnic given by Rock Island (Ill.) Lodge on the Rod and Reel Club grounds at Scott's Landing.

Three hundred members of Roanoke (Va.) Lodge and their families visited the Elks National Home at Bedford on the occasion of the Lodge's annual picnic and outing.

In a city of 5,000, Madison (S. Dak.) Lodge has a membership of nearly 500. The Lodge owns its own Club-house, has a band of eighteen pieces, a male quartet and takes an active part in promoting the welfare of the community.

Moline (III.) Lodge is considering the purchase of additional land and the erection of a new and larger Home.

Work on the new Home being built by Augusta (Kan.) Lodge is progressing nicely and members expect to move into their new quarters

The Big Brother picnic given by Anacortes (Wash.) Lodge was a huge success. Some 800 boys from all over the country accepted the hospitality of No. 1204. After games and races in the afternoon, refreshments were provided by the Lodge.



You Are Welcome Everywhere Everyone should possess the ability to play some musical instrument. It will greatly increase your popularity and personal satisfaction. You are welcome everywhere with a sweet-toned

BUIBSOLIT?

Saxophone It is the one instrument anyone can learn to play—easiest of all musical instruments to master. With the aid of the first 3 lessons, which are sent without charge, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you can be playing popular music.

A Wonderful Entertainer
The Saxophone is the most popular instrument for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. You may readily add to your income if you desire, as Saxophone players are always in demand for dance orchestras.

dance orchestras.

*FREE Trial—EASY Payments
You may try any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet,
Trumpet or Trombone or other Band or Orchestral
Instrument six days in your own home without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments,
Send for free Saxophone Book or complete catalog, mentioning instrument in which you are interested.

(80)
BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2789 Buescher Block

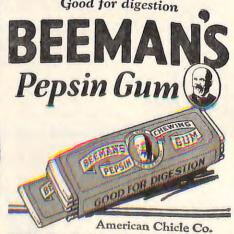
Elkhart, Indiana

Delightful

The charm of good old wintergreen-a flavor you're sure to like-its use is in every way

"a sensible habit"

Good for digestion



High-Grade Instruction

By Corresponde
Prepares You for
the Bar—Est. 1892
University Methods.
Standard Text-Books.
Approved by Bench
and Bar. Graduates practicing in every
state. Send today for Free Catalog and
Rules for Admission to the Bar.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF LAW, 801E Reaper Block, Chicago, III.

Camden (N. J.) Lodge has appointed a special committee to make arrangements for the Band, Marching Club, and Patrol to attend the Grand Lodge Convention at Boston, Mass., in July,

Duquesne (Pa.) Lodge has purchased lots on South First Street and Duquesne Avenue on which the Lodge will build a new Home in the near future.

Hundreds of children enjoyed the Basket Picnic given by Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Lodge at Perry Hipples Grove.

A large crowd attended the laying of the corner-stone of the new Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge, No. 147.

All the crippled kiddies within the jurisdiction of Rutherford (N. J.) Lodge were given a day's outing by the members.

Races of all kinds, barnyard golf, a ball game, a banquet and dance were some of the features of the Annual Public Picnic held by Galena (Ill.) Lodge at Hazel Green.

St. Joseph (Mo.) Lodge is making extensive alterations on its Home. The entire building will be redecorated and will have new furniture and carpets.

Freeport (N. V.) Lodge remembered the crip-pled children of Nassau and the Western part of Suffolk Counties by giving them a day's outing in the country.

The crack baseball team of Beaver Falls (Pa.) Lodge, for two years the world's semi-professional champions, are repeating their spectacular victories of last year.

The members of Anacortes (Wash.) Lodge recently presented "The Beauty Shop" at the local theater and were successful in raising a tidy sum by the performance for the Lodge's Charity

A Basket Picnic for members and their families was given by Louisville (Ky.) Lodge at Fern Creek Fair Grounds. A baseball game, special athletic events, and dancing were some of the features of the day.

The Crippled Kiddies' Committee of Bristol (Pa.) Lodge recently gave the cripples of the city an outing and picnic at Island Beach Park.

A Labor Day Carnival with a progam of unusual sporting events was held by Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge at Edgewood Park.

More than 1,000 members and visitors attended the twentieth anniversary of Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge.

New Haven (Conn.) Lodge, No. 25, held its 39th Annual Outing at Double Beach. A baseball game, field sports, swimming and canoe races were some of the events of the day.

All kinds of games, field contests and water sports, to say nothing of good food, were enjoyed by the orphan children of Mobile at the outing given them by the members of Mobile (Ala.) Lodge.

A most successful hanquel and han recently given at the Strangers Club, Colon, by Balboa (Canal Zone) Lodge, No. 1414.

Any information concerning the whereabouts of Thomas Lavin, member of Hartford (Conn.) Lodge, will be greatly appreciated by his brother who is a member of Brooklyn (N. Y.)





A not uncommon introduction where men meet intimately. For those who have experienced discomfort after shaving, Absorbine, Jr. is, in its dual capacity as an antiseptic and a liniment, a revela-tion in comfort. The friendly tip is always appreciated.

As an antiseptic, Absorbine, Jr. im-mediately cleanses those tiny nicks of the skin and guards against infection.

As a liniment, it is quickly cooling, soothing and healing. Inflammation or soreness promptly disappear to make way for a delightfully refreshed con-dition of the skin.

As a gargle, Absorbine, Jr. soothes

the irritation of the smoker's throat, freshensthemouthand destroys germs. Used with a dentifrice, it gets to the crevice-hidden germs between the teeth and helps keep the toothbrush asep-tically clean. With the shampoo, it destroys the dandruff germs.

Absorbine, Jr. has a pungent, agreeable odor and is pleasant to use.

At most druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10c postpaid. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

cleansing soothing



healing



Are You Interested In the Automobile Business?

