

Featuring this month: Achmed Abdullah, James H. Collins, Walter de Leon, W. O. McGeehan, Lawrence Perry, William Almon Wolff

SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S OFFER Of the Works of JOSEPH CONRAD

"His books have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."

I INTIL Conrad was past twenty, he had never spoken a word of English. Nor did he write a story until he was over thirty. Yet to-day this former impressionable little Polish cabin-boy is acclaimed—not merely by the public, but by other writers themselves—as the foremost living English novelist.

Read, in the panel at the right, what other Read, in the panel at the right, what other authors say about this great master. These, as you can see, are men of distinction, who weigh their words. And all over the world, tens of thousands of Conrad lovers echo their seemingly uncontrollable praise.

A Revelation to Thousands!

Recently Joseph Conrad stepped off the *Tuscania* for his visit to America. He was revealed not only to friends on the dock but also to thousands throughout the United States who, attracted by the occasion of his visit, took the opportunity to sample his writing. Straightway there was an amazing demand for his books, that has been growing ever since. What magic is there in Conrad? His genial human qualities, his simplicity of thought and sympathy of nature, his absorbing tales.

He is reminiscent of a great Frenchman like de Maupassant; in his insight into the tragic

human emotions he is as discerning as Dostoyevsky. He is as subtle as Henry James in his artistry; yet the life he depicts—the life mostly of outcasts, wanderers, and adventurers in the farthest places of the earth—is as glamorous with Romance as anything Kipling ever wrote. And all over his works lies the brooding majesty of the ocean—or the mystic beauty of the isles of the South Sea! It is an astonishing combination of gifts.

nation of gifts. No one ever reads only one book of Conrad. Once you start, you get the "Conrad fever." For no other living writer has there been such a spontaneous demand. Conrad's publishers, ac-cordingly, are now offering ten of his greatest novels. This set includes: The Rescue; Youth; Chance; Victory; Typhoon; Lord Jim; Almayer's Folly; The Arrow of Gold; An Outcast of the Islands: The Shadow Line. Islands; The Shadow Line.

This is the Only Set of Conrad on the Market That Contains the Author's Own Prefaces

It is printed from de luxe plates and bound in deep-sea blue T-pattern cloth. By notifying us promptly we will lend them to you for a week. Read *Lord Jim* or *The Rescue*, or any one of the titles, then, if you are not intrigued to have and know Conrad, you can return the books at our expense. What more could be said than that?





or write a letter

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Doubleday, Page & Company Dept. C-1221 Garden City, New York

Please send me for five days' free examination, charges prepaid, the ten volumes of Joseph Conrad. I will either return the set within a week or send you \$1 as a first payment, and \$2 a month for nine months.

Name.....

Address

-Hugh Clifford.

John Galsworthy says:

"Probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent."

H. G. Wells says:

"One of my claims to distinction is that I wrote the first long appreciation of Conrad's works."

Sir Hugh Clifford says: "His books, I say it without fear of con-tradiction, have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."

Gouverneur Morris says: "Those who haven't read him are not well-read. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time, how I envy them!"

James Huneker says:

"The only man in England to-day who belongs to the immortal company of Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James."

Rex Beach says:

"I consider him the greatest living author in the English language."

Joseph Hergesheimer says: "In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."

-and enough additional words of praise similar to these, could be added, to fill this issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

January, 1924

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What's Back of the Man Wins? Who 🖌

Did you ever observe what an easy time the man at the top seems to have-compared with the chap underneath?

- Makes more money, too-ever so much more money-yet he practically comes and goes when he pleases turns all the hard work over to his assistants, and, in fact, "lives just like a lord, while we poor slaves—look at us!"

Sounds familiar, doesn't it-that plaint of the man in the routine job, whose utmost vision is bounded by 'fifty a week'' and who has deceived himself into think-ing that the only way he can ever beat the game is to 'work up a pull with the boss''

Such a man forgets that the one best pull—and the only pull that is worth a conti-nental—is ability to deliver.

And he fails to realize, too, that ability to handle important matters—decide per-plexing problems—dictate far-reaching policies—comes only with a sound and thoro understanding of BUSINESS PRIN-CIPLES AND METHODS—an under-standing which invariably must be based upon EXPERIENCE.

There are many ways to GAIN experience -but the shortest and surest route is thru SPECIALIZED TRAINING.

The Confidence That Comes With Knowledge

Because LaSalle Extension University has Because LaSalle Extension University has been privileged to be of aid to thousands of men whose progress had been checked by the fact that they did not KNOW what to do in the more important positions they aspired to—and KNEW that they did not know—it is only right that other men, faced with similar problems, should have an opportunity to find out how these men have overcome that fatal obstacle. We have therefore assembled from the

We have therefore assembled from the thousands of letters in our files a composite message to the man who doubts his power for success.

While in practically every case the La-Salle-trained man who writes of his experi-Salle-trained man who writes of his experi-ence has made a gratifying gain in earning power, it will be noted that the thing which has brought him greatest satisfaction is his newly acquired CONFIDENCE— sure stepping-stone, when based on true ability, to the highest and most responsible notifiers positions.

The first letter is from a man who had "studied forty-two years" and had finally become a chief chemist, making \$4,000 a

Name



year. When he came to LaSalle he called himself a "business failure." Less than a year later he wrote as follows (the italics in this and subsequent quotations are ours):

in this and subsequent quotations are ours): "Take away all I have learned for close to 42 years, but leave me my five months' study, and I should not be a loser by any means. Before, I was merely a good chemist, but *new I am a man, and am standing squarely on my feet.* Accountancy is only a first step, but it is a splendid foundation. It should be supplemented with your course in Busi-ness Management. I have taken only three lessons of this last course, but it has opened my eyes. Now I am after a \$12,000 a year job. It is imma-terial whether I get it or not. The point is that in *my inner self I am convinced that I am worth it*, *and that I can deliver the goods.*" R. H. BOTS, New Jersey. The following quotations tell their own story:

R. H. BOTS, New Jersey. The following quotations tell their own story: "It took your course of instruction to give me the courage and self-confidence to tackle the greater task and to enable me to make my dreams come true." (The writer, Mr. Orahood, increased his salary 191 per cent in less than three years.) C. A. ORAHOOD, Ohio. "Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today—thanks to your course in Modern Busi-ness Correspondence—I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to

me, and my aims have gone higher and higher. Lately I have had an offer from the sales manager to represent the company on the road. It's the biggest thing that has come my way, and it's the result of LaSalle training." L. A. M. LEWIS, Ohio.

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"Since taking up your training in Law, my salary has increased 123 per cent. The gain came, but it hasn't ended, for where I previously had to side-step to let a man step ahead of me into a better posi-tion, I am now stepping ahead of the other man." GERBARD A. SCHLEETER, Illinois.

"My course has benefited me many thousand-fold, for it has not only doubled my salary but has given me the confidence and technical knowledge necessary to assume direction on the banking world." ERIK HANSEN, Wisconsin.

ERIK HANSEN, Wisconsin. "I have increased my earnings more than three bundred per cent. Strange as it may appear, how-ever, the financial benefits have not made much impression on me. The fascination of the work—the solving of intricate problems—the *feeling of domin- ion*, the knowledge that every problem *can* be solved if we diligently apply ourselves, is worth much more than the financial increase." C. W. SHELDON, Wyoming. "When I enrolled. I was a clerk in the cost

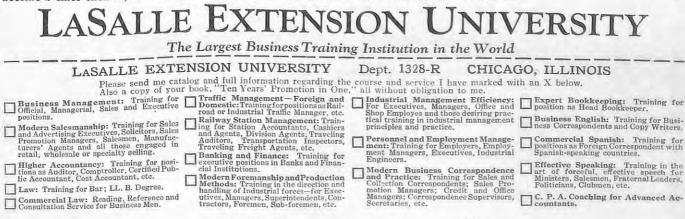
than the hnancial increase." C. W. SHELDON, Wyoming. "When I enrolled, I was a clerk in the cost department of a large foundry. Today, I am office manager, with an increase of about 300 per cent in salary. This course certainly was the starting point; for once a man gets the *confidence in his ability* that your training gives him, he can take a real job and handle it. Salary increases follow naturally." W. F. STRUMKE, Wisconsin. "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 cloven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase – and right in the middle of the summer months – but have bad 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, cer-tain definite results can be attained. My effort, formerly more or less of an uncertainty, is now a *what I am doing now.*" C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario, Canada. what I am doing now." C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario, Canada.

Make Your Start TODAY!

In preceding paragraphs successful men -men with no better start than you-have told of the working tools that gave them confidence.

confidence. These letters could be paralleled by thou-sands of similar letters—all taken from the files of LaSalle and quoted verbatim—yet there would still be men who would say, "That's all right for them, but it wouldn't help me"—or—"Some day, but not Now." LaSalle cannot supply initiative—the deter-mination to get on. Men who lack these qualities will not gain by reading further. Others—men in whom the seeds of suc-

Others—men in whom the seeds of suc-cess are deeply planted—will profit greatly by the literature LaSalle will gladly send them—and they will send for it today. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation obligation.



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Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondence; Sales Pro-motion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.

Address

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

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2



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Features for January, 1924

New Year's Message from the Grand Ex- alted Ruler	3
New Year's Message from the Grand Sec- retary	4
Personalities and Appreciations	5
Tropics, a story by Achmed Abdullah Illustrations by C. LeRoy Baldridge	6
The Problem of Highway Safety, an article by William Almon Wolff	11
The Trouble With Clowns, a story by Walter DeLeon	15
The Man Who Had Forgotten to Play, a story by Lawrence Perry	19
Making the Hotel Home Sweet Home, an article by James H. Collins	23
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen .	25
NATIONAL DUDILCATION OF THE	B

The Grad and the Gridiron, a football article by W. O. McGeehan
Woodsmoke, Part IV—a drama of the African jungle by Francis Brett Young 32 Illustrations by Douglas Duer
Editorial
Elks Memorial Address delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland at Marion,
Ohio 38
A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office 38
Salt Lake City Lodge Dedicates New Home 39
New Home of Cincinnati Lodge Dedicated 39
Massachusetts and Boston Join in Invita- tion to All Elks
Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order
The Meaning of Some Financial Expres- sions (continued), an article by Stephen
Jessup 68
Cover Design by E. M. Jackson

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

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January, 1924

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America New Year's Greeting MAY the New Year bring to each of you, my brother Elks, joy and strength and success! Let the measure of your activity and devotion to the great work of our beloved Order increase with the passing of the days, to the end that the full power and good of our fraternity be assured, and the satisfaction of real accomplishment make 1924 indeed a happy year for you and yours. Suppon, Grand Exalted Ruler Watertown, South Dakota January 1, 1924

3

Office of the Grand Secretary

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

New Year's Greetings

To My Brother Elks:

We are entering upon another year, a twelve-months' span in which I am confident we will live the fullness of our opportunities as Elks, thereby adding to the sum of human joy.

In my official capacity, examples of the influence and works of our Order and of the application of its teachings come under my observation daily, and my greatest pride in being an Elk is inspired by the knowledge that while the field of fraternity is full of organizations having for their object the protection of their members and their members' families, we endeavor to advance the cause beyond that, and reach out hope and help to those in need who are outside our membership.

Let our charities ever remain unostentatious, unnumbered and unwritten, but let it be known to all that the members of this Order aspire to the highest type of manhood and that Americanism accentuates our very bone and sinew.

For you and yours, it is my earnest hope that the year 1924 will be crowded with good deeds, prosperity and happiness, for of such is the religion of Elks.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Thed Robinson

Grand Secretary

Chicago, Illinois January 1, 1924

Personalities and Appreciations

For the New Year

AST January the Grand Exalted Ruler, J. Edgar Masters, in his New Year's greeting published in the Magazine said: "Let us forget all about New Year resolves and just try to be good Elks every day in the year. Let us not swear off, but simply begin the year. anev

We have tried to apply this thought to the making of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Each month during 1923 we have begun anew, trying to produce a finer, more interesting magazine than the month before. Letters we have received from men and women all over the country seem to indicate that this effort is bearing fruit. We feel that for the year to come we can make no promise more exacting than that of continuing to improve the Magazine issue after issue.

And, in that connection, what have you to suggest? How would you improve the Magazine? Write us freely. Your ideas will be given every consideration and your letters will be welcome.

Remember Your Responsibility!

A LMOST every thinking man and woman approves A LMOS1 every thinking man and woman approves the automobile—has one or wants one. As an agency which has enabled us to conquer distance by augmenting our own limited method of locomotion, the automobile has worked miracles with our daily life and has helped incalculably to develop the resources of our country. But the popularity of the automobile and

and has helped incalculably to develop the resources of our country. But the popularity of the automobile and its enormous multiplication in recent years has brought a serious problem—the problem of highway accidents. In a carefully studied article, published this month, William Almon Wolff analyzes this question of accidents and discusses means for their prevention. We believe the proportion of automobile owners among our readers to be greater than that of most magazines. And we can the proportion of automotine owners among our readers to be greater than that of most magazines. And we are sure that if all the car-owners among you will give seri-ous thought to the problem of accidents, you can do much toward helping to spread the doctrine of safety. We examined the other day one of the biggest and most powerful electric locomotives ever built. Posted up in front of the driver's cab, where the driver could not avoid seeing it, was a neat but brillient energy

not avoid seeing it, was a neat but brilliant enamel sign bearing this injunction:

NOTICE TO ENGINEMAN

Enginemen must, if any difficulty with machinery withdraws their attention from constant lookout ahead, or weather conditions make observation of signals or warnings in any way doubtful, at once so regulate speed as to make train progress entirely safe.

The famous Fifth Avenue busses carry a similar sign facing the driver, admonishing him to run on schedule as closely as possible but always to consider

schedule as closely as possible but always to consider safety paramount to his schedule. Would not this be a good idea to apply to private cars and trucks? The majority of accidents are due not to breakage of mechanism but to carelessness. A small to breakage of mechanism but to carelessness. A small but conspicuous warning sign, set in the rim of the steering-wheel, or fastened to windshield or instrument-board—lit up by the cowl light at night—would often cause a driver to think and to exercise caution. Three words would be enough to convey the message: "Re-member Your Responsibility," in red enamel on a white ground

ground. We advance this suggestion knowing full well that nothing short of a stone wall will stop some drivers and that there can never be a magic cure-all for the acci-dent problem. It is, however, in line with a safety cam-paign that can not fail to do good.

About the Author of "Woodsmoke"

ON EVERY hand we have been hearing praise of the African novel "Woodsmoke," by Francis Brett Young. It seems to have appealed equally to women and to men. This, we must confess, was not unex-pected. Francis Brett Young is considered by his

A CONTRACTOR OF CONTRACTOR

contemporaries as the foremost of the younger British novelists. John Masefield has said of him:

Vehists. John Miaschield has said of him: "Mr. Francis Brett Young is the most gifted, most interesting and the most becautiful mind among the younger men writing English. He has written with delicate distinction and with abun-dant sense of life. These two qualities, of distinction and abundance, are the qualities of a great writer. Though he is still a young man Mr. Brett Young has thought of a great variety of human life, and of the influence of many problems upon a wide range of human characters. As a poet and as a writer of fiction he stands in a place of his own, acknowledged by his fellow craftsmen and soon to be hailed by the world. He holds a high place, but will soon hold a supremacy."

Mr. Young lives on the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, a thousand feet above the sea-level, his service in the Royal Army Medical Corps in East Africa during the war having unfitted him physically for life in the English climate. Before the war he had been a

ship's surgeon and a practising physician. Among his other books are "Pilgrim's Rest" and "The Crescent Moon," both novels of Africa, "The Red Knight," "The Black Diamond" and "The Dark Tower.

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Signs of Vitality

Signs of Vitality E VERY month we receive requests from other maga-zines, newspapers and house organs, to reprint features which first saw the light of day in THE ELKS MACAZINE. William G. Shepherd's article in September "How to Tell a Good Store," was reprinted more than a dozen times. James H. Collins' "Who Pays for Ad-vertising," in October, Bruce Barton's "The Glory of Detail," in November, have both been reprinted. The latter article has, we find, been used as a text by em-ployers, who have gathered their staffs about them and read the article aloud. It is a sign of vitality in a magazine when its features

It is a sign of vitality in a magazine when its features are so frequently deemed worthy of republication. And we are proud of the privilege of publishing articles that so many of our readers find genuinely useful and inspiring.

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Reports of Memorial Services

ON THE eve of going to press with this number we received hundreds of communications from cor-respondents all over the country enclosing descriptions of Elks Memorial Services held by the various Lodges and copies of Memorial Day addresses. Quite apart from the unavoidable proximity of Memorial Sunday to the date on which this magazine's last forms are locked up, the element of space makes it physically impossible to publish such items in the volume in which we receive them. Even if we gave each Lodge only a scant five lines the items would eat up approximately thirty full pages in the magazine.

And, too, we can see no equitable basis for discrimina-

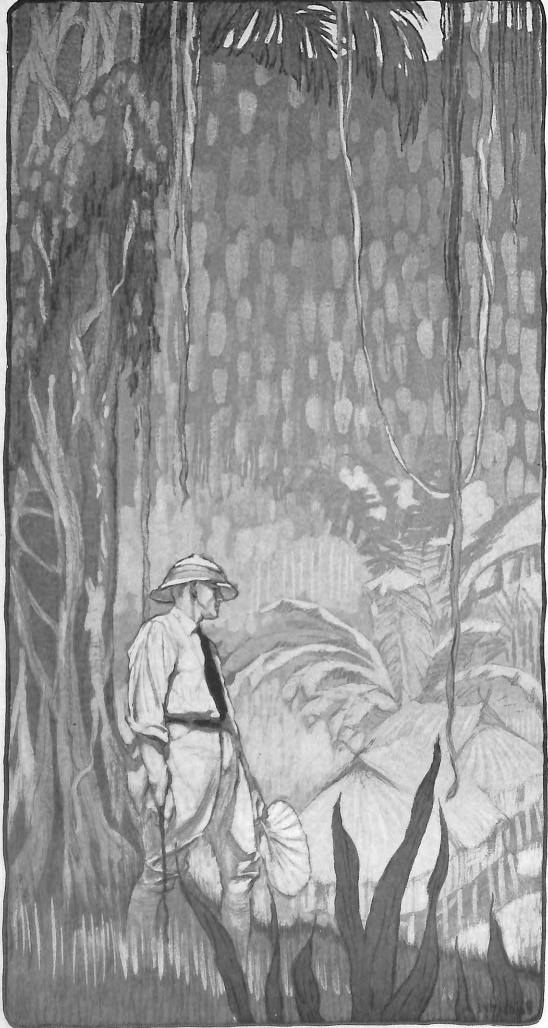
We bring up this point so that those who sent us news of Memorial Services held by their Lodges will understand why these reports do not appear in this issue.

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Monuments to Integrity

FROM our office windows in a tower, eighteen stories **F**ROM our office windows in a tower, eighteen stories above the tumultuous streets, we can see on all sides, topped with snowy plumes of steam, great buildings of brick and stone and steel. Gaunt, for the most part, in their harsh. utilitarian ugliness, symbols of the power of money and the wracking contest that is modern life, they stand as material monuments to achievement. Sometimes, in the twilight, when the sinking sun illumines their myriad windows with a warm glint as of burnished copper and their stiffness is softened by the evening haze, these buildings assume an unsuspected beauty. And we wonder then how many of them are monuments to integrity as well as to ambition; how many of them rest on a foundation of ambition; how many of them rest on a foundation of Justice and Brotherly Love and Fidelity. Wouldn't it be interesting to know?

TO A CONSTRUCTOR OF THE ACTION OF THE ACTION



Native Psychology and Barbaric Revenge Write an

> The heat was terrific. It was like a live, teering, and very evil thing. It ran out in a sticky, scalding stream of choking air, rising about him in waves, touching his lips with a feel of molten brass, stabbing into his brain like a million crackling spears

Amazing Episode in the Annals of Jones & Sheng Pao

HERE was, in the motley annals of Jones & Sheng Pao, Far Eastern traders, one page that has since been torn out.

It dealt with an oath, solemnly sworn and as solemnly kept, by Tsek Illaguk, a jungly, mission-bred aborigine from the neutral strip of wilderness that separates northern British Burma and the Chinese province of Yun-nan-and let us mention incidentally that Tsek Illaguk seems no longer missionbred, but is living once more in the matted, squidgy miasma of the farther bush. eating unsavory food, sinning unspeakable sins, and rolling the thunder of his ghost drums before the altars of false gods. It dealt, furthermore, with the reaction of the tropics on the mind of Randolph C. Calhoun, cousin three times removed to Blennerhassett Jones and shipped out to China after his sudden resignation, though some called it by a harsher name, from the University of Virginia.

It is never alluded to either by Jones or by his Manchu partner; most certainly not by Randolph C. Calhoun, who is to-day in successful charge of the firm's North China interests, with thinning hair, thickening waist line, and a correct touch of gentlemanly, inherited gout.

Calhoun is universally popular; respected in counting-house and go-down, and a social favorite from Shanghai's Bubbling Well Road to Pekin's brown, bastioned Tartar walls. But it is a well-known fact that he has never been heard to laugh since he came up to the latter city from the Jones & Sheng Pao southern Yun-nan jungle concessions, about a dozen years earlier.

Not that he is without a saving sense of humor. His dry, epigrammatic comments on human foibles prove the opposite.

But when he hears a joke or sees some ludicrous, mirth-provoking incident, his face switches grotesquely, as if it hurt him; beads of perspiration break out on his forehead and nose and there comes into his eyes an expression of stark, abject terror. Something naked and tainted seems to reach out from the recesses of his memory, to touch his own shivering soul as well as the souls of whomever he is with, leaving behind the Usually chill of an indescribable uneasiness. he will mumble an incoherent apology in a headlong, sibilant whisper and leave the

room precipitately. Of course there is gossip across tea table and poker table—gossip and rumor as to the why and wherefore. But nobody knows for certain. And when just the other day at the Hongkong Club a newcomer from the States asked Jones straight out, the latter looked at him stonily.

"Permit me to inform you, sir," he said,

Tropics

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldridge

"since you are a griffin in China, that three things are taboo in the treaty ports. You must never suggest to a coral-button mandarin to introduce you to his youngest wife. You must never bet when you play poker with a half-caste Portuguese and he deals

with a half-caste Portuguese and he deals you four kings pat. You must never in-quire the reason why Mr. Calhoun refuses to laugh. It is a closed chapter." "I am sorry," murmured the other. "A tragic recollection, I'm afraid?——" "On the contrary. Comic. Too comic. Mr. Calhoun laughed very heartily at the time." And, changing the conversation: "Will you join me in a mint-julep, sir? It took me three months to teach these vellow took me three months to teach these yellow boys how to smash the mint properly

And so he was again his courtly, slightly ironic, and altogether Virginian self.

I T HAPPENED about two years after Jones & Sheng Pao had opened their southern Yun-nan jungle concessions.

These concessions were very valuable, yielding immense quantities of rubber and alluvial gold, of fossil ivory and gum-copral and medicinal deer horns, worth their weight in silver, for the mandarin trade; there was, too, an abundance of precious woods, ebony, teak, *sal*, *saj*, camphor, and *sissu* trees. Nor was the overhead expense large. For, with the exception of a few white overseers and Chinese clerks, all the work was done by jungly aborigines from the Chinese-Burman frontier, Miaos and I-piens and Lolos by race. Bushy-headed, ape-armed, ocher-smeared, splay-footed savages, they underbid and outtoiled even the frugal Chinese coolies

Intent on rapid and constructive development, Jones & Sheng Pao had moved their headquarters into the heart of the jungle, a couple of days' trek from the Burman bor-

The native The native yawned elab-orately." Yes, yes, yes. No hur-ry. I shall attend to it presently," he replied after a while. "Take a seat, old chap"

der, on the banks of the Taping River, snug at the head of a little bay where the water was deep and the anchorage safe, fairly healthy all the year round, and in advan-tageous situation to the new territories which they had decided to tap.

Years ago they could have retired: Sheng Pao to a pleasant little, amber-tiled villa on the outskirts of Pekin, gleaming like a jewel in its setting of dark cypresses and the flaunting garden with the eleven varieties of roses of which he talked so much; and Blennerhassett Jones to a house up the Shenandoah valley—buried in wild honey-suckle, the lawn starred with celandine and cotton-thistles and love-in-the-mist, high in the trees the chittering of orioles and red-billed curlews—about which his imagina-tion wove nostalgic dreams on those rare days when China's yellow, unhuman tenuity got beneath his skin and pin-pricked his soul.

They spoke of it-retirement from busi-ness, home-sick longing in their voices, year after year.

But they remained, year after year.

FOR this was the far southwest of China; the tropics. The cloying, subtle poison of it had entered their brains. It was like a drug. They could not do without it.

There was always something new waiting for them, behind the ranges, the rivers, the jungles and forests; something new to be discovered, explored, tamed, exploited.

One day there would be the click and stammer of guttural whispers in an aborigine's hut about a virgin ground of fossil ivory far above the last bush station of the Bur-man border. Another day there would be florid, metaphorical talk brought by a Tonkinese runner, drunk with hemp, of an incredible store of gold dust, the plunder of the swinging, heathen centuries, buried in a miasmic swamp near the Mekong River, the other side of the Valley of Sixty Spears. Or perhaps the night drums of the Shan tribes-men would boom forth the staccato tale of a new find of rubber, beyond the crested border hills, beyond the fugitive trail of the utmost jungle tracker.

Then-exerting pressure diplomatic and commercial, gilding the crooked fingers of mandarin and dragoman and consul-Chinese merchants, white financiers, and halfcaste business buccaneers would be down on caste business buccaneers would be down on the spoor like jackals to the reek of carrion, yelping for: "Concessions! Concessions!"; and amongst them of course—"wolf running side by side with graywolf," was the Man-chu's comment—would be Jones & Sheng Pao. And victory swinging her ironic pendu-lum—throwing the flash and thrall of red gold now into the lap of the one, now into that of the other.

"But-" Blennerhassett Jones explained to Randolph C. Calhoun on the day of the to Randolph C. Calnour on the day "it isn't really the money we're after . . ." "Because," interrupted the practical Man-

chu, "we have plenty . . . " "It is—oh—" The Virginian slurred, stopped, then went on: "This," pointing from the veranda of their bungalow at the matted forest, somber and threatening, with glints of the winding river, and here and there a clearing, like a blotch of pink and orchid and elfin-green in that grim, purple-and-black canvas. "And this." pointing at the compound, surrounded by a rush fence, where half a hundred ocher-smeared, bushyheaded savages squatted about their ruddy camp-fires, chattering, laughing, squirting betel juice through discolored teeth, rocking from side to side like chained jungle beasts to ease the strain on their ankles.

REAT!" commented Randolph C. Cal-GREAT! commented real of three months removed from his collegiate salad days when his thoughts had been mostly of his ties, his fraternity, and his abortive, honey-colored mustache. "Romance! I'll tell the world." Romance indeed. He breathed it; wal-

lowed in it.

Romance even-for he started far down on the rungs of the office ladder-in the daily entries which he wrote in the huge ledgers of the firm, when the porters brought in the bales of jungly produce, weighted, classified, and checked off by blue-bloused Chinese clerks.

Consider; orchilla weed, gum-copral, ivory, rubber, teak, sandal-wood, oils. Spicy, aromatic, full-flavored things. Worth dol-lars and cents? True. But dollars and cents framed golden in the halo of this far, strange land.

He liked it; loved it; fell under its puissant, pulsing spell.

He exclaimed vociferously and extravagantly over the scenery; the distant mountains which were turning their mist-hooded heads to the river; the occasional naked rocks that glowed like topaz and amethyst; the patches of tufted, scented jungle grass that changed from fox-red to dull silver as the east wind twisted it over; the rolling wave of green forest life; the exuberant odorous mingling of trees and waxen flowers and great, spiky creepers; the lovely, gracious chiffon dimness of the farther bush. Everything seemed brimful of color and romance; and the tropics were to him like Huma, that fantastic bird of Persian legend which never alights but is always on the wing.

There were also the natives, Miaos and I-piens and Lolos. At first they had seemed part of the scenery; splotches of color; exotic, two-legged fungus growths, sprouting chaotically, chance - created, chance - bred. Impersonal they had seemed, rather stagy, a bit unreal.

But after a while they had taken on personality and individuality. After a while exchanging mostly by sign language expression of mutual good-will with them and feel-ing sorry for their brutish lot quite unnecessarily, since they did not feel sorry for themselves - he began to nurse serious and constructive thoughts as to their spiritual and material betterment.

Knowing well his Kipling, he spoke casually of taking up the White Man's Burden; much to Blennerhassett Jones's silent

and sympathetic amusement who remarked one day to his partner that it was like the measles—"they all catch it sooner or later, I did myself!"—and to the Manchu's apoc-"When the water has receded, the stones will appear!"

Then one morning a tiny, emerald-green beetle bit him on the heel as he was pulling on his socks. So he went down with jungle fever, shivering and burning in turns. Fever brought quinine. Quinine brought earbuzzing. Ear-buzzing brought a daily brandy-peg; stiff; stiffer.

And brandy—plus more quinine, more green beetles' stings, and more fever — jaundiced his complexion to a gorgeous saffron-yellow and caused a touch of liver trouble.

Perhaps it was the liver complaint which made him lose his temper with Tsek Illaguk. Perhaps it was the fact that subconsciously for such is ever the second period of a white man's reactions to the tropics-he was beginning to hate them. Perhaps it was because Tsek Illaguk was mission-bred, while Randolph C. Calhoun was bred in Albemarle County, Va.

A treble point; trebly moot.

As to the liver complaint, it subsided after Blennerhassett Jones had regulated his brandy allowance and swamped him with Warburg's Tincture.

As to his sudden hate of the tropics, it came over-night, without warning, turning all at once the color and romance of the land into crass daubs of paint which hurt the eye, and grim, plague-spotted stench which offended the nose, while the White Man's Burden grew to the size and proportion of an elephant's load, too hard to bear for a well-washed, well-brushed youngster. Finally—as to Tsek Illaguk—?

But let us take fresh breath.

This Illaguk-to quote a Vermont Yankee

who had vaguely globetrotted through the country-was a "dog-gone, lemon-colored, frizzy-haired anachronism with white cuffs, checked pants, and monumental gall!

An aborigine from the Burman border, he had fallen as a child into the ingenuous, silk - gloved clutches of a well-intentioned British woman missionary. She had sent him to mission school at Rangoon where he had learned to read the Bible, to swear fluently in English, to quote less fluently certain Latin maxims, to employ soap for other than eating purposes, to plaster down his kinky poll with scented brilliantine, to use knife and fork and safety-razor, to sleep in a bed, to claim British citizenship, to drop his crimson loin cloth and his bone nose stud and substitute therefor trousers, shirt, and shoes-and,

by all these several tokens, to forget his respect for the White Man.

But, working for Jones & Sheng Pao, he had proved himself a valuable employee, not only as an interpreter, but also as a sort of liaison officer, translating the savages' psychology-that psychology so difficult to fathom, because a brutish deed may spring from a childish motive, and a childish deed from a brutish motive-into the firm's dollars-and-cents psychology and vice versa.

For the last six months he had been away in the southern jungles, recruiting laborers. He returned on a Thursday evening amidst the braying of conches-for he was an important personage with his people-the thump-thumpetty-thump of signal drums, the ruddy spluttering and hissing of torches, and Sheng Pao's casual remark that "Tsek

Illaguk has come home." "Who may he be?" asked Randolph C. Calhoun, who had arrived at the station during the man's absence in the south.

Blennerhassett Jones told him.

"He is my confidential clerk," he added, and jealous of his privileges. Be sure to have him announce you to-morrow morning when you bring me your weekly report. These savages are touchy-chiefly the educated ones.

"Damn all savages!" exclaimed the other suddenly, without rhyme or reason-except the flying cockroaches, the humming, zumming fever-bearing beetles, the woolly, gan-grened heat. He banged the table. "Damn the whole damned country! It isn't a country! It's a filthy junk-heap for a fellow's ambitions, for his energy, his decency, his very faith and charity!"

"No longer carrying the White Man's Burden?" inquired the Manchu ironically. Calhoun did not reply. He looked out into the night. There was not a glimmer of light in the intense blackness that seemed to have destroyed everything except space. But, beyond this annihilation of all visible things he felt, somehow, the creeping jungle's unclean, brooding soul-cosmic, throbbing, tinged with mysteries, tainted with cruelties unspeakable. Beyond the night he felt a second night; a night without any stars; a night of dread immensities; a night not Godmade.

"Oh!" he sobbed.

HE WAS afraid. The heat came in great, bloated waves, enveloping him with a steamy pall, smelling faintly of the green-house and the graveyard. He sensed the bunched, brutal enormity of this acrid world of darkness and lies, where the thought that somewhere—east, north, west—a sun was shining over other, cleaner, sweeter lands was to him the one truth of each passing day.

He flung out of the room. The Manchu looked after

him. "It is written in the Ku-liang Chun," he remarked senten-tiously, "that what is near vermilion becomes stained red, what is near ink becomes stained black."

"Meaning?" inquired the Virginian.

"That the tropics are-ahhow do you say?-yes-'getting' your young relative. I would suggest a leave of absence in the north — Pekin, for in-stance . . ." "No," replied Jones. "He

must learn. I believe in the school of hard knocks."

"Indeed, O wise and older brother," replied Sheng Pao.



January, 1924

"A flaw in a mace of white jade can only be removed by much patient polishing. But suppose you polish too much? Sup-

pose the mace of white jade cracks——?" Early the next morning Randolph C. Calhoun walked to the office with his weekly report.

The heat was terrific. It was like a live, leering, and very evil thing. It ran out in a sticky, scalding stream of chok-

ing air, rising about him in waves, touching his lips with a feel of molten brass, stabbing into his brain like crackling spears. It seemed to him that even the furry, reddish limbs of the saj trees, the swollen-boled trunks of the borassus palms held the heat and radiated it, like boiler-tubes in a factory.

The blazing sky stared down at him with terrible, mocking eves. Beyond the rush fence the jungle stretched like a coiling carpet of greenish-black, matted corruption, spotted with gnarled bushes that

bore clusters of waxen, yellow fruit and above, clinging like rats, loops of python - like liana and huge clumps of purple and rosered orchids. A narrow trail crept through, wiped by the poisonous breath of the tropics into a dim, smelly mire which bubbled and sucked-seemed to reach out for those

who dared tread its foul solitude.

Calhoun walked slowly. His khaki ridingbreeches stuck to his legs, rubbing them raw. The heavy rhinoceros-hide whip swinging from his wrist seemed a dead weight. It was even an effort to handle the dried palm-leaf with which he fanned his beetred face.

He felt sick at heart, sick in body; and when finally he reached the corrugated-iron office building and entered the anteroom, his temper was not exactly sweetened as he beheld there Tsek Illaguk, his booted feet on the table in front of him, his legs sheathed in checked, pegtop trousers, a stiff, high collar and red necktie about his massive throat, a large cigar between his fleshy lips, his frizzy hair smoothed down with brilliantine and parted in the middle, his right hand shooting forth occasionally and slapping at an overinquisitive fly.

Calhoun grew hot under the collar when Illaguk, instead of rising and salaaming, rolled his cigar to starboard, waved a patronizing salute with a bejeweled, lemon-colored paw, and drawled out a slow "Howd'ye do?" without the "sir."

But Calhoun kept his temper. "Announce me to Mr. Jones," he said. "I beg your pardon?" came the reply in distressingly good English.

"Announce me to Mr. Jones!" Calhoun's voice rose a significant octave.

"Who shall I say?" "Mr. Randolph C. Calhoun."

"Oh. . . ." Tsek Illaguk gave a perfect imitation of the expressive British mono-syllable, slapped at a fly, and jerked his

synable, supped at a ny, and jented no gorgeous necktie into place. "I repeat"—the other's words were tense, slightly tremulous—"I want you to announce me to Mr. Jones.

The native yawned elaborately.

"Yes, yes, yes. No hurry. I shall attend to it presently," he replied after a while; and, pointing at a chair: "Take a seat, old chap."

Calhoun turned brick-red. He flicked his puttees with his whip. A great rage rose in his throat. But he succeeded in controlling himself.

"Do it at once!" he commanded curtly. "What's the bloody hurry?" Illaguk asked with another elaborate yawn, and fell to busying himself with some of the papers which littered the desk.

Calhoun took a step nearer. His left hand opened and shut spasmodically, while his right took a firmer grip on the rhinoceros-

hide whip. "Lo—look here, you cursed yellow swine!" he began, and he stammered with excite-ment. "No more of your lip! Do as I tell ment. you!"

ILLAGUK slowly withdrew his feet from the desk. He put down his cigar, having first carefully ashed it. He looked the other up and down. "I say," he drawled. "You seem to for-

get that I am a British subject, what? Just as good as an American citizen! Just as good as you! With the same rights! I am a free man, eh?" His voice rose to a shrill. "I know my rights. I know. I am educated. I have learned."

Calhoun took another step forward.

"Free or not, you're going to do as you are told, and you're going to be darn quick

about it, see?" He lifted his whip with a significant gesture.

Illaguk turned ashen-gray. But he stood

"Damn it," he cried, "don't you dare threaten me! I am a clerk employed by Jones & Sheng Pao-same as you! I am a free man!'

He paused for the fraction of a second, evidently puzzled over something which he tried to remember. Then his mouth opened

in an immense, toothy grin. "Ho!" he shouted. "I know—I know! 'Vox populi, vox Dei!""

It was this Latin quotation which broke the camel's back. For just as soon as Calhoun heard it, he descended upon the native with an avalanche of brutal blows. The latter was both too surprised and frightened to attempt resistance. Instinctively he raised his hands to protect his face.

"Help!" he screamed. "Help! Help!" And help came in the person of Blennerhassett Jones who rushed in from the next room.

He lost no time in separating the two. He listened to explanations from both; accusations; counter-accusations. He shrugged his shoulders rather wearily.

Perhaps, he said to himself, his cousin was in the right; perhaps—and much more likely the other. Calhoun had lost his temper. He had not been justified in assaulting Tsek Illaguk, even though the latter did wear shoes and forgot to call him "sir" and quoted Latin. All very annoying, chiefly

The Ngo-Sus put him on c low couch, and tied him with ropes. They took off his shoes and stockings and covered the soles of his feet with a strong solution of salt

here in the tropics where small things took on exaggeratedly important proportions, but hardly enough cause for brutally whipping the man with a length of pickled rhinoceros-hide.

Still, it made no difference. This was a savage land where one could not give in an inch, right or wrong. The authority of the firm, the prestige of the White Man had to be upheld at all costs. Hereafter the Taping station would not be large enough to hold both Calhoun and Illaguk. Injustice? Doubtless. He could not help it. So was nature unjust, always sacrificing the weak to feed the strong.

He turned to the native.

"You are no longer in our employ.

Draw your pay and go." "But — oh. . . ." The man seemed utterly amazed. Then, when Jones repeated his decision, he pulled himself erect, stood there quietly, suffused with an extraordinary dignity which belied his checked trousers, his red necktie, all his ludicrous cockney attire.

Very well," he said slowly.

"Draw an extra month's pay." "Gold?" demanded Tsek Illa-guk. "Can you lay the ghost of a lie vith gold? Hayah! Is a man sick? Give him gold—says the White. Is he lonely and unhappy? Give him gold — says the White. Does his heart break with pain? Give him gold — says the White. I do not want your gold. Besides

-I could not use it where I am going. .

"Namely?" asked Jones, astonished. "Home!" said Tsek Illaguk; and he echoed the word, not in his faultless English, but in the clicky, guttural jargon of his tribe: "Home! To mine own people!" Suddenly, with a few quick jerks, he tore

off his clothes. He stood there, naked, savage, superb, with something so stately and ominous in his pose that a hush seemed to fall over the room. "Ha!" Calhoun's

Calhoun's laugh, flat, brittle, rather forced, shivered the hush.

LLAGUK stared at him, without a stir, motionless as the wilderness at noon, with an air of brooding over some inscrutable, dark purpose. Then he turned and crossed the threshold, the yard, strode up to the rush fence with a slow, deliberate step. The two Americans looked after him, a little nervous, even somehow a little frightened. They saw him walk through the opening of the fence; saw him step into the jungle, his golden skin melting into the greenish gloom, blending with it, vanishing. There was hardly a shiver where he had passed—amidst the gnarled, hairy-red tanka bushes, the flowering orchid vines pattering in a mist of perfumed snow, the lance-shaped, blotched leaves of the epiphites. There was hardly a flutter among the drowsy jungle birds, the crested, green pigeons, the rose-breasted dippers, the tiny, gem-like sunbirds; hardly a stir among the hundreds of small, lemon-colored lily-trotters in the branches of the trees. It was as if the wilderness had sucked him in, had drawn him to its savage bosom.

"Tremendously melodramatic exit, don't you think?" asked Randolph C. Calhoun with an unreal laugh.

He turned when he heard Sheng Pao's voice. The Manchu stood on the threshold of the inner room. He had come in unheard

"Too bad," he said. "Rather annoying," agreed Blenner-hassett Jones. "Illaguk was a valuable man.

Still-I reckon we'll find another native to

take his place. . . ." "I was not speaking of that," rejoined the Manchu; and, addressing Calhoun: "You made a very bad enemy to-day. Chiefly by your laughter. No savage understands the your laughter. No savage understands in psychology of laughter. Laughter is a privilege of civilization. To a savage it is the one unforgivable insult." "What of it?" exclaimed the younger man. "Why—Illaguk is mission-bred,

boiled and stewed in the mission caldron and then pegged out by the reverend padres and laid in the sun to dry until every bit of original sin has left him-except cheek, and an educated taste in brandy, cigars, and

"You forget," said the Manchu softly, "that he is by birth a Ngo Su tribesman from the Burman border.'

. _,ייק_ "Well-

"I know his breed. My friend, I have read in the Kung-Yuang Chun that the young ones of the duck are swimmers."

"All right," replied Calhoun. "I'll go heeled. I can shoot pretty straight if there's shooting to be done.

"Did I mention shooting?" asked the Manchu.

"Not exactly. But you suggested . . .

"Revenge in this land," inter-rupted Sheng Pao, "is not always connected with killing. I have known some of these jungly men to be rather more—ah—shall I call it artistic?" It was due to the Manchu's advice that

for a time they had Tsek Illaguk watched by bush spies and trackers. But they found out nothing except that he had joined his people, five days' trek to the south, had taken onto himself a scarlet loin cloth, a fantastic nose stud, a coating of ocher paint, a brace of spears, and the germs of a well - stocked harem; that, furthermore, he had recanted his Christian faith and worshiped once again his swag-bellied, heathen idols.

Later on further information came that he had taken service under Gillak Marabuk, the most powerful chief among the Ngo-Su tribes. Here he might have done mischief. For Jones & Sheng Pao did a certain amount of labor recruiting in Gillak Marabuk's villages. Too, his territory, situated in the neutral strip of wilderness between China and British Burma, was rumored to be rich in gold, for which Jones & Sheng Pao hoped to obtain a concession some day.

But the chief seemed as friendly as before. It was evident that Tsek Illaguk had not tried to influence him against the firm.

So, since nothing happened and since familiarity breeds contempt, there is small wonder that, at the end of the second month, neither of the two Americans ever wasted a thought on Tsek Illaguk, had nearly forgotten his existence.

Only the Manchu would mention his misgivings at times. "No, no," he would say to his partner.

"A jungly man is a jungly man always. It is useless to plant sugar-cane on lips which drip with gall. It has also been written that an elephant is an elephant on low ground as well as on high.'

But Jones laughed, called the other a croaking raven of ill-omen, and lived once more through a mirage of his own youth in that of his relative of whom he was very fond in his shy, rather stilted way.

Indeed, it was a pleasure to watch Calhoun's development. As he had got over his first undiscerning enthusiasm about the tropics, so he had now overcome his undiscriminating dislike against them. He was commencing to shape. He took a sober pride in his work, in the service that he was giving and taking, in the very disappointments which are part of the day's work in the regions traversed by the equator.

Even when September came—and with it, for days, unceasing, a black wall of rain roaring like a cataract, followed by moist, strangling heat that lay over the jungle with a colorless, shimmering blanket of oily vapor and burrowed into the earth until the very worms came up for the sake of coolness -even then he stuck to his post without taking home leave or Hongkong leave, though Jones offered both.

He had infinite patience with the aborigines who, maddened by the heat, showed occasional inclination to run amuck. He would reason with them as he would with refractory children, using his rhinoceroshide whip but sparingly-which proves that the tropics were beginning to season him.

WAS during Sheng Pao's absence in Pekin on business that, one sultry night. a jungle runner brought gossip of gold having been discovered in Gillak Marabuk's territory, showing as proof samples of milkwhite limestone in which the pure metal stuck like raisins in a cake. The news was corroborated as well as made doubly important when, a day of two later, Sheng Pao's confidential Tartar secretary arrived from Yun-nan-fu with a message, telegraphed from Pekin by his employer, that the Central Chinese Chartered Company had also had wind of the find, and that the agents-in Sheng Pao's words-were ' 'after the gold as young fleas are after blood."