Automobile manufacturers are looking for good distribu-tors everywhere. Owing to the return of prosperity, the demand for motor cars is ever on the increase. Conse-quently, agencies for popular cars are available in hun-dreds of cities and towns. Why not take advantage of the opportunity that presents itself at this time?

Have You Ever Sold a Big Unit?

Some of the outstanding successes in the motor car outsiness have been made by men who started agencies with no other peen made by men who started agencies with no other previous experience than that of selling big inits, such as machinery or real estate. If you can sell motor cars. Don't let he lack of previous experience deter you from going into the lack of previous experience deter you from going into the lack of previous experience deter you from going into the lack of previous experience deter you from going into the lack of previous experience can be sell and mail the course of the lack of previous experience can be sell and mail the course of the lack of the lack of previous experience and the lack of previous experience and the lack of previous experience the lack of previous ex

Check the priced car you want to sell and mail the countries of the Automobile Editor of The ELES MAGAZINE. He will use the automobile manufacturer designated submit you a proposition either in writing or through personal representation.

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

Automobile Department

Magazine

50 East 42d Street

New York

Fill in This Coupon and Mail Today

Check Here	Price of Car Desired	Name of Car Preferred in Price Class
	\$500 to \$800	
	\$800 to \$1200	
	\$1200 to \$1600	
	\$1600 to \$2500	
	Over \$2500	
Name.		
Addre	ss	
City		
Territe	ory desired	
		(if any)

Every salary earner can get this book FREE!

The Columbia Mortgage Company has prepared an unusual book for people of moderate incomes who desire to gain financial independence.

"The Verdict of Thirty Bankers!"

This book is called "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers" and, in addition to the advice and opinions of bankers, it contains actual letters from owners of Columbia First Mortgage Gold Bonds -bonds secured by fine properties in New York City.

It contains a working plan for average incomesa scientific table which shows you how every cent of your earnings can be used to best advantage.

Gain Financial Independence —Get this book

Simply mail the coupon below for the most interest-ing book of its kind ever prepared. No obligation.

COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY

Columbia Mortgage Company Building 4 East 43rd Street, New York

 For	Mailing	
 0200		

COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY 4 East 43rd St., New York

Gentlemen: Please send, free, "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers," containing a working plan for average incomes.

Street.....

City and State

The Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is maintained for the benefit of its readers. All of the investment houses advertising in this department have been carefully investigated by us, and we believe them to be worthy of confidence. They will be glad to help you with your investment problems. Write them. These financial articles will deal with all classes of sound securities, pointing out the various advantages of each. You cannot fail to benefit from the advice given.

Factors Underlying Security Quotations

By Stephen Jessup

BROADLY speaking, there are two kinds of securities—at least, of the securities that are traded in in Wall Street—viz., stocks

Shares of stock are evidences of the possessor's

part ownership of a company.

Bonds are evidences of debt owed to the pos-

Bonds are evidences of debt owed to the possessor by a company.

Shares of stock have no fixed life. They represent a security that continues unless and until the company is dissolved. They are of varying denominations or "par value," the standard being \$100 per share. The unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange is 100 shares. Amounts of less than 100 shares are called "odd lots."

Bonds have a fixed life, being payable in a specified period of time. They are usually, but not always, secured by a mortgage or lien on tangible property. They are of varying denominations, the most common being \$1000. Recently, to enable the small investor to buy bonds, denominations as low as \$100 have been created.

You buy stocks by the share, from one share upwards. You buy bonds by the amount in dollars, from \$100 upwards.

Bond interest is payable before dividends on stock. The face value of a bond issue is a liability of the company taking precedence over its stock.

stock.

If a company's earnings are sufficient only to pay the interest on its bonds, it is unable to pay any dividend on its stock (except out of accumulated surplus.) If its earnings are in excess of the bond interest the declaration of dividends on the stock is at the discretion and in the judgment of the directors of the company. The directors usually meet four times a year for dividend action.

the judgment of the directors of the company. The directors usually meet four times a year for dividend action.

Bond interest is automatically in existence every day. When you buy a bond you pay the accrued interest to the date you buy it. When you sell a bond you receive interest to the day you sell it. The interest is calculated by the day.

Dividends on stock, however, are paid at certain intervals, usually each quarter. If you buy a stock on the day after it has paid a dividend and you hold it for two months and, say, twenty-nine days—that is, until the day before it is to pay the next dividend—and you sell it on that day, you do not receive any interest on your money for that period.

The company usually pays its dividend by mailing checks to stockholders whose names, addresses and number of shares owned appear on the company's books as of a specific date named by the directors. Bond interest, on the other hand, usually is represented by small coupons which are dated ahead and are clipped from the bond when due and cashed at one's bank.

An advantage inherent in stocks and bonds as a method of investing money is the ease with a method of investing money is the can be turned.

an advantage innerent in stocks and bonds as a method of investing money is the ease with which, in most cases, they can be turned promptly into cash. You can sell your security without ever meeting the purchase. without ever meeting the purchaser or knowing who he is. You do this through your bank or broker. An order telephoned to any respon-sible broker will enable you to receive the money the next day. The reason for this is that all transactions between brokers on the Stock Exchange are settled the next day by 2.15 p. m.; that is, money paid to sellers and securities delivered to buyers.

delivered to buyers.

The price you receive is the going price on that particular day. It is not always or necessarily the true value of the security thus sold. Many factors affect, sometimes only very temporarily, the quoted prices of stocks and bonds on the Exchange.

The "book" or theoretical value of a stock is the amount of net assets applying to it after deducting all the liabilities and debts of the company. In the case of a company that has issued bonds, the stock of that company represents the equity in the business, the value remainsents the equity in the business, the value remaining after deducting the entire bond issue and any other debts.



This value may or may not be the price you see quoted in the newspaper for the stock in question. The quoted price, or "market" for the stock, is the price at which someone is willing to sell one or more shares and at which someone is willing to buy them. If the demand is greater than the supply, the price advances. If the supply is greater than the demand, the price declines. The supply and demand vary from day to day, so that the quoted price may be up one day and down the next, quite irrespective of what the company is doing and even if not the slightest change has occurred in the condition of the company and consequently in the book

slightest change has occurred in the condition of the company and consequently in the book value of the stock.

A company has 100,000 shares of a par value of \$100,000,000.

Its business is good, its earnings satisfactory, and each year after paying dividends on its stock it has added to its surplus, so that its book value may be \$125 per share. Theoretically its stock should sell in the open market somewhere near 125, and certainly at least at par. Actually it may sell at 95, 90, 80 or even lower.

In other words, the market price of a stock does not necessarily reflect its merit.

MANY stocks sell below their book values, and some sell above those values. Usually they sell below, for, as has been said, the book values are theoretical and are derived by mathematics, while market values are actual and are derived by the meeting of a seller and a buyer at a specified price.

at a specified price.

Reasons for the discrepancy between the book value and the market value may frequently be found in the circumstances surrounding the market for the stock. Various conditions may influence the stock market as a whole, the market for stocks of companies in the same line of business, and the particular market for the specific stock in question.

Sudden news may influence at the stock of the same with the same in the specific stock in question.

Sudden news may influence all stocks favor-

A change in freight rates may affect the rail-road stocks as a whole and several railroad stocks

road stocks as a winning in particular.

A rise or fall in the price of copper metal may similarly affect the stocks of copper mining

A sudden increase or decrease in the produc-tion or consumption of crude petroleum may cause drastic changes in the quoted values for

Public interest in the stock of a company manufacturing a new invention, for instance, may be so great as to cause an urgent demand for the stock. With a limited supply and an increas-ing demand the price naturally rises. It may rise to a point far in excess of the value of the stock or its potential value or even a value that it could reasonably be expected to reach some time in the future. A change of opinion regard-ing the company's product may then cause many people who had bought the stock to wish to sell it. Their concerted offerings of the stock exceed the demand, and the price declines again. The sudden rise and fall could occur in a period of time so short that it would not permit of any real change in the company.

On the other hand, a company may be doing unusually good business, may be managed so well that its assets and earnings are rapidly

increasing, and yet its stock may not reflect the improvement at all. Days may go by without any transactions in the stock taking place. There may be no public interest in the company. When transactions in the stock do occur they may be at lower, rather than higher, quotations, may be at lower, rather than higher, quotations, due solely to the fact that at the moment more stock is offered than is wanted, and to effect sales the offering price has to be lowered.

Again—and particularly in the case of stocks that are not actively traded in—there may be an acceptable difference between the price that is

appreciable difference between the price that is bid and the price that is asked. A stock paying 6% or 7% dividend, actually worth \$100 per share, may be quoted \$97 per share bid, \$103 per share asked. Some one wants to buy the stock. He gives his broker an order to buy it "at the market," that is, at the price offered. The stock costs him \$103 per share. This price is duly recorded on the stock ticker and subsequently in the newspapers. The following day, for some reason, he wishes to sell the stock. Assuming no change in conditions, he receives the bid price of \$97. This price is duly published also. Apparently there has been a drop of \$60 per share in the value of the company's entire stock. Actually there has been no change in the appreciable difference between the price that is per share in the value of the company's entire stock. Actually there has been no change in the value at all. The difference in the two quotations has been due solely to the condition of the market. It means nothing so far as the book value of the stock is concerned. There has not have time for any change in that value to have been time for any change in that value to have occurred.
In "active" stocks the spread between the bid

been time for any change in that value to have occurred.

In "active" stocks the spread between the bid and asked prices is, of course, smaller, varying from I-8 of a point, the minimum, to one point. A point is \$1 per share, so that an eighth of a point is \$1½ cents, or \$12.50 on 100 shares.

Another reason for a stock being quoted and changing hands at a price less than its book value may be the sudden marketing of an unusually large block. For instance, an estate is being liquidated and 5,000 shares of a certain stock are to be sold. The market for the stock is limited and somewhat inactive. Five hundred shares are wanted at a certain price. This demand is quickly satisfied, and the remaining 4,500 shares have to be offered at concessions in order to effect sales, until the entire block has been disposed of. The price received for the last 100 shares may be several points less than the price obtained for the first 500 shares. Selling the block may require one or more days. Meantwhile the company itself is proceeding as usual while the company itself is proceeding as usual with its business, with nothing occurring to with its business, with nothing occurring to yield the stock way be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered at a price 5 or even As the stock may be offered

there are two kinds of orders being executed daily on the Stock Exchange, namely, "market" orders and orders "at a price.

order, as the expression implies, is an order to buy at the offered price or to sell at the bid price; in other words, an order for immediate execution at the best available price. The other kind of an order comes from one who is willing to pay a certain price and no more, or who is willing to pay a certain price and no less.
Such an order is called an "open" or g. t. c.
(good till cancelled) order. It may not be executed immediately, or at all.

In the case of the large block pressing for sale,

and assuming that the broker having it for execution has been given a limited time in which to accomplish the sale, he is obliged to accept the best bids he meets. The broker on the buying side consequently reduces his bid as much as is desirable and necessary, in his judgment, to obtain the stock at concessions. He can not lower the bid too drastically for fear that another broker may offer a slightly better price and in doing so may "take the market away" from him.

Occurrences such as this sometimes upset the calculations of traders who are speculating in the

calculations of traders who are speculating in the

stock, either having bought it in the hope of higher prices or having sold it "short" in the hope of lower prices. Such commitments may have been made with good judgment and may ultimately prove to have been correct, although defeated temporarily by price changes such as described that could not be foreseen.