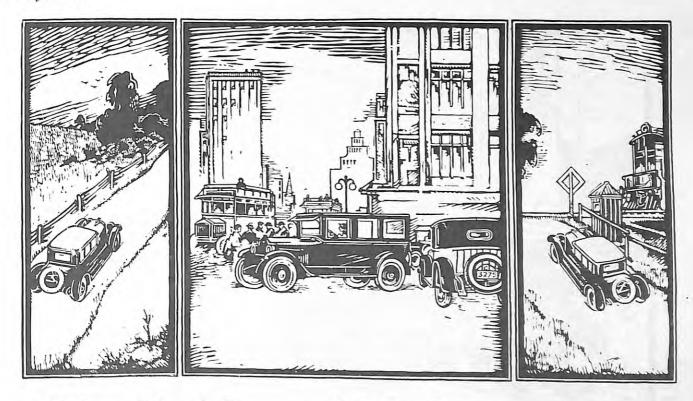
This company, known generally as the C. C. C. C., was Jones & Sheng Pao's chief competitor. And be it mentioned that it was a giant offspring of the world-embracing Anglo-American Petroleum Syndicate; that it had a king of Europe and a greater king of Wall Street for chief shareholders, a Chicago billionaire packer for president, a bishop for secretary, a prime minister for counsel, a Hebrew banker with a historical name for treasurer; that it fought its rivals with every weapon, from finance to political intrigue, from diplomatic pressure to revolution and open warfare; that its agents and factors and concession-hunters were the picked and reckless spirits of all the world: Glasgow Scots, down-cast Yankees, Portuguese half-breeds, Turkish Jews, Welshmen, and Greeks—in fact, an ethnographical

chart of all the Far East's gaudy rogues. "I shall return as soon as I can," Sheng Pao's message wound up. "In the meantime, by judicially investing a few thousand taels, I found out from mandarin Wong who is in the C. C. C. C.'s employ, that the latter will not send agents to Gillak Marabuk with whom we are supposed to be in high favor. Instead the company proposes to pull wires with the British Colonial Office, to have Great Britain declare a protectorate over the neutral strip where the gold discoveries have been made, and to obtain an exploiting charter for the latter from the Secretary for the Colonies who is the C. C. C. C.'s very good friend. But has it not been said of you and me, O wise and older brother, that if we fall in the river we will rise with a fish in our mouth? Buddha! I am hungry for fish!'

"Tough to have a Mongol philosopher for partner!" laughed Randolph C. Calhoun. "Why?" asked Blennerhassett Jones.

(Continued on page 56)

January, 1924



The Problem of Highway Safety There Is No Single Solution, But Everybody Can Help

By William Almon Wolff

Drawings by F. V. Carpenter

 $T^{\rm HERE}_{\rm number of accidents due to vehicles. But they are not strictly and justly enforced. Too often en-$

are not strictly and justly enforced. Too often en-forcement depends on chance; on the capricious tem-perament of a policeman; even, sometimes, on graft. Public opinion must be aroused to a realization of the part the public can play in reducing the toll of deaths due to highway traffic. The public means both drivers and pedestrians. Public opinion can do more to enforce careful driving than all else—it can also insist on more attention on the part of those who walk and cross the streets. It can make the who walk and cross the streets. It can make the policeman realize that his business is to direct traffic; to promote safety—not to be a spy, or to play a game

CAN remember, vaguely, it is true, but still with a good deal of detail, the day when three or four automobiles started from Northumberland Avenue, in London, to run over the road to Brighton, fifty miles away. I was one of the crowd that watched that start of that road run-this must have been about 1896, though I'm not sure of the date. But it was at a time when the motor car was still very new, and looked like an old-fashioned buggy, except for the horse. And, about the time you read this, I shall

probably be one of those who go to the big Automobile Shows, where marvelous machines will make me go outside, later, and pretend that I really have nothing to do with the car that seemed pretty good on my way up-town, and that I am simply driving it home to oblige an unfortunate friend, who owns it. I shall see all the different sorts of four-wheel brakes, and the latest improvements in engines and trans-missions, and everything else will be ex-plained to me just as glibly as if I could really understand what the salesmen were talking about. And I shall carry away, once more, an impression of the vas ness of this industry that I can remember as the puniest and feeblest of infants.

And I don't suppose it will occur to me, or to any of the rest of the people who will be there, dazzled by the magnificence of the display, impressed by the symbol it is of the enormous strength and prosperity of the industry, that the making, the selling, the owning and driving of motor cars are industries, businesses, pleasures, vocations that stand in extremely serious danger. But that won't keep it from being true.

Suppose laws were passed arbitrarily limiting the speed of all motor vehicles to fifteen miles an hour? You say that such laws already exist, applying to a good deal of territory? Yes. But they aren't very strictly enforced. Suppose, instead of depending upon a law so easily evaded as to make its enforcement of necessity a capricious and uneven one, legislators required all motors to be equipped with governors, making it impossible for a car to be driven faster than a given speed?

Suppose almost prohibitive taxes were imposed upon motor cars? Suppose the num-ber to be licensed in a State or city were limited? Suppose only a certain number of driving licenses were issued?

You may say these suppositions are all ridiculous; that nothing of the sort could

with the motorist, in which he tries, deliberately, to catch the driver in an offense-often purely technical gainst some law.

-against some law. The public, too, can compel the provision, in all cities, of more adequate playgrounds for children in basements, on roofs, in vacant lots and in parks. Until it has done so children will play in the streets because they must. Children respond quickly and cleverly to efforts to teach them how to care for them-selves where highway traffic is heavy; the reduction in the number of accidents in the communities where in the number of accidents in the communities where systematic safety education has been practised in the schools proves that. Alfred Reepos

hools proves that. Alfred Reeves General Manager, The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce

possibly happen. Well, a good many people said, and believed, that prohibition could never be made law, either. They seem to have been mistaken. And it is safe to take it for granted that if a State legislature wants to pass laws hostile to the use, and, especially, the further increase of the use, of automobiles, it can do so. The police power is pretty wide, as any lawyer will tell you.

Now, there is just one thing that makes a certain number of the more thoughtful men interested, for one reason and another, in the automobile, distinctly fearful of some very harsh and repressive legislation, and that is the growing toll of life due, directly or indirectly, to the use of motor cars.

EXACT figures are singularly hard to come at where the automobile is in question. Probably final registration figures for 1923 will show that between twelve and thirteen million motor vehicles were in use in that year; it i a safe guess that the total for 1924 will be somewhere around fourteen million. It is fairly safe, too, to estimate that about ten million machines are in ordinary, non-commercial, private use; are driven by their owners, that is, or by 12



chauffeurs acting directly for their owners, and with their owners or members of their families and their friends as passengers.

Probably you, who are reading this, either own and drive a car, or expect, before very long, to do so. The chances are, that is, that you have very much the same sort of interest in the automobile business that I have. You may drive a car more or less on business part of the time; you probably use it for vacation trips, for week-end journeys, to go to your golf club, to drive to a football game. If you have a car you know how much its use, under present conditions, means to you; how definitely and seriously your present way of living would be affected by any radical alteration in the laws limiting your use of your car. Naturally, if you happen to be engaged, in one way or another, in the automobile business, if you make or sell cars, or supplies for cars, or if you run a garage or a service station, or a hotel or road-house that depends upon automo-bile travel, your interest is even greater than mine.

SO FAR as I know, no automobile driver has yet been actually lynched for running over a pedestrian. But some have been roughly handled by crowds, and saved from worse treatment by the police. Very often, of course, the driver of a car that has run some one down is wholly blameless. But the crowd that gathers with such amazing swiftness after an accident in a city street neither knows nor inquires. It is simply outraged and angry—and it is made up, as a rule, of people who don't own cars, and don't particularly expect ever to own a car. That is a point to be remembered—for, after all, there are now, and until we are a lot nearer the millennium than now seems likely to occur in this century there always will be, more people without cars than with them. And what thoughtful men are seeing, more and more clearly, is that it isn't only the individual driver who is in danger, but the whole automobile industry. That can be lynched, too—by such legislation as I have suggested. And if the demand from the people who don't own cars becomes strong enough, such laws will be passed.

Again, statistics, accurate, usable figures, are hard to come at. The National Safety Council

estimated that about 14,000 people were killed in highway traffic accidents in 1922, and 1,300 more when automobiles were struck by trains at grade-crossings. Some other organizations, devoted to study of the safety problem, present lower figures. William Phelps Eno, who has made a closer study of traffic problems than any one alive, thinks the real total of deaths due to automobile operation would run close to 36,000 for an average year.

for an average year. But, even if you had a really accurate total, the figures would still be difficult to use, for proper classification of accidents is something that only a few States and cities undertake. You would have to know, in analyzing the fatalities of a year, how many deaths occurred among pedestrians, how many people were killed when they were driving cars, or riding in them, as the result of real accidents, in which negligence of some sort wasn't a factor, how many were due to sheer recklessness. And there is no way of getting at these extremely important statistics now, except, as I say, in the case of a few especially careful States and towns.

When you simply set down the totals, even

The Elks Magazine

on the basis of what Mr. Eno thinks is an underestimate, the figures are appalling enough, heaven knows. You are likely to feel that anything that results in the death of more than 15,000 people in twelve months is a matter of the gravest possible public concern. And it doesn't help very much to know that, while the actual total of deaths increases from year to year, fewer people, by far, seem to be killed, each year, in proportion to the total number of cars on the road.

THIS, at least, is true—that even a country with a population of more than a hundred millions can not look with perfect equanimity upon an annual accidental death toll of 15,000, more or less. Regardless of the division of responsibility for these deaths among drivers and victims, public opinion is certain to demand a marked reduction of the annual death-list. There really has been a reduction in this sense—that without a tremendous amount of work in the way of education and safety propaganda, the number of deaths each year would be far greater than it is. But what is going to be peremptorily demanded before long is an actual, not simply a proportionate, reduction.

Now, there isn't the slightest doubt that of accidents resulting fatally to pedestrians, a great many are due to the carelessness of the victims themselves. Every one who has driven a car knows that; knows it so well, in fact, that it is likely sometimes to make him rather dangerously complacent. It is perfectly true that the streets and highways are intended primarily for vehicu-

It is perfectly true that the streets and highways are intended primarily for vehicular traffic, and that those who cross them, or otherwise invade them, do so, to some extent, at their own risk, and with the assumption of the burden of protecting themselves from

the burden of protecting themselves from injury. Children can not play safely in streets used by motor traffic. No one can safely walk head down across a street so used, without looking to see if cars are coming. Neither children nor adults can make a practise of running across a street in the path of approaching motors without the risk of miscalculating distance, or of slipping.

A great many accidents are due to just such practises. Barron G. Collier, special deputy police commissioner in New York, whose particular interest is in safety work, estimates



January, 1924

that about half the vehicular traffic accidents in the city are due to contributory negligence by the victims—and about half to reckless, careless, or improper driving. Included in the latter category, of course, are practically all accidents in which only those in the machine are hurt—so that comparatively few pedestrians are hurt, in New York, according to the police, as the result of careless driving.

But there is a great deal of driving that is reckless in some degree. Motorists, in New York, are always complaining of the way people along Fifth Avenue persist in crossing that street against the traffic—heedless of the fact that all north and south traffic is stopped, at frequent intervals, permitting

an absolutely safe crossing. They point to the fact that at 42nd Street two, or at the most three, policemen are required to handle vehicles, while four are needed to keep pedestrians from rushing across while the cars are moving.

But time and again, in the hours of light traffic movement, when the movement of traffic, except at main arteries, is controlled by the light signals, drivers take a chance and keep moving north or south when the lights show green -which means that traffic is to move only east and west. The pedestrian who, depending on the lights, undertakes to cross Fifth Avenue at such a time may be, and, in fact, often is, struck by a car moving illegally. Again, when no policeman is in sight, many drivers habitually pass street cars that have stopped to discharge or take on passengers-in spite of the strict

ordinance requiring a car that can not pass at least eight feet from the street-car to stop. Then, too, many drivers will take a chance of driving the wrong way through a one-way street.

Practises of this sort-and there are scores of others like them-are the exact equivalent of jay-walking by pedestrians. They arise, ordinarily, from exactly the same cause, the characteristic American impulse to needless haste. The lunatic who rushes out into the traffic in Fifth Avenue thirty seconds before the traffic is stopped can save—exactly thirty seconds. The driver who is too impatient to wait for the lights to give him the right of way saves-well, at the very most, one minute. When you allow for the inevitable waits when all traffic is held up, the driver who habitually exceeds the speed limit when he can in city traffic in New York-I cite New York conditions simply because I am more familiar with them-probably can not get from Washington Square to the outskirts of the city more than ten minutes sooner than the driver who stays within the law.

IT IS very much the same in a long trip across country. Assume about equal skill in driving, and a careful, law-abiding motorist will probably, for a hundred-and-fiftymile trip, average something like thirty miles an hour—and be safe, at all times, from accident due to recklessness on his own part. He will complete his trip in about five hours. The reckless driver, if he reaches his destination at all, may get to it in a little less than four hours, averaging forty miles an hour which means, assuming that he will be slowed up by the average number of towns and closely settled villages—a good deal of driving at between fifty and sixty miles an hour, which isn't safe, no matter what any one says. Your reckless driver is pretty sure to find that out, too, some day, when a front tire blows out, or he strikes a curve that isn't properly banked, or meets any one of the thousand other emergencies that may arise.

It would be extremely interesting to deter mine the exact amount of time that the habitual speeder really saves in the course of a year over the conservative, steady driver —I don't mean, of course, the poky Sunday

driver, or the man who is content to loaf

speeding, but with reckless driving. He finally acquitted me on that charge, but, fined me four dollars for speeding! When I spoke of the fact that the officer was not in uniform, he said: "Well, you know how it is. If people see a man in uniform on a motorcycle they drive pretty carefully!" "Exactly!" I said. "What is it you want,

"Exactly!" I said. "What is it you want, then? Careful driving, or a chance to collect a lot of fines every Sunday?"

He had no answer-because there was none.

That incident is typical of the experience of a great many drivers. Under present conditions, when local authorities can, if they choose, maintain speed traps, a speed law is extremely likely to be regarded simply as a

source of revenue. Motorcycle policemen, instead of patrolling the highway, and trying to enforce safe driving, which their frequent and ostentatious appearance automatically does—lurk in side roads, waiting to dart out in pursuit of some speeding car.

HERE are States that handle traffic in a different wav-notably Connecticut. The extremely efficient State motorcycle police there are much more concerned with general safe driving than with speed. Any one who has ever driven to New Haven for one of the great Yale football games, through traffic just about as heavy as the roads can bear, will testify to the admirable control and expedition of that traffic-yet arrests are most infrequent, because they are made un-necessary. You can drive necessary. You can drive just about as fast as you please, within reasonable limits, in Connecticut. But

along. I doubt, personally, whether the speeder has much the better of it, in the long run. I know that, in my own case, I try, on a long trip, to maintain a good average speed—and that, as a rule, I overtake, before the trip is done, quite a number of machines that, in its early stages, have tooted scornfully for me to draw over to the side of the road and let them go by.

On the other hand, nearly all authorities are agreed upon the fact that the theory of most speed legislation is bad, and that, in practise, the enforcement of most speed laws simply makes a bad theory worse in execution. I have, so far, had exactly one encounter with a motorcycle policeman.

That was in New Jersey, on a Sunday afternoon. After driving for ten miles or more in a line, I got a chance to break away, in an open stretch, and took advantage of it. I was going about thirty-five miles an hour, for a brief stretch-and it was perfectly safe to do so. But a man on a motorcycle, in plain clothes, stopped me, and made me drive back to give ten dollars security to a waiting justice of the peace. Instead of forfeiting the ten dollars, I returned, a day or two later, for trial. The judge, somewhat disturbed by comments I had made upon the speed trap that was so obviously in opertion, tried very hard to induce me to say that I had not been going more than thirty miles an hour, assuring me that he would take my word for that.

I refused to give him any such word, pointing out that I had been charged, not with don't try to overtake another car at a curve, or as you near the crest of a hill! California, too, frowns on speed traps, and absolutely forbids motorcycle police work by men not in uniform.

The fact is, of course, that speed, as a safety factor, is relative, not absolute. hirty-five miles an hour is sometimes perfectly safe; ten miles an hour is sometimes positively reckless. Comparatively few accidents are actually due to excessive speed and in most of those the driver and his companions are the victims. And police work on highways ought to recognize this much more generally than it now does.

When motorcycle and traffic policemen devote themselves to traffic control, and to the promotion of safety, rather than to participation in a game that has for its object the catching of passing motorists in some violation of the law, often largely technical, there will be much more respect or automobile laws than there now is.

Most State motor vehicle laws are, as a matter of fact, pretty good—on paper. An arbitrary speed limit isn't good, it seems; that is, at least, the opinion of most students of safety and traffic control. It isn't fair to arrest and fine a driver who goes a mile or two faster than the limit in open country, on a clear road. But neither is it intelligent to let another driver go free who has risked the lives of a lot of children by driving up to the speed limit in a street where common sense and common decency should have impelled him to slow down to a pace that would



13



enable him to protect careless children from

the consequences of their own heedlessness. So far as most bad and dangerous driving is concerned it is becoming more and more obvious that it is a matter of individual character and temperament. You won't have maximum care and safety in driving until the States or other licensing powers exercise much more discretion and judgment than they now do in licensing drivers.

I know that, on this point, a great many men who have made an extremely close study of the subject feel that little is to be accomplished through stiffening the tests which would-be drivers have to pass. They say, for one thing, that the new and inexperienced driver is likely to be the most careful; that it is the fully competent and qualified motorist who is often the most reckless.

But it does seem to stand to reason that no one ought to be licensed to drive an automobile who has not proved his ability to meet ordinary road conditions and an elementary knowledge, at least, of the extremely powerful machine he is to drive. And a very small proportion indeed of those who drive cars in America have given any real proof of their qualifications.

ONLY eighteen States require all oper-O ators of a motor car to be licensed. Thirty-four demand that all paid drivers shall have a license. Only six States examine all applicants for a license, requiring them to prove their fitness. New York examines owners in New York City, but nowhere else in the State. Illinois and Minnesota examine chauffeurs, but give licenses to all amateurs who can pay the fee. Only Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Rhode Island make an examination and a road test a preliminary to the issuance of every license.

The New York examination for an operator's license was a farce when I took it, and, I hear, continues to be farcical. I.

know that, in my own case, drove a car three blocks, and received my license on the basis of that ridiculously inadequate test. And, so far as I can discover, none of the few States that require an examination sees to it that the test shall be really thorough.

Admitting that no examination would reveal the temperamental defects that go to make a driver reckless and careless, it still seems obvious that a somewhat more searching examination would result in a more complete preparation for the task of driving a car. A prospective driver ought to know something about his car; ought, at least, to recognize conditions that make the car unsafe to drive-defects in brakes or steering-gear, for example. And he ought to be able to pass the stiffest sort of test in his knowledge of traffic rules and regulations-which a good many pretty skilful drivers couldn't do now, after driving for some time.

There is, moreover, another way of making a driving license a factor in promoting safe and careful driving. Such a license ought to be revocable, as it is now in some States. Moreover, there ought to be a complete interchange of information and complete reciprocity among the States. A man convicted of reckless driving in such a way as to endanger pedestrians and other traffic ought not to be allowed to drive anywhere for a definite time-and the penalty for driving without a license, especially when a license has been revoked or suspendedought to be so severe as to make even the most hardy hesitate to incur it. There might very well be a systematic inspection of license cards; every driver ought to know that he may, any day, be called upon to show some police officer his card.

But very little more than a beginning has

been made of any such use of the licensing power. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey have accomplished a good deal by revoking and suspending licenses; obviously, it will worry a reckless driver much more to be debarred from driving than to have to pay a fine.

Most States, however, regard the licensing of drivers simply as a source of revenue. All the big automobile organizations, whether of drivers and car-owners, like the American Automobile Association, or of manufacturers, like the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, are fighting this attitude. They want licenses to be issued for a fee based upon the cost of maintaining the licensing authority, and feel that they ought to be good until revoked, or renewable annually for a nominal fee.

ENFORCEMENT of laws against reckless driving is, of course, extremely difficult. As the judge told me, most drivers are careful when they know a policeman can see them. Necessarily, that makes the enforcement of the law to some extent capricious. In Detroit, in Syracuse, and in some other cities, a new plan designed to offset this is working rather well, and promises to spread.

In those towns any citizen who sees a piece of reckless or dangerous driving can obtain, from any policeman, or from the police station, a postal card, properly addressed to a special police bureau, upon which he can report what he has seen, with the number of the car. He must sign his name to the complaint he makes, and give his address. The bureau does the rest. It usually sends a warning letter to the driver in question after the first complaint, after

the second, even, as a rule, after the third. But if too many complaints come in about the same driver, he is called upon to explain himself; moreover, all policemen are instructed to watch him and his driving.

This plan gives really extraordinary promise of accomplishing results for safety. The moral effect upon a driver of getting an official police warning for something he was sure no policeman had seen is likely to be consid-erable. The indignant citizen, angered by flagrant carelessness, feels that he is no longer quite helpless.

Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, has

more hope from this complaintcard system than from any single idea that has been worked out for years in the numerous safety campaigns. And he says, too, that enforcement of the law without favoritism and the absolute

elimination of graft will be more helpful than most people realize.

Mr. Reeves thinks, too, that too many drivers are made reckless by the feeling that, no matter what happens, they are insured.

When a man has his car fully insured," Mr. Reeves says, "against fire, theft, liabil-ity and property damage, he loses all sense of responsibility. We think the insurance companies ought to refuse to assume the full risk. If a man knew that, in case of any accident, he would, if he were proved to be at fault, have to bear some of the burden himself, we should have far fewer accidents. And the elimination of the present type of (Continued on page 67)

January, 1924

The Trouble With Clowns

Is that You Never Can Tell What They're Thinking About

By Walter De Leon

Illustrated by Edna Ditzler

T a window on the third floor of an Atlantic City boardwalk hotel a nice looking young man sat slumped in a chair, gazing dolefully over the rapidly darkening ocean. A cold drizzle fell silently thickly, emphasizing the twilight gloom of a Spring day that had glimpsed no ray of sunshine. Chameleon-like, the ocean had taken on the slate gray of the leaden sky. Sullenly it swelled toward the shore, masking its malice until, like a surly animal, it suddenly revealed it in a flash of white teeth between curling lips. Above all, permeating all, inescapable, sounded the boom of the surf-muffled drums of a funeral cortège. A deplorable day, really, which might appear to have taken its mood from the nice looking young man glooming at the window.

With the tide, Spence Carlton's spirits had ebbed low. As the receding water left exposed broken shells of departed clams and limp strands of sickly seaweed, so Carlton's falling spirits left uncovered for his brooding inspection the empty husks of his dead hopes, the frayed shreds of his ambition. With courageous candor, Carlton admitted that seldom had Fate victimized a young man more malignantly.

Below him in the dusk, one by one lights flashed into being, attractive colored lights before gaudy cabaret and restaurant, cheery lights blinking through the drizzle, coaxing passers-by into theater and motionpicture house for amusement and relaxation. With an effort Spence diverted his gaze from them to the water, now blackly menacing, snarling with gleaming fangs at the merry lights just beyond its reach.

"Better men than I am have jumped off the end of a pier-for less," thought Spence. "It must be a tough job to drown for anybody who can swim-unless he keeps his shoes on-but-

Somewhere in the murk a clock chimed the hour of seven thirty. At its last sodden peal a slight shiver shook the listless form of Carlton. "Just a few hours more—and it'll all be

over. Gee, I wish I felt like eating something

Sliding further down on his shoulder-blades, his legs sprawled before him, chin sunk on chest, eyes closed, Spencer Carlton deliberately reviewed the events and scenes responsible for his hopelessness

Firstly, lastly, like a flame-colored thread running through the weave of his ex-

perience, there was Eva Kingsly Eva Kingsly and her irresponsible sense of humor, the impish, allpervading comic instinct that had brought her, laughing, up from the ranks of three-a-day vaudeville performers to the eminence of legitimate stardom, as attested by the electrics blazoning her name above the boardwalk theater a short two blocks from the hotel.

"There, but for her clowning, would have been Mrs. Spence Carlton-my inspiration instead of my nemesis, my pal instead of my poison. Well, it may be comedy

to her, but it's tragedy to me. Right from the start, when I first met her-

Spence's mind reverted to that first meeting, and the occasion for it.

When in his second year at college family financial difficulties forced Spence out into the world on his own, he decided to go upon the stage. Although the comedian in all the college theatricals, Spence had no ambition to devote his life to acting. But the practical behind-the-footlights experience, he knew, would be invaluable to him in the play-writing which he hoped above all other things to do. He found an opening for his entertaining ability in vaudeville.

Before the end of his second season he proved to his own satisfaction that it was his material-the patter he wrote for his monologue-and his humorously engaging personality rather than his acting ability which pleased audiences. He proved this to the profession in his third season by writing for other performers several comedy skits which were successful. When, in his fourth season, he turned out half a dozen riotously funny comedy acts and one of the saddest melodramatic sketches ever inflicted on a try-out audience, he found his reputation ready made for him.

'The greatest comedy writer in the business. He can put a laugh into any situation -can gag any scene-and new gags, too. But the funniest things he writes are his serious acts." he knew they were saying of him. "That bird can't help being funny, off and on the stage."

SO SPENCE quit acting to fill orders for vaudeville material, monologues, special patter and acts for revues, the first steps in his desire to become a writer of plays. Naturally a sensitive soul, easily abashed by criticism, to hide these-as he feltfaults and as a business asset, advertisement of his wares (and because he knew folks expected it of him), Spence adopted a careless, light-hearted, kidding personality in his contact with the profession which soon became second-nature to him.

Before he ever met Eva Kingsly, Spence knew her well, knew her mannerisms, her tricks of voice and expression. Woodfeld, the producer, alarmed at the lack of comedy in a revue he contemplated producing, sent for Carlton and gave him the script to read.

"I want you to spike up this script," Woodfeld told him the next day. "Inject all the comedy possible. You can do it. I'll make it right with you—I'll give you

whatever you think it's worth." "And can get," added Spence with a grin. "Who's going to play the ingénue comedy part that runs all through the book?"

"Eva Kingsly—out of vaudeville. Ever see her?" Spence shook his head.

 $^{\circ}S_{\mathrm{In}}^{\mathrm{HE'S}}$ a marvel; the find of the season. In another year or two, if she's handled right, she'll be the country's foremost comedienne.'

'You've been reading her press notices,

I see," Spence smiled. "Press notice — bubbles!" Woodfeld colored under Spence's kidding. "I've watched her work. She's quick as old Pete Dailey was to hop onto an ad lib. gag. She can burlesque anything for a laugh. And she doesn't need a comedy make-up or costume for her clowning, either. She comes out in stylish clothes-she's little, but that doesn't prevent her figure from having everything a nifty figure should have—anyway, she wears clothes that look like they cost a lot of money, and two minutes after she starts working she's got the audience eating laughs right out of her hand. She's the cutest, cleverest little trick I've seen in twenty years—and you can tell her I said so; I've already got her name signed to a long-term contract."

Spence laughed. "Funny I never heard of her

"She's new, I tell you. This is her first season in the East. Listen, she's out at the Royal this week. Why don't you run out and catch her act?" "I will.

"Fine. I'll give you a letter of introduction-

"Don't want it, thanks," Spence inter-rupted. "If I'm going to write for her there's no use trying to be friendly with her.

Woodfeld smiled.

"And beside, I only want to know her stage personality—the thing you're buying. So why should I wish on myself the strain of having to listen to her troubles with stagehands and taxi-drivers and malicious managers and what a riot she was in Keokuk?"

Woodfeld shook his head. "You've got this gal all wrong. She makes her troubles-if she has any-sound funny. You never know what she's thinking, though. She's a constant kidder—on and off. But suit your-self about that letter of introduction."

That afternoon at the Royal when the Kingsly Sisters came on, Spence saw a lithe. graceful, pert-nosed, extraordinarily pretty girl who fairly exuded magnetism, and with



a Heaven-given trick of comic exaggeration. The other taller, plumper, more placid beauty in the sister act, obviously no blood relation, was merely a feeder and filler. After the matinée Spence idled around the Bronx for the night performance.

The next morning he told Woodfeld, "I can write for that girl. Now tell me, how far, how strong can I go?" "What do you mean?"

"WHO'S your star? Who's going to make the trouble if, with the help of my material, Miss Kingsly walks away with your show?"

Woodfeld smiled drily. "Nobody but Kingsly herself. She cut her salary for the chance to get into a Broadway production."

Spence settled his hat on his head. "You'd better get some new contracts ready. I'm going to write her some regular comedy." At the door into the hall he paused. "You don't know whether she's ever tried to do any serious acting, do you?"

Kingsly!" "Serious? At the look of incredulous astonishment on Woodfeld's fat face, Spence's lips twitched. Woodfeld saw and rather sheepishly added, "I thought Woodfeld you were on the level for a moment. Kingsly's a scatter-brain. Wait till you meet her.

Two months later, at the first rehearsal, "Don't take Woodfeld introduced him. anything Mr. Carlton says too serious, Miss Kingsly. Except when he's talking money to a producer, he's kidding all the

"Listen, dear," Eva asked Woodfeld, her eyes twinkling, "are you knocking or boost-ing the young man to me?"

"Boosting," Spence laughed. "He told me the same thing about you." "Aren't you the darling little diplomat!"

Eva twitted Woodfeld.

"Well, anyway," the producer said, "I'm depending on you two to make my show funny." He walked away.

Spence looked down at Eva. Quickly he decided that her gray eyes were unquestionably the most gorgeous of all the many beautiful eyes he had ever seen. There was a depth to them that confirmed his guess that their possessor was histrionically capable of emotions other than comic. He could imagine they might, under proper conditions, glow steadily strong with fine friendship and

With a start he realized that the allowable second of introductory inspection had lengthened awkwardly. But before he could frame a jest to tide over the moment, Eva spoke. "I unde

understand you were a comedian before you started writ-ing," she smiled.

Spence started to answer, then checked himself. His smile broadened as he recalled Eva's reputation as a constant kidder.

"When I was on the stage," he said, grinning, "I had the advantage of being able to explain my jokes to the audience. Maybe that's why I was funnier-before I started writing.

He noted the quick flush that rouged Eva's smooth cheek for an instant. "Doesn't like to be kidded," was his first thought. "Doesn't like to be Then he saw the sparkle in her wonderful eyes and the curving smile on her lips.

"Seeing as you're going to

write for me, what I'd like to know is-did the audience laugh after you explained your jokes to them?

"You should read what the paper wrote about me in La Crosse, Wisconsin," Spence grinned.

"I got roasted there, too," Eva said quickly. "Take a tip, mister; the next time you play La Crosse stop at the Hotel America.

"The America?"

"Used to be the Kaiserhof. It's tough on your digestion but most stimulating to your press-notice scrap-book. The hotel is owned by the editor of the newspaper." Watching Spence's appreciative smile, Eva rattled on. "You remember my partner?"

"Not very distinctly. What's become of her?"

"I lost her."

"That saved the act a lot of excess baggage, didn't it?" "I never met anybody that could draw

a hammer any quicker than you," Eva laughed. "If you could explain that remark to her she'd probably resent it. So would her husband.

"Husband? Does he work or is he just a husband?'

"He's a good provider, a bootlegger from Baton Rouge. Lottie married him last month to float her life away with him somewhere outside the three-mile limit."

"That's better than Baton Rouge. Have you ever played that burg?"

"Not yet." "And they told me you were a regular trouper," Spence kidded. "I claim I am," Eva bristled comically.

"I played seven shows in one day in Seattle once."

"Only seven? In Bisbee, Arizona, one Fourth of July, I played nine concussive performances.

Eva regarded him gravely for a moment.



"You're funnier than I am, mister," she said, walking away at a call from Woodfeld.

Spence was uncertain whether he was going to like her outside of business or not. He couldn't make up his mind whether her small-time slangy inconsequential prattle was natural or assumed. He did not know whether she had unconsciously exerted the unmistakable attraction he felt toward her or whether she had shrewdly extended herself to appeal to the man who had been engaged to fill up the revue with comic lines and situations.

"That's the trouble with clowns," Spence grumbled. "You never know what they're thinking-if at all.'

During the frenzied four weeks that followed, however, Spence found writing for Eva a delight. Her instant appreciation of the comic value of lines and guips and her adroit manipulation of them were at once spur and recompense to him. But when during the heat of rehearsal two or three times involuntarily he dropped his habitual kidding manner in spontaneous compliment to her genius, only to have Eva accept his praise with mock-serious humility or jesting thanks, Spence began to wonder if there was any substantial thought or intent under her frothy banter, any heart beneath her exuberant high spirits. And, verging closer daily to the belief that it was instinct, not intelligence, that guided her, Spence was dismayed, not to say annoyed-even, upon occasion, profoundly perturbed-to discover that more and more Eva's gray eyes intruded in his consciousness, and that away from rehearsals more and more vividly her elfin image remained in his mind's eye, teasing, enticing him, and, in his troubled dreams, as he reached for her, laughingly eluding him.

BUT the first performance of the show out of town renewed Spence's original impression that Eva had capabilities greater than an empty-headed clown. An unex-

pected tone in her voice, a graceful gesture that was travesty by a hair's width, a dramatic pose comic only by reason of one dainty foot toed in at a humorously

saying to old Sam Bowers, the dean of stage directors, who, Spence knew gratefully, had taken a great liking for him. Eva had just swung into a scene. "She just swung into a scene. knows what she's doing.'

"Are you just getting onto that fact?" Bowers asked.

"What I mean is, she's—" "She's legitimate," Bowers pronounced, according the highest praise a showman can bestow upon a comedian. "She'll go far

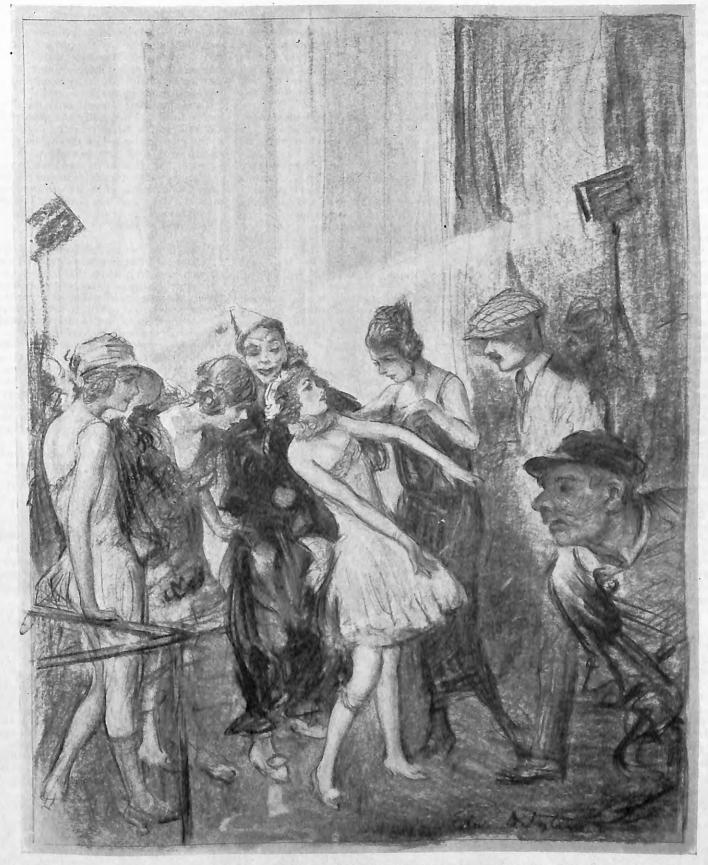
He stopped abruptly. Spence knew why. The scene on the stage was dropping. The audience

stopped laughing, lost interest. "I was afraid that scene would have to come out," Bowers said. "It's too thin. If you can't hoke it up, Spence, you'll have to write a new one."

"How about a sentimental scene, for Kingsly to kid?" Spence asked, seeing an opportunity to put his

theory of Eva's ability to a test. "Try it," non-committally re-plied Bowers. "Let me have it plied Bowers. to-morrow."

So Spence wrote a love scene, the first he ever had tried to write,



a graceful exchange of tender sentiments between a bashful boy and blushing maid, the palpable preliminaries to a proposal of marriage. And when the scene was done, all but the last few lines, deliberately, detachedly, he went through it looking for likely places to make fine of it.

likely places to make fun of it. He gave a copy of the scene to Eva the next morning before rehearsal, apparently nonchalant, in reality keenly anxious for

her opinion. "I'm showing it first to you," he explained, "because, though highly original and vastly amusing as it is, it's all you, and if you "Steam?" Eva whirled toward the foreman. "Throw a bucket of water over me, mister, and you'll get steam. That's how hot I am." In a second the whole company was laughing

don't like it there's no sense in bothering with it."

"Illustrating again," Eva patterned her tone after his, "the manner in which author-ship is hampered by the caprices of mere mummers.'

"Exactly," agreed Spence. "Excuse me for explaining the joke before you read it, but my idea is this. The scene starts off

legitimately. After the first few lines, you begin kidding the scene. Say the lines as written—straight—but gradually travesty each one a little bit more. You know what I mean—an exaggerated gesture on one line, a false accent on another, letting your Ime, a false accent on another, letting your voice break for comedy on another—get the idea?—tricking the audience, letting them in on the fact that it's travesty slowly—until they're ready for the broad burlesque wallop I've put in at the finish. Er—tell me how unfunny it is now." Eva read the scene in silence, her ex-pression hidden from Spence by the broad

brim of her hat. At its conclusion she looked up at him, her eyes squinted, her voice curiously subdued.

You ought to be murdered for ruining the beautiful scene this started out to be, she said. Then, before Spence could express his surprise, "And I know I'd murder you if you hadn't put in that burlesque finish. It's sure-fire. Oh, watch me Barrymore the first part of it."

When the scene went into the show three nights later it played for a tremendous hit. Eva's transition from adorable ingenuousness to frank burlesque was perfectsmooth, gradual and irresistible. But it left Spence as far from a conclusion as ever. He wanted to go back on the stage and ask Eva if, as it appeared from the audience, she had "felt" the early sentimental lines. But he was deathly afraid of her ridicule if, as was likely, she had merely read the lines correctly for their value as preparation for the broader comic strokes which followed.

THE next afternoon during rehearsal Spence was leading the conversation as best he might to a point where some such question might be asked, when Eva was called on the stage for a scene.

Only the necessity of getting a quantity of new material in shape had kept Bowers rehearsing the company all afternoon. A gang of plumbers and steamfitters, repairing the heating system of the theater against the winter weather, had made the day hideous with the bang of hammers and the rasp of saws on iron piping. The hoarse shouts of a loud-voiced foreman had interrupted and disrupted so many scenes that one by one the tired members of the troupe had liberated their tempers to roam untrammelled where they listed.

Eva had managed to keep her nerves under control if not at ease. But leaving Spence to go on the stage, as she opened her mouth for her first line, the husky foreman again interrupted. Standing at the rear of the stage, at the top of a flight of stairs leading down to the engine-room, he

should "Hey, Bill, get ready. I'm goin' to test her out. Stand by!" "Go on, Eva," cried Sam, impatiently, talking with Woodfeld in the front row seats of the theater seats of the theater.

Eva's eyes flashed dangerously, but she started the scene. Halfway through it a minor principal standing directly behind Eva missed a cue, failed to give

it, causing a stage-wait. Sam jumped to his feet and launched the wrath he had been accumulating against the young man

"Listen, you!" Sam shouted above the clamor of two busy hammers on a radiator, his finger shaking with anger, "I'm sick of watching you stall through rehearsals. You're going to take this play seriously from now on or else you're going to find your trunk out in the alley. You've laid down at rehearsal the last time-

That is as far as he got. "Who's stalling?" Eva demanded, mistaking the object of Sam's pointing finger for herself.

'Never mind, Eva; I'm talking''-Sam started, too angry to explain clearly her mistake.

"Well, you've talked enough for one day," Eva declared truculently. "I'm going to talk a little myself—if I've got any voice left after rehearsing all day in this boiler-shop. What can you expect but missed cues when there's so much noise going on we can't hear ourselves think? That isn't stalling. You gentlemen out there engaged me because I could make audiences laugh. Well, I can't make anybody laugh when I'm dying on my feet from rehearsing day and night and from lack of sleep and decent food. You're rehearsing all the comedy and spontaneity right out of me. But if I give a poor performance at night, who'll be blamed for it? You? No, I'll be the goat. 'Funny as a crutch.' That's what you and the audience will say. So far I've followed every instruction given me as best I could, but if you want Eva Kingsly to stay with this troupe of caged animals, don't accuse me of laying down. I may fall down in another half hour from exhaustion, but-Eva hesitated.

At the head of the stairs the big-voiced foreman cupped his hands around his

mouth. "Steam!" he bawled to the engineer below. "Steam—gimme steam!" "Steam?" Eva whirled toward the fore-

man. "Throw a bucket of water over me, mister, and you'll get steam. That's how hot I am."

Came a roar of laughter from Woodfeld. In a second the whole company was laughing. Old Sam Bowers let them laugh themselves out, let two of the girls throw their arms about Eva and explain her mistake to her. Then, at a nod from Woodfeld, he dismissed the company for the after-

"A natural born clown," said Woodfeld, wiping his eyes. "She couldn't be serious pended on it.'

And that is what Spence Carlton kept telling himself through the days and nights that followed until the week-end party at Sam Bowers' home; nights during which he sat late writing into love scenes all the wonderful things he wanted to tell Evaand didn't dare, because he could not imag-ine they would strike a responsive chord in her; and days in which he sensitively avoided her as much as possible the while he catalogued all the reasons why he didn't want to marry Eva Kingsly.



"Can you conceive of a life harnessed to a beautiful but jovial little hyena who would blithely begin each day with a Pat-and-Mike and finish it with a Yes-wehave-no-bananas? Is that your idea of wedded bliss?—or is it the narrow road to the electric chair? If I could only—just once-catch her in a serious mood-

His chance came a month after the show opened in New York, while the press were still hailing Eva Kingsly as the discovery of the new season, while the public were buying seats from four to eight weeks in advance. Sam Bowers insisted that Spence be one of a few friends to motor to his Long Island home after the performance Saturday night and loaf there until Monday afternoon. "Eva will be there," Sam added.

I^T was hope that carried Spence to Sam's house Saturday, but Sunday night it was a round, romantic moon that carried Eva and himself, after a dance, out on a roseand himsen, after a dance, out on a los-grown veranda overlooking the silvered garden and ocean. With a little sigh of content Eva sank into a deep-cushioned chair, inhaling deeply the cool night air. As Spence followed her gaze there came

into his mind the words of Romeo, eying just such another moon. Romeo, Spence reflected, had had more nerve than he had. He had come right out flat—poetic and passionate—and told Juliet how she stood with him, without being afraid she'd kid him. Of course, Juliet hadn't been a clown, but

Eva's voice, low-pitched, quiet, inter-pted. "What are you thinking about rupted. now?"

"N-nothing," he stammered. "Nothing?" Spence caught the suggestion of a smile on her lips.

"Nothing. Just myself." A moment of silence. Then Eva chuckled. "What's the matter?" Spence asked. "I don't know." Unexpectedly, almost wistfully she leaned forward. "You tell me." "Tell you what?" Spence asked, utterly

at sea. "What the trouble is with me. What is it After dancing four consecutive dances with the same man, after strolling in my most fascinating frock out on a para-

disaical veranda, draping myself as alluringly as I know how in a big cosy chair not more than eighteen inches from said man and gazing silently in unison with him at a heavenly, idea-inspiring moon for a full two minutes, what is so wrong with my personality that he entirely forgets I'm on earth and starts thinking about himself?"

"Good Lord, Eva, I"-Spence choked with mortification-" didn't mean that. Really. I-I was thinking about Juliet—you know, Romeo and Juliet." "Juliet!" Eva cried. "My

Lord, that's worse yet. She's been dead for hundreds of years. "You don't understand-

"I know I don't." Her voice changed. "Tell me, Spence, are you kidding, or were you honestly thinking of-

"'Lady, '" Spence quoted, "'by yonder blessed moon swear, that tips with silver all those fruit-tree tops'-

Quickly Evapicked up thecue. Oh, swear not by the moon, th' (Continued on page 50)



The Man Who Had Forgotten to Play

RNOLD GATES was surprised at the unprofessional aspect of the great specialist's office. There were easychairs, a carved center table laden with books and magazines, oil paintings of un-questionable merit and value and bric-a-brac that suggested not only wide, but nice discrimination.

Dr. Carrington himself, for that matter, suggested more the dilettante in art and letters than the physician, as he sat under a large, green-shaded lamp at a desk in the corner of the apartment, his face lean and ascetic, his figure spare. He arose slowly as Gates was ushered in, sweeping the patient with his brilliant hazel eyes.