The rumor of war, talk of a great strike, the sudden death of an important man, an un-expected change in the Federal Reserve rediscount rate frequently depress prices temporarily, without anything unfavorable occurring within

the companies or in business generally.

Another reason for the temporary lower price for a thoroughly sound stock is found in a bear market. ("Bears" are those who wish to see lower prices; "bulls" are those who look for higher prices.) When active speculative stocks higher prices.) When active speculative stocks are declining some traders suffer paper losses and require money to protect their commitments; they are obliged to "throw overboard" stocks which otherwise they would keep. A man carrying 1000 shares of ABC Co. stock, and seeing it decline 10 points, and having to restore that \$10 per share, decides to sell his EGF Co. stock. Simultaneously many others in the same position do the same thing. The result is the sudden influx of more sellers of EGF than there are buyers, and for the time being the price is depressed. The consequent lower quotations have nothing to do with the progress of the EGF company and do not reflect the slightest change in its condition.

The frequent difference between the merit of a company and the market for its stock is shown

a company and the market for its stock is shown by an old story that is still told in Wall Street. There was a celebrated stock market operator

who often conducted movements in stocks, either upwards or downwards. A friend of his went to him and asked:

"How can I make some money in the stock market?"

The operator thought a minute and replied:
"I think that the stock of the XYZ Railroad will move 15 points upwards in two weeks. If I were you I would buy it for that move."
His friend thanked him and departed. He began to think it over, and the more he thought the more he wondered if the business of that particular railroad was so good that its stock would advance 15 points in two weeks. He particular railroad was so good that its stock would advance 15 points in two weeks. He happened to know several of the officers and directors of the road, so he hastened to their office and inquired how the company was doing. "Very badly," he was told. "Earnings have been decreasing each month."

Hearing this unfavorable news he decided that

been decreasing each month."

Hearing this unfavorable news he decided that the stock could not possibly advance 15 points if at all in such a short time as two weeks, and he refrained from buying it.

The stock advanced 15 points in two weeks. The next day he happened to meet his market operator friend on the street.

"Hello, Bill," said the operator, cordially. "Well, you see I was right. I suppose you made a clean-up on that move."

The unfortunate wight shook his head.

a clean-up on that move."
The unfortunate wight shook his head.
"Why not?" asked the operator, incredulously. "I told you it was good for 15 points in two weeks. Didn't you get in on it?"
The other told what he had done.
"The company wasn't doing well, Joe," he said, "so I didn't buy the stock."
The operator regarded him in astonishment

mixed with scorn.

the company. I had you to buy

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co. of Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "Getting Acquainted with Your Investment Banker," which will be sent free on request.

The Columbia Mortgage Co. have just issued

a new booklet describing the advantages of Columbia First Mortgage Bonds. Send for "The Verdict of 30 Banks," and "I Started with a \$100 Bond."

John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York

City, are issuing a booklet describing their Odd Lots. Ask for Booklet E-206.

Spencer Trask & Co., 25 Broad Street, New York City, will be glad to send on request their Circular 943, dealing with a number of new issues

BOND BUYERS!



Send for this Free Booklet

Do you know that Florida has been developing its industries and building up its prosperity at a rate that has drawn enthusiastic comment from some of the keenest financial authorities in the United States? The work has been going on for years, but it is only recently that outsiders have generally awakened to what was taking place.

Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by property in thriving Florida cities, and paying up to 7 interest, have always been known as high-grade investments among careful and intelligent investors. Mail the coupon for the booklet, "Florida Today and Tomorrow." It is free.

G.L.Miller BOND & MORTGAGE Company

Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House 812 MILLER BUILDING, MIAMI, FLORIDA

G. L. Miller Bond & 812 Miller Building, Please send me thand Tomorrow," and paying 7½%.	Miam	i. Flo	orida.		iđa bo	n	T	oris	la	y
Name				 						
Address				 						
City and State				 						

Odd Lots

Allow the small investor to take advantage of investment opportunities that are presented in the market.

Buyers of Odd Lots receive the same courteous and painstaking attention as large buyers.

We accept orders for 10 shares and upward on a conservative marginal basis.

Send for our booklet

"Odd Lot Trading" Ask for E. 215

100 Share Lots

Curb Securities Bought or Sold for Cash



John Muir & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange Exchange N. Y. Coffee & Sugar Exchange

61 Broadway

New York

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Securities

25 Broad Street, New York BANY BOSTON CHICAGO

Members New York Stock Exchange Members Chicago Stock Exchange

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing this Lamp



and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makesa "popular seller" in the stores.

But this exquisite little lamp—Aurora as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines—was designed by the united talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter and a famous sculptress, who were working show the sund the sun

shops where lamps of this character can be found its equal would cost from \$15 to \$20. Onlythe Decorative Arts League could offer such a price and such a lamp. The Aurora is 17 inches high and 11½ inches in diameter, base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, finished to make a generally harmonious color scheme in Antique Gold Bronze with a djustable parchment shade in tones of rich brown and gold over ivory, inside of shade old rost to give melow light Equipped for

painter and a famous sculptress, \$3.95 and over ivory, inside of shade old rose to give melnot to make a "big seller" low light. Equipped for for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of truly artistic proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty yet of great practicability.

The price of this artistic gem is \$3.95. THINK

NOTE: For the communication of the stores we have

NOTE: For the convenience of our members, we have established a gallery, Suite 602, at 505 Fifth Avenue, where this lamp and various other art objects are on

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
Gallery at 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Send me at the League members' special price an
Aurora lamp and I will pay postman \$3.95, plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return Lamp within five days and you are
to refund my money.

E. 2

Name	 	 								 				 			
Street N																	
City																	



HEVERLEAK

A Plain Fellow's Bookshelf

(Continued from page 27)

a small, short-legged gentleman with a stride of only about thirteen inches, and he carried a tail instead of a cane. He was probably taking a stroll upon the shores of that vast Mediterranean Sea that occupied all the interior of the continent when he crossed his mud-flat. It was raining that morning—how many million years ago?—as we know from the imprint of the rain-drops upon the mud. . . It is something for me to know that it rained that day when our amphibian ancestor ventured out. The weather was beginning to get organized also, and settling down to business. It had got beyond the state of perpetual fog and mist of the earlier ages, and the raindrops were playing their parts." a small, short-legged gentleman with a stride of

The man with a row of books over his fire the liked the way Burroughs presented such to him—casually, as though he was speakprace fixed the way Burroughs presented such facts to him—casually, as though he was speaking of his own school days and his old school-mates. He liked, too, finding out that the Catskill Mountains were old, geologically ancient and hoary, when the Rockies were a mere flapper range. And that the Alps and the Himalayas are much younger than our own Appalachians. It gave him a distinctly new sense of things. And, above all, he hugged to himself Burroughs's words that science and cold erudition alone counted but little in our scheme of things. He had marked a passage: things. He had marked a passage:

"It is sympathy, appreciation, emotional experience which refine and clevate and breathe into exact knowledge the breath of life."

Poets and Aversions

"Don't scorn me too much," pleaded the P. F. with ludicrous meekness, "if I admit an P. F. with ludicrous meekness, "if I admit an aversion, on the whole, to poetry. They say that poets are born and not made. I'll go further and tell the world that readers of poetry are born and not made. Still, I have two books of poetry which came to my hand by chance and not because I knew about them and sought them out. And they have both given me a heap of pleasure. This is the newest book I own. I hear it has only recently been published." And he took down a little volume and began to laugh as he opened it.

began to laugh as he opened it.

It was "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong.

"I have a friend," confided the man, "who has been having a good deal of domestic fury in his been having a good dear of dolliester tity in his life. I think he is to blame for most of it, for he has a nasty temper. He and his wife have parted, and she, who was always a tired, tremparted, and she, who was always a tired, trembling sort of person, is a very demon now as she goes around remembering in one hour all the dreadful things he has been guilty of for years and years. And he has taken a gentle attitude about the whole thing; is very large-minded and gentlemanly if any one even inadvertently stumbles upon his sorrow. Suggests without a word that he wants a reconciliation. Well, when I was given this book of Strong's the first thing my eyes fell upon was this. Listen:

"Have I a wife? Bedam I have,
But we was badly mated.
I hit her a great clout one night
And now we're separated.
And mornings going to me work
I meets her on the quay;
"Good morning to ye, ma'am!" says I.
"To hell with ye!" says she.

"Can you imagine how I longed to send that to my friend! And how did the man who wrote it get so much shrewd knowledge and learn how to put it in so few words? Perhaps, after a while, when we become even more hurried than we are now, every author will have to write in poetry, so that we'll find time to read at all. A description in a line, a chapter in a verse, a whole book in a page, a smashing climax in one word!"

It is a disturbing idea for us who like to take our reading "gradually"; but it is delightful to think that Mr. Strong, with his new little book of very sincere, robust and honest verse, is leading the umbrella man to the foot of the mountain of the gods.

Now comes "Tales from the Mermaid Tavern," by Alfred Noyes, a volume of poems touched with the magic of an imagination playing gorgeously with famous names of the past, turning them into people more real than the hordes who jostle us every day on the crowded

The P. F. said that he got the same sort of

Watch your gums – bleeding a sign of trouble

MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the foreruners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty. afflicts four out of five people over the first he disease is unchecked, the gumline recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid, the system of the Pyorrhea poisons senerated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They are the ways the system and wreck the health. They are the ways and the system and the system and the system and they are the system and they are the system and the system and they are the are they are th will prevent Pyorhea or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gumshrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment. BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT 35c and 60c, in the United States and Canada. FORMULA OF Elitorham, DAS Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal Specialist DISEASES OF THE MOUTH DENTAL PROFESCIO



FOR THE GUMS

SALESMEN WANTED

to sell established line of men's all-wool, made-to-measure suits, overcoats and rain-coats. Unusual opportunity to earn \$75 to \$450 a week, and to advance to District Managers. Positions open now. Write to-day for full particulars.

STYLE-CENTER TAILORING COMPANY Dept. 62-K, Sixth and Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio

"living" feeling out of "Tales From The Mermaid Tavern" that he did out of Molière's biography. Almost actual participation in great events.

Fancy his coming back to this rather shabby but comfortable room after a day spent with such details as steel ribs, wooden or amber handles, silk or near-silk, ladies' and gents' umbrellas, wholesale orders for Omaha, andoh, a lot of other umbrella facts! Fancy his coming home from that and being taken out of coming home from that and being taken out of his obscurity to spend the evening, the whole night in fact, in the London of Queen Elizabeth, drinking his ale at the Mermaid Tavern, the gathering place of Raleigh and Will Shakespeare. Kit Marlowe, Herrick, Ben Jonson and their familiars? Listen to the takes they tell? Of the Spanish Main. Of astounding deeds done for glory or from pure kinship with the evil ne himself!

As the P. F. reads he sees Spenser

"... a shy, gentle soul,
With haunted eyes, like starlit forest pools,
Smuggling his cantos under his cloak ..."

He hears Raleigh say,

"I had a dirty cloak once on my arm, But a Queen's feet had trodden it!"

He sees Kit Marlowe, with his lean body, his flame-colored hair, his heroic manner, meet his death in a drunken brawl. He sees Shakespeare at work; he feels the hates and praises that flow around the great bard of Avon in an unending tide. ending tide.