It was a keen, appraising glance which, as it seemed, encompassed not only the physical characteristics of the man but his salient mental attributes as well. For that matter Arnold Gates was not at all unusual as to type-heavy set, grizzled, dominant; a man who had succeeded in the accomplishment of big things; his age not more, certainly not less, than fifty-five.

His reply to Dr. Carrington's greeting no doubt served further to establish that impression of his personality which the physi-cian had caught in his initial survey. "Doctor," he said abruptly, "if you are

going to tell me I am overworking, you will be wasting your time and mine. I know be wasting your time and mine. I know that already." The nerve specialist smiled faintly.

'Then, may I ask, why are you here?"

Gates gestured impatiently.

"To find out how I can keep going at this important crisis in my career without falling to pieces. Hamar has thrown up his hands on me-" Gates smiled grimly-"and has

wished me onto you." "Yes, I happen to know Dr. Hamar rather well. Sit down, won't you?" Carrington indicated a chair, not by his desk, but by the comfortable center table. As Gates complied, the physician took an adjoining chair, picking a paper cutter from

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by Frank Street

the table, balancing it in his fingers as he talked.

"You are beginning to have lapses of memory. Your ability to make prompt decisions has left you. You have a chronic lassitude, aching limbs, are not falling to sleep until the early hours of the morning, and even then are frequently awakened by jerky reflexes. Those are the chief features

of your prognosis, aren't they?" "Yes, I suppose so." Gates studied the floor, frowning. "All those things, but above all an insane conviction I'm not the man I was. I don't know whether or not I can quite explain it.'

Dr. Carrington smiled.

"That was not an insane conviction. You are not the man you were."

Gates started in his chair. Then a quizzical look crept into his fierce gray eyes. "All right. What are you going to do about it?" "That—if anything—I can't say at the

moment. Just lean back comfortably in that chair, Mr. Gates, and tell-""

"But I can't lean back—comfortably." ates scowled. "That's one of my troubles; Gates scowled. I can't relax.

Carrington gestured.

"Comfortably as you can then. I'm not going to cross-examine you. Talk freely and easily as you please and I'll listen. You

spoke of some crisis in your career." "Yes." Gates leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees. "I'm president clasped between his knees. of the Standard Steel Products Corporation. I built it into a ten-million-dollar concern pretty much through my own efforts—a matter of thirty-odd years." "I know of it, of course," said the physi-

cian.

"Some time ago," Gates went on, "we absorbed the Union Products, a rival organi-

zation." Carrington nodded as the man paused.

"A big undertaking, eh?" "Immense." Gates unclasped his fingers, gripping them over either knee. "It-it-His eyes narrowed as though under stress of thought.

"You were speaking of this merger,"

"You were speaking of this merger," suggested the specialist. "Thank you." Gates gestured slightly. "It ranks my company with the National as the greatest corporations of their kind in the world."

"The National, I take it," smiled Car-rington, "was the largest until you merged with the Union. You say you had a tenmillion-dollar corporation. Wasn't that big enough? Was it necessary to rival the National?"

LOOK here, Carrington-" Gates leaned forward, tense-"a man is a writer, He's always working for his big book, sav. isn't he? isn't he? Or a composer. What's his dream? The world's greatest opera, isn't it? What's every one want? To get to the peak. What about the man of big busi-ness? Is he any different? That's why I wanted to rival the National. That's why I want to pass the National." "I understand." The physician's voice was sympathetic. Or a composer. What's his

was sympathetic. "Not yet you don't. Not fully." Gates raised his hand. "We have been selling securities in the new corporation, based, of course, upon the physical assets of the two companies. Now, when we have disposed of bonds to the amount of millions of dollars our lawyers advise us that the government may dissolve the merger. That's when I got this-this knockdown.

The physician nodded. "I know a little about business, Mr. Gates. Didn't you realize from the first there was a chance the government might do this?"

"A chance, yes." Gates arose and began

to pace the floor. "One of those chances we all have to take. An outside chance, I was assured, upon the best legal authority. Now, it appears, a technicality bearing on our case has arisen out of a recent decision in Pennsylvania.'

Pshaw!" Carrington's eyes never left the man as he walked from point to point about the floor. "And if the government does as you fear, what then?"

Why the companies will go back to their original status and the bonds we have sold will have to be met by the Standard, so far as we are able. Further losses will fall upon the investors." "In other words, upon those who took

chances with you.'

"Well, if you want to put it that way." Gates gestured. "But I'm not here to bore you with all this. I've been in ticklish places before and glad to be there, because I like a good fight. The point is I don't seem to have any fight in me. I've crumpled under with this—this facer like a dish-rag. Can't seem to get my thought into-that is, I-I- You see-" Gates stopped in is, I—I front of the man, staring at him with fright-ened eyes. "There I go again. Lost the

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thread of what I was trying to say and--" The man's voice broke.

There was silence for a full minute.

"You have a wife and family, haven't you?" asked Carrington at length.

Gates, who had resumed his seat, his eyes fastened upon a glittering object upon the table, nodded.

"Yes, certainly. A boy in Princeton, a junior, I think. Let's see, he ought to be just coming of age. And I have a daughter. She came out last winter."

"I suppose you've been too busy to see much of them in recent years. That is to know, enjoy them."

"That's about it." Gates nodded. Then he smiled ironically. "Not that they've missed me particularly."

"How do you know that, Mr. Gates?" The man hesitated.

"Well, they've had their mother, their affairs, their interests just as I've had mine." "How long since you've had a vacation?"

"Oh, I go on the New York Yacht Club

"Yes," smiled Carrington, "with market reports by wireless and a daily grist of tele-grams from the office."

Gates shook his hand at the physician.

'If you're going to prescribe a vacation sha'n't think much of you, Carrington. I could prescribe that out of my own head. What I want—what I—" Gates raised a hand to his forehead. "What was it we were talking about?'

"Vacations," suggested the physician. "Yes. Thanks. What I want from you is a course of treatment that will let me keep in harness. I haven't got time to stop. Too many responsibilities. I thought," he added testily, "I had made that clear to you."

OOK here, Gates-" Carrington held the man with his brilliant eyes—" are a man of affairs, a man who knows how to use his brain. I want you to understand me perfectly. You can't go on. There is no prescription, no human or superhuman power, that can carry you on. I have on my desk a complete physical report of you from your personal physician. You're all right that way. What you are doing is burning out something subtle and vital deep within you. You're on the edge now. You've got to stop." "And suppose I don't. I mean suppose

I can't. Our case, the merger, will be in the courts in late summer. Possibly earlier."

"You've got to stop, now. If you don't, something will take a hand and do your stopping for you. Whereupon you'll pass the rest of your days in a wheel-chair in a private asylum, if not a padded cell. That's not far off, either. You can get a tempo-



Stew about it. Curse about it. Break your clubs. And get to know your family. They may prove better worth while than fine gold or billion-dollar corporations.

So that's your prescription!" Gates glared at the physician.

"That's my prescription, Mr. Gates. Take it or leave it."

Dr. Carrington arose from the chair, walked to his desk and pressed a button. Good afternoon, sir.'

Gates paused on the stone steps outside the physician's office. Slowly he drew himself erect. His eyes swept down the street, a clear unwavering glance. A curious smile was creeping across his face when perspectives down the thoroughfare gradually dimmed. He swayed, clutching at the handrail for support. A sob broke in his throat. Then as he slowly sat down upon the stone step he buried his face in his hands, his chest heaving convulsively.

п

Arnold Gates recognized the face of the distinguished appearing man who had been playing behind him all afternoon but had been unable to place him. Having fallen into the habit of applying tests to his failing memory he loitered in the vicinity of the eighteenth hole after sinking his putt in the very satisfactory score of ninety and thanking the elderly gentleman whom in desperation he had picked up in the hotel as a partner.

The man for whom Gates was waiting came to the green, following an excellent mashie shot. He was accompanied by a much younger man, evidently his son, who had also played a flawless approach. The two were chaffing each other. laughing, evidently deriving rare enjoyment from their afternoon upon the links. A twinge of some emotion, envy perhaps, afflicted Gates momentarily, but was obliterated under a surge of satisfaction as the name of the man, miraculously, as it seemed, came before his mind. Hinson, Zekiel Hinson, a Federal district judge, whom Gates had met casually upon several occasions, the last time, as he recalled, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon.

"How are you, Mr. Gates?" The jurist waved at him genially as he tapped his ball into the cup. Taking his bag from the caddy he walked over to the steel man. 'I'm filled with a sort of pardonable pride," he said, laughing. "My son tried to give me tenand failed by two strokes. I got an eightyeight, the best I've done in a year. And you'll pay the bet, too, to the full, young man.'

"Sure, I will. And the same bet goes to-morrow, dad?"

"Quite so," Judge Hinson gestured. "Mr. Gates, my son. Mr. Gates is Junior Gates' father, Dan.

'Oh!" The young man surveyed Arnold h interest. "I know your son well, Gates with interest. Mr. Gates. He and I were in Lawrenceville together, played on the same golf team." He laughed. "Now I'm in Yale and we're playing against each other. Junie used to

talk about you a lot, sir.' "He did!" Gates gaze Gates gazed at the youngster, noting the athletic build, the clear eyes and flashing white teeth, so typical of the young university man of the day. It was a fine thing to have a son like that. Yes, fine. Gates raised his hand involuntarily to his forehead. Well, he had a son like that. Approximately, at least.

PERHAPS," said the Judge, "you and

your son and Dan and I can arrange a foursome some day while we're here. At least we'll meet in Father and Son Tourna-

ment the end of next week.' "My son and I?" Gate Gates stared at the two men.

Why, yes." Then Judge Hinson started. "But perhaps you didn't know they had arrived. As a matter of fact Mrs. Gates and your son and daughter motored in to the hotel just as we were coming out for golf. I had never had the honor of meeting your family, but Dan seemed well acquainted. He was especially overcome at seeing your daughter, so be warned, Mr. Gates."

The son raised a protesting hand. "Dad is trying to be funny. As a matter of fact I've known Helen a long time." "No doubt, no doubt."

Gates blinked. "I've often found the way into my house blocked by

Helen's friends. Well," he gestured toward "Perhaps sometime, that fourthe Judge. He turned away with a nod to the some." two men.

He was frowning as he made his way toward the Inn, but not with perplexity. He was quite certain what had happened. Dr. Carrington had decided he must have his family about him, either because he was not long for this world, or for other reasons that the specialist deemed wise. So his wife had been prevailed upon to abandon their country home on the north shore of Long Island for the time being and come to this place with his son and daughter. That was it, of course.

The frown on his face deepened. He wasn't sure whether he liked the arrangement, or not. Having followed Carrington's advice to the extent of clearing out of the office for a month, the man might have let him alone. On the other hand-

Gates shrugged. He had arrived at Skinnecossett, a place of sea and pine and spruce and juniper—very restful, scrupulously select – in the middle of the morning and had been blue and lonely as the very deuce all day. For twenty years and more his life had been crowded with multifarious and exacting affairs six days in the week, frequently seven. The shock of his plunge into absolute idleness had been tremendous, almost disintegrating. So much so that a game of golf with a senile partner had appealed to him as a life saver. A cure! He had not the slightest doubt that a few days of this would end him completely.

Well, it now appeared he was to have company. On the whole, he decided, he was pleased. There was something satisfying about this rallying of the clan to his side. Yet he could not fight down a feeling of dismay, of self-consciousness. Not in more years than he could recall had he been a family man in the accepted sense of the The children had been left pretty term. completely to his wife and had grown up infinitely closer to her than to him. He didn't know them half so well as he knew his private secretary, his valet. What in the world should he do with them? Or they with him? This man, Carrington, was a fool.

Occupied with his thoughts he almost ran into his wife before he saw her. She had come out on the links to meet him and now confronted him, smiling, flushing. He stopped short, raising his hand as she began to speak. "Just a moment, Alice."

Players and gallery were silent, tense, as Judge Hinson and Gates prepared to play their shots, for every one recognized that the final outcome of the match rested right here

What a youngish woman she was, to be sure! The man's brows wrinkled thoughtfully. Yet she was only two or three years his junior, four at most. He couldn't quite recall. Her figure hadn't changed. Her face was not lined materially and the silvering of gray in her hair was wholly becoming. Yes, still a darned handsome woman.

It came as sort of a blow to Gates when he recognized that his wife was no less embarrassed than he. He was a man of action. There was only one way to settle this. Advancing to her forthwith he kissed her.

"A LICE, this is something of a surprise. What brought you here?" "Why," she dissembled, "I was a bit fed

up housekeeping and thought I'd come here with the children and join you. It won't hurt either Junior or Helen to live the simple life for a while. I'm glad you're not an-noyed. I feared you would be." Abruptly she placed a hand upon his shoulder, her eyes pleading. "And Arnold, while we are here together, don't you think it-

Quite instinctively, not at all with volition, Gates had drawn away from her hand. She could not keep the hurt look out of her eyes, even while smiling bravely. Inwardly cursing himself he wondered what he could do to repair the damage, but could think of nothing. Not even words of any sort, however banal, occurred to him as he fell into step at her side and walked to the hotel veranda. When they arrived there he turned to her.

"I'll go up and bathe and dress and we'll have dinner together. Are your rooms near mine?"

I have an adjoining room, Arnold. Helen is in with me. Junior has the room below.

"All right." Gates gestured. "I'll be down in about an hour."

Once in the seclusion of his room he sat upon the bed, staring out of the window, frowning. What an ass he had been! Here he was, a man of affairs, head of one of the nation's great industries, poised, resourceful, rounded. Yet, in meeting his wife, the

mother of his children, the woman he still loved, he had displayed the savoir faire of an uncouth schoolboy. Damn!

And yet- He rose and stretched himself. He was feeling better. The game had done him good. He acknowledged to a pervading feeling of languorous weariness. Later, reclining in his hot bath, he closed his eyes and yielded to the spell of utter relaxation. Then a cold shower, tingling, invigorating. A month? If he kept on this way, a week would put him back in the running. And he hadn't thought of Standard Steel Products or the threatened government action for several hours. Nor had the projected revision of steel prices which concerned him very closely of late, suggested itself to his mind in any way. A week of this, yes

When he came down from his room, young Hinson and his daughter were seated together on the porch rail.

"Hello, father." llo, father." She beckoned to him Her voice was deep, melodious. gaily. Her voice was user, And she was a perfect beauty. Nineteer practically. "I thought," Nineteen she said as her father joined them, "I was going to have a beastly time here, but look the very first person I run into is Dan Hin-son. I don't know that you've met Dan, father."

"I have, out on the links." Gates's voice was gruff. This little girl who had grown so suddenly to womanhood was quite overpowering, the more so, it seemed, because of the fact that he had observed the various stages of her growth without giving them any more thought than he would have bestowed upon a growing plant in the conservatory at home. This was not quite analogous but it was near enough to give point to the father's mood, a mood even more pointed when Junior Gates appeared. He came up from behind.

"I thought," Helen said as her father joined them on the porch, I was going to have a beastly time here, but look-the first person I run into is Dan Hinson. Have you met Dan, father?

"Hello, father." There was a tentative note in the boy's voice that was not lost upon Gates, who would have liked to turn upon him with some of the camaraderie which he had caught in Judge Hinson's attitude toward his son. But somehow he couldn't.

"Hello," he said. "You here, too, eh?" "Yes, sir. Yes, I'm here, too." The void The voice was vague, doubtful, not at all in character with this stalwart, clean-limbed youth who held his head high and faced the world with the brave gallantry of his breed.

"Dan tells me, sir, that Judge Hinson has challenged us to a foursome." Junior's voice was still doubtful.

"Yes. Ahem! But I've no business with you three, I'm afraid. To-day was my first game in more than ten years. Rusty. I'll— I'll—work along by myself until I begin to think I'm getting somewhere." He glanced at his son. "What's this I read about the other day, or perhaps it was some weeks ago? You won the intercollegiate golf championship?" "Well—" The son smiled—"that was

the team championship. Princeton won. I was a member of the team. I was runnerup to Dan here in the individual championship.'

YES-yes." Gates nodded. "You see I'm in the dub class. I-I-" He broke off short. Why on earth couldn't he talk to this boy as one normal human being to another? He turned away, murmuring something about looking up his wife.

Dinner, that evening, in a dining-room overlooking the purpling sea, was about the same as all meals that Gates recalled having taken with his family, the mother and his children conversing volubly, bantering, arguing, he silent, save for monosyllables to his wife, immersed in thoughts of important affairs. Only to-night he was not engrossed with business, or anything remotely (Continued on page 46)

Making the Hotel Home Sweet Home A Glimpse at the Process from Behind the Scenes

N THE good old days of ten-cent round steak, and twenty-five-cent neckties that came ready tied, when you registered at a hotel the landlord himself rang a large gong on the desk and shouted "George!"

George was a colored gentleman, and he stood right behind you, but the ritual of putting up at a hotel in those fondly remembered times demanded this.

The landlord handed George a large iron key, fastened to a big brass tag, jagged all around the edges so you couldn't put it in your pocket. George showed you upstairs into a room furnished in all the splendor of the Carved Golden Oak Period. There was a bed, a bureau, a washstand with its pitcher and "splasher," a couple of chairs, an ingrain carpet on the floor. No bath. No telephone-instead, a push-button with a card telling you that one ring was for the bellboy, two for ice-water, three for the chambermaid, and four for the porter. "And not a darn one of them will come!" as the old story goes. That room cost two dollars a day, and in small towns this included meals!

To-day, round steak has become "steak à la minute," a necktie costs two dollars and is called a cravat, and you have to tic it yourself, and hotel rooms cost more and have been transformed in the same way

There are two different meanings to the word "hotel." Your two-dollar room was a hotel room in the sense of "hôstel," a place to get in out of the rain and away from thieves. You lived chiefly downstairs in the lobby, and used the room for a sleepingplace.

In another sense, "hotel" means the fine city mansion of an old French noble with country estates. You can still see hotels of that kind in Paris.

The modern hotel room is essentially a home, a city mansion, and you live as well as sleep in it. The lobby crowd nowadays is made up, not of guests, but people meeting one another by appointment, resting in the hotel's chairs, conducting their correspondence on its stationery, and even waiting to swindle somebody—for the hotel detec-tive pays particular attention to lobby visitors.

To-day, a single room in a big city hotel will have anywhere from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars' worth of equipmentmahogany furniture, four-dollar-a-yard carpet, a half-dozen well-placed electric lights instead of the single jet or bulb of days gone by, and various home-like conveniences such as a writing-desk. If the room has two windows, their curtains, shades and hangings probably cost enough to furnish an old-fashioned hotel room. You have a private bath, with twenty-five to fifty dollars' worth of towels, rugs and the like. And two persons are employed for each guest, the greater number upstairs.

'A room like this is rented only ten months of the year, with the best of luck." says the manager of a big Eastern hotel group. "There is the dull summer season. and nights when no guest appears, or the room is out of order. It has been said that a hotel room is the most perishable commodity in the world. If you don't rent it tonight, there is no possible way of salvaging

By James H. Collins

the lost revenue, while expenses go on just the same. Rent is as certain as taxes-and by the way, if you're ever arrested while stopping at a hotel away from your home town, give them the name of the hotel and insist that you're a taxpayer. Say it loud, and several times, because fifteen to twenty per cent. of the money you pay for a hotel room nowadays goes in taxes. With us,

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HANGING circumstances of C American life are sending people to live in hotels where formerly they "stopped"-more railroad and steamer travel, the automobile, the change of climate with the season, the passing of large mansions, the nationalization of business. But with all the complexities and splendor of the modern hotel, people insist that there be preserved the privacy and liberty of the home, in the sense that the home is the place where you can do pretty much as you please, and be let alone while you are doing it, and have somebody keep things in order for you

that's about a dollar on each room every day. And there are wages, service and sup-Two months' revenue at five dollars plies. a day is \$1500 a year for such a room. Take off \$350 for taxes and \$150 for repairs. That leaves an even thousand for other expenses, which, when paid, reduce the profit on that room to about five per cent.

To make the home that folks want nowadays, a modern hotel has a world of up-stairs machinery all out of sight. When you are in your room you need see nobody unless you telephone for bellboy, maid, or waiter. Hang a "Don't Disturb" sign on your door-knob and you will be as much alone as Robinson Crusoe. The chambermaid studies your habits and "does" the room while you are out. You may catch a glimpse of the buyed caper, but will probably action of the housekeeper, but will probably never discover her quarters, from which an amazingly complex family life for a couple of

thousand reople is directed. And all through this article you may substitute the word "club" for "hotel," because housekeeping is now done in practically the same way and on as large a scale by the management and upstairs staff of the athletic, fraternal and other clubs that have enlarged our community life the past dozen years. If it is a club for man alone, the home atmosphere is made even more intimate, because the housekeeping staff clears out in the afternoon, after the work is done, and there isn't a woman around, so a fellow can go around anywhere "de neglect," can go around anywhere which most fellows like to do.

If you spend a week-end at a friend's house, the housewife remembers your little likes and dislikes. So does the housekeeper in a big hotel. Though she never sees you, if you are a regular guest-and that means

coming back two or three times a yearshe will card-index your likes and dislikes and give you individual attention when your name again shows up on the register.

At one big New York hotel they keep such out-of-date things as feather beds and boot-jacks for guests who want them. There is one guest who, from his first visit years ago, has always asked, "Where is John Drew playing?" Whenever he registers now, by the time he gets to his room there is a memo on the dresser, "John Drew is playing at the Blank Theater," or "John Drew is on tour."

Man generally wants but little in the way of such attentions, but there is no telling what his wife will want. A housekeeper at a big metropolitan hotel furnishes this list of things that had to be done in the room of a woman guest recently before she felt at home:

Double bed taken out and a single bed put in, with a new spring, soft mattress, and brand new blankets.

Two feather pillows—one regular size and the other size and a half. A different wardrobe.

A different chiffonier.

A cheval mirror.

Hooks put in wardrobe and clothes closet to fit the waistbands of her skirts.

Bureau with partition drawers, Bureau drawers planed down by carpenter so they would work very freely and not cause her All glass tops removed from bureau, chiffonier,

writing-table, etc. Extra lamp with silk shade.

Legs of chairs cut down to her measurements, so her feet could reach the floor when sitting. One vacuum bottle.

Special size bath-rug made to cover entire bathroom floor.

Faucets changed in wash-basin to a different design. Metal scrap-basket instead of wicker.

WHEN a guest reserves a suite of rooms by telegraph, the upstairs force of a big hotel gets ready to welcome him no less than the room clerk downstairs. It may be that he is coming from Europe. He has never stopped at the hotel before, so there is no record of his likes or dislikes. He may want an office, a reception-room for visitors, a dining-room. His wishes are no sooner learned than housemen whip the furniture out of a bedroom and in half an hour turn it into an office or reception-room. More than once, when some resident takes a suite of rooms to live in, and criticizes the color of the upholstery material on the furniture, it is whisked out and entirely reupholstered

in as short a period as twenty-four hours. To the guest, the chambermaid stands for the whole upstairs staff, except the floor clerk who hands him his key and letters, if there is one. Actually, his room is taken care of by a squad of specialists, each doing his particular job. The chambermaid makes the bed, gives the room a light sweeping and dusting, cleans the bathroom and tidies up generally. There is a regular way to "do a room, for order, so that one task does not undo another, and for thoroughness, so that nothing is overlooked. First the window shade is raised, and the window opened. Then the soiled linen comes off the bed and out of the bathroom. Lost or discarded articles left by the guest are picked up and reported to the Lost and Found Department. Then a carpet-sweeper is run around, the furniture and woodwork are dusted, glasses and mirrors are washed, and the bed is made last of all. There are seven different things to be done in making a bed the hotel way and nearly a hundred and fifty separate articles to be checked in even a simply furnished single room. A chambermaid generally has between a dozen and twenty rooms to look after, with the corridor outside them. In the afternoon, however, one maid goes on watch over about fifty rooms, to make changes as guests arrive.

Not every day, but usually more than once a week, your room in a big hotel is visited by other workers-the bathmaid, who gives the bathroom a thorough cleaning, the vacuum man, furniture polisher, paint cleaner, window cleaner and metal polisher, each doing a task explained by his staff title. Following them all is an assistant house-keeper who inspects the work, checking off items systematically, so she is not only sure the bed has been made, but that there are the regulation three telegraph and three cable blanks on the writing-desk, the pincushion on the bureau, ink in the inkwell, and so forth. If she finds that the room needs are called "major repairs," it may be reported out of order and closed until they are made. If the wall-paper is spotted, it may be cleaned quickly as a minor repair. But if water has come down through the ceiling, that is a major repair, and the room

will be closed until the ceiling is fixed. When the hotel man said there is no salvage in an unrented room he should have remembered one small item—if it is vacant for a night there will be saved one laundering of the bed and bathroom linen. But that's about all, for vacant rooms are given daily service as much as occupied ones, and wages go on except in summer, when the business of a big city hotel falls off, and some of its employees are switched to summer hotels.

MOST housewives dread housecleaning. So does the hotel man, but for a different reason. To the housewife, this annual upheaval means disorder, dirt and hard work. To the hotel man, until just the other day, it meant that awful thing in business management, an "uncontrolled expense." As for the work itself, that isn't so bad, because it is done piece-meal by men who understand their tasks, and for each separate task there is a specialist, where the housewife has to be a "man-of-all-work."

The housewife cleans house in the spring. The hotel man does it in the middle of summer, when many of his guests are away and many rooms vacant. The housewife takes up the carpets and beats them, washes woodwork and perhaps has a little painting or repapering done. A big hotel's house cleaning is much more thorough. The furniture is taken out, the carpets are taken up, the curtains and hangings taken down, the electric light fixtures removed, and the faucets and nickel-work from the bathroom. In fact, little housecleaning except repapering or painting is done in the room at all. The furniture goes to a department where it is refinished and reupholstered. The mattress goes to another department where it is renovated and recovered. Metal work is replated, lighting fixtures are relacquered, carpets and curtains are cleaned, repaired or replaced-in fact, the room is virtually refurnished.

That the job is thorough you will understand when told that about ten cents of every dollar you pay for a hotel room nowadays is spent in this annual housecleaning.

Until a big Eastern hotel was damaged by fire, something over a year ago, the hotel executive dreaded this yearly overhauling because he never knew what it was going to cost. The staff went ahead through the summer months, painting, papering, renovating, repairing, replacing. When it was all done, the bills came in and—"Wow!" they were usually higher than they ought to be.

When this fire occurred, the housekeeper

TOWELS are a story in themselves. A hotel entertaining two thousand people daily needs something like eighteen thousand towels in the rooms. It also needs as many more towels in the wash! Altogether its investment in towels will amount to thirty or forty thousand dollars, and there are so many of them that they exert a queer influence. Guests get the idea that they are cheap, and sometimes take them along in leaving.

"I think most people are honest," says the hotel housekeeper, "but they do take towels."

All free Annulation States

from another hotel in the group to which it belonged was sent to appraise the damage for the insurance adjusters. She did a very good job, itemizing everything that had been burnt or spoiled down to the last towel and pin-cushion. The insurance company paid the claim, and the management then said to the housekeeper, "Now see if you can replace all that stuff with the insurance money." She was able to do this, and suddenly a great light broke on her boss. "Why can't we do our housecleaning that

"Why can't we do our housecleaning that way?" he said to himself, and out of the housekeeper's list grew a budgeting system that is new in the hotel business, and seems to bring this item of expense where management can control it.

Here's how it is done: Each spring the management asks each hotel in that group to report what it wants done in the way of "Don't bother summer housecleaning. figuring what it will cost—just tell us every-thing you want done," is the order. When these reports come in, the price for each item of work is estimated. Some things are found unnecessary. Others can be postponed a year or two. In still other cases, one hotel is discarding equipment or supplies that might be used in another. After the whole summer program of housecleaning is budgeted, the work begins with a definite knowledge of how much is to be spent on each item, and every item is watched to keep cost within these bounds. In fact, it has been found possible to do the yearly houseclean-ing in this group of hotels for about 25 per cent. more than the budget estimates-and anybody who understands that kind of work

will tell you this is a real achievement. "Back stage" in a big city hotel is as astonishing to most people as the world behind the scenes in the theaters. The housekeeper and the engineer between them have departments where all the hotel's washing and ironing is done, and most of its repair work. The electro-plating room that refinishes plumbing fixtures in summer also replates the silverware used in table and kitchen service. There is a carpenter shop for repairing furniture, an upholsterer's shop, a sewing-room where curtains, furniture covers and other things are made, a machine shop, a paint shop, a crew of paperhangers—in. fact, everybody needed to do any handy job around the house, from fixing a broken window or lock, to rebuilding after a fire. Sometimes these departments are outside, but in other cases they are tucked away in the hotel itself, utilizing space that is not suited for guest-rooms by reason of darkness, noise or some such shortcoming.

These back-stage departments are important in two ways: First, because the hotel man has to look to them for his profit, now that his revenue from liquor is gone. Second, because they give the manifold service that makes the modern hotel home-like.

With prohibition, thirty leading New York hotels lost a yearly profit of fifteen million dollars. Liquor paid because the regular staff of the hotel served it without additional overhead expense, so the profit was largely clear gain. In one hotel it amounted to nearly half as much as the revenue from rooms. That is, the hotel made twenty-five cents profit on a five-dollar room, and two dollars or more profit on liquor, which gives a pretty clear idea of how he has to watch his step in upstairs management, and also why room prices have advanced.

But it is the atmosphere of the hotel room that calls for the shrewdest management making "Home, Sweet Home" for a couple of thousand people by machinery!

He has a thousand rooms, and an average of two people living in each of them. Each room is a unit in which people want privacy and the freedom of a home. They must be protected against thieves. People living in big hotels nowadays are well-to-do, or they couldn't afford to live there, and many of the transient guests are well-to-do folks also, coming to the hotel for social life. There are always a great many more valuables in a hotel, jewels and fine clothes, than are found among the same number of people elsewhere. Besides the temptation to outside thieves, there are a couple of thousand employees in the hotel, many of them in and out of the guests' rooms a dozen times a day on innumerable tasks and errands.

When the floor clerk hands you your key with a smile and a word of greeting, you think she is a nice young lady, and let it go at that. But she handles many of your personal affairs in confidence.

 $\mathbf{A}_{\text{ever arrested while stopping at a good}}^{\text{NOTHER}}$ word of advice—if you are hotel away from home," says the hotel manager, "the floor clerk may be able to furnish evidence of the utmost importance about your comings and goings. She keeps a legal record of the daily life of the people on her floor, but with every respect for your privacy. She is forbidden discussion of the affairs of a guest with anybody except her partner-the floor clerks work in shifts of two. She must not introduce one guest to another, even though she is required to know and greet them all by name, nor let visitors go to a room unannounced. Any stranger on her floor must give a complete account of himself. She handles money, property, telephone calls, telegrams, baggage, merchandise, orders of all kinds. She is responsible for the decency of her floor and the personal security of guests and their property, and must be able to rise to any emergency—the sickness of a guest, an accident, fire, leaks or crime. We consider her one of our most important employees, because she is the liaison officer of the management, and through her we deal with you and try to express ourselves." The Lost and Found Department throws

another vivid light on the home life of a big hotel's guests. Two thousand people daily (Continued on page 66)



25



"The Dancers" is just such a theatrically effective romance as one would expect from the pen of Gerald du Maurier, the English actor and dramatist. Florence Eldridge is ex-cellent in the part of a heroine abandoned to the dance craze, while Richard Bennett deals in masterly fashion with a rôle well calculated to delight the heart of any sane actor



The Big Brother movement has reac'ed the screen. When Rex Beach's story, "Big Brother," was published in serial form and unanimously indorsed by the leaders of the movement, it put before the public a vivid and romantic picture of their work, which enjoyed great popularity. Paul Sloane has based his scenario on his story, and Tom Moore and Mickey Bennett have been entrusted with the leading rôles



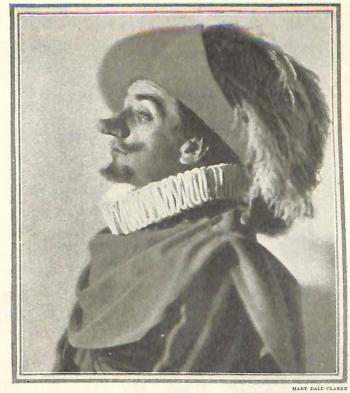
With an Arabian Nights prologue, and a series of modern episodes devoted to the rising fortunes of a sort of feminine Aladdin in pursuit of fun, adventure and romance, Zelda Sears and Harold Levey have collabo-rated in "The Magic Ring," a successful musical fantasy for the ever piquant and vivacious Mitzi to romp through



A moment of truce between Roberta Arnold and Henry Duffy, in the busy plot of "Chicken Feed." An amusing, well-acted comedy, by Guy Bolton, of the type that rings up on a stage all set for a wedding, that is presumably consum-mated just after the final curtain. The delay in this case is occasioned by a united wives' strike for fairer wages, insti-gated by the bride and supported by her two hopeful disciples



There's nothing novel about the plot that offers an exhibit of the dreadful things married men will do when overwhelmed by the urge for a vacation—but Ballard Macdonald has slipped some risible twists and quirks into "Mr. Battling Butler," for Charles Ruggles and William Kent to play with



Not since Mansfield and Coquelin have we had so excellent a rendering of Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" as that of Walter Hampden; a performance which blends perfectly the whimsical braggadocio and poetic sentiment composite in the rôle of this most appealing hero of romance



A splendidly true and appealing characterization is that of Minnie Dupree as the mother in "The Shame Woman," the story of a bitter struggle against poverly and spiritual defeat waged through two generations by simple, inarticulate toilers in that turbulent section of the mountains of North Carolina which Lula Volmer first pictured with such poignant truth in "Sun Up"



If palms were being awarded for the cleverest writing of sophisticated comedy, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, who has followed up the success of "Aren't We All?" with "Spring Cleaning," would be hovering about the head of the list. And he has been singularly fortunate in his cast. Arthur Byron is shown here with Estelle Winwood and A. E. Mathews in a situation brought about by his unusual and morally courageous stratagem to check his wife's (Violet Heming) pursuit of excitement





The Grad and The Gridiron

> By W. O. McGeehan Drawings by Ray Rohn

held a million and a half spectators throughout the United States on November 24 of last year.

T IS not realized generally that intercollegiate football in the United States draws more in paid attendance during its brief season than both the National and American Leagues of baseball teams do in their season which lasts over five months. On a conservative estimate intercollegiate football drew in one day throughout the United States in round numbers upwards of 1,500,000. This was the day that Yale played Harvard at Cambridge, the Army played the Navy at New York and the teams of the Western Conference, the South and the Pacific Coast Colleges were busy.

Baseball magnates always are reticent about their attendance figures, for they are business men, professional baseball is a business and the figures of big business are not for publication. But I happen to know that 1,500,000 is close to the high water mark for a season's attendance for any of the big league baseball clubs. Moreover the admission prices for football games average from two to four dollars. On this showing more is collected in admissions for the amateur game of football than for the professional game of baseball and baseball is the national game.

Many a promoter having seen the Yale Bowl at New Haven filled to its capacity of over eighty thousand has dreamed of professionalizing the American game of football. Eighty thousand patrons at from two dollarsupward a head for five or six times a season would produce gate receipts that would stagger even Tex Rickard, the fight promoter, with his record of over a million and a half dollars for one prize-fight and his gross gate receipts of nearly four million for commercializing to the highest degree the art in which the late Marquis of Queensberry was so greatly interested.

But football will not professionalize. They have tried it in the east and in the west and it failed dismally. In the middlewest professional football makes a little money but very little. It is a game for the amateur and the college man.

The American intercollegiate game started frankly enough as a form of the ancient English Rugby game a little more than half a century ago. The students at Rutgers organized a team and challenged the students of Princeton. The first game was played at New Brunswick. From that meeting with no spectators but the students of both universities grew the game which It was almost as small a beginning as the first game of American baseball which was invented by Abner Doubleday and his friends at Cooperstown, New York, before the Civil War. The shades of Abner Doubleday and his friends would be no more amazed at a sight of the Yankee Stadium in New York during a world's series than the shades of the young men who played the first game of American intercollegiate football would be at a sight of the Yale Bowl on the day of the Yale-Harvard game.

Abner Doubleday and his friends invented baseball for their own amusement and for a somewhat mild sort of exercise. It proved to be a game adapted to the temperament of the American man and boy. Its commercial possibilities as an entertainment were realized slowly at first, then with great rapidity until now some of the baseball clubs in the big leagues represent investments of several millions of dollars and industries mark time during the progress of the world's series.

THE motives behind the staging of the first game of American intercollegiate football were entirely different. Here we had two rival colleges in the State of New Jersey. Each naturally was contemptuous of the other, each was filled with its own sense of superiority. They needed a medium through which this rivalry could be brought to a head in a physical clash, for this rivalry needed a physical clash. The football contest formed the highly satisfactory medium.

Of course there was no organized cheering in those days, but the partisans on the side lines at the first American intercollegiate game did not watch it silently. It was not a game to them. It was a duel, a war. They shouted from the side line the same shout which is the burden of every college song that is sung to-day, "Fight for dear old Whatsis," or "Fight for dear old Whosis,"



as the case might be. To this day those whose shoulders are too narrow to take part in the game itself do their bit for dear old Whatsis or the equally dear old Whosis with the lungs.

From this entirely spontaneous little battle at New Brunswick, New Jersey, came the most spectacular feature of American college life, the intercollegiate football game with the most cordially hated rival with its melodrama, its enormous crowds, its snake dance of victory, its organized cheering and its general hysteria. Incidentally its tremendous volume of gate receipts.

Also came the old grad and what is known as the practise of old gradding and the old grad is the biggest factor in the perpetuation of the institution of intercollegiate football and the intensification of the intercollegiate rivalries. It is because of the old grad and the practise of old gradding that college professors are beginning to be alarmed at the growth of intercollegiate football with stadia bigger than those of Greece or Rome and crowds that nothing else in the colleges could lure. They point out that with the ascendancy of the gladiator came the decadence of everything else that was Greece and Rome.

To which the old grad is quite likely to respond to the effect that the old profs are talking through their mortar boards as usual. The prof does not amount to much anyway. The proof is that his salary is something less than a quarter of that paid to the football coach.

THEORETICALLY intercollegiate football belongs to the undergraduates. Actually it is for the old grads, of the old grads and by the old grads in the matter of direction and control. The argument for the perpetuation of intercollegiate football is that it develops initiative among other things that will be useful to the player when the world becomes his football game. But the matter of initiative is eliminated when a professional coach does all the directing of his football team on the field by signals or by the sending in of substitutes.

This can not be denied any more than it can be proved. It is more or less admitted. "Tad" Jones, coach of the undefeated Yale football team of 1923, at a meeting of football coaches which I attended made the proposal that the direction of the teams in the field be turned over to their regularly constituted leaders and that the coaches



pledge themselves not to interfere. "It is against the rules," said Mr. Jones. "But you know that we all do it."

The other coaches looked askance at this revolutionary proposal, among them being Gil Dobie, Foster Sanford, "Speedy" Rush and about a hundred other football strategists and dictators. Even Walter Camp, "father of American football," looked at Jones a bit quizzically when he made this proposal that sounded so naïve. One of the coaches made the counter argument that an intercollegiate football game was a contest not merely between two elevens but a matching of all the resources of the rival colleges. The other coaches merely looked bored and that was the end of that.

THIS point was raised again in 1023 by Dr. Stewart Paton, Professor of Neurobiology at Princeton University, who said in part: "The semiprofessional spirit which permeates the sport is having a marked effect upon the universities and colleges. "The initiative in the matter of organiza-

"The initiative in the matter of organization of the teams and the playing of the game practically has been taken away from the undergraduate students and rests largely with the coaches. They decide the kind of game to be played, elect the members of the team and leave little or nothing for the undergraduate captain and other undergraduate officials to determine. Football has become largely a form of amusement for the alumni."

In my opinion Dr. Paton is only slightly in error. To the old grad football is not an amusement. It is a religion. The old grad feels more keenly over a defeat than the undergraduate and his steps in the snake dance of triumph always have in them more of the abandon of joy than those of the undergraduate. Watch the next snake dance and observe the movements of the graybeards as they swing into line. Dignified old gentlemen once more feel within them the spirit of Pan dancing to the pipes. They get so much joy out of it that even as I write it seems hard to advocate anything that might lessen this joy.

might lessen this joy. The old grad feels that the team still is his and that he still has in his keeping the prestige of the alma mater which finds its highest form of expression on the gridiron. I must tell one story which would explain to a certain extent why one eleven which seemed entirely mediocre at the start of the season of 1923 came through in the game with the bitterest rival and won to the astonishment and confusion of all the football experts. That is, it would explain that great "upset" if I could give the names but I can not.

On the eve of the game a group of old grads locked themselves in the room with the players on that weak eleven. One of the old grads acted as spokesman and proceeded very grimly in this fashion: "We have the reports from Whosis's scouts. They tell us that

you can play football but that you are a lot of yellow curs. They say that you are the yellowest team that the Whosis college ever turned out. You could win but you are too yellow.

too yellow. "All right then. You go and play the game with Whosis. Play it like a lot of yellow pups that you are and lose. But if you do show that wide yellow streak, don't come back to Whosis. Whosis has had the reputation of breeding men."

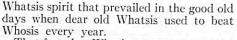
reputation of breeding men." The gridiron miracle happened the next day. The lads who had been addressed in this fashion were crying with hysterical rage just before the whistle blew. They were just as close to murderous insanity as troops stimulated for the dash across the top. On the kickoff two of them flew down and dashed the man receiving the ball to earth with such savage vehemence that he dropped the ball. One of the tacklers picked it up and ran for a touchdown. Something of the same sort happened only a few minutes later and the team that was picked to lose won by the margin of those two touchdowns scored because of the fury roused in them by the taunts of the old grads.

Naturally the old grads involved were pleased and proud at the success of this application of peculiar psychology. Perhaps it was not original with them. It might have been used by old grads on other teams of dear old Whosis in the past. The main thing was that it was successful and with the old grad the end justifies the means used to secure another glorious victory for dear old Whosis. The old grad is shocked by what he thinks is the apathy of the undergraduate toward the maintenance of the prestige of the alma mater. The "football policies" of nearly all

The "football policies" of nearly all colleges are directed by committees of old grads with the advice of the coach. The coach is selected only with the approval of the old grads. The old grad may die but he will never surrender his right to a voice in the affairs of the football team. The intercollegiate bitternesses are cherished by old grads and become intensified with the age of the old grads.

Were it not for the old grad the players of to-day might begin to regard football as after all a mere game. But the old grads will never let this attitude of mind become established if they can help it. Theirs is the ferocity of the non-combatant. It always is the non-combatant who is most blood hungry and most insistent upon victory. He bruises nothing but his throat.

Following a succession of defeats by the bitterest rival you would read in the sporting pages rumors of "dissention" at dear old Whatsis. It will be said that prominent Whatsis men are demanding a change of football policy and a more expensive coach. All of the prominent Whatsis men will be found to be old grads. Whatsis alumni will begin to write letters to the papers demanding that something be done to revive the old Whatsis spirit and a return to the ancient



That fact that Whosis gets practically the same sort of splendid material and the same sort of coaching and consequently Whatsis is due to be beaten by Whosis for a couple of years according to the law of averages does not figure with the old grad. He is sure that it must be due to the fact that Whatsis is losing its grip and he is equally sure that the grip of Whatsis never will be restored until the old grads of the better and elder days rally around and save it from decadence.

In my line of work it is necessary that I report a certain number of football games each year and at the end of the season appraise the playing of the teams I have seen. In the work I believe that I am the perfect neutral. But nobody is pleased, at least not among the old grads. The old grad from Whatsis demands to know why I am so bitterly opposed to Whatsis and so partial to Whosis. He says that I must be a graduate of Whosis. In the same mail will come a letter from an indignant old grad of Whosis who says that I write with the venom of an alumnus of Whatsis and that my prejudice and partisanship eliminate me as a fair judge. Ask any sporting editor who is the most unreasonable of the "bugs": He will tell you the old grad.

UNDERSTAND that I am not irritated by the letters of the old grad. Of him I write much more in sorrow than in anger. He is younger in soul and spirit than the youngest of the Freshmen. The older the old grad happens to be, the younger he becomes until he approaches a sort of second childhood.

I had in mind to write an article at the close of the season of 1923 on the trick plays and the new strategy developed during the year. From coast to coast there could be found no new plays and no new strategy. The open game seems to have come to a standstill and the open game should be developing as many plays as there are moves in chess. There was a monotony to the game of football in the days of close formation and before they allowed the forward pass.

There were just a few conventional plays, around the end, through the line and the criss-cross plays. Once in a while something startling yet simple would be tried like the fake kick and buck with the quarterback taking the ball for a run around the end. Then there was the hidden ball trick worked by the Carlisle Indians but that afterward was barred. Also the appearance of the Indians with leather ovals the size, color and shape of the football sewed into the Jerseys.

With the coming of the new football and the opening up of the game great varieties of brilliant plays were staged—for a while. With the forward pass and a back ready to make a triple threat that opened up the defense the game became a thrilling spectacle. It was like the handling of a modern infantry platoon with its variety of weapons and its adaptability to any terrain and any problem in minor tactics. It made the game really one of keen brain against keen brain as well as brawn against brawn and courage against courage.

But now the development of the game seems to have ceased. It has become standardized once more, this wonderful game with its seemingly limitless opportunities. I charge that this is because the game has passed under the absolute control of the coaches and through them to the control of the old grads.

Give this game back to the undergraduates and let young and imaginative minds play



of sight.

with it. They would be developing new strategy and be ringing the changes as they should be rung. One must be young to play it, one could direct it better when The colleges should be developvoung. ing strategists as well as glorious young gladiators for the coaches to move as pawns for the satisfaction of the old grads. If there is thinking to be done in football-and certainly there is-give the undergraduates the chance and the room to think.

But the old grad will voice his shrill protest. What? Leave the precious prestige of dear old Whatsis to the mere undergraduates who hardly have time to develop the real Whatsis spirit and who hardly know what dear old Whatsis really means? Preposterous. Such a proposition could come only from some iconoclast who never had an alma mater, who never sang a hymn like "For Old Whatsis" or "Fight For Dear Old Whosis.'

I RECALL that when the new football was introduced with the object of lessening the annual casualties there was a violent protest from the old grads. Every inch of ground gained in the advancement of the intercollegiate game was fought vocally and in writing by the old grads. Up until a few years ago some of the irreconcilables still sneered at the new game as being a mere game of basketball. It took a long time to convince them that it was a better game than the old one.

Naturally the old grad is the opposite of a progressive. In his heart he is convinced that the dear old college started to deteriorate the moment the class of Umpty-um passed into the college history.

But that is the trouble. The class of Umpty-um never did pass into his-tory and it never will while there is a member of it alive and able to appear at the annual game with a feather in his hat, a flask on his hip and defiance in his eye. Try and make him pass into history.

The old grad at a football game is a constant source of embarrassment to the undergraduate. He is coming back to re-

vive his youth and he is trying to be kitten-

one to attempt to regain his youth but not at the expense of youth itself. It is too much like becoming monkeyish by de-priving the simian fellow creature of his glands. The old grads have a somewhat similar effect upon the undergraduates. As the old grads become pranking and kittenish the undergraduates become graver and their

expressions become older. In the office where I sit there is an old grad from one of the "Big Three" whose college had a very bad year at football. He once was a player on the varsity himself. The thing has been a tragedy to him. He feels it so keenly that we do not out of compassion for him treat it with levity. We do not speak of it at all. Last year his college team—it is his college team more that it is the college team of any of the most devoted undergrads, even the football captain—

ish. He recalls his pranks that were con-

sidered original, daring and college-boyish in his day, but which to the older minded youths of the younger day are merely bore-

some. The old grad is treated with all re-

spect when he revisits, but he rather puzzles

and annoys the undergraduate. Sometimes his exuberance, fired by the stuff they sell

these days, makes him almost mussy

and the undergrad tries to keep him out

is the puglistic axiom, "They never come back." But the old grad always is trying to come back. What did I say? Well more

than that, you cannot convince the old grad

that he ever has been away. That is

why he is a problem. It is fair enough for

These things always happen to old gentlemen who would be boys again. Once you leave Boyland you cannot come back. That cleaned up and he was jovial for the duration of the winter.

What can be done to wean the old grad from his alma mater? For it must be evi-dent that he should be weaned. He is a purcease to the undergraduate. He is a nuisance to the undergraduate. He is a moss-covered stone in the way of progress. He is blocking the natural flow of the stream of youth and this should not be done. Moreover he should be weaned from his alma mater for his own good in order that he may actually face the world of re-alities. He cannot be tied always to the apron strings of dear old Whatsis or the equally dear old Whosis. He must learn to walk paths where he will not be annoying the younger generation. The younger generation has sufficient natural annovance.

There seems to be a practical solution in football rallies for old grads only. While Stanford played California on November 24 last a number of the old grads from both universities assembled at a club in New York. Seated at tables they got full details of the game by telegraph as that struggle progressed.

Every now and then as the plays were announced there would come the staccato bark of the Stanford alumnus while the Californians shouted back their defiant "Oskey wow wow" yell. They sang their old songs at each other, these groups of old grads and they taunted each other as they had taunted each other under the California sky. They reached to their hips and they drank toasts in the forbidden liquids. They were doing their bits for their universities.

WHEN it was over the Californians formed in the middle of the room and did their snake dance in and out through the tables while the Stanford alumni sat upright in their chairs as stiffly as they did in the stands back home when Stanford lost. Both sides had fulfilled their obligations and with the gin what it is these days they had just as violent headaches the next day as though they had actually seen the game and celebrated or drowned the sting of defeat on the actual field of battle. They had shown the California spirit or the Stanford spirit. They had been true sons of the alma mater and had played the

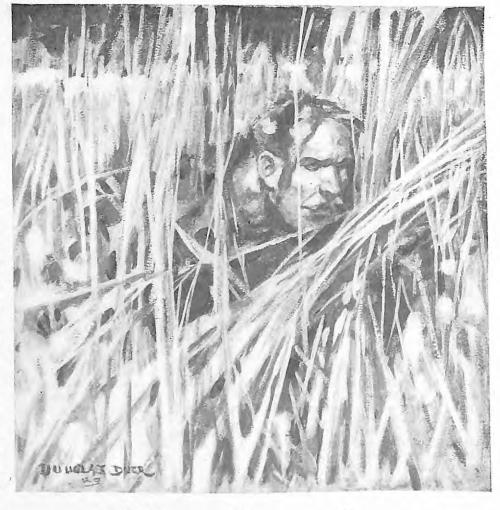
On the same day and about the same hour there gathered in San Francisco a number of Yale and Harvard alumni to get the returns of the Yale-Harvard game at Soldiers Field, Cambridge. As the teams splashed in the ooze of the football field the returns rolled into the one room where the rival old grads sat for the convenience of hating each other and exchanging taunts at close range.

You can picture the vehemence and the abandon of the Yale snake dance that passed through that room when the game was over. The old grads of Yale did not have any convenient goal posts to tear up in im-

itation of what was done at Soldiers Field but they found the means to express their joy while the Harvard old grads sat stiffly in their chairs.

Now these outlets for the college spirit were harmless aside from what little damage was done

to the furniture. They satisfied those particular old grads without permitting them to annoy the undergraduates in any manner or form, excepting by telegraph and that (Continued on page 66)



Woodsmoke

By Francis Brett Young

"He's living," Mrs. Rawley breathed. "Give him to me, Dingaan, I will look after him. Tell him," she repeated to Antrim, "that I'll look after him."

Reluctantly the Zulu consented. Mrs. Rawley picked up the child like a baby in her arms and carried him into the shade,

followed by Dingaan's jealous eyes. "Now," said Antrim, "you shall tell me what happened."

THERE was little enough to tell. Dingaan had been sitting in the shade against the wall of the servants' banda when he had heard the child squealing. "And I knew at once it was the big baas," he said, "for Jumaa lives in terror of him. So I jumped up and ran. There was the big *baas* trumpeting like an angry elephant and the toto running before him out of the missis's banda. The toto went fast, but the big baas caught him over the ear with his fist and he went down like a shot guinea-fowl. Then I saw no more, for I knew I had to kill him." The pupils of Dingaan's eyes dilated. "And surely I shall kill him if the toto dies."

Antrim laid his hand on the Zulu's arm. "The toto will not die, Dingaan," he said. "And you have my promise. If anything happens the big baas shall answer for it to the magistrate in Mombasa. That is my

word. You can trust me." "I take your word, bans," said the Zulu,

Antrim, strangely moved, for he felt

that he had been speaking with a man, compelled himself to approach Rawley; but while they had been talking Rawley, had disappeared. "Perhaps," he thought, "he has taken to his bed again"; but, as he moved toward the *banda*, Janet Rawley beckoned him and he turned to her instead.

She sat there in the shade like a white Madonna with the black child in her arms. Her eyes were full of pain. For a few

seconds they were silent. "I suppose this was bound to happen,"

he said at last. "Yes ... inevitably. Sooner or later." "It's you that I'm thinking of. I'm so sorry...." He hesitated, unable to ex-press the compassion that overwhelmed him.

"Don't be sorry for me, Captain Antrim," she said hardly. "I couldn't bear it. Be-sides, it's no good. If you don't mind . . ."

She could not complete her sentence; but Antrim knew that he was not wanted and turned away. She hid her emotion, bending her face over the child's body, and the gesture seemed to him so natural that through his mind there flashed the thought, "This is a woman who should have had chil-dren of her own," and the quick question: "children of Rawley's?" which brought its own answer of horror.

"I must go and talk to him," he said. "No, no," she cried. "Don't do that! You've no idea. He'll insult you. I assure you he's not responsible. Later on I can deal with him. I know what to do."

NTRIM rushed forward and she followed him. The camp was like a boiling ants' nest, the porters swarming in from their encampment toward the space in front of the big *banda*. Antrim fought his way through the thick of them. There, on the ground, his fingers locked about the throat of Rawley, who roared and heaved and struggled, lay his favorite, Dingaan. Antrim shouted to him: "Let go! Let go!" But the man was mad with a rage that meant murder. In a moment Antrim had leapt for him. His own hands closed round Dingaan's throat like steel. Dingaan gave a gasp and rolled over on Antrim. Rawley lay blue, dusky, unconscious, his wife bending over him, shaking him, whispering in his ear.

As Antrim extricated himself the Zulu was shaken by a shuddering sigh. He scrambled to his feet and turned with a sob that was like a groan toward an object that Antrim had not seen-the body of the toto, Jumaa, that lay limp in the mouth of the tent like that of a dead rat. He picked up the child in his arms and began to talk rapidly in his own tongue, pointing and shaking his fist at Rawley, who had now opened his eyes and stared back stupidly like a drunken man.

Antrim, fearing further trouble, placed himself between them. He shouted to Asmani to drive the porters away.

"The child is dead . . . dead!" moaned Dingaan. "The big baas has killed him. Why did you stop me, B'wana?" he cried, hugging the late to his cheet. Dingaan. hugging the toto to his chest.

Antrim tried to calm him. "Perhaps the *toto* is not dead," he said. "Put him on the ground. Throw water over him."

Mrs. Rawley had left her husband. In a moment she was beside them with the chagghal of cool water that hung inside the banda. Antrim dashed it over the child's face. Dingaan, his mouth still working, his hands atremble, would not release the small body from his grasp. When Mrs. Rawley bent over them he clutched it tighter, as if he would not trust her.

"Let me listen, Dingaan," she said quietly. "I sha'n't do any harm."

She put her white cheek to the child's chest. The tenderness of her face and its contrasting paleness smote on Antrim's

heart. He knew what she suffered. "There's a little flutter," she said. "I think he's only stunned."

Dingaan, who did not understand, looked eagerly from her to Antrim. Antrim trans-lated. "You hear? The missis says that he's alive."

The Zulu was sullen, incredulous. He spoke quickly in Swahili. "Understand: if the child dies I shall kill the big baas.

Another time you will not stop me." "The child will not die," Antrim told him. "But even if he dies you'll do nothing of the sort. I am master here, and I shall shoot you.'

The Zulu stared him full in the face. Antrim's eyes were hard. It was obvious that he meant what he had said.



Part IV—Passions Spin the Plot As Death Trails the Travelers

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

"Very well," he said, and left her. He wandered round the camp in the eve-ning light, carefully keeping himself within earshot. Strangely enough, the thing that appalled him most in all this tangle of distress was the position of Janet Rawley. It was toward her, he felt, that his first duty lay, and mainly for the reason that in the past few weeks he had misjudged her, and the smarting sense of his own injustice was aggravated by the courage and the beauty

which she had newly revealed to him. Asmani approached with his usual grave salutation, asking Antrim to come and look at the remaining donkeys which had just been driven in from grazing for fear of the They were a sorry sight, wasted and lions. "A week?" he asked Asmani. "Five days," Asmani answered.

T SEEMED a waste of energy to drive the poor beasts inside their thorn boma that night. Why should they not go on feeding in the darkness and take their chance? The only one of all the lot that had any chance of living was the white beast that Mrs. Rawley had ridden, whose coat the toto Jumaa had diligently smeared each day with paraffin to keep off flies and ticks. Better to cut their

losses. And yet . . . "Keep them in the *boma* to-night," he told Asmani.

Night had fallen. Walking back toward the fire where dinner was cooking. Antrim heard the air shaken by an enormous vibration, a kind of hideous purring. "Lion," he thought. "Now's the time for a man who wants specimens!" But he had never felt less like shooting in his life. Apart from Rawley's outburst, nothing had happened since the morning to affect their prospects, and yet he fancied that he was on the brink of the crisis which must determine the whole end of the expedition. It was a fancy that amounted to a conviction. He felt as one feels in war-time at the moment when one awaits the signal for an attack or the explosion of a mine.

In the darkness Mrs. Rawley met him.

They walked together toward the fire. "The *toto* is sleeping," she told him, "and so I've handed him over to Dingaan. I really believe he was more terrified than hurt. Such terror! I've never seen anything quite like the look when he opened his eyes. I wonder if he can get over it. Horror like that must leave a scar on the soul."

"We must leave a scar on the soul." "We must keep him out of your husband's way. That won't be difficult. By the way, have you seen him?" "Who?"

"Your husband."

"Yes. He is lying drunk on the bed."

She made the humiliating confession so simply that Antrim could hardly realize her words. They surprised him into a tame "Oh, really?" which was the last thing in "You must be mistaken," he said. "It's impossible. The whisky's locked away in

Then he realized that she was crying in his arms. . . He heard his own voice in the distance calling her by her name. "Janet, my little one, my child," he was saying, "I can't bear that you should suffer. Janet, I love you." I love you!"

my own box. It may be a relapse. . . . I'd better see him." "Of course you can see him," she said wearily. "But there's no doubt about it. It's the usual thing. I ought to know." Antrim shouted for Dingaan to bring him the box. It was locked, as he had anticipated. "Wait here," he said, and went alone to the *banda* where Rawley was went alone to the banda where Rawley was lying.

THE place stank so heavily of whisky that the reason for Rawley's stupor was obvious. But where could he have found the stuff? While Rawley lay there snoring Antrim turned the contents of the banda upside down. In one corner Rawley had collected his photographic gear. A faint odor of chemicals clung to it. Bottles, measure-glasses and the famous chemical notebooks were ranged methodically on the top of one of the packing cases marked with a red triangle about which the fellow had shown so much anxiety. Now that anxiety became significant. Antrim swept the became significant. Antrim swept the bottles aside and turned the packing case over. In it he found a dozen whisky bottles, nine of them empty. He picked up the case and carried it to Mrs. Rawley in the

"Here you are!" he said triumphantly, "You knew holding up a bottle to the light. "You knew nothing of this?" he asked her. "Nothing at all," she replied.

That, at any rate, was a relief. She had taken his discovery with a calm that was

almost sinister. "Look at it," he said; "it's poison. No wonder he's off his head. I think I'd better deal with the rest of it."

He whistled for Asmani, and in a few minutes four porters trotted up, each carrying one of the red-marked cases. Each, as he had anticipated, was full of spirit. He took out the unlabeled bottles and smashed them on a stone. "That's the lot," he said with a laugh as he

Mrs. Rawley said nothing. She watched him, apparently unmoved, through half-closed eyelids. Then she rose and walked slowly toward the banda without a word. Antrim followed her.

"If you have any need of me, you'll call me?" he said. "Promise?" She nodded gravely. "But there will be no need," she said.

CHAPTER X

There followed, for Antrim, a stormy, sleepless night. It was not that he had any further doubts about what he should do. Obviously they must move northward, and at the greatest possible speed, toward the basin of the Pangani and the frontier of British East. There he would leave the Rawleys to work out their own salvation— the word was a mockery!—and return to Nairobi to sustain the ridicule of his adventure and make the best of his spoilt leave.

"I shall never see them again," he thought, "perhaps never hear of them!" But the immediate satisfaction of this thought was challenged by the pathetic image of Janet Rawley

If it hadn't been for Rawley's damned whisky they could have struck their camp to-morrow. As it was, a couple of days must pass before Rawley recovered his senses or his strength. And every day counted in his race to escape the threat of sheer abandonment.

HE web of his thoughts was broken by a shrill scream, a scurry of hoofs, shouts, and a shattering rifle shot. The smell of a lion had thrown the miserable donkeys into a stampede. They had broken their boma and scattered in darkness. The askari on guard had fired wildly. The night became full of chatter and confusion and winking lights. He jumped up and gave two sharp whistles for Dingaan, who came running

whisties for Dingaan, who came running toward him. The donkeys were gone— probably they would never be seen again. "To-morrow you shall take the elephant gun and five cartridges," he told Dingaan. "Let it be known that if the Wagwana give any trouble you will shoot. Any map that any trouble you will shoot. Any man that deserts now will be shot like a pig.

The camp became silent again. lay down once more and began to consider what loads he could sacrifice in the event of more desertions. Rawley's whiskey had gone. That accounted for four. To-morrow he would get rid of all the bales of Amerikani in the village in exchange for food. The natives should have the bargain of their Everything must be sacrificed to

weight. To-morrow To-morrow came. A gray and ghostly dawn showed him the trees of the forest hung with a lichen of mist; the Rawleys' low banda, small and colorless, was silent. He made an early and solitary breakfast, then stood above the unwilling porters, rifle in hand, while Asmani directed them to separate the loads of trading stuff from the heap in which everything had been piled when they halted. that the presence of the wounded lion still troubled them, so he took his Mannlicher and set off in search of its spoor. Leaving the camp, he had an impulse to call to Janet and tell her where he was going lest she should be anxious to find him rane: but the silones of the but degone; but the silence of the hut de-

In a patch of sand to windward of the boma, he found the spoor of the lion, a full-grown beast, he judged— but no trace of blood. Of course the askari had missed him. The spoor was so clear that the zest of following it took hold of him. It led him a freakish track through thick thorn, in which

his senses were all strained with apprchen-sion—a fascinating trail. At the edge of a rocky nullah, strewn with pink boulders arrested in the midst of some forgotten spate, he lost the track. Between the rocks euphorbias. Fifty feet below the bottom of the nullah was clogged black with acaciascrub; the very retreat that a lion would choose to drowse in through the heat of the day, and one that gave the beast too many advantages to make it worth while tracking

He abandoned the hunt, and made his way back toward the camp through the shadow of the forest edge. The scream and chatter of an olive monkey that slung itself away in fear of him among the treetops

startled him by its suddenness. In another moment his eyelids contracted to a white blaze of sunlight as he emerged into a long clearing.

Fifty paces in front of him his dazzled eyes discerned something dark moving toward him. He thought, "My God! The lion!" and dropped to his knee, his rifle ready to fire. Still the shadow advanced hurriedly. The creature had not seen him, unless, indeed, it were advancing on him with the courage of despair. He raised his rifle and waited coolly for a broadside shot. But the grass was so thick that even at twenty paces he could not see to take aim. "Twenty paces . . . two springs!" he His finger caressed the trigger. thought. Then, of a sudden, he dropped his rifle and ran forward. He had been aiming at Janet Rawley.

He ran to meet her. "What are you doing here?" he cried. "I nearly fired." "Why didn't you?" she said quickly. "It'd have saved trouble." "Where were you write?"

"Where were you going?"

"I don't know.

"Without a hat . . . at midday! It's madness!'

"Madness. Yes, that's it," she agreed with a strange laugh.

"But what has happened? Tell me." "I can't tell you. I won't. Nothing has

happened." "You'd better come back with me now, Antrim said. That mad laugh of hers had



pierced his brain like a shaft of storm-light, filling it with distorted shadows, twisting the shape of his thoughts so that he didn't know them; he could no longer count on himself. This madness was infectious. He laid his hand on her arm. "We'll go back now," he repeated. "Come along. We'll go together."

With a gentle pressure he drew her onward, and for a short moment it seemed as though she would submit to his guidance.

Then, starting out of her trance, she strained away from him. "No, no, I can't," she whispered. "I

can't. Let me go. Why did you stop me?" But this time he had caught her and held

her in his arms. Mad or sane, it was his duty to save her. She struggled. "You?" she cried. "Oh, don't . . .

don't!'

He felt her heart beating, fluttering against him-he felt his own pulses throbbing violently as though they were in pursuit. "Oh, don't, don't!" she cried again, strug-

gling weakly away from him; but for answer he only held her closer, as though, by physical contact, he could impose upon her the stability of his own will. Suddenly her rebellious muscles relaxed. He felt the tension give, as though she had died, and a glow of pride and conquest transfigured his mind.

"Tell me what happened," he whispered. "You'd better tell me. I've a right. . . . You know that there's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

H^E WAS anxious to hear the words he dreaded, but he waited for them in vain. She stood in his arms, mute and tranquil, as though the life had ebbed away

from her, unable to think or speak. "You'll be happier," he said, "if you tell me. When did he wake? This morning?" "Last night," she murmured, "all night.

." Then there came a moment of panic. "My strength went. I was frightened. . . . Oh, I couldn't bear it. I wanted to go away and die. I couldn't! I couldn't!"

The last word ended in a cry as though the memory tore at her heart. A murderous gust of anger swept through Antrim's mind, shriveling all consciousness as it passed.

and when he fought his way back to sanity he realized that she was crying in his arms, her body shaken like a tree tossed and buffeted by rushes of wind, still for a moment, and then again mercilessly gripped and shaken. She pressed her body against his as though its firmness could absorb and soften the violence of her sobbing. He heard his own voice in the distance speaking words that his will had not imagined. He was calling her by her name, the name that his most secret soul had never uttered. His fingers were in her dank hair; her head lay listless between his two hands as he kissed her wet eyelids.

'Janet, my little one, my child," he was saying, "I can't bear that you should suffer. You mustn't cry like this. Janet, I love you. . I love you!"

The words stabbed her into consciousness. Her sobs ceased. She shuddered and drew away from him. She stared at him as though he were a stranger, her face white, her pupils contracted with sunlight. The wildness died

out of her eyes, her lips were firm. "I am going back to the camp," she said. "Then I'll come with you."

"No, I don't want you. Not before the evening. Promise me . . . promise!" The words were childish, but their inten-

sity was too much for him. "Very well," he said; "but if anything

goes wrong I shall never forgive myself." She left Antrim standing dazed in the sun. Within a few paces the long grass swallowed her.

He stood undecided, tempted to follow her, then turned back along the track which still showed where he had thrust the grass





aside. Rapt in the glory of his avowal, he saw nothing, heard nothing, had no relation with time or place; and so it was that his numbed senses failed to perceive that another shape was pushing through the grass behind him on a track closely parallel with his.

It was Rawley, bareheaded, panting, his pale hair plastered dark over his forehead and the sweat trickling down into his eyes. The breakdown of Janet and her sudden flight from the *banda* had cleared his brain. Shaken with fear he had followed and in the belt of woodland had lost her until, emerging, he had heard Antrim's voice speaking her name, and, creeping nearer, had seen her in Antrim's arms. There he had crouched in the grass, breathing heavily, stunned by the realization of a scene with which his imagination had often taunted him, unable to think or act. He had seen them separate, At dawn they started. Antrim walked silently in front; Janet came next, and last of all came Asmani and the toto, with the donkey carrying an unwieldy load

and still he could not move; but when Antrim turned his back on him he had been seized with a passion to kill. He was unarmed and shaking with fever; but that meant nothing to him.

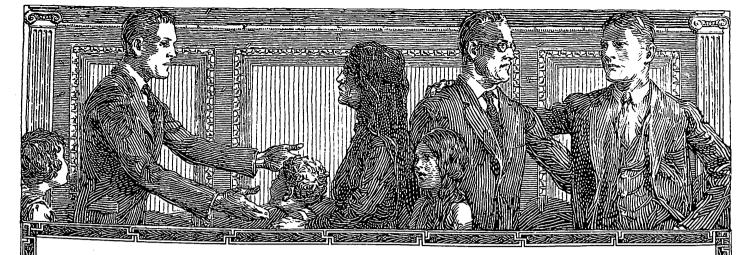
Like some uncouth monster Rawley crawled through the grasses. When he saw Antrim reach the edge of the wood he was thirty yards behind. A cunning instinct told him that he must not be seen; that his blow would be futile unless it fell by surprise. Dismayed by the heaviness of his own breathing, he crawled from tree to tree.

Antrim halted. He lowered himself on the ground. He took off his topee and laid his rifle beside it. Then he put his hands to his eyes and sat with his head between them, thinking.

Rawley knew that his moment had come. His heart began to beat faster and faster, pumping the blood into his head so violently that there was a roaring in his ears. He felt as though in another moment some bloodvessel in his brain must burst. Now or never! Up above him in the treetops an olive-colored monkey gave a sudden halfhuman scream of derision that made his heart leap and brought a cry to his lips. The cry he stifled; but the shock had broken the continuity of his purpose. His limbs grew heavy and cold, the murderous glow that was throbbing in his brain faded. His eyes were still fixed on the motionless figure of Antrim, but he no longer hated him.

(Continued on page 59)

The Elks Magazine



EDITORIAL

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

N EW YEAR'S DAY has ever been a favorite date for readjustments and the undertaking of new enterprises. In particular instances there may be peculiar conditions which prompt the selection of that date. But perhaps the most generally controlling reason is the habit of mind which regards the calendar year as a distinct and complete unit, and which naturally thinks of any new undertaking begun on New Year as starting out all even, as it were, with the new period of time at the end of which its degree of success may be calculated.

So, too, it has come to be an accepted date from which to begin the practice of new habits, to abandon old ones, and upon which to make formal resolves as to future conduct. The custom has given rise to the use of a phrase of recognized meaning—New Year Resolutions. And humorists and satirists have found easy targets for their keen shafts directed at those who fail to maintain their new resolves.

Yet it is a wholesome custom and, because of its wide observance, it has an important effect upon our national life. It should not be treated with flippancy but with sympathy and encourage-

It is an old saying that, "Hell is paved with good intentions." This means, of course, that the particular paving materials referred to are the good intentions that remain merely intentions. It would be just as strikingly true a metaphor to say, "Heaven is paved with good intentions," if reference be made to those which have been translated into actual results. It must be remembered that there can be no worthy act that is not preceded by a good intention.

New Year Resolutions are always those which embody good intentions; and, while it may be truly suggested that such intentions should be entertained every day, the fact remains that New Year's Day is a great reformation date.

Recognizing this fact and that thousands of Elks, all over the land, will, on this day, make a start toward the accomplishment of new worthwhile purposes, will resolve upon the abandonment of unwise and hurtful habits, the cultivation of better ones, and will begin a more wholesome regime of living, here is an editorial hand clasp of fraternal sympathy and understanding, a pat on the back of fraternal encouragement, and a sincere and heartfelt wish for a happy result, whatever the good resolve may be.

THE COURTS OF THE ORDER

THE obligation which every Elk assumes, that he will not appeal to the Courts for redress in any matter concerning the Order, without first appealing to the Courts of the Order, is one that has been a subject of frequent discussion, particularly with reference to the meaning of the phrase "any matter concerning the Order." The Supreme Court of Minnesota has recently considered that very question, as relating to the facts before it, in the case of De War v. Minneapolis Lodge No. 44, which is reported in 192 N. W. Rep. 358; and the decision is not only of interest but importance to the Order and its members.

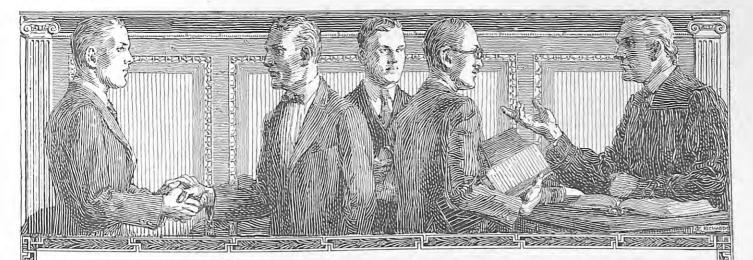
In that case, a member of Minneapolis Lodge, who had been living in a room in the Club House was directed by the Lodge authorities to vacate. He declined to do so upon the date fixed and was evicted. He instituted an action at law in the State Court against the Lodge, alleging that he had been injured by the acts of the Lodge, through its officers and employees, and demanding damages.

For this violation of his obligation he was tried, upon proper charges, before a Subordinate Forum of the Lodge, was found guilty and was sentenced to expulsion from the Order. Upon appeal to the Grand Forum the action of the Subordinate Forum was sustained and the sentence of expulsion duly affirmed.

The Complainant then dismissed his action in the State Court and presented his claim against the Lodge before the Grand Forum. That tribunal dismissed the complaint, on the ground that the Complainant was no longer a member of the Order to whom its Courts were open. He then began a new action in the State Court, again alleging damages and also that he had been wrongfully expelled from the Order.

After the evidence had been produced the Court very promptly directed a verdict in favor of defendant Lodge and entered judgment accordingly.

The Complainant was still not satisfied and



appealed the cause to the Supreme Court of the State, which affirmed the judgment of the lower Court.

The opinion contains the following statement of the law:

"It is well settled that the laws of a society, requiring a member to exhaust his remedies within the Order before applying to the Courts, are valid and enforceable, even if property rights be affected.

able, even if properly rights be affected. . . . "Plaintiff's contention that the provision in question is against public policy and void, as an attempt to deprive him of his right to resort to the Courts, cannot be sustained.

"Likewise his contention to the effect that a claim against the Lodge, predicated on the action of its officers or employees in excluding him from a room in a club organized and conducted by the Lodge, is not a 'matter concerning the Order,' within the meaning of this provision, cannot be sustained. "If the accused was given a fair trial, was afforded an

"If the accused was given a fair trial, was afforded an opportunity to present his evidence as to his alleged misconduct, and the tribunal had authority to render the judgment which it did render and such judgment is not violative of the laws of the land, the judgment is binding on the Courts, and they cannot review questions relating merely to the form in which the charge was presented to the Lodge tribunal."

The principles of law thus announced are not new. They have been repeatedly declared by many Courts. But the case is of peculiar interest to Elks because it deals with our own particular Grand Lodge Statutes and construed the controversy in question to be a "matter concerning the Order," even though injury to personal civil rights was alleged.

The Courts of the Order are tribunals charged with very important functions and are clothed with a very definite authority. It adds to their dignity, and should inspire a greater care in the consideration of the causes presented to them, to realize that their decisions are final adjudications of the matters involved.

THE SERVICE OF EXAMPLE

A FEW weeks ago when Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland was visiting the National Home, he spoke to the assembled brothers as is customary on such occasions. His speech was so appropriate in theme and was such an inspiration to courage and good cheer that it not only created a deep impression upon his audience but embodies a message that should be carried to every Elk.

He urged upon his hearers that, simply because they were living at the National Home, they should not regard themselves as having exhausted their usefulness; that they should not think of themselves as liabilities of the Order but still as valuable assets; and that they should not consider themselves as lacking either in capacity for service or in opportunity to render it. He reminded them that the influence of a good example is a most exalted service the opportunity to render which was peculiarly available to them; and a life of patience, forbearance and loving kindness to others, even though spent at the Home, is a noble exemplification of the highest virtues taught by the Order.

The personality of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the happy phraseology employed by him added to the effectiveness of his message. But the thought embodies such exalted idealism that is so readily applicable to every day fraternal life that its inadequate repetition here is deemed appropriate.

It is a splendid thing to realize that whatever one's situation may be, however limited his contacts, there is always the opportunity for fraternal service. And he who performs it merely by exerting the influence of a good example of personal conduct, of probity, of patience, of thoughtful kindliness, is effectively practicing the teachings of the Order, whether he be a resident of the National Home or engaged in the active affairs of life.

NATIONAL MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS

IT IS gratifying to learn that construction work upon the Elks National Memorial Headquarters in Chicago is progressing satisfactorily, and that the foundations are well toward completion. It is timely to suggest that plans should soon be formulated for the laying of the corner-stone, with appropriate ceremonies.

This is the most ambitious project the Order has ever undertaken. Its purpose appeals to all its members, each one of whom is contributing to its cost. It is to be an enduring monument which will fittingly honor our gallant dead and bespeak the grateful memory of the living. And every appropriate opportunity should be seized to accentuate its significance and its importance.

Doubtless the Commission in charge of its construction have given consideration to the matter and will make suitable provision in due season for a corner-stone ceremonial. Assuredly the members of the Order will welcome the opportunity to display their interest in such an occasion and to assist in making it a notable fraternal event.

Elks Memorial Address

Delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland at Marion, Ohio

HEN the hands of the clock point to the beginning of the last and twelfth hour, and the day is almost done, our sweet Elk chimes ring out with a tender message to the absent—living or dead. Even so, when Time points with solemn finger to the beginning of the last and twelfth month, and the year is almost gone—we of this great Fraternity gather to pay tribute to those who have passed to the great Pasture of Peace, where the grass is always green, where the sun is always bright, and where rest is eternal.

To-day, all classes, sects and creeds of true Americans, from all walks of life, meet before our altar and our Country's Flag. More than 850,000 citizens of this great Nation of ours assemble in 1400 and more Lodges, to pay tribute and to glean inspira-

tion from those who have gone before. As the pages of the book of memory are turned to-day, and as we look into the record of all these sweet souls, filled with real brotherly love and devotion to home, to this Order and to our Country-one name stands out more prominently than all the rest. One great life was so full of real accomplishment, so active, beautiful and inspiring, that throughout our Order his life and service is held up as a text and an example for all true Elks.

A short three years ago, our Brother, who had learned and felt and practised the great truths of Elkdom during a membership of over thirty years, hurried home from an all too short vacation, to return in time to deliver the Elks Memorial Day Address -not to a great Lodge of the Order-but to give of his best to the less successful brothers resident at our beautiful Elks National Home in the foothills of old Virginia. He recalled the story portraying the character of an incurable invalid who sought content-ment in his own heart by seeking out more unfortunate sufferers than himself, and who could not resist the craving to be of some service. Finally, he thought of a confusing fork in the road near his home, which travelers so frequently mistook at night that they often went in the wrong direction. The invalid decided to erect a sign and caused a light to be hung thereon each night, so that all who stopped to read might choose aright. He never knew how many he served, how many futile miles he saved retracing, but in his own based to the saved retracing but in his own breast he was comforted by the consciousness of service rendered, and the light at the fork of the road set aglow a cheering flame in his own existence.

The memory of that beautifully simple address is a treasure in the minds and hearts of all those who heard him that day, and we are fortunate indeed to have the original

manuscript of that speech, from which to glean the gems of thought and language. How characteristic of this leader of his people, and of this tender-hearted brother, were his words:

"Out of memory comes the consciousness of the life worth while, and the compensations of a life of helpfulness to one's fellows. . . . We are met in memory to-day, in grateful, fraternal memory, in behalf of those who have taken the fork of the road of eternal neares attend a Lodge Memorial peace .-- I never attend a Lodge Memorial

 M^{ANY} members, representing every Lodge in Ohio, heard this address delivered by Mr. McFarland at the tomb of Presi-dent Harding. Wreaths brought by the delegates were heaped high on the tomb. Mr. McFarland and Grand Secretary Robinson placed the big wreath sont but placed the big wreath sent by the Grand Lodge at the foot of the flag-draped catafalque. After the services, the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and President George Canalos, of the Ohio State Elks Association, visited Mrs. Harding.

This impressive ceremony was one of many held on the same day everywhere throughout the Order, in honor of those who have passed into the Great Beyond.

without reflecting on the manner I choose to be remembered. We join in this memorial

without reflecting on the manner I choose to be remembered. We join in this memorial of song and of tribute, but it is the individual memory that goes to the heart. "Ours is not a memorial of grief. Only happy memories are becoming to the departed; only helpful memories are worth while to the living. If the departed brethren could know of our memorial, if we could solve the great mystery of mysteries, and know that they knew—we should still attune our memorial above the murmurings of sorrow. For them the book of life has closed, sorrow has had its becoming expression, but normal natural interest is in the living. Indeed, we are met for the living, else this meeting would be in vain. We are met to remind ourselves that as we live, so shall our memories endure. We come to a fresh consciousness to-day that in our daly lives we are making memorials, and it is the privilege of every human being to leave such a memory as he would like to have recalled. Such is the opportunity of the humblest one among us. recalled. Such is the humblest one among us.

"After all, it is the sum total of little things which make a great life. It is not given to all men to inspire great shafts of granite or tablets of bronze, but it is the privilege of every living being to plant an ever blooming friendship in some fellow-breast, and gather

all the fruit it bears. "In the garden of Charity and Fidelity and Justice and Brotherly Love, we may cultivate everything in life worth while. I believe with all my heart we offer highest memorial to-day if we resolve in our hearts to practise faithfully the things that Elkdom preaches, if we magnify the helpful and beautiful memories of the departed, and impress on the living the fraternity which sets hearts aglow with happiness, and turns our songs to praise. This is the sweet assurance for to-day, it is the encouragement for to-morrow, and it answers the call of the heart for those compensations which must come sometime and somewhere in God's eternity of reward."

These illuminating passages from that Memorial Address spell the spirit of his message to the people of the Nation, when he said after his election: "My whole job will be to get the people of the United States together in better understanding!"

This was the keynote of the service of our late President! It should be the lasting lesson of to-day for all our people.

Just as the union of forces strengthens any cause, so the unified thought and sentiment and action of our cosmopolitan citizenry will bring peace and happiness and further prosperity to our great Nation. Creeds of hate and intolerance can not prevail against a broad American gospel of love and understanding. It was to this end that our late leader took up the burden, and it was with it still in his mind and heart that he wrapped the drapery of a splendid life about him and lay down to pleasant dreams.

As an Order, we may well take heed of this simple American doctrine, and gather further inspiration from the deeds and sacrifices of this, our Brother. It is extremely fitting for us to assemble here in his own home Lodge, Marion No. 32, before our altar with its spreading antlers of protection and brotherly love, with its book of law and justice, and with its beautiful flag of all flags, and look up toward the star of Fidelity, and lift up our hearts in a resolve to profit by the example and the precepts of this big-hearted, broad-minded brother and chieftain.

'There is but one gift that all our dead desire, One gift that man can give, and that's a dream;

Diream; Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem; Die to the little hatreds, die to the greed, Die to the old ignoble selves we knew, (Continued on page 72)

A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge Presents Charles F. J. McCue for Grand Exalted Ruler

Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge, No. 839, endorses and presents Charles F. J. McCue as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalter Ruler to be filled at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge to be held in Boston, Mass., next July.

Mr. McCue is a charter member of Cambridge Lodge and has occupied all the Chairs, serving as Trustee of the Lodge for thirteen years. He resigned as Trustee in 1918 to become a member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

He has also been closely identified with civic activities in Cambridge, having been a member of the Board of Education for eight years.

His activities in the Grand Lodge have

been marked by service on the following Committees: 1910, Committee on Credentials; 1912 and 1913, Committee on Tuberculosis Sanitarium; 1914, Chairman, Committee on Credentials; 1916, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Massachusetts South-east; 1918, Chairman Committee on State Associations; 1919-20-21-22-23, Member Board of Grand Trustees; 1922-23, Chairman Board of Grand Trustees.

Salt Lake City Lodge Dedicates New Home Grand Exalted Ruler Guest of Honor at Brilliant Celebration

RAND Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was the guest of honor T during the two days' celebration which attended the recent dedication of the magnificent new Home of Salt Lake City

(Utah) Lodge, No. 85. Many other Grand Lodge officials, including Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson were present to assist in the ceremonies.

Mr. McFarland and his official family were greeted with an informal reception on their arrival at the Union Station and were escorted by the members of the Lodge and their band through the streets to the new building. Following an inspection of the Home, a formal reception was given the distinguished visitors in which the entire membership of the Lodge and representatives from many other Lodges throughout the country, took part.

On the following day, the formal dedication of the new building by Mr. McFarland and other Grand Lodge officials took place The by the Hon. John G. Price, of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No, 37, former Attorney General of Ohio. In a forceful and interesting man-

ner Mr. Price spoke of the aims and purposes of the Order, dwelling on the wide activities of Salt Lake City Lodge and its achievement in attaining such a beautiful Home. Following the dedication, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed one of the largest classes of candidates ever initiated into Salt Lake City Lodge. Governor Charles Mabey of Utah, who was among those initiated by the Grand Lodge officers, responded, in behalf of the



new members, to Mr. McFarland's brilliant address. It was estimated that nearly 3000 attended the session.

In the evening a large banquet was given

to the Grand Exalted Ruler at which E. W. Kelly, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, acted as Toastmaster. S. W. Tooke, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, extended greetings to the distinguished guests and Governor Mabey delivered the address of welcome

to which Mr. McFarland re-sponded. Both speakers were received enthusiastically. Grand Secretary Robinson spoke on "The Lodges of the Order," and O. R. Dibblee, Past Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City Lodge, discussed "Lodge Activities."

The new building was decorated especially for the occasion, and the banquet hall was a blaze of color. American flags and numerous mounted elk heads were prominent among the decorations. The front of the spacious structure was lit up with searchlights, which made the building stand out brilliantly in the darkness.

The new Home of Salt Lake City Lodge has a frontage on East South Temple Street of 185 feet running through to First Avenue with a frontage of 165 feet on that street. The building is con-structed of reinforced concrete, with terra cotta; it is of fireproof construc-

tion throughout, six stories in height, 85 feet in width and 150 feet in depth. The main (Continued on page 67)

New Home of Cincinnati Lodge Dedicated

HANKSGIVING DAY saw the dedication of the new million dollar Home of Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge, No. 5. The impressive dedicatory exercises were The impressive dedicatory exercises were attended by many distinguished members of the Order from all parts of the country. The entrance of the Grand Lodge officers was followed by the prayer of the Chaplain, Henry G. Wolf, and the opening exercises were led by Exalted Ruler Charles E, Buning and other officers of the Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, made the formal presentation of the key of the new building to the officers.

the new building to the officers. Hon. John G. Price, of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge No. 37, delivered the dedication address before a large gathering which was estimated to be over 2,000. Mr. Price complimented Cincinati Lodge on its fine record and was warm in his praise of its magnificent build-ing. Speaking on the possibilities of the service which the Elks might render to their City and State, Mr. Price said they should apply the principles of the Order to their every-day life as a means of rendering a greater service to mankind. Complimenting Mr. Herrmann on his brilliant and untiring work as Chairman of the Building Committee, Mr. Price brought his audience to its feet with a rousing cheer for Mr. Herrmann who responded with a brief speech relating to the history of the new building.

In the evening more than 300

candidates were initiated into Cincinnati Lodge, this being the first class of candidates to become members of the Order in the new building.

On Saturday, following this formal dedication of the new Home, the building was thrown open to the public and a great Bazaar and Frolic which lasted until December 16th was commenced. Thousands of non-members as well as many visiting members of the Order attended this elab-orate affair. The visitors expressed the greatest admiration for the new building and were especially pleased with the beautiful tablet which has been placed in the



main hall of the Home in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John Galvin, former Mayor of Cincinnati.

Mayor of Cincinnati. On Monday, December 3, Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland visited Cincinnati Lodge accompanied by his official family and friends to inspect the building. At the dinner given in his honor, Mr. McFarland lauded the Lodge on its record and expressed his admiration of the new Home.

The building is indeed a most impressive structure. The first story is entirely of Bedford limestone, simple in treatment, which gives a sturdy base for the upper stories where there is a combination of brick

and stone that gives an interesting variety of texture and harmonious color of buff to the scheme. The main facade has a free-standing colonade above the first floor which is recalled on the Elk Street side by a treatment of pilasters above which are a series of discs in stone that add much beauty to the spacing.

On entering one passes into a formal corridor of lofty grandeur that gives character and expression to the building. This is paneled entirely in gray Tennessee marble. An impressive note of richness is given by a beautiful beamed ceiling. Directly to the left is the Lounge. Its main feature, which has a dominating effect on the room, is the fireplace with its carved mantel piece of wood and stone from which one

(Continued on page 67)

Plan Now to Visit Boston Next July

Massachusetts and Boston Join in Invitation to All Elks

OVERNOR CHANNING H. COX of Massachusetts and Mayor James T M. Curley of Boston, both members of Boston Lodge No. 10, extend the invitation of the State and City to all members of the Order to attend the 1924 Grand Lodge session and reunion at Boston next July.

The following messages from these public officials and active Elks appeared in a comprehensive circular relative to the Convention recently sent to all Lodges of the Order.

State House, Boston, Mass. TO THE ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES: Massachusetts cordially invites the Elks of the Country to attend the National Con-vention of Elks in Boston beginning July 6th, 1924. We earnestly hope that as many Elks as possible will come here to enjoy with us the sacred shrines of liberty committed to our keeping and to allow our people to get to our keeping and to allow our people to get better acquainted with our fellow country-men whom we love. We recognize the great good that may come from such visits and we stand ready to do everything in our power to make the Convention Week one of real satisfaction and pleasure to all our guests.