It was a royal company that gathered, hundreds of years ago, at The Mermaid to quench the thirsts of both their bodies and their souls. The P. F. declared that he used to "come out" of that book as people came out of the theatre last winter after seeing a performance of John Barrymore as Hamlet—bathed in a wide and white light, with some inept part of themselves gone and their hearts working overtime.

A Little Rowdy Breaks In

Golden hair, forget-me-not eyes, the baby appeal and the whole irresistible get-up that was Winnie! It was plain to see, from a few words that the P. F. uttered as he straightened a certain little book in the row, that the heroine of "Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," by Bertram Atkey (and, by the way, it has lately been converted into a play), had utterly captivated him. "I'd beat any kid sister of mine who acted like Winnie, but I swear there are lonely nights when

"I'd beat any kid sister of mine who acted like Winnie, but I swear there are lonely nights when I'd give a thousand dollars—only Winnie would raise it to five thousand—if that girl could only drop in, friendly like, curl up in a big chair and tell me in her innocent way how she managed to 'put it all over the men' and get away with her little villainies. She never could have fooled me little villainies. She never could have fooled me

little villainies. She never could have fooled me with her angel face. But what a girl to take to a dance! Becky Sharp's own daughter!"
When he was compelled to be off on a business trip the P. F. almost always carried Winnie along with him in his suit-case.
Ah, that was to fortify himself against just such little gold-diggers, we suggested.
But no, it was not. He liked to read about Winnie's Mr. Jay, who used to mumble to himself "Be human!" when Winnie pushed him too far. He liked the sporting way Win took the loss of five million pounds which would have been hers if she had arrived two minutes earlier in a cerif she had arrived two minutes earlier in a certain room. And—he liked the way she dressed. In fact, it was evident, very, that this foolish little person in this foolish little book held the P. F. in thrall just as she held all the men in the story.

And he thought he was too wise for her! As

Winnie herself would say:
"Oh, Mr. Plain Fellow, you're too, too kind and chivalrous!"

And So Forth

What else?

What else?
There was "Don Quixote," and the "Journal of Leo Tolstoi," and Garrett P. Serviss's "Astronomy with the Naked Eye." And there was a little bound copy of a speech by George Bancroft, the historian, delivered in the House of Representatives in 1866 on the occasion of memorial services held for Abraham Lincoln.

In this las., the P. F. seems to have felt a strange sense of being surrounded with the hot, (Continued on page 80)

How Dancing Makes You Popular With Those You Admire

Dancing brings friends together and the good dancer has a wonder-ful opportunity to meet just the kind of men and women who will be helpful in business or social aspirations. many of these people have become household words—you see their pictures in the leading magazines, and you read about them in your newspapers. They are not all actors and actresses—many are business men and women who own their own businesses or are high salaried executives. nesses or are high-salaried executives. Posed by Ann Forrest, Fa-mous Movie Star, and Arthur Murray, Amer-ica's Foremost Dancing Instruc-tor Besides gaining for you introductions to the kind of people you want to meet, dancing also gives poise to the body, grace to movement, helps one overcome timidity and awkwardness when meeting strangers. If a man is a fine dancer women look with favor on him and in the body of the strangers. invite him to their social affairs because they never forgive themselves if their little party is not a success in every Arthur Murray's

methods of diagrams and simplified instructions have made it so amazingly easy to

quickly become a perfect dancer that he has been warmly praised by thousands of men and women all over the country who have learned through his mail teaching methods, as well as by movie actors and actresses, dancing instructors, and many prominent men and women. The letters shown here are only a few of the many hundred letters he now has on file.

Learning to Dance Now As Easy as Walking

If you can step forward, sideways and backward, there is no reason in the world why you shouldn't learn any of the latest dances in one evening and all of the newest steps and dances in a very short time. The Murray method is in no way complicated. The diagrams are so easily understood that even a very small child can learn from them, and a whole family can quickly become perfect dancers from the one set of instructions.

Learn Without Music or Partner

No longer is it necessary to go to a private dancing instructor or public dancing class. Arthur Murray's remarkable methods are so clear that you don't need any partner to help you, neither do you actually require music. But after you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig, and scores of other socially prominent people choose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 90,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learnat-home system.

Send No Money-Not One Cent

If you want to see for yourself, and right in your own home, how quickly this new course by Arthur Murray can teach you all of the new dances and latest steps, just fill in and

mail the coupon—or a letter or post card will do—and a special proof course will be promptly mailed to you.

This special proof course consists of the following sixteen lessons: The Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom—the most popular Tango, Fox Trot steps, etc.

Mail the Coupon for the Sixteen Lessons

When your own postman hands the sixteenlesson course to you, simply deposit with him only \$1.00, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons teach you and everything these sixteen lessons teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind. Remember Arthur Murray guarantees your absolute satisfaction, so sign and return the coupon today.

Arthur Murray

290 Broadway, New York ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 869 290 Broadway, New York

290 Broadway, New York

To prove that I can learn to dance in one evening through your methods, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit with him \$f\$.00, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to do so I may return the course and you will refund my deposit. I understand that Arthur Murray personally guarantees my satisfaction.

faction.																										
Name																									Y .	
Address																		,							. 4	-
City														, .	S	to	ıt	e						4		
Would you If you (P	pre,	e to	yo sid	ea le	cl U	na	da S.	n	ci	ns no	013	n ci	io as	h	es	rit	TO h	iii	h	de	G)	it	00	73.	

Is Your English a Handicap?

This Test Will Tell You

Thousands of persons make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of countless tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average per-

son is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a fiveminute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, five to fifty errors will appear. Make the test shown below, See where you stand on these 30 simple questions.



MAKE THIS TEST NOW

Correct answers shown in banel below

1. Would you write-

1. Would you write—

I DID it already
WHO shall I call
It's just AS I said
The river has OVERFLOWED its banks
I WOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest
Divideit AMONG the three or Divide it BETWEEN
The wind blows COLD
You will FIND ONLY one
Between you and I

2. How do you say—

evening ascertain hospitable abdomen mayoralty amenable acclimate profound beneficiary culinary

and I or Between

2. How do you say—
EV-en-ing or as-cer-TAIN or HOS-pi-ta-ble or AB-do-men or MAY-or-al-ty or a-ME-na-ble or AC-cli-mate or PRO-found or ben-e-fi-SHEE-ary or CUL-i-mary or 3. Do you spell it-

or EVE-ning or as-CER-tain or hos-PIT-able or ab-D0-men or may-OR-al-ty or a-MEN-able or ac-CLI-mate or pro-FOUND or bene-FISH-ary or CU-li-na-ry

3. Do you spell it—
calendAr or calendEr repEtition or repItition recEIve or recIEve sepArate repEtite or repriEve aCoModate or aCCOMModate donkEYS or donkIES trafficing factorIES or factorYS aCSeSible accessible

New Invention Improves Your English In 15 Minutes a Day

English In 15 Minutes a Day

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past
twenty years. His wonderful self-correcting device
is simple, fascinating, time-saving, and incomparably
efficient. You can write the answers to 50 questions
in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes
more. You waste no time
in going over the things
you already know. Your
efforts are automatically
concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit
of making, and through
constantly being shown
the right way, you soon
acquire the correct habit
in place of the incorrect
habit. There is no tedious
copying. There is no
heart-breaking drudgery.

The wind blows cold
you will find only one

Book on English

Book on English

Every time you talk, every
time you write, you show
what you are. You show
what you are.

Sour English reveals you so the
wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you
misspell a word, when you
misspell a word, when you
punctuate incorrectly when
you use flat, ordinary words,
you use flat, ordinary words,
you use flat, ordinary in
English. Merely mail the
coupon, and it will be sent
to mark you
by return mail. Learn how
Sherwin Cody's new invention makes command of
language easy to gain in 15
minutes a day. Mail this
coupon or a postal AT
SHERWIN CODY 56

I have done it already Whom shall I call It's just as I said The river has overflowed its banks I should like to go I lay down to rest Divide it among the three The wind blows cold You will find only one Between you and me

2 EVE-ning
as-cer-TAIN
HOS-pi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CLI-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-ary
CU-li-na-ry

calendar factories repetition separate

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 2710 Searle Building - Rochester, N. Y.

2710 Searle Building,	of English Rochester, N. Y.
Diana and and	

Please send me at once your Free and Write Masterly English."	Book	"How	to	Speak

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

A Plain Fellow's Bookshelf

(Continued from page 79)

bitter emotions of those days, and of being permitted to glance even behind the curtains of

He had come by that book dishonestly, he said; picked it up from the seat before him on a train while the owner was in the dining-car; had kept on reading it until suddenly he discovered

that the other man had vanished for good. So the P. F. calmly brought it home.

Have you ever read "Junk" by an Englishman named H. M. Tomlinson? The P. F. adored it and treasured it as among his best book friends.

It is a collection of brilliant essays of travel— loafing travel, on little, rummy ships—to strange ports, making one's heart ache to be gone on like

voyages.

Three more books drew my attention—Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters" holding a firm position on the very end of the line, and eliciting from the P. F. the longing that he could be the recipient every few days of some letters like those! He himself got the dumbest mail!

But these, he felt, were so elegant, you know; chummy; a man's letters and a gentleman's. And yet, when you took them apart, they were simplicity itself, concerned, in many cases, with little homely details and plain thoughts about

little homely details and plain thoughts about

plain people.

Kipling's "Kim," about which no word need

Kipling's "Kim," about which no word need

Kipling's "Kim," about which no word need ever more be said, leaned confidingly against R. L. S., and next the Kipling loomed, in a splendid binding, the "Italian Hours" of Henry James, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

The P. F. had presented this magnificent volume to his mother one long-ago Christmas. She had never read it, but realizing that it stood for something beautiful had given it back to him, bidding him put it where he could see it and be impelled to work hard and be a successful man. impelled to work hard and be a successful man, so he, some day, could go to Italy. He had had the book something like eight years and it was only the other night that he had read the first shorters in it—the chapters on Venice.

only the other night that he had read the first chapters in it—the chapters on Venice.

"What descriptions! And I'd always been afraid of that man's very name—thought he was too much for me, but, by George, he's great! I like the way he takes his Venice so personally. He's so awake, so exasperated, so intense and so darned happy all at once that it's a treat to read him. And his words make your mind expand. Oh, it comes back to normal, of course, but for the time being you walk around feeling the the time being you walk around feeling the beauty and magnetism of Venice as he felt it, and it does you good. Travel, one way or another, is a wonderful thing!"

A cigar store coupon protruded from the "Italian Hours" of the great Mr. James. What did it call attention to—we had to find out. And the man who manufactured umbrellas had marked this:

"Exquisite hours, enveloped in light and silence, to have known them once is to have always a splendid standard of enjoyment."

We put the book, this time, close to Miss Gish, who could thus gaze long and sweetly on its rich yellow binding. Then we took a long look at

the P. F.

He wasn't literary. He read only to forget the umbrellas. Most of the books on the mantel had drifted his way—there had been little choice in their selection. He liked just plain books—like these. About interesting people, and interesting places. Also he looked for adventure—different books. kinds in different books.

What do you think of him?

What do you think of mmr.
Hadn't he, in those hours spent before his fire-place with this gallant fellowship, given himself (to steal from Mr. James) a splendid standard

Books Reviewed This Month

Within the Tides, by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Molière, A Biography. by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. (Duffield & Co.)

Time and Change, by John Burroughs. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Dublin Days, by L. A. G. Strong. (Boni & Liveright.)