CHANNING H. Cox, Governor of Massachusetts.

City Hall, Boston, Mass. TO THE MEMBERS EVERYWHERE OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS. Brothers:

The annual convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will be held in the City of Boston during the second week of July

of July, 1924. I have felt that my personal appeal to the Convention of 1923 had some influence in inducing the Order to come to this City in nucleus the Order to come to this City in 1924; and I desire now to send to all members of the Order my personal appeal asking them to attend the Convention in this old, historic and hospitable Capital of Massachusetts, with my assurance that their welcome will be sincere and wholehearted and that every with my assurance that their welcome will be sincere and wholehearted and that every effort will be made by me, personally and officially, to make the coming of my brethren memorable, and the Convention a noteworthy success. Boston has much to offer to those who seek her, scenically, historically, educa-tionally and artistically, and they will be met with the open hand and the hospitable heart. Fraternally,

Fraternally, JAMES M. CURLEY, Mayor.

Let's Do !

This inspiring slogan offered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, James G. McFarland, has been adopted by the Boston National Elks 1924 Convention Association organized to carry forward the 1924 Convention plans.

The Executive Committee of that organ-ization, of which Timothy E. McCarthy, P. E. R. Boston Lodge, is Chairman, is making its preparations in a most thorough, painstaking and extensive manner. It is painstaking and extensive manner. It is safe to predict even at this early date, that next year's Convention will establish new records in many respects.

Under the direction of the Executive Committee the following Sub-Committee chairmen have been selected:

- Reception, Hon. James M. Curley. Opening Exercises, Daniel J. Kane, E.R. Ways and Means, Charles E. Osgood. Music Band Contests and Drill Teams, Major
- William J. Casey. Fraternal Organizations, E. Mark Sullivan, P.E.R
- Press, James W. Reardon.

Publicity, Thomas F. Lockney, E.L.K. Entertainment-Patriotic Demonstration, Dr.

Entertainment—Patriotic Demonstration, Dr. Francis X. Mahoney. State Co-Operation, Hon. Channing H. Cox. Grand Stands, George H. Johnson, P.E.R. Badges, Michael W. O'Brien, Trustee. Transportation, Joseph M. Sullivan, P.E.R. Parade, Gen. John H. Dunn, P.E.R. Uluving tions, and Descriptions, Themas, F. Illuminations and Decorations, Thomas F. Haley

Prizes, John B. Archibald.



Hon. Channing H. Cox Governor of Massachusetts



Hon. James M. Curley Mayor of Boston

Concessions and Privileges, John W. O'Mealy,

Trustee. Automobiles, John L. Kelly.

- Ball, A. J. Purcell, Esquire. Information, Eugene C. McCarthy. Convention Hall, Samuel Kalesky, E.L.K. Music and Band Concerts, Edward C. Carr, P.E.R.
- P.E.R.
 Hotel, George A. Stuart.
 Eleven O'Clock Toast, Joseph L. Corcoran.
 Entertainment G. L. Members, Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, P.E.R.
 Headquarters, Dr. Charles F. MacDonald.
 Registration, Nathan Sidd.
 Ferort Michael E. Culling: P.F.D.

- Escort, Michael F. Culliney, P.E.R.
- Law and Contracts, James R. Flanagan, E.L.K.
- Welfare, William G. O'Hare. Special Band Committee, Mark B. Mulvey. Public Entertainment, Samuel Silverman.

Postoffice and Telegraph Headquarters, David Kotzin.

Mass. N. E. Lodges, Michael H. McCarron,

Mass. N. E. Lodges, Michael H. McCarlon, D.D.G.E.R.
 Mass. S. E. Lodges, Frederick T. Strachan, D.D.G.E.R.
 Mass. West Lodges, John E. Donovan,

D.D.G.E.R. Connecticut-West Lodges, Frank E. Coe, D.D.G.E.R.

Connecticut-East Lodges, Thos. A. Tracy, D.D.G.E.R.

-West Lodges, Francis M. Langley, Maine-D.D.G.E.R.

Maine-East Lodges, John B. Frost, D.D.G. E.R.

New Hampshire Lodges, William J. Kennedy, D.D.G.É.R.

Vermont Lodges, Thomas H. Browne, D.D.G.E.R.

Rhode Island Lodges, James G. Connolly, D.D.G.E.R. Nantasket Outing, Michael W. O'Brien,

Trustee. The headquarters which have been estab-

lished at the home of Boston Lodge, are the scene of constant activity, as these committees, made up of members not only of Boston Lodge but of all Lodges in New England, meet frequently to perfect their plans.

The following program has been adopted: Sunday, July 6th—Reception of visiting delegations and individual Elks. Special religious services in various churches.

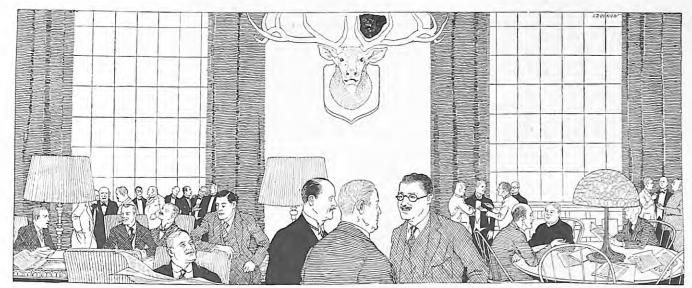
Monday, July 7th-Entertainment to Grand Lodge members and families with a trip around Boston Harbor in a palatial pleasure steamer. For the public opening exercises on Monday evening, Mechanics Hall, the largest hall in Boston, has been secured, thus assuring all an opportunity to witness these ceremonies. Following the witness these ceremonies. Following the opening exercises, there will be a Grand Ball and a typical Boston supper. *Tuesday, July 8th*—There is being prepared for this day, under the direction of file and re-

some of the most prominent Elks and patriotic and public-spirited citizens of Massachusetts, a gigantic patriotic demonstration to take place on historic Boston Common. Wednesday, July 9th—This day will be

devoted to an outing upon the broad waters of Massachusetts Bay with a landing at the most beautiful ocean beach on the Atlantic Seaboard, Nantasket. Here will be served a real New England clambake. This harbor trip and clambake will be open to all registering Elks and friends.

Thursday, July 10th—On this day will be held the parade which it is hoped to make the most striking spectacle ever presented in the history of the Order. All of the 110 the history of the Order. All of end Lodges of New England are deeply inter-ested in this feature of the week and it is confidently expected that every New England Lodge will be represented. No expense will be spared in providing prizes for Lodges from all sections of the country.

The program for Friday the 11th and Saturday the 12th has not been completed at the present time, owing to the great desire of Elk Lodges in all sections of New England to have special programs provided for these days, which will include visits to their respective communities. It is the purpose of the Boston National 1924 Convention Association to continue the program of entertainment for the entire week and in communications sent to all the Lodges, the Association is urging every one to plan for "a week in New England."



Decorations by Israel Doskow

Under the Spreading Antlers They Tell These Tales of the Order



As a result of the splendid generosity of one if its members, Glendive (Mont.) Lodge, No. 1324, is the possessor to-day of one of the finest business buildings

in that city. The building was presented to the Lodge by Mr. Fred Volkert, the gift being made at a regular meeting, through Past Exalted Ruler F. J. Goulding. By unanimous consent the offer of Mr. Volkert was accepted and, in turn, he was presented with a Life Membership. The building was erected about seventeen years ago. It is two stories in height, covers a ground area 50 by 85 feet, and is so strongly constructed that one or even two additional stories could be added. The property is valued at \$50,000. Tentative arrangements for extending the building 55 feet in the rear, and for adding a third story in order to provide a permanent Home for Glendive Lodge, are under consideration by a Building Committee. It is expected that all details in connection with the financing of the project will be settled immediately and that the work of remodeling the building will be started this Spring.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland Visits Western Lodges

Nov. 5th.—Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson visited Pocatello (Idaho) Lodge, No. 674, where they attended a conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the South Idaho Lodges. The meeting was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Edgington of Idaho Falls Lodge, No. 1087. Mr. McFarland gave an interesting talk on the accomplishments and activities of the Grand Lodge. In the afternoon, following a special luncheon in his honor, Mr. McFarland addressed a large gathering on the duties of the individual Elk to the Order and the Community. Grand Secretary Robinson also gave an excellent address. One of the happy incidents of the luncheon was the presentation to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary of a beautiful pair of beaded Indian gloves made on Ft. Hall reservation. Later Mr. McFarland and his party visited Blackfoot (Idaho) Lodge, No. 1416, where they were guests of Mr. Hugh MacGosham, who was Exalted Ruler of Watertown (S. Dak.) Lodge when Mr. McFarland was initiated into the Order.

Nov. 6th.—Mr. McFarland and his official party were the guests of Butte (Mont.) Lodge, No. 240. The Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted in true western style and was lavishly entertained during his visit. Mr. McFarland addressed a meeting of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 15 Lodges of the State. The President and other officers of the Montana State Elks Association also held a meeting which was addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. A banquet was given in his honor in the evening which was attended by more than 150 members of Butte Lodge and other neighboring Lodges. In the afternoon, preceding the banquet, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest of Anaconda (Mont.) Lodge, No. 230. The great smelters were visited and a special luncheon was served to Mr. McFarland and his party.

Nov. 7th.—Mr. McFarland visited Spokane (Wash.) Lodge, No. 228, where he attended and addressed a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries called by District Deputy Harry S. Elwood of Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1102. A banquet, given in his honor in the evening, was attended by nearly 700 guests. The Shriners' Band from the Masonic Temple played several numbers, and many distinguished guests including Judge Henry L. Kennan, a member of the Grand Forum, were present to welcome the Grand Forum, were present to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. McFarland gave high praise to Spokane Lodge for its fine achievements in Social and Community Welfare Work. In speaking of the Order at large, he pointed out its remarkable growth, predicting that it will, in all probability, have close to a million members by next July. Nov. 8th.—The Grand Exalted Ruler med bis portic predicting that District

Nov. 8th.—The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, Past Exalted Rulers of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, William Hickman Moore and Charles D. Davis, and Exalted Ruler J. E. Rimbold, who had gone to Cedar Falls to meet them, arrived in Seattle at 11:45 A.M. The station was crowded

with members to extend a hearty welcome. The Mayor of Seattle and the Band and Honor Guard of Seattle Lodge were there to greet the distinguished visitor. At one o'clock a luncheon was given Mr. McFar-land by the Past Exalted Rulers of Seattle Lodge in the Florentine Room of the New Washington Hotel. Following this came a two-hour sight-seeing drive, the party visiting the Lake Washington Canal Locks, the University of Washington and other places of interest. In the afternoon Mr. McFarland addressed a joint meeting of the Exalted Ruler and Secretaries of Washington Northwest and Washington Southwest which had been called by Walter F. Meier and William H. Tucker, the respective District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for the two districts. From this meeting Mr. McFarland was taken to the Seattle Boys' Club maintained by Seattle Lodge, where he delivered an address to the 27 boys who are given a home through the efforts of the Lodge. In the evening a banquet was held in the dining room of the Home, 300 mem-bers being present to honor the Grand Exalted Ruler. Upon the completion of the banquet, escorted by the band of Ballard (Wash.) Lodge, No. 827, the party proceeded to the Crystal Pool, where Mr. McFarland delivered to upwards of 2,000 members one of the finest patriotic addresses ever heard in Seattle.

Nov. oth.—The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary were the guests of Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge, No. 174. An elaborate entertainment was prepared for the distinguished visitor, practically every member of the Lodge being on hand to formally welcome Mr. McFarland. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the special meeting held in his honor, voicing his appreciation of the accomplishments of Tacoma Lodge.

Nov. 10th.—The Grand Exalted Ruler was met by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Clement Scott, Charles C. Bradley, Chairman of the Reception Committee of Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, and Barnett H. Goldstein, Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge, at Tacoma, Wash., on November 0, and was accompanied to Portland, where a great welcome awaited his arrival. After a breakfast in his honor, Mr. McFarland inspected the magnificent new Home of Portland Lodge, which was dedicated on December 29, 1923. Later in the morning he addressed a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the District and officers of the Oregon State Elks Association. At noon he was given a luncheon by Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge, No. 823, and at 2:30 at-tended the Oregon-Stanford football game. Returning to Portland Mr. McFarland was the guest at a large banquet at the Multnomah Hotel. Following the dinner the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken to the municipal auditorium, where, before a gathering of 3,500, he made a notably brilliant address, and witnessed the initiation of a class of 400 candidates. Mr. McFarland expressed his admiration for the new Home of Portland Lodge and complimented the membership on its fine record of achievement. "The Order in the Northwest," he said, "is prospering in a way that I find particularly gratifying, because, in addition to showing a remarkable growth in membership, the Lodge members are taking a renewed interest in Social and Community work—the real work of a Lodge."

California State Elks Association Making Plans for Convention

The President and Board of Trustees of the California State Elks Association met in Los Angeles recently for the purpose of conferring with a committee from Long Beach (Calif.) Lodge, No. 888, regarding preliminary plans for the entertainment of the Association in 1024. Long Beach Lodge is to be the host, but the actual meeting of the Association will be held on Catalina Island on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 17–20. Catalina Island is one of the most attractive resorts on the Pacific Coast and should prove an ideal spot for a convention. Long Beach Lodge is planning to spare no expense in making the 1924 meeting of the Association the greatest ever.

Norwood (Mass.) Lodge Dedicates Fine New Home



Norwood (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1124, recently dedicated its new beautiful Home with impressive ceremonies. The building is a two and a half story stone and wood

structure surrounded by 7½ acres of land in fine condition, graded and laid out as a football field, baseball diamond, running track, a grandstand, etc. In fact, the property has all the adjuncts of a firstclass country club. The building has bowling alleys, a large Lodge-room and dance hall surrounded by a glassed-in balcony 15 feet wide, a directors' room and library and a lounge. The top floor has a gallery, a musicians' balcony and living rooms.

New Kensington (Pa.) Lodge Conducts Prize Essay Contest

New Kensington (Pa.) Lodge, No. 512, recently carried out, in most successful fashion, its first annual school Essay Contest. The subject on which the children competed was "The Constitution of the United States." The contest was open to all students in the public, private and parochial schools located in the various surrounding townships. The rules restricted the essays to not more than a thousand words, written in ink in contestant's own hand, on one side of the paper only. The judges were selected from persons residing

outside of the competing townships, so that there could be no question of partiality. There were seven prizes. The first prize was \$100 in gold; the second prize, \$50 in gold, and the third, prize \$25 in gold. Twenty-five dollars in gold was divided among the remaining four prizes. The award of the prizes on Christmas Day, and the reading of the winning essay, were the occasion of a fine and inspiring celebration on the part of the Lodge and the community.

Members' Council Helps Plans For Good of Lodge



For the last month or more, San Antonio (Texas) Lodge, No. 216, has had the benefit of the services of a Members' Council in discussing matters for the Good of the Order and in

helping officers and trustees formulate plans for coming activities. Members of the Council meet once a week at a luncheon and talk over affairs of the Lodge ard m we suggestions for submission to the general membership. The result has been the creation of renewed interest and many valuable ideas have been set forth.

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge Prepares to Welcome Grand Exalted Ruler

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, is making elaborate plans for the entertainment of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and his party while in California, and especially on New Year's Day, when the Grand Exalted Ruler will be its guest during the famous Tournament of Roses and annual "East-West" football game. This famous floral pageant has been held in Pasadena on New Year's for the past thirty-five years, and yearly attracts hundreds of thousands of people to Pasadena. The "East-West" football game, which has been added as an afternoon attraction in recent years. has proven a magnet that draws football enthusiasts from all over the country. Although the original idea of the game was to provide a football contest between a representative team from the East and one from the extreme West, or coast, so strong a hold has it taken upon the various University teams of the country that it has assumed cham-pionship importance. This year's game will be played in the new stadium, known as the "Rose Bowl," seating close to 60,000 persons, and present indications are that the seating facilities will be insufficient. The contestants will be the Naval Academy team from Annapolis, and the University of California, the latter being the undisputed champion of the major universities on the Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Coast. Harry M. Ticknor, who is Chairman of the Parade Committee, as well as a director of the Tournament of Roses, has arranged a special Elks Division in the morning parade in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland. Many of the Lodges in both of the Districts of Southern California will enter floats elaborately decorated with real flowers (no artificial flowers being permitted), bands and marching clubs. A spe-cial trophy, known as the James G. McFarland trophy, will be awarded the winner in this division.

Members Cooperate in Actual Construction of New Home

Princeton (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 1459, recently voted to build a Home in the residential section of the city. The Lodge is

very fortunate in having among its most enthusiastic members many whose trades and professions represent virtually every phase of building construction. All these members have agreed to erect that part of the building which pertains to their trade and calling on an absolutely cost basis. By this commendable cooperation Princeton Lodge can build a fine structure at a figure far below that which a private individual would have to pay for the same work. The members recently got together, and, at practically no cost whatsoever, did all the necessary excavation, a great many of them donating their time, services and equipment free of charge. A considerable sum of money was thus saved the lodge.

Toledo (Ohio) Lodge Finds Home For Motherless Boy

Through its Committee on Social and Community Welfare, Toledo (Ohio) Lodge, No. 53, has been able recently to do an exceptionally good piece of work. Several months ago an Elk, not a member of No. 53, approached the officers of the Lodge with a request to find for his thirteen-year-old son a good home, which he was unable to provide for him, his business taking him from one place to another. The request was referred to the Committee, which immediately realized not only the opportunity offering itself, but also the importance of the undertaking. They succeeded in placing the boy in a good home and making him happy in his new surroundings. Having lost his mother when quite young, the couple with whom he is now living have taken so much interest in the lad that he finds it easy to call them father and mother. This couple lost a boy not long ago and they also are finding contentment and happiness in the arrangement. The youngster has become a member of the Elks Boy Scout Troop, where he is making friends. With his father, he appreciates what Toledo Lodge has done for him. What a good Elk he will make when he becomes old enough to join the Order!

Maryland Lodges to Compete for Cup In Ritual Contest

The ritual contest for the cup offered by James L. Ward, Past Exalted Ruler of Washington (D.C.) Lodge, No. 15, will be held at the Home of Baltimore (Md.) Lodge, No. 7, on Washington's Birthday, on which date Baltimore Lodge will keep open house. Many of the Lodges in Maryland have signified their intention of competing and the contest bids fair to be a most spirited one in every way.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland has granted dispensations for the following new Lodges:

following new Lodges: Plymouth (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1476. Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1477. Lancaster (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1478.

Elks Bowling Association of America To Hold Tournament at Lima, Ohio



The Elks Bowling Association of America will hold its next Annual Tournament on February 2, 1924, at Lima, Ohio. Any team of members in good standing is eligible to compete upon

the payment of \$1.50 as an annual membership fee in the Association, and the entry

fee of \$3.00 per man in each event. Any individual not identified with a five-man team may compete upon the payment of fifty cents membership fee in addition to the regular \$3.00 entry fee. Entries close at midnight, January, 5, 1924. All com-munications should be addressed to John M. A. Galen, Secretary of the Association, 1922-26 Fairview Ave., Detroit, Mich. The Tournament will offer two classes of prizes: Regular and Good-fellowship Prizes, in addition to suitable medals for winners of first places in the Five-man, Two-man, Individual and All-events. Every entrant not receiving a Regular Prize will be eligible for a Good-fellowship Prize. Elaborate preparations are being made for the entertainment of the players by Lima (Ohio) Lodge, No. 54. Between 300 and 400 teams are expected to take part in the Tournament.

Many Present at Testimonial Dinner To Joseph G. Buch



A large testimonial dinner was recently tendered to Joseph G. Buch, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, by Trenton (N. J.) Lodge, No. 105. Over 500 members,

representing practically every Lodge in the State, were on hand to show their appreciation of Mr. Buch, who has played a leading part in the Crippled Kiddies programme of New Jersey. The principal speaker of the evening was United States Senator Walter E. Edge.

Blue Island (Ill.) Lodge Buys Site— Will Build New Home

Blue Island (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1331, has recently purchased a site for its future Home. The property has a frontage of $223\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the Dixie Highway, the main thoroughfare of a region which will be, in a short time, perhaps the most travelled road for tourists in the world. The Lodge is anxious to have a Home of its own and now that the site has been purchased, plans are being formulated for the erection of a beautiful building.

Palo Alto (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1471 Instituted

A new California Lodge, Palo Alto (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1471, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Rucker of San Jose, with 100 charter members. The first officers of the new Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, Chester F. Noble; Secretary, Frank G. Hoge.

Million Dollar Home Project Under Way for Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge

Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge, No. 78, has under consideration the building of a new tenstory million dollar Home. The proposed structure will be one of the finest in the With the exception of the street Order. frontage, which will be rented out as stores, the entire building will be devoted to the purposes of a first-class hotel, with Club facilities, and a Lodge-room or auditorium to accommodate at least 2,500 members. There will be a rathskeller, public grill and dining rooms, a magnificent ball room, banquet hall, bowling alleys, billiard and o her amusement rooms, swimming pool and gymnasium. The basement and subbasement will contain storerooms, machinery, heating plant, filtration plant, etc. The second floor will be largely taken up by offices, committee rooms, lounge and reception rooms, and the remainder of the building, consisting of from 150 to 200 rooms, will be guest rooms, with the exception of the tenth story, which will be devoted to the Lodge-room. All the guest rooms will be unusually spacious, with convenient alcoves for beds and large windows allowing light and ventilation.

Atlanta Lodge now has a membership of nearly 5,000 and is in a healthy condition financially, having only recently paid off all its outstanding indebtedness.

Ilion (N. Y.) Lodge to Build Commodious New Home

Ilion (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1444, has pur-chased a site at the corner of Main and West Streets, on which it will erect a mag-nificent new Home. The proposed plans call for an expenditure of over \$100,000 for the building, exclusive of the cost of the land. The new Home will be two stories high with a large basement in which there will be ample room for bowling alleys, shuffleboards, pool and billiard tables, and lockers. The basement will also contain the kitchen with necessary storage and serving rooms, to-gether with the boiler room. On the first gether with the boiler room. floor will be the dining room, reception room and the main club room, 30 by 36 feet. The rear portion of this floor will be made up into a hand-ball court and locker room Practically the equipped with showers. Practically the entire second floor will be devoted to the Lodge-room 36 by 68 feet. This room will also be for dances, banquets and other large gatherings. A feature of this Lodge-room will be the roof garden opening along the whole north side. This floor will also contain a room for candidates, smoking room, serving room and officers' room.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge Has Father and Son Banquet

The annual Father and Son Banquet, recently held by Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge, No. 48, was by far the most success-ful event of its kind ever held by the Lodge. Over 700 fathers and sons filled the banquet room to enjoy the fine programme of entertainment that had been provided. The feature of the celebration was the appearance of Eddie Guest, the poet, who stirred the hearts of the fathers and sons by his fine speech. Mr. Guest chose the American home as his theme and talked of his own home and his boy in a way that brought tears and laughter to the gathering. There were many other splendid numbers on the programme, including special music by the Elks Band, a Boy Scout exhibition, a music and comedy act, and trained dogs to de-light the youngsters. Officers of the Lodge estimated that nearly 1000 big and little boys were denied the great treat because the capacity of the Lodge rooms was limited.

Herkimer (N. Y.) Lodge Donates Flag And Flag Pole to City



In connection with the celebration held on Armistice Day by Herkimer Post 38 of the American Legion, Herkimer (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1439, presented the Playground Association of the

city with a flag pole and beautiful flag. The playground in which the pole was placed serves a large number of the children of the community and is located in the foreign section of the city. The raising of the flag by members of the Legion, in uniform, and the attending ceremonies attracted a large number of the townspeople.

Large Class of Candidates Initiated By Ishpeming (Mich.) Lodge



• Ishpeming (Mich.) Lodge, No. 447, recently initiated a class of 62 new members. The ceremony and the accompaning programme of entertainment attracted many representatives from

neighboring Lodges, as the class was one of the largest to be initiated in some time. A fine banquet was served to the members and candidates, following which there was a parade through the city streets.

Springfield (Ill.) Lodge a Leader in The Life of the Community

A Lodge of 2,200 of the city's most active men, numbering among its members the most civic-spirited individuals of a dis-tinctly civic-spirited community, Spring-field (III.) Lodge, No. 158, is playing a big part in the most progressive movements in the life of the city and her window. the life of the city, and has originated many undertakings in which other organizations have joined and the example of which they have followed. The most valuable contribution of the Lodge to the life of the city to date is the new Elks Home and hotel. a handsome building costing \$650,000, financed by the sale of bonds. The building will not only provide a home for Springfield Lodge, but will supplement the hotel life of the city, furnishing a completely equipped hotel with one hundred and two bedrooms and dining room service for five hundred people. Located right in the heart of the business district, it supplies also certain definite community needs, such as a convention hall in its auditorium, a place for the meetings of musical clubs, civic clubs, and all forms of social activities. The building was projected in 1921, and at this time a bond sale of \$500,000 was staged, the Lodge buying \$100,000 worth from its treasury and placing \$400,000 worth of first mortgage bonds open to its members, the campaign being put across in less than two weeks. Increase in the cost of the building above the estimates necessitated a second campaign, during which \$150,000 worth of second mortgage bonds were issued. This campaign was staged last Something unique in campaign October. organizations was conceived by the Club: a football aggregation of ten teams representing ten leading American colleges, each team of the required eleven members. They put across the campaign in ten days, competing in a schedule of football games, as their daily bond selling contests were styled, in true "scrimmage" fashion. At the final "Kickover" they successfully achieved their goal, the amount necessary to finish financing the building and for preliminary operating expenses. Another notable achievement of Springfield Lodge was the successful staging of the community picnic for 1923. Hitherto a Chamber of Commerce function, this great annual outing was taken over by the Lodge in July, and made an "At Home" for not alone Springfield Elks and their community but for the Elks of Illinois as well. It was attended by representatives from many Illinois cities. Fully twenty-five thousand people were guests of Springfield Lodge at this affair. During the Chamber of Commerce reorganization campaign in April, Springfield Lodge, in addition to contributing many members to other campaign

divisions, organized one complete division of fifty-seven men and secured the greatest number of new members and renewals of any other division in the whole campaign organization. The Lodge also equipped and maintains the Boy Scouts' drum and bugle corps, and has "adopted" one of the two big bands in Springfield as the Elks' official band. These are just a few of the activities of Springfield Lodge which has demonstrated what a very fine and big factor in the life of any American community an Elk Lodge can become.

Logan (West Va.) Lodge Adopts Novel Plan in Big Brother Work



Logan (West Va.) Lodge, No. 1391, has inaugurated a most successful and gratifying way of assuming the rôle of Big Brother to the youngsters of the city. At a recent meeting of the and Community Welfare

Lodge's Social and Community Committee, it was decided to issue to every schoolboy in Logan under 12 years of age, who secured a grade of 90 in deportment during any month, a button to be worn which would distinguish him from his schoolmates who were not so fortunate in this particular branch of the curriculum. The idea being to give publicity to his good conduct among the membership of Logan Lodge, so that every member could have an opportunity to encourage and to stimulate that particular youngster to further efforts, not only in deportment but in other grades as well. In other words, the idea is to make the wearer of the button a protégé of the Lodge and to make it the duty of every Elk in Logan to be particularly considerate, helpful and generous to that particular child on all occasions. The plan was launched with great success. Copies of the Lodge's Bulletin, outlining the scheme, were sent to the various schoolrooms where they were read to the youngsters, who discussed with each other and with their parents the possibilities and chances of acquiring a button. The teachers and principals ap-proved of the plan and are helping in every way to carry it out. The button, a small red one bearing in gold the numerals 1391 and the word "Protégé," has already been awarded to quite a large number of the schoolboys. Every member of Logan Lodge is doing his part to insure the success of the idea. Every youngster encountered wearing the button gets a pat on the back, a cheerful "Hello, kid," a brief word of encouragement, an expression of interest or a bit of wholesome advice to help him on his way toward upright manhood.

Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge Considering Plans for New Home

The urgent need of a new building has been apparent to the membership of Newburgh (N.Y.) Lodge, No. 247, for some time. To this end the Lodge's New Building Committee has had drawn up and presented to the members for their consideration, tentative plans for the construction and financing of a building that will fulfill all the necessary requirements and give Newburgh Lodge a Home in keeping with the dignity of the Order. The building proper, according to the suggested plans submitted, will be 50 by 120 feet with a two-story porch 12 feet deep and a two-story annex 48 by 50 feet making a total depth of 180 feet. It will be constructed of Indiana limestone and buff tapestry brick and be equipped with all the conveniences of a modern Elks Home.

New Orleans (La.) Lodge Remembers Disabled War Veterans

Another Armistice Day has come and gone and once again New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, showed that it does not The Lodge followed its custom, forget. inaugurated several years ago, in banquet-ing the Disabled Veterans of the World War. Only about 35 of the boys were able to be moved from the U.S. Public Health Hospital in Algiers, but those who could come were given a royal welcome at the Home. The banquet was served in the Lodge's Grill room at 1 o'clock. The table was becomingly decorated with flowers and on the wall facing the head of the table, the Elks' colors and the American Flag were draped with the placard, "Welcome Disabled Veterans" expressing in simple words the whole spirit of the Order's attitude toward the boys who suffered and sacrificed for their country. Following the banquet the boys were taken to the Orpheum Theatre where they were guests of the Manager at a special matinée.

Perry (Iowa) Lodge Celebrates Remodelling of Home

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. G. Cluett of Sioux. City (Iowa) Lodge, No. 112, was the guest of honor at a dinner recently given by Perry (Iowa) Lodge, No. 407. The occasion was the celebration by the Lodge of the completion of extensive repairs, redecoration and refurnishing of its Home.

Father and Son Banquet Given By Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge

Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge, No. 5, recently held a most enjoyable Father and Son Banquet. More than 250 members and their sons were seated at the tables. Hon. John A. Caldwell, Judge of the Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas, was the principal speaker of the evening. A number of vaudeville acts from the local theatres enlivened the banquet and prizes were awarded to some of the members. The prize for the father with the most sons present went to Henry Wolf, Chaplain of the Lodge, who had six sons at the banquet. The affair, which was a great success in every way, will be made an annual event hereafter with Cincinnati Lodge.

Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge Forms An Elks Forum



Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge, No. 750, which has a membership of more than a thousand representative citizens of the community, has formed an Elks Forum which will work for the

formed an Elks Forum which will work for the betterment of the city. The purpose of the Elks Forum is to study better the questions which are uppermost in Kenosha and to keep the members of the Lodge properly advised as to what is going on and to guide them in starting necessary movements in the development of public welfare. The Forum gives every indication of becoming a real force for the uplifting of the city and for the advancement of its best interests.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lays Corner-Stone For Home of Louisville (Ky.) Lodge

On December 5, Louisville (Ky.) Lodge, No. 8, laid the corner-stone of its milliondollar Home now in the course of construc-

tion. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland and Grand Secretary Robinson were the guests at a luncheon given in their honor which preceded the exercises. The corner-stone laying ceremonies, which were witnessed by a large crowd, were begun by the playing of the National Anthem by the Elks Band. Following the invocation by John C. Schild, Chaplain of the Lodge, Mayor Huston Quin of Louisville made a short talk in which he paid tribute to the spirit of the Lodge. The corner-stone was laid by Mr. McFarland, assisted by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Astley Apperly and J. Edgar Masters. The address delivered by Mr. McFarland, in which he called upon all members of the Order to fight the growth of bolshevism, was received with great enthusiasm. The members of Louisville Lodge expect to have their new Home ready for occupancy about April 1.

Jackson (Mich.) Lodge Repeats Successful Charity Plan

Again the members of Jackson (Mich.) Lodge, No. 113, put over the good work inaugurated several years ago of planting and harvesting potatoes, and then distributing them to the charitable organization of the city, and also to many needy families. This year the Lodge dug over 800 bushels, every phase of the work connected with the planting and harvest being done by the members themselves.

Jamestown (N. Y.) Lodge Acquires Historic Mansion for New Home



After thirty years of anticipation, Jamestown (N.Y.) Lodge, No. 263, has at last realized an object and satisfied an ambition by acquiring a permanent Home of its own. The

acquiring a permanent Home of its own. The Lodge has purchased the famous Abbott property which extends 120 feet on East Fourth Street and 150 feet on Spring Street. The house on the property is one of the historic mansions of Jamestown. It is impressive in appearance and homey in its arrangement. There is a large garage to the north of the house which, in time, it is expected, will be remodelled, making it one of the finest Lodge-rooms and auditoriums in Chautauqua County. The beauty of the property is enhanced by magnificent trees and tastefully arranged shrubbery. members of Jamestown Lodge are looking forward to a formal opening and dedication of their new Home sometime early this year. The question of remodelling and of adapting the building to the needs and purposes of the Lodge will be worked out during the year and carried through by the interest and generosity of the members. No stock or bond campaign is contemplated for this purpose.

Extensive Alterations on Home Planned by Elwood (Ind.) Lodge

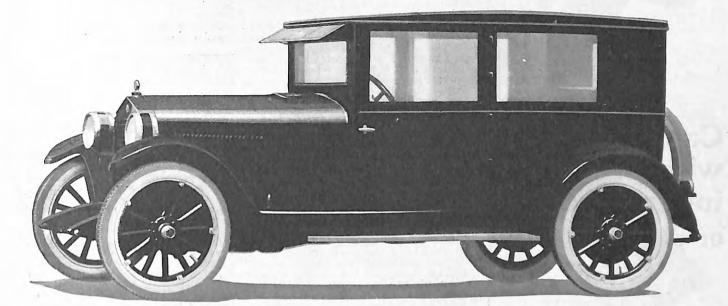
Elwood (Ind.) Lodge, No. 368, is planning an extensive remodelling of its Home. The plans provide for a large Lodge-room and banquet hall on the ground floor in the rear of the main building. A splendidly equipped kitchen will also be installed. In the front, on the first floor, will be the lounge and reception rooms, while the entire second floor will be converted into modern billiard and club rooms. When the alterations have been completed, Elwood Lodge will have one of the best Homes in the district.

(Continued on page 69)

January, 1924

The New ESSEX A SIX

Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents



A 30 Minute Ride Will Win You

Essex closed car comforts now cost \$170 less than ever before. Also with this lower price you get an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation. The *Coach* \$975

Touring Model - \$850 Freight and Tax Extra





Can you do this with your shaving cream capor do you do this?



OU can't lose the Williams' cap. It's always on hinged on. No time wasted hunting caps.

Time-saver though the hinged cap is—it is a detail for speed compared with Williams lather. This lather so softens and lubricates your skin that the razor seems to "glide" the hairs off. And besides being a faster beard-softener, it contains a certain soothing ingredient that is decidedly beneficial to the skin.

Williams' is white and absolutely pure. It contains no col-oring matter whatsoever. Truly, you will find it the perfect cream in the perfect container.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Glastonbury, Conn.

Made in Canada at Montreal by The J. B. Williams Co., Ltd.



For men who prefer the stick. Williams Doublecap (absolutely new) and Williams Holder Top Stick (the original holder stick) give the genuine Williams' in the most consen-ient stick forms. There are Re-loads for both

The Man Who Had Forgotten to Play

(Continued from page 22)

associated therewith. His thoughts concerned those about him, vainly groping for some open sesame which would place him, if not in the hearts, at least on a friendly and familiar footing

with those who, of course, meant more to him than any other persons in the world. The effects of the golf and the invigoration of the bath had worn away and steadily, inexorably, since the meal began, he had felt himself slumping into the old lassitude, the old fraying out of sequential thought. There came a recurrence of the vague pains along his limbs. More than once he caught his wife's eyes upon him, pitying, pleading. And he wanted to throw himself into

pleading. And he wanted to throw himself into her arms and sob as he had on the physician's porch that afternoon. Indeed, that evening, when he went to his room, she accompanying him, he did just that thing, his head falling upon her breast, her fingers running gently through his hair. And of all the things Dr. Carrington had prescribed, nothing by any possibility could have been more efficacious than this.

efficacious than this. And later, with her cool, firm hand passing across his forehead he sank into the deepest and sweetest slumber he had known for weeks.

Gates arose and stepped out of bed the next morning with the feeling of worlds to conquer. Instinctively he moved to the telephone but when the switchboard answered he jammed the receiver onto the hook without making his wants known. He was a man of his promise and he had promised Carrington he would let his office absolutely alone.

absolutely alone. His intention was to play an early round over the course alone, but he had no more than eaten his cereal than his son appeared, also dressed for golf. A flash of irritation passed through Gates. Was this prearranged? Was he being nursed? But the emotion passed immediately. Whether the boy had risen with a purpose, or whether this early breakfast was a coincidence, he would be glad to play with him. "Hello." He looked up, his voice gruff. "Out for golf?"

"Out for golf?" "Good morning, father. Yes. Dan Hinson and I thought we'd get an early start to fool with some trick shots." "Oh." Gates confessed to a feeling of disap-pointment. He had the desire to suggest that he go along with them, but he couldn't voice it. "Like to go around with us, sir, or—" The boy's voice was forced and he didn't complete the sentence for some reason.

"Oh, no. No, thanks." Gates waved his hand in a characteristic gesture. "You two go along. I'll dub along in practise." Which was "All right, sir," was the quiet reply. "Father—"

Yes, Junior?"

"Yes, Junor?" "Are you really game for that Father and Son Tournament? Dan said his father spoke to you about it. It might be a lot of sport." "Well—" Gates tapped his spoon upon his saucer. "We'll see how my game works up. Let you know in time." "All right. Thanks."

 $T_{\rm Mrs.\ Gates\ arrived\ toward\ the\ end.\ When\ their\ son\ had\ left,\ she\ turned\ to\ her\ husband,}$ smiling.

Arnold, it-it-would be wonderful if you

"Arnold, it—it—would be wonderful if you and Junior should get to know each other while you are here. He—he—adores you, you know. There's no man like you in the world to him." "That so? H'm." Gates turned to the waiter with an order. "Alice," he said at length, "you were fine last night. I slept like a brick. I'm—I'm afraid I was rather—childish." She reached out her hand impulsively. "If I could only help you! If we all could! If we could be something important to you it would be so wonderful."

He studied her a moment.

"How would you feel if we went flat? Broke?" How would you leef if we went hat? Broke?" Her eyes shone with a serene light. "If that would bring us nearer together, give us some-thing that we had when the children were babies and you were not so fearfully busy that you—" She gestured. "We had enough money, then, plenty. All that we've had since hasn't compen-sated for—for losing you."

There was a moment's silence. "I suppose," she said at length, "you think that's the silly woman's viewpoint. Perhaps it is. But then, you know, you asked me how I should feel. Well—" she laughed lightly— "now you know. There are so many things in the world that are more to be desired than great ricks?"

riches." "Ask the woman," he replied gruffly, "who

Ask the woman, the replied granny, who hasn't got them." "A remark that cannot be answered," she said quietly. "At least, I can speak for myself." The man shook his head doggedly and arose

from the table, gesturing toward his elderly partner of the preceding afternoon, who was pacing up and down the verandah outside, apparently eager for another tour of the links in Gates' company.

WITHIN a fortnight there wasn't the slightest doubt about the beneficial effects of Arnold Gates' vacation, so far as his health was con-cerned. Whatever he did he did thoroughly and cerned. Whatever he did he did thorougnly and having committed himself to the task of making himself well, he went through all the prescribed processes with meticulous and single-minded attention to detail. Golf became literally a fetish. He was on the links five hours day in and day out, rain or shine; two hours in the morning with Sandy Green the professional and in the oftennoon playing from two to five. He had long

day out, rain or simile, two hours in the moning with Sandy Green the professional and in the afternoon playing from two to five. He had long ago out-distanced his original partner, the elderly golfer, and was shooting in the upper and middle eighties in a foursome made up of two bank presidents and Judge Hinson and himself. One cannot think a great deal about golf and have a mind for much else. Gates thought a great deal about golf. Practically he thought about nothing else. The air which came across the broad, undulating stretches of sward was elixir to him. His eyes, which had lost their yellowish tinge, followed the flight of the well-hit ball with the clear vision of a sharpshooter. And the placid majesty of his environment, the figures moving silently over the links, the gently swaying trees, the serene blue of the sea and the high heavens, were a pervading anodyne. "Father is certainly getting well, mother." Junior Gates smiled at the woman and tossed his golf-bag against the verandah railing. Both

Junior Gates smiled at the woman and tossed his golf-bag against the verandah railing. Both were watching the foursome as they holed out on the eighteenth green. They could hear some laughing remark from Arnold Gates. His wife's eyes darkened, for it now appeared that golf had withdrawn him no less than business.

withdrawn him no less than business. "Have you ever asked him to play, Junior?" "Yes, twice. But he's either been hooked up with the pro or else with this foursome. Oh—" The boy shrugged—"he's got no time for me. Says I play too well." "I know, but—" Mrs. Gates did not com-plete the sentence. "Has he said anything to you about the Father and Son Tournament? It starts Friday, doesn't it? Everyone's talking about it."

It starts Friday, doesn't it? Everyone's talking about it."
"Not a word. Judge Hinson and Dan are entered. Maybe—" The interruption came from the mother who nudged him, nodding toward the green. Arnold Gates' face was turned in their direction. Evidently he had seen them. He said something to Judge Hinson and them.
"Interruption of the veranda."
"Intor," he said, moving slowly up the steps, "Shields has an idea about playing over at Glencoe Friday and Saturday and wants me to go along. You see that tournament will be on here."
"Yes, Arnold, but weren't you and Junior to enter? Judge Hinson and Dan are in. And I thought, of course you and Junior were going in, to." Mrs. Gates' eyes were tragic.
"Oh—" Gates gestured. "I'd be no partner for Junior. Dan and the judge have the match sewn up."
"The not so sure, father." The jaws of the younger man were set. "But then I don't want to but—" His mother nudged him sharply.
"I think," she said, "that if Mr. Shields had a son instead of three daughters he wouldn't think of going to Glenco en Friday."
"Oh, mother! Father doesn't want to play with me, so let it go at that." Junior seized his bag and started to walk away.
"Junior, don't you dare go away like that." (Continued on page 48)

"How I Became Popular Overnight!"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't wake up until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.



This is Arthur Murray, the world's foremost Dancing In-structor. He has taught more than 90,000 people how to dance through his unique easy learn-at-home methods.

She Used to Envy Good

Dancers

Dancers In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attend-ing dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor.—Miss Bertha Shiple, Perrysburg, Ohio.

He Had Never Danced Before

The fiad Never Danced Belore I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so inter-esting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.— Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.

Receives Many Compliments

I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.— Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.

Learns In Short Time

I received your course in danc-ing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your in-structions. I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is. —Arthur Hossack, Flint, Mich.

UP HAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c-especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps. "My sister's family have all learned to dance

from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

Dancing 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 for its an easily become 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 fore-most authority on social dancing. He was chosen to teach the U. S. Naval Academy's dancing in-structors the newest ballroom steps. Many of the social leaders in America and Europe have selected Arthur 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 learn-at-home system.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be de-lighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep-you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today-they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of Just enclose 25c (stamps or com) to pay cost or postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today.

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The Man Who Had Forgotten to Play

(Continued from page 46)

Alice Gates' eyes were glittering, her cheeks flushed. "Of course your father wants to play with you. And he's going to. I've been telling everyone you were entered. I have made a bet with Mrs. Hinson—"

"Mother, you gambler!" The young stalwart came to her, throwing an arm about her shoulder and drawing her close

"Well, I have. And Helen has bet, too. And we've arranged a gallery. Everything's arranged. So you're going to play, you two and that's all there is about it." "Well--?" Arnold Gates gazed quizzically

at his son. "Well?" The sun was playing full upon the

boy's fine face, converting the crinkling blond hair into an aureole. He suggested some classical conception of youth and all that it implies as he stood there smiling back at his father. Then something deeper than smiles passed between them, something vague and mysterious yet pal-pable as an ether wave. The man started. He glanced swiftly at his wife. Then slowly his eyes "Junior," he said, "I guess we play."

IV

THERE are elements about a Father and Son Tournament—if it's the proper sort of golf tourney—that are unique, colorful and appealing beyond imagination. Applying equally to gal-lery and to players, the Skinnecossett match was absolutely of the proper sort. Here on the flawless green links were fathers of didactic characteristics who, irrespective of their techni-cal inferiority, or superiority, to their some per cal inferiority, or superiority, to their sons, persisted in advice, criticism, or admonition as the situation seemed to warrant. There were fathers and sons who bantered one another upon the common footing of a sporting enterprise; others who took themselves and their game with grim seriousness. And there were wives and daughters and sweethearts and persons unattached who for one reason or another were no less partisan than those who belonged.

Once enlisted in this tournament Arnold Gates Once enlisted in this tournament Arnold Gates entered into it with characteristic abandon. For the time being there was nothing in the world that mattered quite so much as victory. He had risen early with all the thrill and elation that had characterized his mood in boyhood when his team was to play a Saturday baseball game. And his exclamation of satisfaction as he peered out the window and saw that the day was going to his exchamation of satisfaction as he peered out the window and saw that the day was going to be fine for golf was altogether boyish. "Well, boy, how do you feel?" Gates looked up from the breakfast table as Junior came in. "Never better, father. How are you, sir?" Gates did an unprecedented thing. He winked at his wife and daughter

at his wife and daughter. "I'm feeling really great." He chuckled. "If

I felt any better I'd push a bridge over, as they say in England." "Do you know, father," asked his daughter,

"that you and Junior are next to the favorites in the betting?"

"That so? And may I ask who are the favor-

"That sor "Ind hay " ites?" "Why Dan Hinson." Helen blushed. "I mean of course Dan and his father." "What do you think, Helen?" "Well—" The girl hesitated. "You see, father," grinned Junior, "Helen is a bit divided. She and Dan—" "Junior, will you be so awfully good as to attend to your own—"

"Junior, will you be so awfully good as to attend to your own—" Gates leaned back, laughing. "Oh ho! That's where the wind blows, eh!" He glanced at his wife. "Are you in touch with all this, Alice?" Mrs. Gates nodded, smiling placidly. "Oh yes. They've been friends for several years. By the time Dan is out of college—we'll see. Helen's having too good a time to be in

years. By the time Dan is out of college—we'll see. Helen's having too good a time to be in a hurry. Aren't you, Helen?" "Rath-er. Just the same Dan is the peachiest sort of a peach."

Gates, utterly amused, gestured at his daughter. "Let me give you a bit of advice, Helen; if you've bet on this swain of yours and his father, why you go out and hedge a little, because Junior and I are going to give them the game of their lives."

That this prediction was destined to be verified was indicated as early in the match as the fourth hole, but by the ninth, when the Gates and Hinsons had drawn well away from the rest of the field and stood all square at forty-five, there wasn't the slightest doubt about it. Both teams had been handicapped at eight and thus early, even on the basis of handicaps allotted to the

rest of the field, it was apparent that the issue of this tournament lay between them. "You're away, dad, snap into it now." It was the first time in his life that the boy had ever employed the paternal diminutive. fell from his lips unconsciously. B But it Both were

struck by the sound. "Yes, my boy." Arnold Gates' face was flushed. "Our honor; my turn to drive." He came close to his son. "Look here, Junie boy, came close to his son. "Look here, Junie boy, I want to compliment you a ditle more fully on the way you lofted that ball out of the rough and pitched it onto the green. I put you in a terrible hole with that rotten brassie shot." "Oh bunk!" The colloquialism fell upon Gates like balm. "Maybe you'll do the same for me before we get through." "If I do I'll give a banquet." Gates chuckled. "Let's see, where is the hole? Ought to know it by this time. Oh yes. Judge, watch this one go. I've got the feeling."

go. Twe got the recung. Go it did, a screaming liner, straight down the fairway as a surveyor's line. Dan Hinson out-

distanced the older man, but by no possibility could have gone truer to the pin. "Arnold—" Mrs. Gates pressed up to him, her eyes flashing—"you never made a drive like that in the old days when you were playing all the time"

"It was ripping, father, I'll say. Almost as good as Dan's." Helen grimaced at the younger Hinson while her father in mock severity threatened to have the links cleared of all women unless

interference with the players ceased. The tenth hole was short and terribly tricky. After a good drive such as both opponents had made, there was a pitch to the green. But the difficulty was that the green was bunkered in front and trapped behind, one of the deadliest holes on the course.

Junior played the ball too high with not enough carry. It descended to the ground, snuggling firmly upon the wrong side of the bunker.

"Rats!" He gazed at his father in mock dis-

"Rats!" He gazed at his father in mock dis-may. "I thought I was a golfer." His father laughed, smiting him a ringing blow upon the shoulder. "What's golf without accidents? Where would be the fun? I'll undertake to make that right." "Fair enough." The younger man was about to say something additional when Judge Hinson interneed.

"Fair enough. The younger man was about to say something additional when Judge Hinson interposed. "Gates," he said, "you did me the honor a moment ago to ask me to watch your drive. I did, with benefit. Now I beseech you to observe what I think will be entitled to consideration as a model use of a mashie." Whereupon he walked to his ball and lifted it neatly and with all requisite backspin fairly upon the green, not four feet from the cup. "Congratulations, Judge." Gates took a niblick from his caddy and walked toward the bunker with the mien of a hunter stalking big game. "Junie—" He glanced quizzically at his son—"that lie you've provided me could be improved upon, for a fact." "It could, dad. I'll admit it fervently. It's up to you, so I should worry." "You should worry, my boy." "Wait a minute, dad. Just to make this sporting I'll bet you a box of your cigars against a silver cigarette case that you get on the green this shot. Are you on?"

a silver cigarette case that you get on the green this shot. Are you on?" Gates examined the lie and shook his head. Then he glanced at his son. "Want to bet anything more?" "A box of golf balls," was the prompt reply. "Go as far as you like because if I lose you'll pay for them anyway." for them anyway.

for them anyway." A warm sensation ran down Arnold Gates' back. A moistness came into his eyes. Some-how that remark struck him as priceless. He lowered his head, placed one foot up the side of the bunker for support, glanced over it at the green, studied the ball for a moment and then

swung dexterously with a half-arm motion, perfectly controlled. A spurt of dirt rose to Gates' face. Too much under the ball, probably. Then, as an exclamation came to him, he raised his eyes. There was the ball high up in the air, falling for the green as though destined to plop straight into the cup. It didn't do that, not quite. But the result was the same. For on a

two-foot roll the ball trembled upon the lip of the hole and disappeared. "By the—" Words were frozen upon Arnol-1 Gates' lips. Everyone as it seemed was stricken silent. Then with a whoop Junior Gates leaped upon his father, seizing him by the shoulders, shaking him. "Whoopee!" Gates tossed his club aside and

"Whoopee!" Gates tossed his club aside and grappled with his son, stamping about in a spe-cies of war dance. "I—George! By heaven! Did you ever see anything like that! Judge— Ha! Ha! Ha!" Brandishing his hand at the older of his opponents Gates lifted a seraphic face to the sky. "Well!" He released his arms from his son's shoulders and sat upon the bunker gasping

bunker, gasping. "George! Just when I thought we were going to lose a stroke at least on this hole, maybe two, why I—" He looked suddenly about him. why I—" He looked suddenly about him. "Where's Alice? Oh, there you are. Say, did you see that shot?" "I should say I did see it, Arnold." Mrs.

Gates leaned over the bunker and kissed her husband upon the forehead.

"Well— Judge Hinson gazed smilingly upon the family group—"if the shouting and tumult have died my son will attempt to make this putt." "Go ahead." Gates rose from the bunker and

walked to the green in time to see Dan Hinson sink the ball.

"Still our honor. Your drive, old boy. Gates tapped his son lightly on the back. Junior nodded and sent the ball singing down the course nearly two hundred and eighty yards on the carry and roll. Judge Hinson sliced his drive, giving the son a difficult spoon shot out of the rough which he negotiated, however, with flawless skill.

 $G_{\rm then\ his\ son\ followed\ suit\ with\ a\ brassie\ and}^{\rm ATES\ smote\ the\ ball\ fairly\ with\ a\ brassie\ and}$ Judge Hinson did well with a cleek, whereupon Gates, to his deep chagrin, played his mashie too hard and the ball went over the green, thus enabling the Hinsons to make up their earlier disadvantage and square the hole at six each. Gates glanced at his son. "Hang it all! If I keep on I'll do you out of the match. You might have known that after

that shot out of the bunker I'd pull something ridiculous.

"Say, dad, your words right back at you, sir. "Say, dad, your words right back at you, sir. What would golf be without casualties?" "Well," laughed Gates, "there'll be no lack of them so long as I play golf. Say, Junie, look here. Did you notice anything wrong the way I played that shot, I mean technically? If so why tell me. You hour a million time mean show tell me. You know a million times more about

"What are you doing, dad, spoofing me?" Junior grinned satirically. "You've got more form than I ever saw. As for me I simply

"I'm serious, Junior." "Well, I am, too, dad. Never more so. You'll be shooting eighty or lower this time next year on a bet." "Next year!" Gates stared at his son. "Have

you got any idea I'm going to keep this thing up?" "Dad—" The boy faced his father solemnly —"I have got just that hunch, and you have, too"

Driving from the eighteenth tee the two teams were still even after incidents swiftly multiplying that alternately wracked the nerves and thrilled the senses, fortune smiling alternately upon one and the other, but eventually leaving them in

"Junior," Gates approached his son after he had followed the boy's drive with a pretty mid-iron shot. "The damnable thing about golf is the midt have been a calling the boy." is the might have been. Looking back I can see where I've lost ourselves this match a dozen times

"Yes, and I can see a dozen times when you kept us in the running." The boy nodded, smil-ing. "We've got this match cinched. Judge Hinson is getting ready to do a dive. The last (Continued on page 50)

"Gotta hand it to 'em_it's the best cigarette I ever smoked!"

America's fastest-growing cigarette The fact that so many thousands of smokers are changing from other brands of cigarettes to Chesterfield, confirms our belief that smokers do ap preciate real tobacco Liggett & Myers Tobacco Coquality.

erfield **CIGARETTES**



The Man Who Had Forgotten to Play

(Continued from page 49)

two holes Dan has had all he could do to keep the score abreast. You've no kick coming on your game at all. And that's no kidding, either."

Junior addressed the ball and sent it winging. Their strokes were even when the green was within easy approaching distance, which is not the same as saying it was easy to approach. It lay immediately below but to one side of the club house which surmounted a steep hill. A short di tance beyond the green was a ravine. A shot had to be very carefully played lest it

carry over the edge. Players and gallery were silent, tense, as Judge Hinson and Gates prepared to play their shots, for everyone recognized that the outcome of this match rested right here. Hinson changed his mashie for a niblick and stood over the ball as it seemed an age.

Then, with the demeanor of one committing his fate to the gods, he swung. The ball rose cleanly. But had it been hit too hard? For an instant it seemed so. Then as a sigh went up the ball descended upon the further edge of the green. Handclapping ceased suddenly and exclamations of dismay came from many throats as it struck a hard spot, bounded in the air and then, rolling, went to the very rim of the ravine. Judge Hinson, always courtly, always the sports-

man, smiled. "Dad!" Junior came to his father. "It's up to you now. The fatal moment. They're not in the ravine and Dan can chip the ball on in one. Take it easy."

Gates eyes were hard as steel disks. As his son stared at him he took a mashie from the caddy and then almost, as it seemed, without aim, he

smote the ball hard, straight at the steep hillside upon which the club house stood. Hard and fast the ball sped into the hard earth and then glancing off, started in a swift

earth and then glancing off, started in a swift diagonal descent for the green. "Holee mackeral!" Junior Gates watched the spheroid with fascinated eyes as it rolled down the sharp incline, made its way upon the green and stopped within two feet of the cup. "Dad! I never thought of that shot. That was headwork, as fine as I ever saw on the links." "Junior." Gates stared at his son, the mashie dropping from his nerveless fingers. "In golf, or anything else, there's always a way around. Yes—always a way around. Never forget that." A minute later as a salvo of handclaps went

A minute later as a salvo of handclaps went A minute later as a salvo of handclaps went up from the gallery, Junior Gates holed out and the match was won by two strokes. He turned to his father. The older man came forward, hand outstretched, his face strained. Their hands met and so they stood for a moment, silent. At length Gates lifted his head. "'I'll never forget this, Junior. This has been great in more ways than you know"

great, great in more ways than you know.

Judge Hinson came up, smiling, urbane. "Congratulations to the Gates family." He placed a hand upon Gates' shoulder. Mrs. Gates, watching the two, saw the Judge lead her husband aside, saw him say something in a low voice, saw Gates start and then seize the jurist impulsively by the arm. They walked away,

"I know what's in the wind, Mrs. Gates." Dan Hinson, who had been talking to Helen, caught the expression upon the woman's face and

"I know; 'circled'! 'in her circled orb."" Spence, silent, looked at her. Eva sighed, stirred restlessly under the expression in his

eyes. "They used wonderful words in those days, didn't they? A girl can't entice the wary male with a line of talk like that these days, though. You know what the average man would say to

any woman who started talking about a circled orb. 'Hey, where do you get that stuff?'" Spence smiled in spite of himself. "Were you

And-

advanced to her. "It's business of some sort." "Business!" Alice Gates glanced swiftly toward the two men. "Why I thought-" catching herself, she smiled. "Thank you, Dan.

They were all dressed for dinner and waiting for Gates to come down from his room when a boy brought a message from the desk. Gates wished to see his family in his room at once. Startled by the thought that her husband had

Startled by the thought that her husband had been taken ill, Mrs. Gates led the way hurriedly to the elevator. But he was not ill. As they entered his room he was pacing the floor with measured tread, his eyes bright, his color high. "Well—!" He confronted them, rubbing his hands. "First, I suppose I should apologize for running off with Judge Hinson as I did after the game. But it was very important." "I gathered that it must have been Arnold

game. But it was very important." "I gathered that it must have been, Arnold. We have all been most curious." His wife smiled as though to soften an injured note which she had failed to keep out of her voice. "Most curious, eh." Gates chuckled. "Well, Hinson didn't say much. He merely asked me if I, or my lawyers had ever seen a passage in the Fourth New Jersey Revised Statutes. People vs. Texas Oil. That's all he said. Every word. Naturally, I suspected he had reference to the Standard Products merger, so I went to the tele-phone and called up Judge Bleecker, my attor-ney, who has been acting for me in my absence. Not ten minutes ago Bleecker called me back. He says, by George, that Judge Hinson has sug-gested precedent and law that will carry our merger by the government with hardly a shadow of a doubt."

of a doubt." "Arnold!" The color was slowly leaving his wife's face. "But I thought you were not going

wife's face. "But I thought you were not going to bother with—"" "Pshaw!" Gates threw an arm about her, drawing her close to him. "I'm all right now. I'm cured. But listen to me—I haven't told you all yet. Judge Bleecker said that the National Steel Products has come forward with an offer to buy out the Standard Products, lawsuits and all." For a full minute there was silence. "Arnold! Are you going to—" His wife's voice cought.

voice caught.

"Arnold! Are you going to—" His wife's voice caught. The man clashed his hands together. "You bet I'm going to. Three weeks ago I'd have murdered anybody who suggested it. But —but I've, well, I've come to view life some-what differently since then; got to know how much fun it is to play around a little with a—a— guy like Junior here. Alice, I never had so much fun in my life as I had to-day. I want a few years more of it—a few, at least." He stepped away from his wife and stood erect, facing them. "I am to be a director of the National; just enough business to keep me from going to seed, lots of time for golf and for—well, for you folks. Plenty of money." There was a pause. "Well, how do you like it?" "And watch me, dad." Helen Gates threw herself upon his neck. Arnold Gates sought his wife's face. It was fushed, her eyes were like ctars. Slowly her arms went out and the man, disengagring bimself

Arnold Gates sought his wife's face. It was fushed, her eyes were like stars. Slowly her arms went out and the man, disengaging himself gently from his daughter's grasp, walked to her and was enfolded.

The Trouble With Clowns

(Continued from page 18)

ever serious for more than ten seconds at a time?" inconstant moon. That monthly changes in her —in her—er—something orb.' What's that word? 'her —'' ''When did you study Shakespeare—and why?

time?" "Were you?" Eva quickly returned. "I?" Spence grinned, nerving himself to take advantage of the opening Eva's question gave to tell her exactly how serious he naturally was. "I'm the sincerest little worrier in New York." "What do you worry about?" Spence, hesitat-ing, flicked his cigarette far out upon the lawn. "Trying to think of funny lines?" "That never worries me as much as wendering whether the actors will make them sound as

"That never workes he as much as wondering whether the actors will make them sound as funny as I think they are." Spence reached into his pocket for another cigarette. "I suppose," Eva said, slowly, "I suppose if you ever found a performer who put over your

lines perfectly to suit you, you'd love him to death.

"Or-or her."

Eva looked quickly at him, then out over the garden. "Oh, nobody loves a comedienne." "Most of them are married, or have been a couple of times at least.

"I know. I've never been able to decide whether it's because they've been married several times that makes them comediennes, or whether it's their original sense of humor that keeps them

a stitution original sense of numor that keeps them bouncing hopefully from husband to husband, striving to please." "The best thing for a comedienne would be to marry a comedian. Then, no matter what happened, she wouldn't have to explain the joke to him."

joke to him." "Well, sir," said Eva, positively, "there's one thing certain. When I marry—"

"YOU Marry?" Spence ejaculated in sur-Prise. "What is so weirdly amusing in that?" Eva

asked coolly, rising abruptly from her chair. "N-nothing; only I—I—the idea of it—I was surprised." Instantly Spence felt that had

he had time he could have improved on that explanation. It didn't appear to have improved the situation. "I'm awfully sorry," he stumbled on. "I-I might have known that there would be some fellow in the world that—that you'd like well enough to—to marry and make happy some day." He scanned the starry horizon for a long memory. With an apologetic smile ho long moment. With an apologeue since low since faced Eva. "That's the trouble with clowns, faced Eva. "That's the trouble with they're With an apologetic smile he you know. thinking."

The answering smile he expected from Eva did not materialize.

Instead, quietly yet firmly, she said, "Would you like to know what one clown is thinking? It may hurt your feelings. I—I rather hope so. For weeks I've been waiting to discover

"You—hoped to find me serious mood." "You—hoped to find me serious!" Absorbed in her thoughts, Eva apparently

Absorbed in her thoughts, the upparently did not hear. "What is your ambition?" she unexpectedly asked. "What are you in the show business for? Are you working to be known as the King of Gag-Writers, the Supreme Injector of Laughs into other wan's playe?" into other men's plays?"

Spence reddened at the scorn in her voice. "What funny thing would you say if I told you I wanted to write something worth while some day—a comedy drama with genuine characters in a human story; a—a love story?" "I'd say, for Heaven's sake, go ahead and write it," said Eva, shortly.

write it," said Eva, shortly. "You mean, the sooner I get it out of my sys-tem the better it will be for everybody—like a cracked wisdom tooth?" "I mean nothing of the sort. You've the ability to do something big. And the good God who gave you that ability also gave you a heart to feel with. But he gave them to you to use, not to fritter away." As she talked above her head Spence caught

As she talked, above her head Spence caught the glint of moonlight on some small moving

object. "You could do big things if you'd only let yourself feel them." In spite of himself, Spence's attention wan-dered from Eva's words as he saw the small,

moving object to be a spider, the daddy of all spiders, slowly lowering himself on his swaying web.

"It is absolutely disgusting to think of what you might be, and aren't because you're ob-sessed with the idea that because you're clever and witty you must make life just one laugh after another-"

The spider suddenly dropped another inch, swinging back and forth just above the level of Eva's eyes. In another moment he would be dangling directly in her face, unless he could warn her.

"-clowning around for the benefit of a lot of people who'd give their eyes to have your ability. You—are you listening to me?" "Of course; but there's a large hairy spider

hanging over you—" "A spider! Ugh!" Eva shuddered. Spence reached forward, seized the web a foot above Eva's head and swung the insect over the railing into the garden. "All right now." Still seated on the railing, (Continued on page 52)

"Judgment of the Storm"



The Story that brought \$1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

SEE THE PICTURE-READ THE BOOK!

"Judgment of tho Storm" was written directly for the screen. But its dramatic ap-peal is so powerful that the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co. has nov-clized the screen story. Under the same title as the picture the novel will be on sale wherever the picture is shown.

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The people. It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her ac-

the lives of people of her ac-quaintance. Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its re-markable Creative Test, the edu-cational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, dis-covered her.

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Authors Share in Fronts This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand be-hind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the lideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former me-chanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor. An advance of \$1,000 cash on royalties has been

An advance of \$1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides, a percentage of the producer's profits for five years. "Judgment of the Storm," tells a richly warm and human drama, yet it is not one bit more dra-matic than the personal story of its author. Like hear of the storm, the Dirtchurch houses

natic than the personal story of its author. Like hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh house-wife for years had experienced increasing disappoint-ment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself, "I believe I could write a bet-ter story than that."

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Then one day her attention was drawn to a cou-pon—the same coupon that appears at the bottom of this page. It told of the need for new screen writers, and of the Creative Test evolved by this institution.

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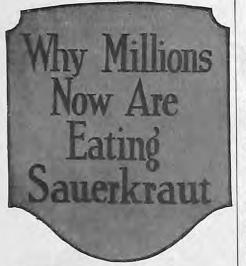
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The Trouble With Clowns

(Continued from page 51)

he leaned his head back against a vine-covered post. "Er—please go on." "Did you hear anything I said?"

"Did you hear anything I said" "Oh, yes. You said you thought I might do big things if I could only feel them. You said—" Spence felt a crawling, tickling sensation at the back of his neck. He moved slightly away from the vine-covered post. "You said, in plain words and clear, that the trouble with me was that I

and clear, that the trouble with me was that I insisted on being merry and bright every waking moment instead of solemn and—and sensitive." Again he felt the tickling sensation. "Please, Spence, don't make it any harder for me than it is; don't be sarcastic." Eva turned her head away. Her voice dropped. "Even if you never understand why—why I'm telling you—" Her slender body tensed. Head up she faced Spence. "But I'm not apologizing. I'd faced Spence. "But I'm not apologizing. I'd say worse than I have if it would only make you—wake up! If it—"

Spence squirmed with the certainty that something was crawling leisurely around the top of his collar. He put his hand back to investigate.

-would only shake you-"

With a startled grunt Spence jumped from the railing, pawing frantically at the back of his neck.

"For Heaven's sake, Spence—" "A c-caterpillar; a fuzzy fat one!" Spence pointed to it on the floor. "Excuse me. Whwhat were you saying about me-er-waking up?"

Eva looked at him through ten seconds of silence. She shook her head, sadly. "You just can't help being a clown, can you?" Drooping, she turned toward the door into the house

She turned at Spence's call. "Wait, "Eva!" "Eva." She turned at Spence's call. "Wait, please. There's something I want to tell you." "Td love to hear it," Eva replied wearily, "but let's go indoors before we start slapping mosquitoes on each other's foreheads." Alone on the veranda, Spence broke three matches before he succeeded in lighting his circaratte

matches before he succeeded in lighting his cigarette. ""Wake up,' eh?... she gets disgusted every time she thinks of me, eh?... 'the King of Gag-Writers. Is that your ambition?' says she, showing how low she's got you pegged, young fellow... what the heck started that load slipping off her chest, anyway?... Well, I'm cured."

His steps carried him from the veranda, along a garden path out on the road toward the village.

"I'LL show her!" His strides lengthened. "T'll take the job in the scenario department in Hollywood that the Comedy Film Company has been begging me to take. It won't take much of my time; it'll more than cover my expenses and, out there, away from New York and the gang at the Club, I'll have the chance to write the play I've been thinking out. By Gad, I can use the scene Eva pulled just now on the veranda—only at the finish of it I'll have the

veranda—only at the finish of it I'll have the hero take her in his arms and tell her—" When Spence returned from dispatching a telegram accepting a two-year contract with the film company, Sam's house was dark. Early Monday morning, before any other of the guests appeared, Spence bade his host adieu. "Listen, Spence," Sam said. "You'll be doing a lot of writing out there, probably. If you get something good, a play, send it on to me I'll be glad to try to place it for you." "Much obliged, Sam." Spence wrung Bowers' hand. "You explain to—to everybody why I left without saying good-by. I've got a lot of things to do before the train leaves this afternoon."

afternoon.

The spiders of another summer were spinning their webs when Spence sat down one day to

their webs when Spence sat down one day to write to Bowers. "Am sending the first two acts of a play for your opinion; that is, I hope it's aplay. It's away out of my line, meaning it's packed pretty solid with sentiment—heart interest stuff. It calls for a woman star—a girl—who can do comedy and also put over a touch of pathos— two scenes call for tears. If you think it's any good I'll bring the third act—after I write it— with me when I hop cast this fall on a business

trip. If you don't, never mind writing; just ship the play back to me with a lily pinned on the, title page."

The answer he received was a telegram. "Send me third act as soon as completed. Sam.

But September was nearly ended before Bowers saw the third act. Spence brought it to his house one afternoon, but declined to

to nis nouse one afternoon, but declined to remain until Sam had read it. "I can't, Sam; thanks. I'm stealing the' company's time as it is. This trip is a business trip; pure and simple." "I see. Have you met many of the old crowd?" "No. What's become of everybody—Eva-Kingch, for a business

"No. What's become of everybody—Eva-Kingsly, for one. I don't see her name in front of any of the Broadway theaters." "Didn't you know? Eva dropped out of

sight." "What?"

"She begged off her contract with Woodfeld, turned down offers from every manager in town and-dropped out of sight."

"What reason did she give?"

"SHE had a different one for everybody that asked her why she was chopping off her career just when it was growing into something

career just when it was growing into sometiming to be proud of. It's generally believed she en-tered a convent." "A convent!" Spence's throat dried queerly. "Gee, that's funny," he managed to say. Glancing up suddenly he found Sam's eyes intent on him. "Why did she go into a convent, or wherever she went, Sam?" "Why did you go to California, kid?" "I told you; it was my chance to learn if I

"Why did you go to California, kid?" "I told you; it was my chance to learn if I could do something really worth while." "Um. Well, in one of her letters Eva gave me the same reason for doing what she did. "You correspond with her?" "Once in a while." Spence leaked at his watch roce from his

Spence looked at his watch, rose from his chair. Picking up his hat he closely examined the little white bow on its sweat-band. "Next time you write, remember me to her

and tell her I wish her luck and—happiness." "I sure will." Sam rose. "Listen, Spence; if

your third act is anywhere near as good as your first two-

"Oh, the play." Spence put his hat on. "You better read it, Sam, before you start making any plans for it. Good luck, old-timer." A week after Spence returned to Hollywood a

letter from Sam reached him.

letter from Sam reached him. "Third act O.K. . . . feel sure I can place the play . . . it's different . . . wish you would trust me with a power-of-attorney to sign con-tracts, etc., for you. . . But don't become impatient. It may take some time to place the play where we're sure of the right cast and pro-duction. . . . Haven't heard from Eva since you left. . . ." you left. .

It was in the first week of October when Spence sent Sam his power-of-attorney. Six months passed before he heard further from Bowers. Early one morning in April an office-

bowers. Early one morning in April an office-boy delivered a telegram to him. "Your play opens Atlantic City Monday April twenty-fourth starring Eva Kingsly.

A mass of confused thoughts began tumbling about in Spence's brain.

"Starring Eva Kingsly—in my play? Has Sam gone crazy? Has the producing manager gone coo-coo along with him? She'll clown every

gone coo-coo along with him? She'll clown every scene. She can't play that part. She'll ruin it!" He glanced again at the telegram. "April twenty-fourth—that's next Monday! I can't get there in time! Why didn't Sam wire me before? Why the secrecy? Why—" Spence banged his fist on his desk. "I know—they don't want me there. They've changed and altered and jazzed up my play so much they're afraid to let me see it until after it's been pro-duced." He grabbed the telephone on his desk

He grabbed the telephone on his desk. "Gimme the information desk at the Salt Lake railroad station!"

Three minutes later Spence tore out of the studio and jumped into a taxi. The Salt Lake train had begun to roll when he leaped from the (Continued on page 54)





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The Trouble With Clowns

(Continued from page 52)

same taxi and, with his traveling bag, picked up at his hotel, openly scattering clean linen along the platform, swung onto the steps of the rear Pullman.

Long before he reached Philadelphia, long before he changed to the Atlantic City train, Spence had sunk deep in a swamp of melancholy even more poignant than the injustice he felt had been done him. For in his play he had written Eva Kingsly as the girl of his dreams. All the things he had ever wanted to tell Eva, and had been unable to, he had put into his play. The actual scene on the veranda of Sam's house had suggested the big love scene of his play, a scene of sweet confession in which Spence had bared his heart, never imagining that Eva would ever see it.

But Eva had seen it. There could be no doubt that she had recognized the two principal characters of the play as herself and Spence. Eva would know his secret, just as surely as she would clown the very scenes in which his longing for her was made manifest. She couldn't help herself.

NO SENSE of humor as keen as Eva's was required to see how those sentimental scenes

might be kidded into comedy scenes; how his play might be distorted into farce. That explained everything; it explained why Eva had been cast for the star part, Eva, the clown, unable to breathe in the confining space between convent walls; it explained why Sam had kept him in ignorance of the play's prepara-tion, and why he had not notified him of the opening until he thought it impossible for Spence to arrive in time to witness it.

But always and ever, Spence's thoughts came back to Eva. He hadn't believed she could be so Knowing his love for her, which she cruel. crucie. Knowing his love for her, which she would know from her first reading of the play, even though she could make sport of it, it was inconceivably heartless of her to ridicule his

inconceivably heartless of her to ridicule his work, his first serious work, for her own ad-vancement. That cut deep. And so, in Atlantic City, Spence hid himself in the hotel room to await darkness and the opportunity to slip unnoticed into a gallery seat to see the wreckage of his play. "Just a few hours more," he said, chin sunk on chest, legs sprawled before him, tired out with the thoughts that had kept him miscrably awake for four nights on the sleeper, "and it'll all be over. Gee, how I hate clowns!" hate clowns!"

hate clowns!" And hating them, his eyes closed and he slept; slept while the curtain rose on his play; slept while New Yorkers in the audience gasped and rubbed their eyes as they watched Eva Kingsly; slept while the flyman lowered and raised the curtain twelve times at the close of the second act, until Eva quieted the storm of applause with a little speech in which she regrated the abact, until Eva quieted the storm of applause with a little speech in which she regretted the ab-sence of the author who was in California; slept all through the third act and while Eva, running off the stage at the final curtain, buried her head on Sam's shoulder and wept from sheer happiness—and something else—until Sam whispered something in her ear that made her raise startled eyes to his, sent her scurrying into her dressing-room to tear off her costume and her dressing-room to tear off her costume and hastily don street-clothes; slept until Woodfeld, Bowers and Eva tiptoed into his room, turned on the electric lights and in loud chorus tried to make him understand what a tremendous hit his

play was. "It's good for two years on Broadway or I'm a Chinaman," shouted Woodfeld. "And listen, young man, before this night is over I want your signature on an agreement to furnish Eva's next play. You've established her in this piece as an

play. You've established her in this piece as an emotional actress—" "An emotional actress—in this play?" Spence forced a grin. "Quit kidding." Woodfeld frowned in puzzlement. "Good Gad, Carlton, you didn't write that big scene at the end of the second act for *comedy*, did you?"

at the end of the second act for *comedy*, did you?" "What difference does it make what I wrote it for? With Miss Kingsly playing it—" Sam Bowers, his voice gentle, finished Spence's broken speech. "With Miss Kingsly playing it to-night there wasn't a dry eye in the audience, old man; not even mine."

Spence stared at him uncomprehending, un-

able to believe his ears. "Mr. Woodfeld and I are going downstairs to secure a table and order a little supper," Sam continued. "You two will join us in a few moments, won't you?"

The door closed behind the two older men. Spence turned to Eva. She was at the window, looking down at the lights that lined the boardwalk.

walk. "Eva, you tell me," he pleaded. "Was I still asleep when I heard Sam say you made the audience cry; or"—his voice trembled with eagerness—"or was I right, after all?" "Right about what?" Eva asked faintly. "Right when I told Woodfeld you could do serious work; right in knowing—all the time— that you had a big golden heart hidden away deep within you." "You believed that—all the time?" Eva's little hand fluttered to her breast. Then, at

little hand fluttered to her breast. Then, at what she saw in Spence's eyes, she ran to him, threw her arms about his neck and pulled his cheek down to her red lips. Followed several minutes of disjointed but in-

Followed several minutes of disjointed but in-tensely satisfying speech and action. "Now sit down," Eva commanded, perching herself on the arm of Spence's chair and tidily putting in order certain locks of hair, "and listen to the story of how you ruined a perfectly promising comedienne. To begin with, you may as well know that from the moment I saw youas well know that from the moment I saw youwait; you meant what you said a minute ago, when we were standing there so Romeo-and-Julietish with the window blind all the way up, you meant what you said then, didn't you?"

you meant what you said then, didn't you?" "That I was going to marry you to-morrow morning as soon as the License Bureau opened? I'll tell the world I meant it." "Never mind the world—tell me." Naturally it had to be told with embellishments. "Thanks. Now, to continue; from the first moment I saw you, all other men acquired an insipidity that was appalling. You'll never guess how hard I tried to make an impression on you, and how hard it was to do so."

WRONG, ANGEL. You never guessed how hard the impression was you made on me." "No human could, dearest. I nearly lost my

eyesight looking for encouraging—to me—signs. But every single time I tried to lead our care-free conversations into same paths, you would corrupt the party with a nifty remark, and all corrupt the party with a nifty remark, and all I'd get for my pains was a laugh. Finally I concluded that you didn't want to be serious— with me. That was my cue to withdraw up-stage, into the background." "Laughing," added Spence. "Externally only; not from the heart," amended Eva. "I could stand the kidding, but when you callously insulted me—" "I—insulted you?"

-insulted you?"

"I—insulted you?" ""When I marry,' says I. 'You! Marry?' says you, grinning. Then I saw you had me nicked as something no man wanted, and a brilliant crimson immediately colored the entire bring because I felt it might do you good and couldn't make you think less of me anyway. But when even in that hectic moment you started clowning with a caterpillar—"

clowning with a caterpillar—" "Sweetheart, is it my fault I abhor cater-pillars exploring my person? I seem to recall that you weren't averse to giving yourself a laugh on your exit on that occasion. Slapping mosquitoes to death on each other's foreheads is not exactly a sentimental pastime." "Pride; pride and self-respect prompted that line," Eva replied primly. "If it's any satisfac-tion to you, I didn't sleep a wink all night, or a lot of nights after that." As she talked on, her yoice grew warm and vibrant with the rich

lot of mights after that. As she talked on, her voice grew warm and vibrant with the rich tones Spence had detected that first day at the Royal. "During the day, I could forget there was such a person as you fairly effectively. But at night-

And when you're thinking of and loving and wanting some one three thousand miles away, every night seems three thousand hours long, doesn't it?" said Spence, softly. "If I'd only known you were suffering too, how happy I'd have been," sighed Eva, snuggling

closer. "But not an idea of that did I get until Sam gave me the first two acts of your play to read." "Why did he do that?"

"He knew what my ambition was—" "Your ambition?"

44

-and the confidence I had in your ability. So he gave me your play. And I read it. And reading it I experienced nearly every human emotion. First, as I recognized you and me in the characters, surprise; then, as I saw what you thought I thought of you, annoyance and pity; then, reading what you thought of me, shame. But beginning the second act I began to feel happiness and love, Spence; the same honest-to-goodness love you were writing about. and it made me proud; proud and selfish. It was our play, yours and mine. I made up my mind that no one should play it but me. No-

body could play that part but me. It was me. "So I went to Sam. 'What's the quickest and "So I went to Sam. 'What's the quickest and best way for me to fit myself to do this play?

I asked. "'You wouldn't take the way if I told you,'

he said. "'Try me,' I told him. "'Go get a job in a dramatic repertoire company or a little dramatic stock company that puts on a new show every week or twice a week. Don't let them know you're Eva Kingsly, the comedienne. Forget it yourself. Lose yourself comedienne. Forget it yourself. Lose yourself out in the sticks for a season, learning and play-ing as many different parts in as many different dramas as you can. Watch the leading ladies you'll be playing with. Learn how they draw tears from an audience. Never mind if you do pick up a lot of bad tricks and mannerisms. I'll break you of them when you get back. It'll be hard work and ill-paid work, but if you're serious in your wish to become an emotional be nard work and ill-paid work, but if you're serious in your wish to become an emotional actress it will give you the experience and training you'll never get on Broadway. Have you got the nerve to drop out of sight for a season to learn whether you'll ever be anything but one of the cleverest comediances in the but one of the cleverest comediennes in the business?" Eva paused.

"So that's where you were; playing the sticks," Spence said, his eyes kindling with admiration

"And, oh, mister, they was some sticks! I played everything from Topsy to Portia in tents and Town Halls, with and without scenery. And just about the time I was ready to admit I didn't know any more about emotional acting than a pig knows of the Kingdom of Heaven, good old Sam came back on the stage one night and told me I was ready to play your show. He and Mr. Woodfeld had been following the troupe I was with for a week without letting me know. A month later we put your play into rehearsal." "Why didn't Sam or Woodfeld notify me, sweetheart?"

"If they had wired you that I was going to be starred in your play, honestly, Spence, tell the truth, what would you have done after first sending a telegram that would have burned every wire between Hollywood and New York?" Spence laughed. "You guessed right. What

was the plan?" "To try me out in the piece first. If I failed. to have Mary Carr ready to step into my shoes. Oh, please know how humble I feel, dear, but I didn't fail. I couldn't. Sam told me to-night he knew I wasn't going to fail last week—and wired you to come on. You see, I was scared to wired you to come on. You see, I was scared to death for fear I'd ruin the beautiful play you'd written."

written." "I wrote it for you, angel. But why didn't you ever hint that your ambition was to become a serious artiste?" "I'll tell you, honey. I was afraid you'd laugh at me. You know, I didn't believe you ever took anything seriously and I didn't want you making fun of me. That's the trouble with a clown; you never know—" clown; you never know

The telephone bell interrupted her. "All right, Sam, we'll be right down," Spence said into the instrument.

Eva glanced into the mirror of the dresser, touched her hair, shook out the folds of her skirt. "Spence, dear, are you going to say anything to Mr. Woodfeld to-night about our being married to-morrow?"

being married to-morrow?"
"Don't you want me to?"
"I don't mind Sam knowing it; he's probably guessed it already. But Mr. Woodfeld is apt to (Continued on page 56)

Why Teeth Shine Now

People combat the film

You see prettier teeth wherever you look today. They are cleaner, safer than the teeth of old.

Make this delightful test and learn how people get them.

The cloud is film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. Under old methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it discolors and forms dingy coats, then teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid.. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film is the teeth's great enemy, so dental science long sought ways to fight

Protect the Enamel

world over



it. Two ways were found, and proved out by many careful tests. One disintegrates the film, the other removes it without harmful scouring.

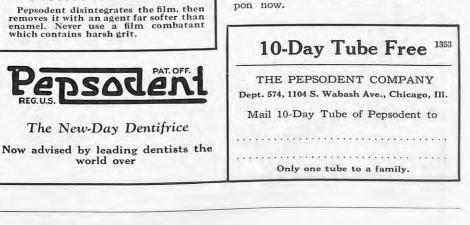
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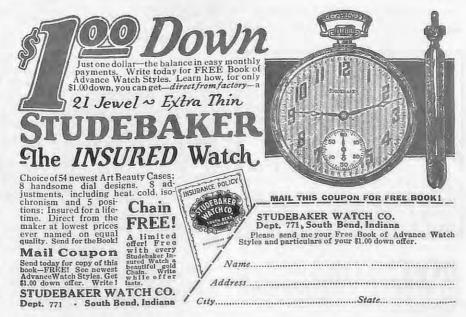
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The Trouble With Clowns

(Continued from page 55)

try to say something funny about it-you know what I mean." "Sure; he'll imagine it's his cue to start

kidding-

"Not that I mind being kidded-" "Nor me. But there are certain times when kidding and clowning are entirely out of place-

"Exactly; and people like Woodfeld never seem to know when to stop or-"Doesn't it make you tired-"

"Frightfully."

" Frightfully. A pause, silent but not devoid of action. "Well, I suppose there's nothing to do but go on downstairs, Spence." "I suppose so, Eva."

Tropics

(Continued from page 10)

"Look at the size of the telegram—and the length of the classic quotations which he pulls!

"Will bring in a prettier penny if we act quick!" That same evening a bush-runner was des-patched to Gillak Marabuk, asking the latter to send an emissary to talk over the gold con-cessions; and ten days later, while Calhoun was in the jungle shooting stone-partridges, a half-caste Lolo who had taken Tsek Illaguk's place announced to Jones that the emissary had arrived with two women

arrived, with two women. "Women?" The Virginian was puzzled. "Yes," said the half-caste; and, thoroughly familiar with aboriginal customs, he explained that doubtless Gillak Marabuk's envoy was a very important tribesman and that he proved

very important tribesman and that he proved it by traveling with part of his harem. "All right," said Jones. "Show him in." Shortly afterwards, accompanied by his two wives, the emissary entered and salaamed. It was Tsek Illaguk. "Why — hello!" Jones was astonished. "You — ?"

"You-""

The man had changed since he had left the station. Gone, with his European clothes, was his painfully acquired European bearing, half arrogance and half fawning. The wilderness had drawn him in. The wilderness had regenerated him. The immensity of the outspreading forests, the thick stillness of the bush, the clogging, maddening heat, all seemed to envelop him, like a colossal, primitive, cosmic energy.

He spoke in the dialect of his tribe, choosing his words with care, as became an important man:

"I came with a message, O Greatness, from Gillak Marabuk, the chief." And, after an infinitesimal pause, pointing at the women: "He is my father-in-law. He has no sons. Some day—may it be many, many years hence!—I shall succeed him." "Sit down!" invited Jones. "Thank you, O Greatness!"

Tsek Illaguk squatted cross-legged while the two women stood left and right of him, one fanning him with a silver-handled yak tail, the other preparing betel leaf, lime, and a coca nut with nimble hands. "What is the chief's message?" asked the

Virginian.

"It is what I advised him!"-significantly. "You?"

"It is what I down "You?" "Indeed." Calm he seemed, sitting there, and magnificent, and rigid, holding himself with sort of solemn modesty. "I told you, O a sort of solemn modesty. "I told you, O Greatness," he went on unhurriedly, "that some day I shall succeed the chief. Already he is growing old. Already he listens to me—and so, through me who knows well the ways of the

jungle sent you a high muckamuck trebly-exalted grand-sachem ..." "Hush!" whispered Jones. "He speaks

exalted grand-sachem . ." "Flush!" whispered Jones. "He speaks English. Look who it is!" He pointed; and Calhoun, following the direction of the finger, saw that Tsek Illaguk who was now silent, chewing his betel, staring at him from beneath lowered eyelids in an attitude of impassive attention.

Calhoun had forgotten his earlier dislike of the man. Even, remembering the occasion when he had beaten him, he may have been a little ashamed of it now that the tropics had seasoned him. At all events he greeted him with pleasant,

him. At all events he greeted min with pleasant, lighthearted words: "Well—you've got on in the world, haven't you? I'm awfully glad—really. . . ." Then, a sudden sunray dancing through a chink in the rattan-shuttered window, he caught sight of the two women. Perhaps, subcaught sight of the two women. Perhaps, sub-consciously, at that very moment he recalled Sheng Pao's warning that to a savage laughter is the one unforgivable insult. But he could not help himself. Before he realized what he was doing, obeying an irrepressible, youthful in-stinct, he burst into peals of laughter. Again and again he tried to stop it; choked with the effort; found it physically impossible. He could not have stopped his laughter just then had his life depended on it.

Nor, in a way, could he be blamed for the outburst.

burst. For, even at her best, a Ngo-Su belle is no beauty, at least from the European angle. And when she is decked out in the dernier cri of jungly fashion, the effect is decidedly grotesque. It was so with Tsek Illaguk's wives. About to face a great chief of the Whites, they had put on their best trappings. Bold, broad lines of ochre and green ran from their receding foreheads down the length of their flat noses and branched over to their checks in an auda-

and branched over to their cheeks in an audacious curl reminiscent of a pig's tail, to disappear somewhere behind the ears. The latter were weighted and pulled out of shape by large pieces of bone inserted lengthwise into the lobes, and of bone inserted tengenne has not tobes, and their underlips had received a similar treatment. They had reddened their filed teeth with betel, and had forced their frizzy hair, with the help of clay and grease, into bizarre, horned helmets. Their lemon-colored bodies, naked but for the loin cloths of woven grass, shone with generous applications of rancid palm-oil, while coil upon coil of silver wire ran up their arms and their thin legs. Besides, they wore, distributed over their anatomies, a collection of barbaric orna-ments worth three or four elephant tusks. "Randolph!" came Blennerhassett Jones' warning cry, "Randolph—oh. . . . " But the younger man could not control his laughter. It was almost hysterical. Then, of a sudden, he broke off—in mid-air. He felt thoroughly ashamed; turned to Tsek Illaguk: their underlips had received a similar treatment.

Illaguk:

Illaguk: "I-I am sorry ..." and, coining a lame white-lie: "I-I thought of a joke..." "Yes!" interrupted Tsek Illaguk, calm, pas-sionless as fate. "A joke! You are fond of jokes, fond of laughter, eh?" He was silent. The atmosphere of the room seemed tense and hushed with waiting—for comething. something.

"Tillaguk, you came here with a message...." "Yes, Greatness." "Let's have it." Presently Jones' voice cut through the silence,

"Let's have it." And Illaguk, speaking in English, commenced by saying that his was a free tribe, outside of British or Chinese jurisdiction, granting inde-pendent charters to whomever it pleased. "But," he added, "suppose the British ...?"

"But," he added, suppose the british . . .?" He slurred; was silent. Jones looked up sharply. Could word of the C. C. C. C.'s intention already have reached the border? Tsek Illaguk's next words convinced him that the man knew:

the British come will hold water-tight. My own government, the American, will see to that."

"I know."

"And we will offer you better terms than the C. C. C. C." "I know that, too. That's why Gillak Mara-

buk is ready to sign the charter." "Bully!"

"Bully!" "But—not here!" "Not—here? What do you mean?" "I mean that the dignity of my tribe does not permit it. It is you who beg—we who grant! The charter must be signed in our country. And, Greatness, time is precious. There are the British. There is the C. C. C. C. You must send a representative at once, a man of dignity and position. I am returning south to-day. Let position. I am returning south to-day. Let

him accompany me." "I get your point," said Jones. "But—" he puzzled—"Whom can I send? My partner is away, and I can't leave this station. You used to work for us. You know our iron-cast rule that either Sheng Pao or I must always be here, at headquarters. We have too much

that either Sheng Pao or I must always be here, at headquarters. We have too much money invested here. We wouldn't dare to...." "There is Mr. Calhoun," said Tsek Illaguk, casually. "He is your relative and a White Man, an important man. He will be an accept-able envoy to my chief." Calhoun jumped up. "Great!" he cried enthusiastically. "I'm crazy to go!" Came a long, nervous silence. The *tick-chk-tick*.

Came a long, nervous silence. The *tick-chk-tick* of a tiny scorpion scurrying across the room was

the only noise.

Blennerhassett Jones was perturbed. Here was the chance, the development of the border land—for gold would lead to other things—of which he had often dreamed. If he did not avail himself of it, the British would annex the country and give a grant to the C. C. C. C. It was not the loss of eventual gain which rankled. It was the idea of defeat; at the hands of their bitterest rival. But would he dare send Calbitterest rival. But would he dare send Cal-houn—Calhoun who, a few months earlier, had whipped Tsek Illaguk—who had just insulted him again by laughing at him—Calhoun, whom the other hated, and whom he loved? And there was nobody else whom he could send. Tsek Illaguk held the winning hand and knew it. "No" would mean an end to his dream of developing the horder: would mean, too, an end It. "No" would mean an end to his dream of developing the border; would mean, too, an end to the firm's prestige in Southern China. "Yes" might mean death to Calhoun... Tsek Illaguk must have read the American's thoughts. For he smiled. "We have well some to your young relative"

"No harm will come to your young relative,"

he said. "Damn your cheek!" cried Calhoun. "Think I'm afraid of you?"

Jones laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. "Let the man speak," he whispered.

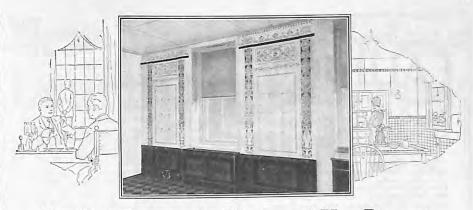
"Let the man speak," he whispered. "I AM Tsek Illaguk, the Ngo-Su, the emissary of Gillak Marabuk," continued the native slowly, with tremendous sincerity. "But once I was Tsek Illaguk, the mission-boy, a clerk in the employ of Jones & Sheng Pao. As such I was grievously beaten, and it is but right that I should be looked upon with suspicion. For it is a fact that we Ngo-Sus never forget an insult." "True," commented Jones. "And so," went on Illaguk, "when I returned to mine own people without having made my honor white, without having killed, the men of my tribe laughed at me, the women called me many obscene names, and the little children mocked at me. But I bore the contempt and the insults. For I was educated by the White padres at Rangoon. I learned certain lessons. I repaid evil with good. And finally I won out. Gillak Marabuk looked on me with favor. And to-day I am his son-in-law and a chief, sent to you, Greatness, by a bigger chief." He naused: then snoke ranidly:

you, Greatness, by a bigger chiel." He paused; then spoke rapidly: "To-day I sit in a high place. No longer do the men laugh at me. Now I ask that Mr. Cal-houn return with me, since time is precious. But—it is just that suspicion should turn against me, considering the beating which I received at his hands.

"Then why ask me to send Calhoun with you?" demanded Jones.

Illaguk turned straight to him. "Tell me—does ever a Ngo-Sus break his oath?" No!"

"Listen to my oath!" said the other. "Many months ago, when he beat me, Mr. Calhoun (Continued on page 5δ)



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58

THE REPORT OF A CONTRACT OF A

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Name.

St. and No.....



Tropics

(Continued from page 57)

laughed, enjoying belike my humiliation. Today he laughed at my women. For a gay heart is his, a tongue dripping with mirth. So I promise that as long as he remains in our land, laughter, loud, full, shall not die from his lips. There shall be no killing in revenge for the There shan be no kning in revenge for the beating. It is forgotten, because of the gay heart, the laughing lips." He raised his hands with utter solemnity. "I swear it by your God, Greatness, and by the gods of my tribe. May my right arm dry on my body—may I eat dirt— may my wives have ten thousand lovers if I lie!" "You're a good scout after all!" exclaimed Calbour, rushing up to him and easing his hand

Calhoun, rushing up to him and seizing his hand.

"You're a sport—that's what you are! And— well—I beg your pardon for—you know..." And so—for there was no doubt that Tsek Illaguk spoke the truth—Calhoun accompanied him back to the huts of his people.

him back to the huts of his people. When a few days later Sheng Pao returned and heard what had happened, he looked grave. "Have you forgotten what I told you?" he said to Blennerhassett Jones. "A jungly man is a jungly man always!" "He gave his oath."

"WOULD you keep meat on trust with a jackal? Will a crow become white by bathing in the river?"

And yet I'm sure that he will keep his oath." "So am I, O wise and older brother."

"So am 1, O wise and older brotner." "Then what are you worrying about? What do you imagine will happen to Calhoun?" "I don't know. But I shall find out."

"How?

"By going south-to the land of the Ngo-Sus

-to-day—" "Oh—" Jones was silent; considered; looked up. "You are not going," he announced. "Why not?"

"It's up to me. If fault there was, it was mine. Besides, the heat is great, the trip rough,

mine. Besides, the near is great, the trip rough, and I am lean—while you are——" "A mountain of fat! I know it, feel it!" The Manchu smiled; was serious again. "You must travel fast," he added. "Yes. There are those two racing drome-daries that belong to your Tartar clerk. May I take one?"

take one?" "Surely."

"Surely." "All right. I shall leave within the hour." And within the hour he was in the courtyard where Uzbek Khan, Sheng Pao's confidential Tartar secretary, was adjusting the nose rope of a thoroughbred sowarri dromedary. He vaulted into the saddle. The animal grunted, snarled, refused to move snarled, refused to move.

But the Tartar pricked its soft nose with his dagger.

"Begone," he shouted, "thou noseless son of a donkey! Begone, thou drunkard! Thou seller

a donkey: begone, thou trunkard. Thou sener of unclean pig's tripe!" And the camel was off to the south, Jones bobbing up and down in the peaked saddle, while Sheng Pao turned to Uzbek Khan with gliding words:

"Can you lie?" "Yes, Excellency." "How well can you lie?" "I can lie like truth."

"I can he like truth." "Ah! Harmonious and exquisite! Do you know the confidential agent of the C. C. C. C. c. in Yun-nan-fu?" he went on. "Yes. A coarse-haired barbarian called Macdonald."

Macdonald." "The same. You will take your other drome-dary and leave for Yun-nan-fu. You will seek out the foreigner. You will convince him with out the foreigner. You will convince him steht your split Tartar tongue that you are no longer in my employ, that I cheated you, beat you, caused you to lose face—whatever you prefer— it makes no difference. But he must believe you. Then you will sell to him—for hard cash which you may keep—certain information." "Untrue information?"

"Untrue information?" "No. True information—by the Buddha! For you will tell him that our firm is about to sign a charter with Gillak Marabuk and that the C. C. C. C. must act quickly to prevent it. The British must declare a protectorate at once. They have soldiers on the Burman border. A telegram from Mr. Macdonald to Hongkong— an exchange of cables between the latter place, London, Calcutta, and Rangoon—a military

order to the border—a few days—and the trick is done, the tea is poured! You will start immediately."

The Elks Magazine

"Listen is obey, Excellency." So, while Blennerhassett Jones was hurrying south, Uzbek Khan hurried north, and, by the end of the week, the deep-sea cables hummed and zummed.

With several results:

With several results. In a snug, red-plushed, wainscoted, cigar-flavored office at No. 10 Downing Street, Lon-don, a gray man with a gold-framed pince-nez upon a blunt and shapeless nose spoke sono-rously and imperialistically to another gray man with dropping side, which are and wrinkled hands. with dropping side-whiskers and wrinkled hands.

In Calcutta a weary Viceroy sighed, thought to himself that the Empire was large and un-wieldly enough, and motioned to the scarlet-turbaned Rajput *khilmutgar* to fill the brandy glass so that he might forget his worries.

In the mess-room of a certain British regiment near the Burman border the officers rose, toasted the coming campaign across the frontier, and agreed with the youngest subaltern who hoped that "the beggars will put up a scrap!" In the Taping jungle station Sheng Pao smoked his long, yellow-tasseled bamboo and waited for developments. They came

They came.

Three weeks later, when the fetid heat had given way to cooler weather, to breezes that puffed and eddied out of the west, and when an early rainfall had washed the sweat from the face of the land, Blennerhassett Jones rode again into the station.

He was not alone. In front of him, carefully strapped to the horn of the saddle and partly upheld by the Virginian's arm, was a bundle which twitched and jerked grotesquely and once in a while broke into a soul-freezing, hysterical fit of laughter.

fit of laughter. The dromedary stopped, dropped to its knees, and Jones stepped from the high saddle and gently lifted the bundle to the ground. It moaned again and wobbled strangely, and the Virginian picked it up in his strong, lean arms. "All right, my boy, all right," he said as he carried it up the veranda steps. "We're home. Vou'll be asleep in no time."

He carried the bundle into the room, put it on a couch. Sheng Pao came in a moment later, bent over, peered anxiously into the thin, dis-torted features of Randolph C. Calhoun, who had left the station a few weeks ago brimming with health.

"Buddha!" he exclaimed. "What have they done to you?"

Calhoun tried to speak. He could not. His whole body shook in a terrible spasm. Finally

words came to him. "Illaguk kept his oath—" he whispered in a strange, cracked voice. "I laughed laughed. . . .

QUITE suddenly he swooned. Half an hour later he was sleeping quietly. The Manchu, with supreme contempt of European medical science, had first forced him into con-sciousness by beating him violently with a rough towel, and had immediately afterwards plunged him into sleep with the help of half a dozen opium pills. It was only then that Blennerhassett Jones

It was only then that Blennerhassett Jones told his partner what had happened. "Yes," he said. "Illaguk kept his oath. Nothing but laughter he promised Calhoun. He gave it to him. How? Well—first Gillak Marabuk signed the charter. Here it is." He threw it on the table. "That part's all right. Immediately afterwards half a dozen Ngo-Sus fell upon Calhoun, put him on a low couch, and tied him with ropes. They took off his shoes and fell upon Calnoth, per this of a low couch, and tied him with ropes. They took off his shoes and stockings. They covered the soles of his feet with a strong solution of salt. Then Tsek stockings. They solution of salt. Then Tsek Illaguk had a goat brought in. And goats like salt, like to lick it—well—" he shuddered—" you can imagine the rest—Calhoun laughed—Illaguk hert bireath "How did you manage to rescue him?" asked

Sheng Pao. "Providence!"

"So?

"Yes. An hour after my arrival-I was still arguing with Illaguk, threatening him, flattering,



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

cajoling, offering money, accomplishing nothing —the vanguard of a flying British column marched into the village, ran up the Union Jack, and declared a British protectorate. It was and declared a British protectorate. It was Providence all right." "Well"—smiled the Manchu—"perhaps I played Deputy-Providence." "You?"

Vou?

"Indeed. You see-I sent the British there!"

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 35)

There was nothing in his heart but misery, humiliation, despair. He had lost everything, and lost it so irrevocably that he could find no comfort in revenge. He wanted to sit down and howl like a lost child, but the shame of Antrim's presence restrained him. If he discovered himself Antrim would come up to him and lead him back to the camp. Then the old agony would back to the camp. Then the old agony would begin all over again. Antrim and Janet would put their heads together, trying to save him. They couldn't save him. He was lost . . . lost! If once again he saw them together he thought he would go mad. Perhaps he was mad already. In that case all the more reason . . . Cautiously he turned. He crept away into the thick of the wood like a whipped dog until he felt sure that he was out of Antrim's hearing. Then he rose to his feet and began to blubher to

Then he rose to his feet and began to blubber to himself. Tears trickled down his cheeks; he could hear his own voice rising in a thin, strangled

could hear his own voice rising in a thin, strangled wail. He went blundering on and on through the undergrowth, fighting his way, heedless of thorns and thickets, on and on, muttering to himself the name of Janet . . . Janet . . . "Not wanted," he said. "Truth at last! Love . . . why did she lie to me?" He chuckled to himself. "No wonder! Antrim's a man and I'm not. I'm not a bad sort, though; not as bad as she thinks. I can play the game." He licked his lips. "Fade away . . . that's the idea . . . fade away. What does it matter?" He stumbled on. Often he paused in fright; for the little pans and the hammer in his pockets

for the little pans and the hammer in his pockets set up a mysterious metallic clashing. His limbs grew numb and leaden, his tongue cried out for water; but still the force that drove him had no pity. At sunset he staggered to the face of the eastern escarpment. Below, the golden coast-land faded away toward the sea. He laughed harshly, voicelessly, at the thought of the gold that lay hidden beneath it. "Everything . . . everything . . ." he mut-tered. "Lost . . . lost!"

He pulled his strength together for another effort. He went down and down into the growing shadow. 3

LEAVING Antrim, Janet Rawley returned without pausing to the camp. When she passed the *banda* in which she imagined that he was lying exhausted by his pitiful violence, and to which her conscience had urged her to return, her courage left her and she found that she could not force him. She and he her ever every disc, the not face him. Shamed by her own cowardice, she not face him. Shamed by her own cowardice, she stole past and hid herself in the hut where she and Antrim usually took their meals. There, huddled in a chair of green Indian canvas, she tried to collect her devastated mind, and to compel herself to the duty that she dreaded. The task was hopeless. All the props and stays, the repeated suggestions and moral scruples, with which she sustained it had given way beyond repair. That was enough in itself; but now the encounter with Antrim had swept away the last of the ruins. It was as though the

away the last of the ruins. It was as though the kisses that he had pressed upon her wet eyelids had restored her faculty of seeing things as they were. For how many years had she been blind

The thought of meeting Rawley left her and The thought of meeting Rawley left her and suddenly she saw herself again sobbing in An-trim's arms; she felt his strength sustaining her own shaken body, his hands that clasped her head, his lips. She shuddered at the memory of these things. That was the greatest disaster of all. She knew that she could love him; perhaps she loved him already; but this, of all others, was the end against which she had set her whole will. For the present her chame was her own secret

For the present her shame was her own secret. That did not mend matters She seriously de-bated if it were not her duty to let Rawley know what had happened; not at the present moment, (Continued on page 60)

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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 59)

when his nerves were exhausted by fever, but a little later, when they had left this hateful camp behind.

As for Antrim, he also must be confronted. She must explain to him that her weakness had betrayed her; that nothing but the absolute collapse of her will had allowed her to submit to his kisses; that they had left her as cold and un-interested as though they had come to her in a dream.

"Somewhere," she told herself, "I must find strength to meet him and speak the whole truth to him. He wouldn't be satisfied with less. Yet how the truth must would him! It is not his fault any more than it is mine. It is wrong, brutally wrong, that he should suffer. I'm a coward. I think I have no courage left."

SEARCHING for a renewal of strength, it occurred to her that she might find it in prayer. Somehow, since the day of her marriage with Rawley, she had ceased to pray; not so much because she had lost faith in the religion of her childhood as because she saw that Rawley could live without it, because she determined from the first to adapt herself to his standards.

With an emotion that was nearer to superstition than faith, she knelt down on the earth

floor of the banda and began to pray. It thrilled her to find that her mind was actually easier. "God has heard me," she thought. "He has pitied me. Now I must prove myself worthy of His pitty. I must forget that Captain Antrim exists. I must go back to Jack just as if nothing had happened." In her present state of mild religious exalta-

tion it was easy to resolve what she would do; but when she rose from her knees her heart failed her once more. In her loneliness her thoughts returned against her will to Antrim. It was not his love that she needed so much as the support of his strength, which seemed to her the one thing stable and permanent in that phantasmal world.

"But I can not be beaten now," she assured herself. "I am going straight to the *banda*, I am going to make a new start. I am going now. If I hesitate I shall never go."

She pressed her hands to her throbbing eyes and stepped to the door of the hut. Then she heard a voice calling her, "Missis! Missis!" and saw that Dingaan was running toward her. The wildness of his eyes and his shouting filled her with a new terror

Trembling she waited for him. Forcing her voice to calmness she asked what was the matter.

Dingaan was beside himself. It was terrible to see the smiling creature she knew suddenly transformed into a savage with murderous eyes and a weapon in his hand. He pushed past her into the hut crying, "Where is he? Where is

and a weapon in his hand. He pushed past her into the hut crying, "Where is he? Where is he? The toto. An hour ago he was in my hut. Now he is gone. Where is he?" She tried to calm him. "He'll come back, Dingaan. You mustn't worry yourself. Of course, he'll come back. Stay here quietly and I'll go and look for him myself." She laid her hand on his arm, but the Zulu wrenched himself away from her. "No, he has gone," he said. "He will not come back. He has been driven out by fear of the big baas. He has gone into the bush. He will die. Now I go to kill the big baas." "No, no," she cried. "You'll wait here till Bwana Cui comes back. Remember that you promised him."

promised him."

"Bwana Cui make a fool of me," he cried. "Now I kill him."

In a flash of fear she saw a vision of Rawley lying exhausted and sullen on his stretcher bed. With no thought for herself she caught again at Dingaan's arm. He pushed her aside. She fell, and in the next instant they were running to-gether toward Rawley's *banda*. She was crying, "Jack! Jack! Get away! It's Dingaan—he'll murder you!"

They reached the door of the hut together. She flung herself at the Zulu's neck. Cursing in his own language he tossed her aside and she fell heavily against the wall of the banda, her weight crushing through the grass of which it was made. Dingaan staggered away from her toward Rawley's bed, his clubbed rifle uplifted. The scene spun round as she screamed a last warning

The lifted rifle did not fall. Rawley's bed Dingaan, muttering unintelligible was empty. was empty. Dingaan, muttering unintelligible words, rushed from the *banda*. She crawled on to her knees, giddy and trembling. She knew that she was laughing. She couldn't stop laughing. And in between the gasps of laughter she was muttering like a parrot, "Thank God— thank God—thank God!"

She was kneeling by Rawley's empty bed. It still bore the imprint of his body in the place where he had been sitting when panic had driven her away from him. Suddenly she came to hersenses. He had really gone. He had taken with him the khaki coat with the big pockets. An hour before it had been hanging over the head. of the bed. She had thought to mend the place where the pocket was torn. But he had left his sun-helmet behind. He was gone. And Dingaan, murderously mad, was after him. And she was helpless-helpless.

Why had she prevented Antrim from coming back with her to the camp? If he had come with her this horror, at least, might have been avoided, for once already he had mastered the passion of Dingaan.

She ran into the open and called Asmani; but no one answered her. It was impossible that she should do nothing; if she stood still she felt that she would go mad. With a vague-ness of purpose that did not strike her as ridicuous, she found herself running through the woods in the direction of the glade in which she and Antrim had parted, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but her own harassed breath and the thudding of her heart.

Suddenly, in the midst of her running, she heard a shot; two shots in quick succession. It was as though a bullet had pierced her heart; as though, in that moment, she had died. "It's over," she thought. "He's fired. He's killed him!"

She went on walking in a dream until she be-came vaguely aware that some one was following her, overtaking her. She supposed it was Din-gaan. "Now that he's killed him," she thought, "perhaps he will kill me. What does it matter?" She did not turn to look till Antrim's hand

was on her arm. 4 BETWEEN the shock and the relief of this

meeting she broke down into sobs and excited words. "Thank God I've found you! Oh, thank

God! Have you seen him? Dingan—he had your rifle. I couldn't hold him. The toto had your fine. I couldn't hold him. The *low* had gone; he said that Jack had scared him away into the bush to die. He wasn't like a human being; just a wild beast. Then he said he'd kill Jack. He ran to the *banda*. I screamed to warn Jack that he was coming. When he didn't wasn't there. He'd gone too. Dingaan went tearing after him. And then the shots—you heard them? What can we do? We must do something!"

The steadiness of Antrim began to calm her. He was very haggard and old, his face drawn like a drab membrane blotched with tawny freckles, his eyes cold and very blue. Grasping her arm, he led her gently toward the camp, clarifying her jumbled story with a few short questions

questions. He led her toward the *banda*. "It's been too much for you," he said. "I shall do everything that can be done. Leave it to me. You must promise me that you'll lie down and rest." "Rest," she repeated. "How can I rest?" And then suddenly—"The shot, Captain Antrim, did you hear the shot?" "You I heard it. Are you make

Yes, I heard it. Are you going to promise me?"

"A child! I'm not a child. I must take my part. I've a right to do so. "You've no right to kill yourself. Here we

are The sight of the *banda* terrified her, recalling the agony of her struggle with Dingaan. She strained away from him and put her hands to

"No, I can't, I can't," she said quickly in a voice of horror. "Not here. I can never go inside that place again." her eyes.

(Continued on page 62)

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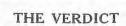
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Woodsmoke

"Then you can go to my banda instead."

agonized by her pain, unlocked his chop-box and forced her to swallow a peg of whiskey. "Now you'll stay here," he said firmly. "You may be worrying yourself unnecessarily. There's nothing unusual in your husband going off by himself. Probably he'll come back at sunset, and by that time Dingaan will have worked off his steam. It's ten to one against their meeting

and by that time Dingaan will have worked off his steam. It's ten to one against their meeting in the jungle. You must cheer up, now!" She shook her head. "No, no. He's killed him. I feel it. How can I stay here? What are you going to do?" "Tm going to hunt round for that little brute of a tota. Ull deal with Dingan when he

of a toto. I'll deal with Dingaan when he comes

back. Now I'm going to send out a search party. You'll stay here? Promise me?" It was only out of respect for Antrim that she promised. When she did so she saw a great relief in his eyes. He put out his hand to her, and for an instant she classed it. She saw an

relief in his eyes. The put out his hand to her, and for an instant she clasped it. She saw an overpowering flood of love and pity rising in his mind, and fearing that he would speak words that she dreaded, she dropped his hand and turned away. Antrim, seeing what her gesture meant, propped his rifle up against the wall of the hand and left her

She lay down on Antrim's stretcher and closed her eyes; but horror so soon filled the

blank which this created that she was forced to open them. Then she became aware of the

simple furnishings of Antrin's hut. One corner was filled with a pyramid of unopened boxes. On the dressing table, over which Dingaan had

spread a towel, lay a case of razors, a folding mirror, a pair of brushes with coarse bristles and

ebony backs, and a leather photograph frame in

which she saw the portrait of a woman. The dis-

covery of this portrait gave her a shock of curiosity and surprise. Was it possible that this was another woman whom he loved? She

stepped over cautiously to the table and exam-

ined it. A charming face, and young. Younger han herself. It was signed plainly "Honor".

A woman who loved him would not trust her-

self to more than the bare name. Her eyes

strayed from the portrait and she suddenly found herself staring at her own image in the shaving mirror. The face was thin and white

with pair; its enormous eyes stared back at her so strangely that they could not be her own. "Was I really like that," she thought, "when

he told me that he loved me and kissed my eyes?

She compared her own devastated features with the calm beauty of the woman in the portrait, and was smitten by a sudden gust of jealousy that filled her with shame. In the

distance she heard the high shrilling of Antrim's whistle. The sound accused her of eavesdropping. Guiltily she dropped the portrait and returned

Guiltily she dropped the portrait and returned to the bed. "I had no right," she thought, "to look at it." But what troubled her more than her curiosity was the emotion that she had felt, for this had surprised her into the admission of a truth

had surprised her into the admission of a truth which her whole will vehemently denied. "If I could feel like that," she thought, "there is no hope for me. The fact that I was jealous proves that I love him and that all my prayers were useless." She went cold with horror at her own abandonment. "After all these years," she

abandonment. "After all these years," she thought—"after all these years—" And then, to add to the degradation which she felt, she was suddenly tormented by a vision of the man whom she had wronged at the moment when he needed her most. She impaired the forms of Payther billion in

She imagined the figure of Rawley lying with

his skull shattered by a bullet in some tangled fastness of the bush. "It's I who have killed him," she said. "It's I who am a murderess." From this accusation there was no relief. Her

mind passed rapidly from one aspect of her guilt to another. She remembered small things in which she had failed in her duty; hard words

which she had tailed in her duty; hard words that had been wrung from her by overpowering distress; the last that she had spoken: "I'm going. I can't stand it." And the cry that had pursued her: "Janet—Janet! Don't leave me!" After an age of torment she heard again the shrilling of Antrim's whistle, the sound of voices and a surger of fact

and a scurry of feet. "Ah, you're still here," he said. "I knew I could rely on you."

the banda and left her.

(Continued from page 60)

She forced herself to speak. "You have found To this she submitted. Antrim, his face agonized by her pain, unlocked his chop-box and him?"

"The toto? No." "My husband," she whispered. "No. He has not come back. It is still early. You needn't give up hope." Dingaan has not come back, either," he continued in a level voice. "I have told the cook to prepare some food for you." "No, no," she cried, "Please don't. I couldn't think of it."

"But, my child, you can't talk like that."

He approached her, and she, dreading some tenderness, turned away from him.

"If you won't eat, you must certainly try to sleep," he said. "If you'll let me, I'll carry you over to your own bed."

But this frightened her more than ever. To touch him could only add to her inexpiable sin. "Mayn't I stay here?" she pleaded.

"Of course you can stay here."

"Of course you can stay here." "Then leave me, please." He hesitated for a moment. "Very well," he said. "Tilletyou know as soon as Rawley arrives." He went reluctantly. Night fell. Outside the banda a fire was lighted that threw a flicker-ing oblong of orange through the doorway to the pile of boxes in the corner. She heard the sticks crackle, the sound of lowered voices, and, in the near distance of the porters' camp, the rhythmical banging of an empty petroleum tin that echoed brutally in the emptiness of her brain.

SHE must have slept; for it was with the sud-denness of waking that she discovered at her elbow a chair on which food had been set, and heard the voices of Antrim and Asmani talking together in front of her door. They were speaking Swahili and she soon gathered that the matter was serious.

"The askaris must keep watch all night," Antrim was saying, "so that none of them are able to get away. I sha'n't hesitate to shoot." "What can we do? There are forty of them. You can not drive forty men to carry loads, even

with a rifle. As soon as they came to the village and found it empty I knew what would happen. They say: 'If these people, who know them, run away from the Masai, why should we who know nothing, except that they have long spears and drink blood, stay?' It is like a disease. It runs through the whole camp. We can not stop them through the whole camp. We can not stop them,

through the whole camp. We can not stop them, Bwana, they must go." "I suppose you are right. We can't stop them. You are not afraid, Asmani?" "I go with you, Bwana Cui." "Do you think," said Antrim's voice, "that Dingaan would follow the bwana kubwa like a buffalo until he killed him?" "The tota was precious to Dingaan. He was

"The toto was precious to Dingaan. He was like the pet mongoose that Bwana Tracey had: ugly vermin, but amusing. Dingaan was subject to a madness like the bwana kubwa himself, but as a rule it soon passed. I think he will come back to-night. Whether he has killed the bwana no one can say. Now I go to the Wag-wana," said Asmani. Antrim shifted his seat to windward of the fire in such a way that the shadow of his shoulders

stole within the banda and moved over the pile

of packing-cases. Suddenly the shadow grew monstrous, and then it disappeared, Asmani, in the distance, was calling "Bwana . . . bwana!" and Antrim had risen to see what had happened.

"He has come," Asmani panted. "Bwana Rawley?" Janet's heart fluttered. "Dingaan, Bwana." "Send him to me."

"He is coming." She held her breath in the silence. At last Antrim's voice came to her again, level, dispassionate.

'Well, Dingaan, where have you been?'

"I have been in the bush, Bwana." "That is true. Tell me the truth in other things. You made me a promise and you have broken it. I do not expect a Zulu to break promises. Give me the rifle."

A pause. "While I was away you tried to kill Baas Rawley in his bed."

"I was mad, Bwana. Jumaa had gone. The big baas had driven him away with fear." "The missis has told me."

"So far you have spoken the truth," Antrim continued. 'Now tell me truly again: where is the big *baas*?" "I do not know."

"You are lying to me, Dingaan. The sight of this revolver is on you. Speak the truth. Where is he? 'I do not know."

"You followed him with the rifle. You wanted

to kill him." "It is true, Bwana. There were many spoors. If I had found him I would have killed him; but I could not find him. I came to some water. I drank, and then I slept. When I awoke I did not want to kill him any longer. I thought: perhaps the toto is hiding near the camp and will come back; in that case I might have killed

the big baas for nothing." In the silence that followed, Janet heard the click of an opened rifle-breech. Then Antrim's voice

"You see this," he was saying. "The rifle has een fired. I am not a fool. What do you say been fired. I am not a fool.

"It is true, *Bwana*. I saw a shadow in the long grass. I thought it was the lion of last night. I fired."

"A good story, Dingaan."

"It is true, Bwana. Why should I tell you a lie? You have said that you can kill me with the revolver. I am not afraid. If you think that I am lying, you can shoot."

Janet, listening, held her breath.

'No, I shall not shoot," said Antrim quietly. "No, I shall not shoot," said Antrin queey. "I expect you to prove your innocence in another way. To-night we can do nothing; but to-morrow, at daybreak, you will go and find the big *baas*. When you have found him, I will believe you. This time I shall not give you the gun. You understand?"

"I will do what you say, *Bwana Cui.*" "In the meantime I will try and find Jumaa. You can be sure that I shall do my best. Tomorrow you will leave the camp. Until you find the big baas, you will not come back. Without him I do not wish to see you again. You can go." "I have spoken the truth, *Bwana*, and I will find him."

GRADUALLY the gleam of the fire died away from the interior of the *banda*. Outside was an unearthly quiet. Listening, Janet Rawley wondered whether Antrim was still sitting there or if he had stolen away. The sentence he had passed on Dingaan was terrible, but it was also just. It seemed to her typical of Antrim as she knew him: a strong man wisely adapting himknew him: a strong man wisely adapting him-self to the savage country and the people with whom, in the absence of law, he had to deal. She was thrilled with admiration. "If only," she thought tragically, "he did not love me!" At last, from utter exhaustion, she fell asleep.

In the gray before dawn she woke up frightened. Something stirred at the side of her bed. Her sleepy mind leapt at the idea of some savage visitor, a snake, or perhaps a leopard. She lay paralyzed with dread, unable to cry for help. I'hen on the back of her hand she felt something light, cold, smooth, like the skin of a snake. A

whisper reached her ear;

whisper reached her ear: "Bibi! Nataka maji." It was the toto, begging for water. "Jumaa!" she cried. "What a fright you gave me! We had lost you. Where have you been?" The child pointed to the pile of boxes in the corner. "I was afraid," he said. "I saw Bwana Cui go away, and then I thought: "The bwana hubbea will never go to that banda—no one goes homomore and slept. *kubwa* will never go to that *banda*—no one goes there but *Bwana Cni*—so I came here and slept. Now I am thirsty. Give me water." She gave him water to drink, then picked him

up in her arms and carried him out into the twilight. From a ground-sheet on the lee of the dead fire the figure of Antrim arose, gaunt in his pajamas. "He didn't leave me after all," she thought quickly. "What is it?" he asked.

"Jumaa. He was hiding behind your boxes all the time. Can you call Dingaan?" "Asmani will be awake," he said. He blew his whistle and in an instant the

Zanzibari was running toward them, ghostly white.

"Where is Dingaan?" Antrim asked, "Dingaan has gone," said Asmani.

CHAPTER XI

A LL through that day Janet was left alone with Asmani and the toto. This small animal, hav-ing satisfied himself that the big baas had mysteriously disappeared, attached himself to her more closely than ever. It was just as well that she found some interest to sober her thoughts; for horror lay in wait to fill the vast emptiness. Luckily Jumaa kept her busy, chattering away in Swahili as though to make up for the time of silence he had lost in hiding. Curiously enough he neither mentioned Dingaan's name nor seemed in the least anxious to know what had happened

"How inhuman the creature is," she thought; "How inhuman the creature is," she thought; "and how like Africa! That is the effect this country has on one. There is no pity in it. If I stayed here for long I should become as callous as this child."

This thought rose in her mind again when Antrim paid her a hurried visit in the middle of the day. Ever since dawn he and the porters. whom he had reduced to some semblance of discipline by the threat of his loaded rifle, had been quartering the bush in search of Rawley. He walked right up to the banda and asked if he might come in. He found it difficult to address her and she felt it a duty to help him out of his embarrassment:

"You have found nothing?" she asked. And when he replied: "Nothing," she saw herself strangely unmoved. She felt that some sympathy was demanded of her, but could not find a word.

"This afternoon we shall work to southward," he said. "Yes?" was all her reply.

The day dragged itself out. Twice, during the afternoon, the *toto* brought her food that she she could not eat. In this living death her body seemed to need nothing to support it. Half an hour after sunset Antrim returned, ghastly, from his vain search. "Not a sign," he told her. "Nothing." "And Dingaan?"

"No sign of Dingaan, either. I'm afraid it's a bad job. To-morrow we will have another try." Then he changed his tone. "Jumaa tells me that you have eaten nothing. That won't do. It's madness, or soon will be if you don't. Now you must come along with me and take some dinner. Everything is ready."

The idea still revolted her, but shame for the wrong she had done him compelled her to obey. "Besides," she thought, "if I allow myself to appear too pitiful his tenderness will get the better of him; he will be forced to show that he loves me; and that I simply couldn't bear."

So she followed him submissively and sat down in the firelight, pretending to eat the food that choked her. All the time she felt that Antrim was only eating to set her an example. The whole atmosphere of their meal was unreal and strange; the surroundings of the camp as unfamiliar as if she had never set eyes on them before. During the last twenty-four hours her memory had become blank as a newly sponged slate. While they sat together she tried to talk of ordinary things. It was a relief to her when "What is that?" she asked him. "It must be thirty miles away."

"They have fired the bush," he said. "That is what they do when they have passed, so that the young grass will be springing again when they rature? they return.

"Who?" she asked.

"The Masai," He was not anxious to explain. "The Masai," she repeated. "I heard you and We have Asmani talking about them last night. no reason to be frightened of them?

"Directly, no. Now I must leave you. Promise me that you will go to sleep to-night.

She promised, and frightened of his emotion she turned quickly away. When he had gone she stood watching the bush-fire with an empty mind, until she became aware of a great commotion in the porters' camp. It was there that Antrim had gone, and so she became suddenly frightened for him. She wished that she had gone with him; for she, after all, could wield a

rifle like a man, if he would let her. "But if I went now," she thought. "he would only be angry with me. I have promised him to go to sleep, and I must play the game. (Continued on page 64)

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Sherwin Cody

and mispronounce the sim-plest words. Few persons Sherwin Cody know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "el." And very few persons use any but the most com-mon words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, hum-drum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English. Every time you talk every time you merite you

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asking you to memorize any rules. One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write cor-rectly.

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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 63)

Reluctantly she returned to the banda and stretched herself on Antrim's bed without undressing. In the distance she still heard sounds of commotion. The thought of Antrim's danger so consumed her that when, for an instant, a vision of Rawley intruded itself, she realized with shame that she had forgotten all about him. She could not think that had happened to her. She had no idea that she was capable of such wickedness. It was her plain duty to think of no one else.

At last, without the summons for which she had been waiting, the tumult ceased. After that the night subsided into an uncanny quiet.

And then the thought of Rawley reentered her mind. 0

N EXT morning it was Antrim who awakened her.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "and don't get up. I'm going out at once, toward the east, and I'm taking Asmani with me. I wanted you to know that you'll be all alone. You and Ju-maa, I mean."

"You are taking every one else?" she asked. "They've taken themselves. They saw the Masai's fires, and I couldn't stop them. If you are in any trouble I want you to fire a shot. Here is the Purdey loaded in both barrels."

"But if there's no one here why shoudn't I come with you and Asmani?"

"I'd rather you didn't, for your own sake as well as mine. We shall have a gruelling day, and I want you to keep your strength for when Matters are rather complicated it's needed. just now.'

just now." "I will do exactly as you wish." "You're wonderful," she heard him say. It thrilled her; but he shouldn't have said it. All through that day she drove herself to an artificial busyness with Jumaa, who was en-chanted to do anything in her company. She and Jumaa fed the white donkey, by this time the only survivor of the team. They cooked their lunch together, and though the food tasted their lunch together, and though the food tasted

that have been also and hydrogen the tood fasted more of Jumaa than of anything else, she found that her appetite had mysteriously returned. She felt stronger, not only in body but in mind: so much stronger that she even dared to

put her strength to the test by reentering the banda that she had shared with Rawley and putting his things in order.

Evening came, and with it the duty of prepar-ing food for Antrim's return. They busied them-selves with their cooking till Antrim came back, haggard and faint with hunger. "So nothing happened?" he asked her with

a smile Nothing."

He said nothing of his failure to find Rawley or get in touch with Dingaan. There was nothing to be said. The fact that he and Asmani had returned alone was sufficient, and so, out of delicacy, she made no comment. He ate his dinner and then lay down flat on his back, half-dead with fatigue. She sat near him, afraid to look at him.

"We must make a *bandabast* for to-morrow." The word puzzled her. "Plans," he explained.

"We can't stay here forever. Without porters we are rather helpless. To-morrow Asmani and and a start in the search. There's only one patch that we haven't worked through thor-oughly. And now the element of time begins oughy. And now the element of time begins to come in. I mean that every day it becomes less likely. . . " He paused. "That he can be alive," she added softly. "Yes, I understand." "Without food . . . without knowing where

"Without food ... without knowing where water is to be found. You know what I mean. So that really, if we find nothing to-morrow, I don't think we should be justified in going on and on. With only two of us it's difficult to make a thorough search. It just gives him the chance of hearing us and calling out if any accident has happened. But three days is a long time in this country." "I'm afraid you're right." "I only want you to realize that I shall have

done everything humanly possible up to the

point when it becomes more important to think of you." "As if that mattered!" she thought. "To me neither life nor death means anything now. But he is so good about it that I can't be unkind to him. It would be cruel to tell him that he's

doing all this for nothing." "I am entirely in your hands," she said. "Decide what you think best."

He said good-night and left her sitting over the fire.

She began to wonder if, through her excess of delicacy and anxiety to make things easy for him, she hadn't shown a shocking callousness. "When he spoke of giving up the search for Jack and leaving him to his fate, whatever that may be, any normal woman would have been overcome with horror. I answered him as if he had come with horror. I answered him as if he had been proposing plans for a picnic. Heaven knows what he must have thought of me! But I can't help what he thinks. I did what was natural to me. It isn't my fault that I'm in-capable of feeling. Perhaps it's even a good thing; for the fact that he has seen my callousness will cure him of his idea that he loves me." When she woke the next morning Auteim and

When she woke the next morning Antrim and Asmani had already disappeared—so, also, had the goats which should have provided the milk for her breakfast. The *toto* was upset by this discovery, partly because he enjoyed the privilege of milking them, but Janet took it as matter of course.

During the day she conquered her deadly lethargy to the extent of going through the contents of her old *banda*, getting ready for their departure, discarding everything that did not seem essential.

During this process of elimination she became acutely conscious of Rawley—it was as though some part of his aura still clung to the material objects to which he had devoted such care; as if these tenuous remains of him were still powerful enough to resent her interference. She fought against this feeling, but as she went on with her work, it gained on her, gradually in-creasing, like the pressure of an automatic brake, until she was forced to stop. A sudden fear assailed her. In spite of herself she spoke: "He's alive. He must be alive. He couldn't influence me like this if he were dead. Perhaps they have found him."

After that she dared not touch another of Rawley's things. She left the remainder scattered about and went on selecting her own, reducing her wardrobe rigorously, determined that when they came to travel again her luggage should not be an embarrassment. By the time that Antrim should have returned in the evening all was finished. She and the toto lit the fire for supper.

THE short twilight faded and still Antrim did THE short twight laded and still Antrim did not come. Every moment she grew more anxious. "I was right," she thought. "They have found him. They are late because they have to carry him in." And instead of joy and relief there descended on her an irritable melancholy which distressed her the more because it showed her the depth of her own wickedness. Things had been better as they were. She felt that she would rather die than meet Rawley again. "And that is just why I am condemned again. "And that is to live," she thought.

At last they returned. Alone. In answer to

At last they returned. Alone. In answer to her questioning eyes Antrim shook his head. His heart was too full for speech, and she respected his silence. "Poor thing," she thought, "he suffers more than I do. If only I could help him! He suffers because he thinks that I am suffering; but if I were to tell him that I can feel nothing he would lose his ideal of me, and that would be worse still."

When their meal was over he struggled to "I am ready," she replied. "I've prepared everything."

everything." He did not seem to hear her. He only stare'l into the fire. Then without looking at her, he murmured: "You poor child!" The words were too much for her. She choked, tears flooded her eyes. She put her hand

to her eyes and hurried away from him.

Next morning, at dawn, they started. It seemed a strange and ghostly thing to leave that camp, the scene of so many passionate events, littered with all the possessions that they had abandoned. This exodus was like the begin-ning or the end of life. Naked came I out, and naked shall I return. . . . Antrim walked silently in front of them, a

heavy hunting knapsack slung from his shoulders. Janet came next, carrying nothing but her fowling-piece. She had pleaded for a burden, but Antrim feared for her strength. In her right hand she held the rein of the white donkey, which stumbled beneath the weight of their provisions. Last of all came Asmani and the toto, each carrying on his head an unwieldy load.

The sun rose, opening a day of the most poignant beauty, and with it there came into her heart a shiver of the old rapture with which their departure from Pembeni had been made magical. It was unnatural that she should feel it, and yet she was not alone, for the steps of the others visibly lightened; only the poor donkey seemed incapable of finding any joy in life. The toto incapable of finding any joy in life. The tot began to sing. She turned and smiled at himit was good to be young and ignorant.

They were traveling now due northward; on their right the woods of the escarpment still gave them company and a scattered shade. All through the early morning Antrim never spoke, and Janet, so full of switt irrelevant thoughts and fancies, felt that she was like a small child walking solemnly behind a funeral procession, half-awed, half-callous, but wholly unrepentant. His silence shamed her; she felt that she couldn't stand it much longer; but when they came to their first halting place Antrim shed his somberness. He sat down beside her as though he, too, were a little ashamed, and began to talk of the plans which he had never mentioned on the night before. As she listened to him she was conscious of a superior subtlety. "Poor dear," she thought, "he's forcing him-self to be kind to me. He's afraid of hurting my

self to be kind to me. He's afraid of hurting my feelings. I can see everything that he's thinking, and yet he calls me a child." "I make it sixty miles," he said, "from here to the Pangani River. That means four days' march, if you can stand the pace. In the neigh-borhood of the Pangani I know that there are German settlements. From there we can easily areas the border and reach the frontier station cross the border and reach the frontier station at Taveta."

"Four days," she said. "It mustn't be longer. I've cut down our food to the lowest possible limit; and that's why I want you to save yourself as much as you can when we rest and make the pace when we are marching. My principal anxiety is water. But I know you understand."

When they restarted the heat of the sun was terrific and Antrim's pace so sustained that she was thankful that their speed was limited by the weakness of the donkey. The early evening brought no relief. Her limbs, for long disused, began to ache so savagely that she could only keep herself going by an effort of her diminished will.

They came at last to a patch where the bush thickened.

"Can't we stay here?" she asked him. "Yes."

He told Asmani to take the pack off the don-The brute fell down and rolled and the key.

dust was thicker than ever. "I shall leave you here," Antrim said. "Ju-maa will light a fire, so you needn't be afraid that I shall lose myself. I'm going to see if there's any sign of water."

She waited patiently for a space of time that seemed to her like hours. Mercifully the air grew cooler. She must have caught a moment's sleep; for when she recovered consciousness she didn't know where she was. She put her fingers up to rub her eyes. The lids were rough with grit. "What a sight I must look!" she said, and then, obeying an instinct deep-rooted, she rose and went toward a canvas *chagghal* of water that Asmani had hung upon a branch near by. She soaked her handkerchief and near by. She soaked he sponged her burning eyes.

As she did so Antrim caught her arm. She gave a cry of-terror. "Do you know what you're doing?" he said

quickly

She wondered if he were mad, and her puzzled

She wondered if he were mad, and her puzzled face softened him. "No baths allowed, Memsahib," he said. "Every drop counts. This water represents our life. One cupful is the ration for to-night. In future no one touches it but myself. See?" "T'm sorry," she said. "Call me any name you like. You didn't find any?" "No. Better luck to-morrow. Now you'd better take some food and get all the sleep you

better take some food and get all the sleep you can. The bush is much thinner down below. Let

that comfort you." She shivered. The night had suddenly gone cold. After they had eaten, Antrim unpacked the bundle that the toto carried and handed her two blankets. "Is that all?" she asked. "Yes, that's all," he said.

"Then you must have one of them."

"No, no. You're under martial law, and that's the equipment that's been ordered you. I can look after myself."

"When he's asleep," she She consented. thought, "I shall be able to creep up and throw one of them over him without his knowing." But as soon as she had lain down, sleep overbut as soon as she had fain down, steep over-took her, so that she knew no more until he called her next morning. "Coffee," he said, "you'd better make the most of it."

They set off quickly. At sunrise they found a al waterhole. His find elated Antrim; his real waterhole. whole mood was less somber than that of the

day before. "That was a real bit of luck," he said. "We might just as easily have missed it, and then, by to-night, there'd have been the devil to pay.'

SO THEY went on-Antrim straining in front, and she, anxious to keep pace with him, tugging at the donkey's rein. It seemed, indeed, that luck was on their side, for though they could never see far ahead the bush continued to thin away before them, and going was fairly easy. Then, toward noon, the clear sky clouded. Their steps began to drag; the scents of the bush lay low under a white sky; the calling of birds became unutterably weary. Janet began to Janet began to wonder if Antrim would ever stop.

For three hours only they rested. It seemed to her that they had no sooner halted than they were off again. Her limbs were heavy with a leaden languor, but she could not complain. She prayed to heaven that she was not going to be ill again. Standing in the hot motionless air she shivered. "I won't be ill," she told herself. "I must fight against it."

Asmani and the *toto* litted their loads. Antrim smiled at her with one word: "Ready?" She gave a gentle tug at the donkey's rein. He would

"Come along," she cried, tugging again, "come along! What's the matter with you?" But the donkey did not hear her. Suddenly,

as if a spring had broken, it toppled over on its side and lay dead still, a white froth oozing from mouth and nostrils.

Antrim was on his knees beside it. "What's the matter?" she whispered.

"I don't know. Just like horse-sickness," he iswered. "Anyway, the poor brute's done. answered. We can't stop."

He and Asmani cut away the load from the donkey's back. The packs that Asmani and the *toto* had carried were opened, their contents scattered. Antrim discarded ruthlessly. "If there is anything that you particularly want to keep," he said, "you had better tell me."

She assured him that in all the bundles there was nothing that mattered. Within ten minutes they had left the donkey behind. Its muzzle and eyes were already black with flies, and in the white sky she saw the speck of a watchful kingvulture. Among the sacrifices that Antrim had made were his heavy rifle, Janet's shotgun and one of the two blankets. They moved forward more heavily burdened than ever, but at a greater speed, for now their pace was no longer limited by that of the donkey's failing strength, By this time Janet was sure that she was in for another attack of fever. In her pocket she

carried a small store of quinine, but she could not swallow without water the four tablets which she had determined to take. The water was in Antrim's charge. She dare not ask him for it; partly because the muddy stuff was more (Continued on page 66)







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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 65)

precious than diamonds, partly because the fact that she asked for it would give her away. She slipped the tablets into her mouth, chewed

them up and swallowed them. All through the afternoon she struggled on in a dream tormented not only by thirst but by the

sickening bitterness of the quinine which she could not get rid of. But she was glad she had taken it, not because she felt any better for the dose, but because she still had hopes that it might cut short the inevitable attack. (To be continued)

The Grad and the Gridiron

(Continued from page 31)

was a minor annoyance. You can not annoy people to any great extent by wire

It brings the suggestion that the old grads be excluded from the annual games. This will have to be done eventually for the old grads al-ready become so plentiful that unless they build even larger stadiums than the one at New Haven, the old grads will be crowding out the girl friends and the relatives of the undergraduates. There were over a quarter million applications for the eighty thousand available tickets for the game at the Vale Rowd in 1000

Of course this will be a difficult matter to accomplish and it should not be attempted too accomption and it should not be attempted too suddenly. The old grad will have to be weaned as tenderly and as gradually as any other infant but it should be done. The best start would be to cut down the number of his games with the understanding that the moment he tries to take part in the formation of a football policy he

forfeits automatically the privilege of seeing any games at all. Let him understand that the old grad is to be seen, not heard, and is not to be seen any too much or too often either.

In this way the wonderful game of intercollegi-ate football will revert to its rightful owners, the undergraduates and those glorious young gladiators, the players with the Herculean shoulders and the brightly youthful faces. It will be a better game when it does come back to this to this.

Also the old grad will be a better old grad for Also the old grad will be a better old grad to it. He will have been taught self-reliance and respect for the rights of youth. But the old grad will fight hard against this and call be-seechingly upon the name of the alma mater. Isn't it provoking the way that people will fight anything that is meant for their own good? Children especially are that way, children and old grads.

Making the Hotel Home Sweet Home

(Continued from page 24)

will leave five to ten thousand articles behind them in the course of a year, all sorts of things, from a single shoe-tree to a valuable piece of jewelry. These things are picked up in the room by chambermaids, or bellboys and waiters else-where. The distinction between a lost and a discarded article is generally drawn according to where it was found. Most discarded articles are left in the waste-basket, but naturally a pearl necklace found in the waste-basket would be classified as lost property. Lost articles are sent to a special department, which wraps and num-bers them, sending word to the guest at his or her bers them, sending word to the guest at his or her bers them, sending word to the guest at his or her forwarding address. Articles of little value are kept one year, and if not claimed go back to the employee who found them. Articles of consider-able value likewise go to the finder after two years. The purpose is to encourage honesty among employees. Guests who recover valu-ables frequently reward the employee who found them, but the hotel management considers the return of lost articles part of good hotel service. return of lost articles part of good hotel service, a friendly office by a member of the guest's own household.

There are many thrifty kinks in housekeeping when it is done for several thousand people daily

daily. Take the progress of a tablecloth, for example. The hotel has them woven to order, with its name or "coat of arms" in the pattern, in some standard size like seventy-two inches square. A tablecloth wears around the edges, because it is hemmed, and in being ironed with a power man-gle the selvage turns now this way and then that, gle the selvage turns now this way and then that, until it cracks and frays. When it shows wear, several inches are cut off all around, and it is rehemmed and used for a smaller table—and whoever designed the pattern of that tablecloth allowed for such cutting down. When it again whoever designed the pattern of that tablecloth allowed for such cutting down. When it again shows wear on the edges, the fabric itself will be worn. So the housekeeper does just what the housewife would do—puts it in the hired girl's room. It goes to the employees' dining-room. When too worn for service there, it can be cut up into cloths for wiping and other purposes, and finally winds up in the rag-bag. A hotel rag-bag! It is a department, too, where the remnants of thousands of tablecloths and sheets, and miles of carpet and rugs, are sorted, baled and sold to rag-dealers by the ton. The progress of sheets, blankets, towels, pillow-cases and the like is much the same. But towels are a story in themselves. A hotel entertaining two thousand people daily needs something like eighteen thousand towels in the

rooms, for each guest is allowed four face towels and two bath towels. It also needs as many more towels in the wash! Altogether its invest-ment in towels will amount to thirty or forty thousand dollars, and there are so many of them that they exert a queer influence. Finding towels so plentiful, guests get the idea that they are cheap, and sometimes take them along in

are cheap, and sometimes take them along in leaving. "I think most people are honest," says the housekeeper, "but they do take towels. Not very many, considering the number we have— perhaps two or three hundred disappear every month. There are more of them about than is usual in one's home, and every time a towel is solled the maid replaces it with a fresh one, so people just forget, and if there is a pair of shoes to be wrapped in packing their trunks use a to be wrapped in packing their trunks, use a towel without thinking." This principle of having one thing in use and

its duplicate in reserve extends to other things used in hotel housekeeping. Everything washable must have its reserve, ranging from 100 able must have its reserve, ranging from 100 per cent. duplication for linen to 25 per cent. for things not washed as often, like lace curtains. things not washed as often, like lace curtains. The same reserve is necessary for breakables like glasses and dishes. And "save the pieces" is a rule with hotel glass and china—they are sold, several barrels daily, to firms that find it profitable to melt off the gold used for ornamen-tation. Another tidy by-product of hotel housekeeping is the sale of the great quantities of waste-paper left by guests.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

And be it ever so sumptuous.

And be it ever so sumptuous. Changing circumstances of American life are sending people to live in hotels where formerly they "stopped"—more railroad and steamer travel, the automobile, the change of climate with the season, the passing of large mansions, the nationalization of business. But with all the complexities and splendor of the modern hotel, people insist that there be preserved the privacy and liberty of the home, in the sense that home is a place where you can do pretty much as you please, and be let alone while you are doing it, and have somebody clean up the mess after-wards. wards.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asks Falstaff.

And the hotel man replies: "You certainly shall-go to itl'

New Home of Cincinnati Lodge Dedicated

(Continued from page 39)

gets a reaction to an inviting and comfort-able atmosphere. The piece de resistance of this room is the hard tuft rug made by the women of Czecho Slovakia especially for this place. The luxurious tapestry covered furniture and red velvet hangings establish an atmosphere of comfort.

Each occupying one of the upper floors are the Social Session and Lodge Rooms. In style, the Social Session Room is a modification of the style of Louis XVI carried out in grays and gold, this with the idea of securing a neutral background and setting for a gorgeous assembly of colorful gowns. At the end is a small stage having for its setting a garden scene designed and painted by Martin Rettig.

The Lodge Room is the keynote of the build-The Lodge Room is the keynote of the build-ing. You see dexterity in the way the architect has obtained the feeling of seclusion by elim-inating all windows and by the treatment of the Wurlitzer organ installation as a decorative composition. Here he has obtained a noble central space given over to a memorial tablet on which is placed the names of the deceased members of the Lodge. The entablature is crowned by a carved clock whose hands point to the sacred hour of eleven, that significant hour of which the members are constantly re-minded. The solemn grandeur of this room is minded. The solemn grandeur of this room is augmented by the great rostrum framed by two classic columns. Between these two col-umns is hung crimson drapery in front of which stands a great chair, the chair of the Exalted Ruler, old green in color and upholstered in black velvet. It is in this room that the decorator shows the most remarkable finesse of detail, for the decorations are a modernized adaptation for the decorations are a modernized adaptation of the Pompeian period. The paneled wall surfaces are treated with a combination of black and that famous musty Pompeian red found in the ancient ruins of that city. In each panel there is a mural insert whose subject motifs are illustrative of the cardinal principles of the Order. Beginning at the left as you enter they are: Courage, Wisdom, Charity, Justice, Fidelity, Brotherly Love, Faith, Truth, Virtue, Mercy and Patriotism.

The Grill lies in the basement. This is de-signed after an old Tyrolean tavern. It has a painted beamed ceiling with shelf running the circuit of the room for fine old mugs that will

give the atmosphere of a Rathskeller. As an indication of the high place held by Cincinnati Lodge in the life of the community and the feeling awakened in the citizens by the dedication of its new building, we take the lib-erty of here quoting a special editorial published in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* on November 28:

A TEMPLE OF SERVICE

A TEMPLE OF SERVICE "On Thursday afternoon, appropriately, the beautiful new Elk Temple in this city is to be dedi-cated by Cincinnati Lodge of Elks. "Such a ceremony indicates additional cause for Thanksgiving in this city and throughout the country. The chaste and beautiful new build-ing will be an ornament among the architec-tural show places of the city, but, better than that, it will stand as one more noble edifice erected by those whose lives are dedicated to human service. "The humanitarian and civic record of Cin-

"The humanitarian and civic record of Cin-cinnati Lodge of Elks is a notable one. It is fitting that its membership should be housed in Itting that its membership should be housed in a temple worthy of themselves and the great and truly American Order whose fame now extends throughout all our coasts. Rich in memories of a distinguished and honorable past, the Lodge will bring to these solemn services of dedication golden reminiscence, gentle tradition, the impulses of a higher resolve to bring more of brightness and heauty into the lives of men

The influence of the influence of the influences of a higher resolve to bring more of brightness and beauty into the lives of men.
"Voluntary are the beneficences of the Elks, unostentiatious their application. Without reservation they pledge their fealty to God and country. As true knights of old, they lay their tributes of devotion at the feet of idealized womanhood. Almoners of joy, they transmute the tears of sorrow into the smiles of gratitude and happiness. Theirs is a cosmic charity that leaves no sting of humiliation behind it. Their creed is love, which recognizes no intolerance. They are the sons of faith and optimism, the purveyors of gladsomeness, the sculptors of a righteous citizenry. They pass no sufferer by the wayside. They catechize no man save to know that he desires to be a man. And so the world is better for having this great order whose basic principle is service—service in the cause of humanity."

The Problem of Highway Safety (Continued from page 14)

horn would be useful, too. A buzzer, not audible for more than a block, would be a satisfactory signal for all legitimate purposes." It is certainly true that too many drivers now for that then are checked for all purposes in the

It is certainly true that too many drivers now feel that they are absolved from all responsibility when they blow their horns—although a horn serves, sometimes, simply to confuse a startled pedestrian, who may not know just what point the sound comes from. When all is said, the steadily rising death-list remains. And this, too, remains—that the individual motorist must recognize, sooner or later, his responsibility, or his share of responsi-bility, for that death-list—and his share, too, of the burden that would fall upon the industry, and all owners and drivers, in the event of repressive legislation brought about by that growing total of fatalities.

growing total of fatalities. Four-wheel brakes are coming—with greater ease and certainty in stopping cars. Not all ex-perienced drivers, by any means, favor them; there is, as yct, no general agreement among

manufacturers as to technical matters in connection with this innovation. Yet here, as in

nection with this innovation. Yet here, as in Europe—except for England, where they are making slow headway—the four-wheel brake is likely to be almost universal within a few years. Improvements are heralded in the matter of gear-shifting, with a tendency to give the driver swifter and better control of his car in all condi-tions. Blinding lights are being eliminated. tions. Blinding lights are being eliminated. Motor-car makers are trying, all the time, to make driving safer and easier. Education of pedestrians, particularly of children, along the lines of proper ways of using the streets, is being carried on all over the country.

But no amount of blame for careless pedes-trians, no complaint of the inadequacy of police methods, can shift the responsibility for bringing the motoring public at large. And for this there is one extremely practical reason—which is that, as the responsibility is the motorist's, so will the punishment be if he shall fail to meet it.

Salt Lake City Lodge Dedicates New Home (Continued from page 39)

dining-room, 32 by 64 feet with a seat-ing capacity of 200, is finished in ornamental plaster, ceiling trim is of oil paint, side walls of paneled tapestry. The Buffet Lunch Room is 32 feet square and has complete fountain and buffet facilities. The kitchen is modern in every detail and one of the finest in the State. An eight-table billiard hall—a gentlemen's hungeeight-table billiard hall-a gentlemen's loungeand a beautiful ladies' room complete the main The Lodge-room on the third floor is 85 floor.

feet square, has a seating capacity of 1000, exclusive of a mezzanine with accommodations for 300 additional, one of the most magnificent in the United States. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors, devoted to sleeping-rooms-53 in floors, devoted to sleeping-rooms-53 in number-are beautifully furnished, all having modern hotel conveniences.

The Home complete was constructed and furnished at a cost which exceeds one-half million dollars.

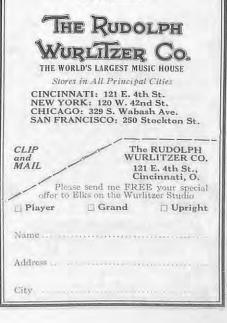


is only 49 inches high; has the full 88-note keyboard and plays all standard rolls. It occupies but little space, and is the ideal instrument for the Apartment, Bungalow or Cottage. Beautifully designed, it possesses an exquisite tone and is in every respect an instrument of the highest quality, made and guaranteed by Wurlitzer, the world's largest music house.

Special Offer to Elks

There is a special proposition arranged for Elks lodges and all members on the Wurlitzer Studio Player Piano that you will be glad to learn about.

Send the coupon today for complete details, photographs and literature.





A good customer of ours discussed his financial problems with an officer of the Company some time ago.

"My situation," he said, "was typical of my city—a good in-come and an equal outgo. "I am not especially extrava-

and but on the other hand I have never discovered a way to get ahead financially. Some time ago a banker told me that if I ever wanted to invest some money to put it into good first mortrage bonds mortgage bonds. "I had a few hundred dollars

on hand at the time, and decided to buy a Columbia First Mort-gage Bond, which my friend said was the most scientifically pro-tected form of mortgage bond

that had been produced. "I had to give up some in-dulgence, of course, but that bond gave me a lot of satisfac-tion. It was my first real invest-ment. I liked the sensation so much that I paid \$500 down and \$100 monthly for five months on a \$1000 bond. "My wife became interested and rearranged household ex-

penses so she could make month-Jy payments on a \$500 Bond. I couldn't afford to let her get ahead of me so I cut out a few expenses and tackled another bond, myself. "It hasn't made any real dif-ference in our scale of living but at last-mot too late there were

at last---not too late, thank goodness-we have learned the se-cret of saving money."



COLUMBIAMORTGAGECOMPANY Columbia Mortgage Company Building 4 EAST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

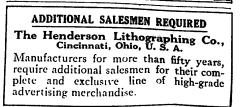
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City and State

To INVESTMEN'T BANKERS

WE have recently prepared a very in-teresting booklet dealing compre-hensively with the subject of advertising, especially with magazine advertising. We believe you will find this very in-structive, and if you are interested in expanding your business we should be glad to send you a copy on request. Address the Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE,—using your letter head.



The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

(Continued from December issue)

By Stephen Jessup

TERIAL BOND. One of an issue which are payable in a series of instalments instead of at a singe fixed maturity date. Many State and municipal bonds are retirable serially, over a period of years. A portion of the loan is due for payment one year, another portion the next year, and so on. SINKING FUND BOND. A sinking fund

means that specified sums are set aside at fixed times in order to retire, or pay off, part or all of a bond issue before or at maturity. The term "sinking fund" is usually found as a part rather than the sole title of a bond. Many bonds have a sinking fund feature without its being indicated in their title. The terms and conditions of sink-ing funds vary greatly. The moneys of a sinking fund may be used in different ways. Sometimes they may be invected in the property of the fund may be used in different ways. Sometimes they may be invested in the property of the company issuing the bonds, thus tending to strengthen the security behind the bonds. BLANKET MORTGAGE BOND. A bond issue that covers all the properties of the com-pany, but is subject to previous mortgages. EQUIPMENT BONDS. These are secured by liens on specific equipment, usually of rail-roads such as locomotives. cars. etc. In some

roads such as locomotives, cars, etc. In some cases title to the equipment is transferred to a trustee and the payments of interest or principal are made by the company to the trustee. In other cases title to the equipment remains vested with the company. Equipment remains vested with the company. Equipment bonds, or notes, are generally issued for from 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the cash value of the equipment. They are payable serially, or are provided for by a sinking fund. Either method is calculated to cancel the debt within the reasonable life of the equipment pledred equipment pledged. DIVISIONAL BONDS. These are secured

by a mortgage on a division of a railroad. Such a bond is usually a direct obligation of the com-pany, but the value of the property mortgaged is the most important factor in judging its invest-

ASSUMED BOND. A bond for which the responsibility of payment has been assumed by a company other than the one issuing it. It is similar to a guaranteed bond. It usually means

similar to a guaranteed bond. It usually means that the assuming company has acquired owner-ship of the company which issued the bonds. GOLD BOND. The word "gold" frequently appears as a part of the title of a bond. It indi-cates that the bond is to be paid in United States gold coin "of the present standard of weight and fineness," as the phraseology goes. Some bonds, instead, specify that payment is to be made in "currency" or in "lawful money." CALLABLE BOND—OPTIONAL BOND. The term "callable" means that the issuing com-pany has the right to "call" or retire the bond issue at an earlier date than maturity. "Op-tional" means the same thing. "Callable" is perhaps the expression more frequently em-ployed. ployed

EXTENDED BOND. This term indicates that EXTENDED BOND. This term indicates that the date of the original maturity has been passed and the life of the bond has been extended by agreement to a later date. For such bonds new coupons are usually provided for the interest over the extended period. COUPON BONDS. Bonds to which are at-tached a series of coupons calling for the pay-ment of interest at specified periods. Each cou-pon is a small certificate in itself. Upon it is printed the amount of money it represents and

pon is a small certificate in itself. Upon it is printed the amount of money it represents and the date when the payment is due. The coupons are to be cut from the bond at the time they are payable. The majority of bonds are coupon bonds, for the coupons provide a simple method of interest payment. Coupon bonds belong to the believe

of interest payment. Coupon bonds belong to the holder. REGISTERED BOND. The ownership of this bond is registered on the books of the issuing company, or a registrar, and the name of the owner is written on the bond. The owner's endorsement is necessary to make the bond nego-tiable, just as in the case of a check or a stock certificate. Some bonds, known as "fully regis-

tered," may be registered as to both the principal and interest, and the interest payments are made by check. Others may be registered as to prin-cipal alone, and the interest paid by the coupon method. Registered bonds are not quite as readily saleable as coupon bonds. The reasons for registering bonds have been considerably lessened by modern methods of safe keeping of securities, such as easily accessible and inexpen-sive safe deposit facilities. Most banks maintain safe deposit boxes in their vaults which may be rented by the year at prices varying with the size. INTERCHANGEABLE BONDS. These may be exchanged from coupon to registered form, and vice versa. Some issues, after having been registered, are not exchangeable for coupon bonds.

bonds

INTERIM CERTIFICATE. This is a form of security that is issued pending the engraving of the bond in its final form. The latter is called a "definitive" bond.

EXTERNAL BOND. This term, which is used generally in connection with a government obligation, indicates that the bonds are payable in another country and in money different from that of the issuing government. Such bonds represent a debt contracted with people of a foreign country. They are considered to have a moral claim superior to bonds sold within the

moral claim superior to bonds sold within the country issuing them. INTERNAL BOND. This term refers to issues that are payable within their country of issue, and is in distinction from External. DOLLAR BOND. This indicates that the bond is payable in dollars. The expression is used in connection with the bonds of foreign governments that are payable in American money. It is also used abroad in connection with any bonds payable in dollars. LEGAL BOND. A bond is so described when it conforms to the trustee or savings bank law

LEGAL BOND. A bond is so described when it conforms to the trustee or savings bank law of any State to which reference is made. The statutes of different States vary as to the condi-tions which bonds must meet in order that a savings bank may invest in them. Usually the law applies the same restrictions to investments by trustees, unless the terms of the trust allow greater latitude. A common' requirement for a bond to be "legal" is that the company issuing it shall have paid dividends of a certain rate on its stock for a certain period of time. If and when this requirement fails to be met, the bond ceases to be legal. ceases to be legal. UNDERLYING BOND. This is a relative

term indicating that the bond underlies, or is of a mortgage superior to, some other bond with which it is compared, although it is not necessar-

which it is compared, although it is not necessar-ily a first mortgage itself. JUNIOR BOND. An expression that indi-cates a bond underlain by others and hence not as well protected as those carrying the best ranks of mortgage. BABY BOND. One of small denomination, usually 0.0 Formerly bonds were issued in denominations of 1,000, which was the standard unit. Latterly issues of 500 and 100 denomi-nations have been made.

LISTED BOND. A bond listed on the Stock Exchange. Such a bond is generally quoted almost daily, and transactions in it may occur very frequently. UNLISTED BOND. A bond that is not listed on the Stock Exchange This does not

listed on the Stock Exchange. This does not mean that it does not enjoy a good market. A large volume of trading occurs in unlisted bonds among dealers by telephone or "over the counter." Large investment houses usually maintain a market for bonds which they have sponsored, and can at almost any time furnish a "bid" or "offer" price. Listed bonds are also dealt in similarly, in addition to their transac-

redemption, i. e. to be paid off, either for the whole or a part of the issue, at a premium, or price in excess of par.

Men of Standing Make^{\$100} to\$1200 Extra Each Month Dignified, Conservative Work with Old

Established Investment House. A Substantial Man Wanted in Every Town.

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Big Opportunities for Profit

Every day people are inheriting money, or selling

grade securities from speculative ones, and how to tell what kind of securities are best suited to each individual.

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co-operation in building a profitable business. Write to us — give us such information about yourself as you feel we should have—for this is a responsible position. Association with us will be permanent, very desir-able, and unquestionably profitable. Write at once. An officer of our institution will personally reply and give you full information. Address Dept. A-451

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RECEIVER'S CERTIFICATES. When a company is in receivership and funds are required for its operation, obligations may be issued against its property by authority of the Court. These obligations are called "Receiver's Cer-tificates" and represent a lien superior to the bonds of the company.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 801 Miller

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., Sor 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., 4 East 43d Street, New York, have just issued a new book-let describing the advantages of Columbia First Mortgage Bonds. Send for "The Verdict of 30 Banks," and "I Started with a \$roo Bond." The F. H. Smith Co., Smith Building, Wash-

The F. H. Smith Co., Smith Building, Wash-ington, D. C., will be glad to send you, without obligation, booklet dealing with the advantages of Washington First Mortgage Bonds. Send for Booklet 42 F.

Geo. M. Forman & Co. of Chicago, have recently issued an interesting booklet entitled "How to Select Safe Bonds." Send for this, mentioning THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, N. Y. City, will be pleased to send you on request a copy of their interesting publication, entitled "Bond Topics," and also a circular describing the sound method of building up capital. Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

Oakland (Calif.) Lodge to Break Ground for New Home

Plans for the magnificent new Home of Oak-land (Calif.) Lodge, No. 171, have been pre-pared and the members are looking forward to the ground-breaking ceremonies which will be conducted early in the next year. Recently a committee from the Elks Hall Association, accompanied by the architect for the new building, made a trip to Portland, Ore., where the new million-dollar Home of Portland Lodge was inspected. Much valuable information was obtained and many helpful suggestions were incorporated in the plans as a result of the visit.

Second All-Elk Radio Night Broadcasted from Boston Station

One of the largest radio broadcasting events took place in Boston recently when the second annual All-Elk Radio Night was held at Station "W N A C. The Shepard Stores." The pro-gram, in which many Lodges took part, began at 9 P. M. and lasted far into the morning. Featuring this year's event was the presentation of a long-distance radio receiving set to the Lodge rendering the best number of the evening. The winner was judged by a vote of the "fans" who were asked to send in their choice to the by radio manufacturers to Lodges which took part.

"Bob" Jones' Death Mourned By His Many Friends

Members throughout the Order mourn the passing of Robert C. Jones, who died recently at his home in La Jolla, Calif. For more than thirty years "Bob" Jones was Secretary of San Diego (Calif.) Lodge, No. 168. Mr. Jones was also a Past Exalted Ruler and, up to his has the Different of the Index's official Bulletin death, the Editor of the Lodge's official Bulletin. death, the Editor of the Lodge's official Bulletin. Upon his retirement shortly before his death, the members of San Diego Lodge paid him the signal honor of presenting him with a life mem-bership. A fine tribute to the memory of "Bob" Jones by Charles K. Jackson, Esteemed Leading Knight of San Diego Lodge, and a close friend of the deceased, was published in *The San Diego Union*. Because it expresses the feeling that so many of his other friends must share, we take the liberty of reprinting it here in part: "Robert C. Jones, for thirty consecutive years Secretary of San Diego Lodge of Elks, (*Continued on page 70*)



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By following a safe, simple, sure plan, which we will gladly explain, you can immediately double the income on your savings, and then make your savings double themselves.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

and for the last four years Secretary Emeritus, yesterday morning peacefully passed into eternal sleep. San Diego Lodge of Elks, No. 168,

records are emblazoned with the name of Robert Jones and his acts. Thousands of San beigans knew him and few men in passing leave behind a more genuine feeling of personal loss. All knew him as a gentle, kind, considerate man. His nature was as rare as it is beautiful in human

kind. "Many of the so-called old timers will recall his activities along entertainment lines. He was at all times ready to don the black cork to amuse or put on an Elks' minstrel show in order that funds could be obtained to help cheer needy families. No finer monologist was to be found in this city. Even to his last days he did not appear to lose that trait.

He practiced at all times what is known as the preamble to the constitution of the Benev-olent and Protective Order of Elks, namely: To inculcate the principles of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity; to promote the wel-fare and enhance the happiness of its members.' "Robert C. Jones has ceased from his labors and the prayer of every living, loyal Elk is that his rest is that of 'the just man made perfect.'

"The clock of his days has stopped.

Upon its dial the motionless shadows Mark the hour of eleven, our golden Period of recollection.

"Night came, releasing him from labor When a hand from the darkness touched Him, and he slept."

Civil War Veterans Made Life Members of Woonsocket (R.I.) Lodge

Woonsocket (R. I.) Lodge, No. 850, recently initiated as honorary life members the twenty-six remaining members of Smith Post, G. A. R. The Civil War Veterans were taken into the Order under impressive circumstances, the Lodge hav-ing made special preparations for the occasion. Two years ago Woonsocket Lodge took a prominent part in a testimonial given to the veterans by several fraternal organizations, when a check for nearly \$1,000 was presented to Smith Post.

Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge To Dedicate Home on Washington's Birthday

The new Home of Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge, No. 266, will be completed early in January. Formal dedication will be on February 22, the fourteenth anniversary of the dedication of the Lodge's present Home, and just one year from the date on which the cornerstone for the new building was laid. The members will occupy one of the finest Lodge buildings in the country.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Masters Elected to Important Post

At the November election in Washington County, Pa., Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi (Pa.) Lodge, No. 494, was elected County Treasurer by one of the largest majorities ever given a candidate for that office. The significance of his victory can be appreciated when it is recalled that Washington County is one of the greatest in point of mineral wealth in the State, and that it embraces some of the greatest manufactories in the world. This county has always been a political background, with elections closely contested, which makes the victory of Mr. Masters all the more notable.

Member of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge Compiles "The McFarland Creed"

The editor of the Elkogram of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 02, did a fine thing when he compiled and published in the Lodge's official Bulletin what he calls "The McFarland Creed"—short sentences gleaned from the Grand Exalted Ruler's messages and addresses. It gives us pleasure to reprint it here:

THE MCFARLAND CREED

"We cannot be real Elks unless we act with true charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity.

"We are an order of optimism and action! We must have no drones, either Lodge, officer or individual."

officer or individual." "I would far rather have fifty live, active, doing members in a Lodge than five hundred who have joined for selfish reasons, or just to join—not to do!" "If every Elk would live as a Brother with his fellow-men, what a wonderful force for real good our Order would be!" "If a man is selfish or self-sufficient he

'If a man is selfish or self-sufficient he

"It a man is selfish or self-sufficient he ought never to join the Order of Elks." "Wonderful ideals, exalted lessons, pur-poseful thoughts, fill our ritual and enrich our teachings. But they are as dead ashes on humanity's hearthstone if they do not burn with the fire of deeds." "So long as our Order stands, it must and will stand for law and order for all people

will stand for law and order for all people alike, and not for any form of insidious maladministration of what is law and force for one class or sect, but tyranny and op-pression for another."

"LET'S DO."

New Mexico Indians May Dance At Boston Convention

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Rollie of Gallup (N. M.) Lodge, No. 1440, is interesting the Lodges of the State in the idea of sending a group of New Mexico Indians to the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston next July. The tentative plan is to have the New Mexico delegations take with them from the tentative Indians The tentative plan is to have the New Mexico delegations take with them from 15 to 25 Indians from the different cities, to do their weird and impressive dances. A "New Mexico Night" will be given over to these dances, featuring the famous Navajo Fire Dance. It is also planned to arrange for the Indians to build their own hogans or miniature pueblos in some public sequere of the city where they can be seen at work square of the city where they can be seen at work during the convention, weaving blankets, making pottery, and beating silver.

Albany (N.Y.) Lodge Unveils Bronze Memorial Tablet

Impressive ceremonics marked the unveiling in the Lodge-room of Albany (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 49, of the bronze Memorial Tablet which was recently revised to date by the addition of nearly roo names of departed members. Hon. William T. Byrne, Past Exalted Ruler of Albany Lodge, delivered the address of the day before a gather 1. Byrne, rast Exarted Kuler of Albany Lodge, delivered the address of the day before a gather-ing made up of practically every member of the Lodge and of many distinguished visitors.

Redondo Beach (Calif.) Dedicates Its New Lodge Room

Its New Lodge Room Redondo Beach (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1378, recently dedicated its newly built Lodge-room. The program was elaborate, representatives of the Grand Lodge and State Association and officers from neighboring Lodges having been invited to a banquet, which was followed by a torchlight parade through the business portion of the city. Officers of Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, conducted the ritualistic portion of the dedicatory exercises. Appropriate talks were delivered by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Cryderman, as well as by the Exalted Rulers in attendance. First class professional entertainment and a special supper wound up the evening.

Erie (Pa.) Lodge Inaugurates Children's and Adults' Dancing Classes

Entrie (Pa.) Lodge No. 67, has organized a chil-dren's dancing class for the children of its mem-bers. All youngsters between 5 and 15 are privi-leged to join and no charge is made for the lessons. Two competent instructors have been engaged. At the first meeting of the class more than 350 children were present. Members of the Lodge and their wives have also formed a danc-Lodge and their wives have also formed a danclonge and then when have also formed a danc-ing class under the same teachers which meets once a week in the Lodge's ballroom. These dancing-class parties, which have proved very popular, are followed by special suppers for the participants.

Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge Celebrates Twenty-first Anniversary

Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge, No. 823, cele-brated its twenty-first anniversary with a diversified programme, one of the principal features of which was the burning of the mort-gage against its property. Vancouver Lodge is now completely out of debt, has a nice balance in its transmission of the principal adjoining property. Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, who was recently the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lodge, complimented No. 823 on its fine achievement.

Everett (Wash.) Lodge Plans to Visit All Towns in its Jurisdiction

Everett (Wash.) Lodge, No. 470, is planning to foster greater fellowship and cooperation within its jurisdiction by a series of special entertainments which will be given in the various towns tributary to the Lodge, such as Marysville, Arlington, Monroe, etc. This scheme of friendly visits will offer an opportunity for the Lodge to show its members living at these places its appreciation of their membership. These meet-ings are being looked forward to with much enjoyment by members throughout the whole jurisdiction.

Atlantic City Lodge Christens "Betty Bacharach Home"

Atlantic City (N.J.) Lodge, No. 276, ratified, at a recent meeting, the action of its Exalted Ruler Eugene G. Schwinghammer in his accept-ance of the magnanimous gift tendered the Lodge ance of the magnanimous gift tendered the Lodge by Harry and Isaac Bacharach in the form of a home for Crippled Children. This property, now belonging to Atlantic City Lodge, is valued at \$40,000 and has been christened and dedicated the "Betty Bacharach Home." The Lodge is planning a series of benefits which will insure sufficient funds for the proper maintenance of the Home and care of the children.

Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge Preparing for State Convention

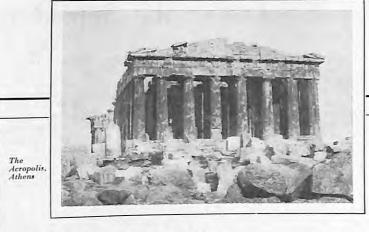
Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge, No. 173, has already begun to make preparations for the entertainment of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association which meets in Williamsport next August. A general Executive Committee has here are included will doubt at least two been appointed which will devote at least two ocen appointed which will devote at least two months to perfecting a capable organization to handle the Convention and which will work out the finished plans. Williamsport is one of the smallest cities in which the Convention has been held, but it is the boast of Williamsport Lodge that the coming meeting will be one of the largest and best in the history of the Associa-tion tion

Lodges of Pennsylvania Southwest Hold Meeting

Hold Meeting The pre-winter meeting of the Association comprising the Lodges of the Pennsylvania Southwest District was held recently at the Home of Homestead (Pa.) Lodge, No. 650. The meeting was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William D. Hancher of Washington (Pa.) Lodge, No. 776. Nearly all the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the twenty-one Lodges comprising the Association were in attendance. An address was made by Mr. Hancher on "The Uplift of the Elks Lodges in the Communities They Represent." Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters who was present at the gathering gave an interesting talk on "Keeping the Home Lodge First in Thought." Many other addresses and suggestions for the better-ment of the Elks Lodges throughout the Dis-trict were made by the delegates. After the meeting an elaborate banquet was served to the delegation by Homestead Lodge, President James L. Quinn of Braddock (Pa.) Lodge, No. 883, acting as Toastmaster.

Dedication and Housewarming for Augusta (Kans.) Lodge

Augusta (Kans.) Lodge, No. 1462, the young-est Lodge in the State, recently dedicated its new Home. Over 400 were present at the house-(Continued on page 72)



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71

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

warming that followed the ceremony and took part in an evening of celebration which included dancing and a large supper. Augusta Lodge, instituted on May 10, 1923, with a charter list of 50, now has 154 members and a considerable number of candidates awaiting initiation. The Lodge takes an active part in all community work and is known by its charities throughout the district. the district.

Summit (N. J.) Lodge Gives Benefit Concert for Crippled Kiddies Fund

Summit (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1246, recently gave a most successful concert in the local High School Auditorium for the benefit of the Crippled Kiddies Fund. The program included a rich variety of vocal and instrumental numbers which variety of vocal and instrumental numbers which were all appreciated by the large audience that crowded the auditorium. During the inter-mission, Dr. Harris K. Cohan, of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, made an appeal for support of the movement and urged the neople of support of the movement and urged the people of Summit to establish a clinic in their city for the treatment of maimed children.

Over 300 at Father and Son Banquet Given by McCook (Neb.) Lodge

Over 300 took part in the Father and Son banquet sponsored by McCook (Neb.) Lodge, No. 1434. The Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs cooperated with the members of McCook Lodge in making the event a splendid success in every way. The hall was appropriately deco-rated for the occasion with flags, and colored toy balloons strung above the tables. An excellent entertainment, including music by the High School band, accompanied and followed the dinner.

Passing of Charles W. Young Mourned by Many

Many friends in the Order and old-timers who can recall the heyday of the minstrels mourn the sudden death of Charles W. Young, who was for 47 years an active member of New York Lodge, No. 1, and a performer in the famous Hooley and Haverly minstrels. Death came to him on Thanksgiving Day, a few hours after he had been taken from his apartment in the Club had been taken from his apartment in the Club House of New York Lodge to the Post-Graduate Hospital.

In spite of long trips on the road, Mr. Young In spite of long trips on the road, Mr. Young always found time to take an active interest in the affairs of his Lodge, even up to the time of his death. All his fellow members and theater-goers of the past generation remember, with real feeling, the genial partner of "Richardson and Young" who made them laugh so many times.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge raised a tidy sum Nagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge raised a tidy sum for the important Christmas relief work it car-ried through this year, by staging a show which was voted one of the best ever put on by the Officers of Petoskey (Mich.) Lodge drove 40 miles in bad weather to the town of East Jordan for the purpose of conducting the funeral services of John T. Carlisle, a member of Portland (Ore.) Lodge. This was done by Petoskey Lodge at the request of Portland Lodge which wired the officers of No. 629 as soon as it had learned of Mr. Carlisle's death, and arranged with them to conduct the services.

The new Mayor of Philadelphia, Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, is a member of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge.

At a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers of Hamilton (Ohio) Lodge, arrangements were made to have THE ELKS MAGAZINE sent without cost to the Lane Public Library in that city.

A brilliant five day Charity festival was conducted by Garrett (Ind.) Lodge. The profits will be spent on local charities, including an outing for the boys and girls of the city next summer.

Nutley (N. J.) Lodge is making preparations for a big Bazaar to be held the last week in February for the benefit of its new Home.

Moscow (Idaho) Lodge has thoroughly renovated and redecorated its Home. A brilliant series of social entertainments is scheduled for the winter months.

Ionia (Mich.) Lodge arranged a special pro-gram in honor of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence M. Browne. A banquet, the initiation of a class of condidates and antiput musical numbers were candidates and various musical numbers were part of the evening's reception.

Denver (Colo.) Lodge has unanimously voted to give its annual indoor circus again this spring.

Houston (Texas) Lodge recently celebrated the burning of the last bonds outstanding against

of the community's needy.

Long Beach (Calif.) Lodge entered one of the most attractive floats in the street procession which was a feature of the Carnival of States, held recently by that aits held recently by that city.

Edward A. Wiegand, Exalted Ruler of Lake-wood (Ohio) Lodge, was elected Mayor of his city by a handsome majority.

More than 50 members took part in the suc-cessful musical comedy put on by Yakima (Wash.) Lodge, which ran to packed houses for two pictures. two nights.

Glendale (Calif.) Lodge recently celebrated its 11th anniversary.

Many unique and amusing features were en-joyed by the crowds which visited the Annual

Fair of Bremerton (Wash.) Lodge. The event lasted four days and was one of the most profitable ever conducted by the Lodge.

Toledo (Ohio) Lodge provides a spacious room in its Home as headquarters for the troop of Boy Scouts made up of sons of members of the Order.

The annual banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will take place this year on the evening of February 18 at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston.

Washington (D. C.) Lodge is making plans to give a mammoth indoor circus, the proceeds to be used for such purposes as the Lodge may direct.

The Annual Charity Ball of Athens (Ohio) Lodge was by far the largest success of any affair of its kind ever put on by the membership

The famous Second Degree Team of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, accompanied by a large delega-tion of members, recently paid a visit to Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge where they initiated a large

El Paso (Texas) Lodge will erect a new Home on the site of the present club-house, the building to cost from \$500,000 to \$750,000, including furnishings.

Opelousas (La.) Lodge is having a very active year. Plans now are being drawn for the en-largement of its Lodge Hall and club-rooms, and numerous other improvements to the building.

The formal opening and dedication of the new Home of Little Falls (Minn.) Lodge was recently celebrated.

John L. Sutton, Past Exalted Ruler of Jackson (Miss.) Lodge, is doing splendid work as State Superintendent of the Mississippi Children's Home Society, and attributes much of the success that attends his endeavors to the coopera-tion of Elk Lodges and individual members of the Order in his State.

McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge conducted a highly profitable Festival and Bazaar.

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge has sold its old building for \$125,000 and turned this sum over to the Finance and New Building Committee in charge of the construction of the new Home.

Actual construction of the new Home of Moline (Ill.) Lodge will begin this spring and will be completed by January, 1925.

Erie (Pa.) Lodge has organized a dramatic club, to be known as the Elks Players.

The Home of Etna (Pa.) Lodge, which was recently damaged by a fire of unknown origin, has been reconstructed and is now one of the imposing buildings in that vicinity.

Elks Memorial Address (Continued from page 38)

splendid, calm, great man, and to the charitable, just and faithful brother, whose words and deeds bespoke brotherly love---to Warren G.

May we gather strength and inspiration from this splendid life, and in return resolve to faithfully serve our Country and our beloved

Order, so that the light at the fork of the road may set aglow a cheering flame in our own

Harding.

hearts.

Die to the old ignoble selves we knew, Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,

And rise again like these, with souls as true.

"Nay (since these died before their task was finished), Attempt new heights! Bring even their dreams

Build us that better world, oh, not diminished

By one true splendor that they planned on earth; And that's not done by sword or tongue or pen,

There is but one way-God make us better men!"

It is entirely fitting that we chisel deep on the tablets of love and memory the virtues and beautiful remembrances of each and all of

Over \$1,500 was netted by the annual show put on by La Grande (Ore.) Lodge for the benefit

the brothers whose names have been here called His name is written large in the history of for the last time in our ceremony. But we indeed do but justice to pay affectionate defer-ence to the President of the United States, to the our Nation; his influence brought more of real accomplishment in brotherly love between statesman of the people, most especially to the

the peoples of this and other countries than any other for generations past;—his will be the brightest among the golden stars in our service Flag—his the first among all the many names upon the honor roll on our memorial tablet! Not in grief, but, as he wishes it, "above the murmurings of sorrow," let us breather a prayer and a message: "As the hour of

Eleven shall regularly return—to set the bells of memory a-chiming—thou art I and I am thou—for thy name I have as a talisman upon my heart!"



Do animals obey the Ten Commandments better than men and women?

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 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

done. 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 know?

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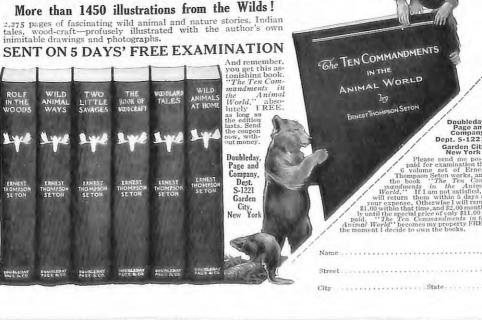
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