Tales from the Mermaid Tavern, by Alfred Noyes. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," by Bertram Atkey. (Little, Brown

Abraham Lincoln, by George Bancroft. (A. Wessels Company.)

Halian Hours, by Henry James. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Junk, by H. M. Tomlinson. (Alfred Knopf.)

Who Pays for Advertising?

(Continued from page 22)

teaching value, the vigorous presentation of in-formation that is as much for the public good as that of the advertiser who seeks to sell something. Here is a manufacturer of fire extinguishing apparatus talking about fire waste in terms ing apparatus taiking about are waste in terms of the community. On the next page a great life insurance company tells mothers how to feed and care for babies through the summer. A concern with nothing more than a few cents' worth of colored crayons to sell, explains the value of art teaching in public schools. Several phonograph companies compete with each other, not to persuade people that their instruments are better than the other fellow's, but to bring folks under

the spell of good music.

The idea that advertising is some sort of overburden or supercharge added on to the price of commodities may have worried the reformer. It has not worried the consumer, for an inquiry was lately made among thousands of housewives, by a business association, to find out what they thought about advertised articles. "When you thought about advertised articles. "When you find two things just alike at a store, one you have seen advertised, and the other unadvertised, which do you prefer to buy?" was one question, and more than eighty-seven women out of every hundred preferred the advertised article. Only three out of each hundred chose the unadvertised. three out of each hundred chose the unadverthree out of each hundred chose the unadver-tised article, and the rest did not answer one way or the other. "Suppose the advertised article is more expensive—which do you buy then?" More than sixty out of every hundred preferred the advertised thing, even if it did cost more, having read something about it, and therefore

feeling that it was honest quality and value, backed by a manufacturer not afraid to stand behind his product.

The economist and reformer is generally a man, but the consumer nearly always a woman. For it is estimated that women buy more than

For it is estimated that women buy more than seventy-five per cent. of all the counter merchandise sold in this country.

In debating the question "Who pays for advertising?" the reformer and economist proceed just like men—they figure it out on paper, make an abstruse theory of it, and draw a conclusion from that theory.

clusion from that theory.

But a woman doesn't theorize—she goes shopping. She reads what the advertising manufacturer and merchant have to say about their commodities, examines them in the shops, compares them with unadvertised things. And the fact that she pays her good money for the advertised article nearly nine times in ten shows that she settled that question in her mind long ago, probably before it ever occurred to the economist or reformer.

Woman the consumer has found out that neither the consumer, the manufacturer nor the merchant pay for advertising.

We have seen that, by increasing turn-over and reducing selling costs, it pays for

Woman the consumer has discovered that the advertised thing is better value. Turnover and selling costs may mean nothing to her, but you cannot fool her when it comes to getting the best dollar's worth.

ELKS BELL 4205

This Bell has the Elk's Head inside the Clock Dial with the hands pointing to eleven o'clock.

The price of this Bell, complete with beautifully finished striking mallet, is \$34.00

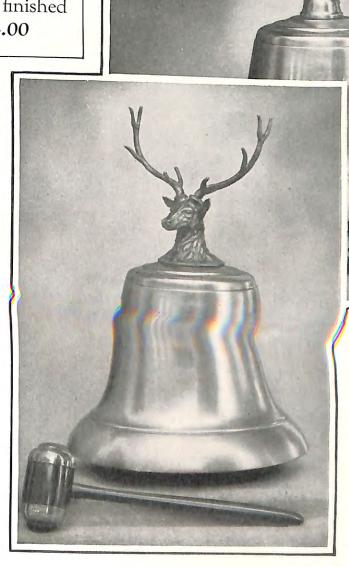
ELKS BELL 4206

A very beautiful and distinguished example of design and workmanship.

It shows the Elk's

Head in full relief, a graceful and bold modelling that is exceptionally pleasing in character.

This type, complete with mallet, is \$50.00

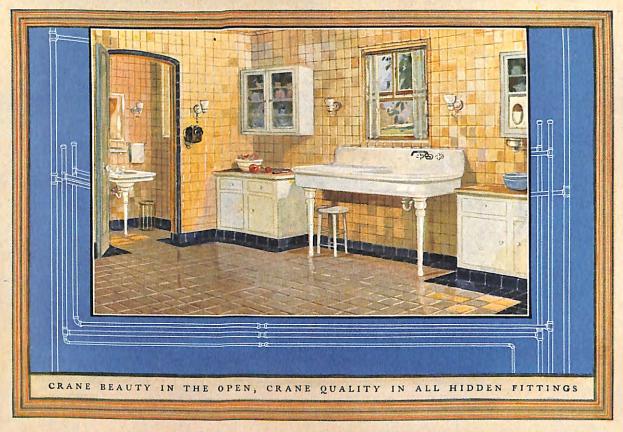


These Bells are cast from Genuine Gorham Bronze and like all Gorham Products have all the hall marks of beauty, and practicability.

GORHAM SPECIALTIES

In addition to their famous Sterling Silver Wares, highest in quality though not in price, Gorham produces delightful patterns in silver plated wares for Clubs and Societies and Hotels. Also Ecclesiastical Wares, Bronze Statuary and Architectural Bronzes.

THE GORHAM COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 36 STREET, N.Y.



The value set on efficiency and spotless cleanliness in every phase of home management is nowhere more evident than in the appointments of the modern kitchen.

Crane fixtures of stainless white porcelain or enamel are as pleasing to the eye as they are convenient to use and easy to keep immaculate. Personal comfort and appearance are considered, even to the providing of a fully appointed washroom off the kitchen, for the maids.

Crane equipment for bathrooms, kitchens and laundries includes a complete range of sanitary fixtures and fittings. Every requirement of style, size and price can be satisfied in units combining grace of form and lasting finish with enduring quality and usefulness.

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty Cittes
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga and Trenton,
CRANE, LIMITED, MONTREAL. CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO

