

The Elks

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Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1924



-Leslie Thrasher-

SAMUEL MERWIN'S New Novel
"A Daughter of Ambition"
Is Among the Features this Month

Duofold converts the 'Die Hards,' too

—the men who think all fountain pens are alike

Its Size and Balance and 25-year Point put fresh inspiration into everyone's writing

YOU know the "Die Hards"—the fellows who believe all fountain pens are alike. They either never owned a Class A pen, or have four or five cheap pens rattling around in their desks.

They had no affection for alarm clocks either, until Big Ben came along and woke them up. And when Gillette first took the morning murder out of shaving, the "Die Hards" were the last to cheer the safety razor.

But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

Even the hardest "Die Hard" will own up he never swung a pen with Duofold's inspiring balance—that he never saw one with Duofold's classic shapeliness and beauty.

He'll catch the new idea when you tell him this Chinese lacquer-red color makes Duofold a hard pen to lose—that its size and symmetry give it a friendly feel in the hand. And he can't write his signature without admitting that Duofold's polished Iridium point (guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection) is the smoothest thing that ever slid over paper.

He'll like the capacity of the Over-size ink barrel. And when you show how the Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap fits with microscopic precision so the Duofold can't leak, the chances are 10 to 1 that he'll soon head for the nearest pen counter.

After all, the Parker Duofold gives the biggest thrill to men and women whom ordinary pens can't stir. That's why good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval—knowing that day by day this classic grows on everyone.

If you don't own the Duofold already, get this super-pen before the "Die Hards" beat you to it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
 NEW YORK • CHICAGO Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE
 THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Parker LUCKY CURVE
Duofold OVER-SIZE
 With The 25 Year Point
 Duofold Jr. \$5 Same except for size
 Lady Duofold \$5 With ring for chatelaine
\$7



Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office

★NEW GOLD GIRDLE—WAS \$1 EXTRA—NOW FREE, DUE TO LARGE PRODUCTION

He Doesn't Know It Yet But He's a \$6,000 Man

"DO YOU SEE that earnest-looking fellow talking to the President?" —It was the General Manager speaking; he and his guest were taking a turn thru the main offices.

—"That's the man I've got picked to take Short's place, as Auditor of the Company, when Short goes East. I've had my eye on him for more than a year; he's the kind of fellow who's bound to get ahead. I learned the other day that he has been studying evenings at home for the past six or eight months. He's one of the few men who really seem awake to their opportunities. A fellow like that is too good to lose, and we're going to make it worth his while to stick. He doesn't know it yet, but he's a six-thousand-dollar man!"

* * *
 "Studying evenings—working out problems—taking an interest in the business"—if the men in subordinate positions could only read the minds of the men directing them, what surprising things they would learn about themselves!

—How every day, for example, those who show promise are being appraised for bigger jobs —How their capacity is constantly being measured by the readiness with which they grasp the larger problems of the business. —How they are being gauged by the foresight they show in preparing for greater responsibilities.

For, after all, the extent to which a man is willing to prepare for bigger things is a mighty good index to his fitness to control them—isn't it?

The boss, you see—if he is a real executive and not a figurehead—put in many years equipping himself for his present position. Is it likely that he will overlook the chap who shows the same habits and tendencies which helped him to get ahead?

Then, too, when a man undertakes home-study training, he proves that he has good common-sense—and that's an asset!

For consider the logic of his undertaking—

For a comparatively few months—a year or two, at most—a man agrees with himself to give up a certain proportion of his "good times." He weighs them against his ambition to increase his income, and he deliberately chooses the bigger salary, the larger future. He knows that training is what he needs, and he values his self-respect so highly that he cannot be happy to drift any longer.

the LaSalle Problem Method, he works with actual business problems, and they fascinate him. He is conscious that he is growing in business power. He sees the results of his increased ability in the promotions that he gains.

Consider, for example, such simple statements as the following, all susceptible to ready proof:

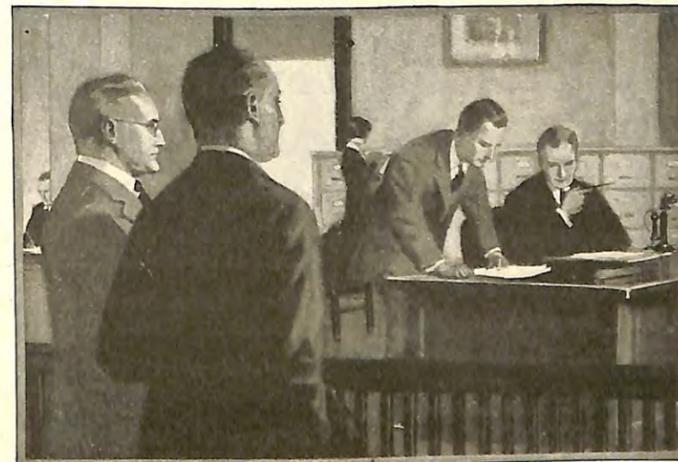
"Salary and earnings have increased over 183 per cent. Your course has given me the position I wished for, the salary I looked for, and has broadened my knowledge and vision so that I have perfect confidence in my ability to do any job in the accounting field."
 FRANK B. TRISCO, Minnesota.

"Instead of a factory store-keeper, I find myself at the end of three years head of a department, with an increase in salary of 230 per cent."
 F. H. LAWSON, California.

"Led the list in the Maine bar examination."
 GORDON F. GALLETT, Maine.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me."
 C. RUTHERFORD, Canada.

"—a total of 90 per cent increase in salary in two years. I saw this promotion in advance and was preparing myself for it, altho it came six months sooner than expected, which goes to show that it pays to be prepared."
 R. L. REEVES, Alabama.



The point to all this is very simple. In making a decision of this kind, he is demonstrating his ability to discriminate between the values that are worth while and those that are no values at all. And inevitably that kind of shrewdness makes a real hit with sound business men.

He Learns by Solving Problems —and It's a Fascinating Method

But there's another phase to home-study training which we have neglected to mention.

While it takes courage to map out a course for oneself and to make the start, it is only a short time after one has got under way when it becomes no task at all, and instead of regarding his studies as a burden, a man gets to really looking forward to his periods of training. Under

Make Yourself a \$6,000 Man

Of course no amount of WISHING can get a man out of a mediocre place and put him on the right road to success.

But what astounding things a man can do if he changes his wishing to WILLING—if he really sets up a goal for himself and steadily bends his energies toward REACHING it!

What is YOUR goal? Is it symbolized by one or more of the courses listed on the coupon just below?

Then, for the sake of your future, take out your pencil NOW—check the training that appeals to you—sign your name and address—and put it in the mail.

There is, of course, no obligation—but there's a great big OPPORTUNITY—and it's automatically set aside for the man who ACTS.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 2328-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management: Training for Station Accountants, Cashiers and Agents, Division Agents, Traveling Auditors, Transportation Inspectors, Traveling Freight Agents, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers. | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of Industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc. | | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men. | | | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants. |

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Nine



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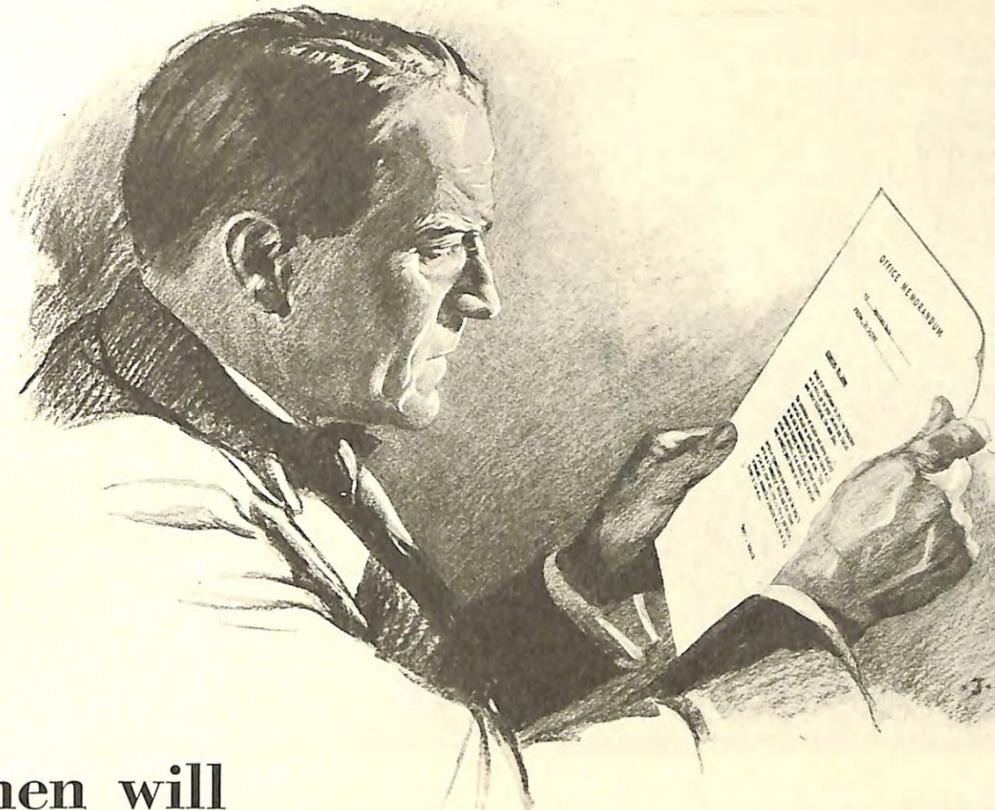
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When will a younger man become your boss?

THOSE OF US who are under fifty will find something very personal in this true business story. . . .

In September, 1922, the Purchasing Agent of a manufacturing company read an advertisement like this, and sent for the definite plan of business progress offered in the coupon below. Shortly afterwards he decided to take up the Course of Reading outlined in the plan.

In visiting him afterwards, a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute remarked:

"By the way, we have a very good friend in your organization. Mr. Humphreys, your Secretary and Treasurer, enrolled some years ago. Last year we received from him a letter in which he said that this Course had been one of the most important factors in his business progress."

The face of the Purchasing Agent was an interesting study. He is a man of forty-five who has spent twenty years with the Company, the last twelve of them in the same position.

"Yes, I know all about Mr. Humphreys," he said quietly. "I hired him when he came here as a boy fourteen years ago."

Then after a minute he added: "I was ahead of him until he began reading and studying about business."

"I was ahead of him"

—there is a very tragic note in those words. Youth is the eternal contender,

always waiting to take every man's place. Every day in every city some older man is shocked by the promotion of a younger man over his head.

It sounds hard and resistless, and it is. But there is one redeeming feature about it. *Age is not a matter of years.* Gladstone was still Prime Minister at eighty. Many of the biggest businesses are headed by men who have moved steadily ahead long after middle life. *But Gladstone kept reading, reaching out, growing; he took up the study of a new language at 80.* You can determine for yourself when you will be old, when younger men will begin to pass you. That time will come the day you cease to grow.

Put big minds to work for you

What the Alexander Hamilton Institute does is very simple. It gathers together the most inspiring minds in business and education—men who have succeeded notably. It takes the best which those minds have to offer and brings it to you, in books of agreeable reading, in lectures, in letters and service based on your individual requirements. It says: "Refresh your own mind from these minds. Add to your business equipment what they have learned at the cost of much time and money. By constant contact with men far above you, you inevitably reach up. You grow."

The fact that the Institute has helped many men to add thousands of dollars to their incomes is secondary. Money rises to the level of

brains; raise your level of ability and nothing can prevent your income from increasing. If your present business does not afford more money some other business will.

This is not theory. Since the Institute began, it has laid out a definite plan of business progress for more than 200,000 men. These men have not been passed in the race by younger men. They are the Institute's living advertisements—the proof that this training can and does help men to be continuously successful.

Send for this definite plan

The cost of the Institute's Course, if you decide later that it is *the* Course for you, is a few cents a day, a few hours of reading a month. But the cost of investigation is nothing. Let us send you our booklet, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress." Even if you do no more than read it, it will help you to answer the question: "Where will I be in business ten years from now?" Surely the answer to that question is worth the little effort of filling in this coupon.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
 993 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once, without cost or obligation, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress."

Name.....
 Business Address.....
 Business Position.....

Please write plainly



What Happens to Thousands of Girls—Your Daughter Perhaps, or Your Neighbor's—Girls Who Seek Success In the World of Music

THERE were acquaintances who thought Gorham Baret a machine—intricate, smooth-running, efficient—but these had not observed certain mellowing influences. Books touched his life. The publishing business, when stripped of its literary cloak, comes down bluntly enough to merchandising; but taste is inherent and also a feeling for craftsmanship.

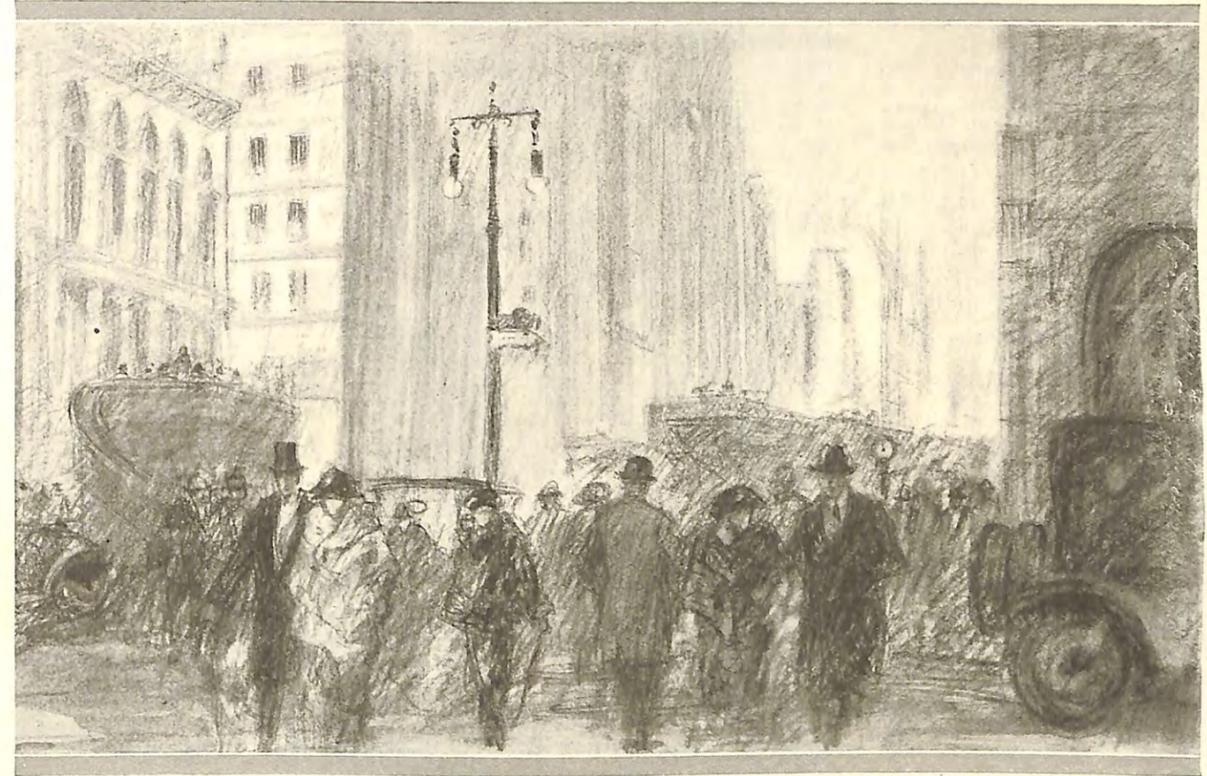
His club he loved. It was a simple but spacious old city residence done over at the beginning of its later incarnation by a famous architect who was an artist in atmospheres. The smoky old walls were lined with trophies and quaint memorabilia and smoky old paintings. On the walls of the oak-paneled grill room hung, frame touching frame, engravings of old-time actors and actresses and pleasantly faded play bills of early New York and earlier London. The stairways, card rooms and sleeping rooms were similarly decorated with pictures that had come with time to seem a part of the walls. The somewhat musty but finely proportioned library was a treasure-house of historical matter of the theater and its allied arts. The pool room downstairs with its single table and surrounding benches and high oaken chairs rang every afternoon and evening with laughter and talk that was by no means infrequently spiced with wit; for here gathered traditionally the keenest bohemian minds of the time—actors, playwrights, painters, novelists, musicians, poets, architects and others.

It was inevitable that Baret, with his faculty for objective and constructive

thinking, should have been drafted, years back, into administrative work within the club. He was a respected member of the Board, and his native rigidity in money matters had grown somewhat elastic through many contacts with odd but gifted and genial men many of whom could not always through the years pay promptly their dues and house charges. Through the club drifted innumerable distinguished foreign visitors; the bulletin board was always covered with their p.p.c. cards, often charmingly inscribed. And Baret, though not himself a wit, had found it pleasant that the threads of his life were here woven into new and changing patterns. He joined in the pool game on Saturday afternoons. He dropped down at this or that luncheon table to live vicariously in a world of charm which though not his by natural right had become, with the marching years, a necessity to him. The club was, indeed, more than any other spot on earth, his home.

But always unlike these happy-go-lucky companions of his leisure hours whom he had come in perhaps surprising measure to like and even respect, nothing of their good-natured disorderliness touched his personal life. He rose at seven every morning and went systematically through a set of indoor exercises; breakfasted at a quarter to eight; walked (always) up Fifth Avenue to the offices of The Wellesley and Baret Company and seated himself before the neat single heap of papers on his desk (always) at a quarter to nine. By ten the desk was clean and he plunged into a round of conferences with department heads and dis-

posed of the little problems and adjustments that are forever rising within an organization. At a quarter to one he walked to the club for luncheon and at a quarter to two walked back. Between two and four he received business callers and disposed of such business as had come to his desk during the day. At four he began signing letters and checks. At four he began signing letters and checks. At a quarter to five, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, he walked across town to a private gymnasium for a rubber of handball with his physical trainer, a sweat and a swim; on Tuesdays and Thursdays he walked at the same hour to the club, where, as a member of the Committee on Admissions, it was his duty to meet candidates and make himself agreeable and useful. The evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday were given usually until a quarter to midnight to reading manuscripts; on Wednesdays and Saturdays he always dined at the club and later either sat through a directors' meeting, or joined in the pool game or went to a play. Even his Sundays were reduced to a system. He rose early, and, after a leisurely breakfast and a pipe, ran swiftly through two newspapers. After that he read manuscripts until the midday dinner. He never attended church. In the afternoon he always, from September to May, took his sister to one or another of the concerts of which New York offers so many on every Sabbath; and in the evening read more manuscripts. There was never an end to these, but he never kept one unread over the week-end. It was, indeed, a well-ordered life; every hour of it fitted into a system. But he



A Daughter of Ambition

A Serial Which Should Prevent Many a Heartache

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

accomplished vastly more than is outlined here. For a decade he had joined actively in the struggle for a complete and equitable international copyright. He served in France as a captain and (toward the last) major of artillery; and during the confusion that followed the peace accomplished important relief work for the Red Cross in Poland, Serbia and Russia. He figured in these somewhat quieter days on the governing committees of certain charities and civic organizations, and permitted his name to appear nowhere that his time and energy could not in some measure follow. Advised by certain of the painters at the club he picked up Chinese carvings in soapstone, and by the time dealt with in the present narrative was known here and there among connoisseurs as possessor of a unique collection.

And even beyond all this he branched out. He had been among the first to visualize the possibility of building cooperative apartment houses, and the great twelve-story structure on the south side of Gramercy Park stood really as a monument to his faith and energy and his gift for drawing conflicting elements into harmony. He lived there in a spacious apartment on the top floor with his widowed sister and an invalid aunt, both of whom were wholly dependent on his generosity. He had never married; he had had to work his way through college, following this with a struggle to support his parents while working out the beginnings of his own career. There had always been burdens. But it is to be questioned whether he ever felt them heavily as

burdens, or whether the early struggle had felt to him so desperate as for a time it looked to his acquaintances. In college he found time to be an athlete. All the way along he had appeared confident, resourceful, alert.

IT WAS a successful life, and by no means an unattractive one. If inclined to be a trifle severe in his judgments, or at least somewhat coldly analytical, he was, none the less, a good man to confide troubles to. He never loaned money, however unfortunate the case or however close the friend, but he always gave time to listen and advise. His finely constructive mind always stimulated. He not only disliked disorder and failure, he positively liked to see everything about him thrive. He touched nothing without in some degree building it.

In person he was a fine specimen of prosperous manhood. He stood an even six feet, and though at this period nearing forty weighed not a pound more than when playing football in college sixteen to eighteen years back. Physical perfection was indeed hardly less than a devotional element in his life. He never ate rich foods. He valued his sleep, and seldom permitted a manuscript or novel to absorb him beyond his regular bedtime. And as the inner man, so the outer; he dressed with care and taste. . . . In face he was firm, with a good long nose, plenty of chin, a strong set about the mouth, a broad not overhigh forehead, and blue eyes, definitely blue eyes with no gray in them. His manner was easy enough, tending to buoyancy without over-enthusiasm.

It was an open healthy life. There is a familiar type of city bachelor who, while gentleman enough, dwells in a bohemian obscurity with outcroppings of little furtive incidents and companionships that one has to overlook as casually as may be. Baret was not of this sort. Indeed the apartment house—he had named it The Wellesley, after the old founder of the business—stood as a monument to his kind of thing. He liked to feel that his life was lived in public.

He wasn't a prig. We are not to be permitted to deal with him on quite so simple a basis as that. He had known women of all sorts, and once or twice during the more plastic younger years had thought himself in love. And his many contacts with the experimental artist-folk of the great city had tended to balance the severity that was natively his; had, indeed, given him much of the friendly tolerance of a man of the world. But he had kept, despite occasional and doubtless inevitable incidents, his footing. He had gone energetically on. Whenever tempted to yield to feminine charm he had struck out, as by a corrective instinct, into new constructive ideas. An attempt on the part of a friend's wife to flirt with him—a shrewd and amusing little set of beginning incidents—had played no inconsiderable part in putting through the complicated plans for The Wellesley. . . . It was probably as nearly perfect a life, in the matter of conduct, as human nature has a right to expect; perhaps too nearly perfect; a life without what we know rather vaguely as temperament, without much play of light and shadow. And while I should hesitate

She sang, first of all things, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." It was not merely good voice . . . there was a thrill about it, as there was about the girl herself . . . a quite disarming appeal

to term him an out-and-out misogynist, still I don't think he really liked women. If he had married, during those earlier years when the thing seemed more nearly a possibility, it would have been, I think, for the deliberately arrived-at purpose of founding a family. He wouldn't have permitted emotion to over-rule his judgment. He didn't like emotion.

It is difficult to state in terms this defensive attitude of his regarding women. It was the one note in the harmony of his life that felt discordant. He couldn't reduce it to logic and judgment, and so he simply turned away from it, busied himself. But he naturally thought a good deal in idle moments. Marriage, as he had opportunity to observe it, was by no means wholly a success as an institution. Husbands had confided in him, and so had wives. Most of these marriages had been at best pretty sophisticated affairs. The women affected a bohemian smartness of wit and veered away from the discomfort and responsibility of child-bearing. The helpmate idea seemed to have gone quite out.

WALKING down Fifth Avenue before luncheon and back afterward, every day, he couldn't help considering the thousands of girls and women he passed. They seemed in the main, a hot-house lot, running to furs and silks and rouge and studied personal effects. Luxury was the prevailing note; with its undertone of man-hunting and parasitism.

He had watched the rising tide of economic independence among women with deepening concern. That—the working element—was the other sort. They grew steadily freer and more adventurous as the Fifth Avenue lot grew more shamelessly parasitic. They didn't have to be protected any more, but fended for themselves. They bobbed their hair and talked with the freedom of medical students. They went out—to use the vernacular—after men and won them if they could. Always with profound reservations and an appalling air of knowing their way about. You eluded them, fenced with them, fought them without quarter in the lists of what they appeared to regard as love. Even the girls in the office were like that. Two or three that he had chosen from a group of promising college graduates had been quickly caught up in the Greenwich Village tide. And the others, the little city things, were hopeless. And all this in spite of the emotional instability of the sex and their marked physical limitations. It was downright alarming. It simply couldn't work out.

No, he didn't like women. And his habits were set. What you did was simply to crowd out the emotional catastrophe by filling your life with work. You hunted about, if necessary, to gather food for the consuming energy that didn't seem to weaken with the years as he had once supposed it would. And then one day, while driving at a dozen healthy interests, you would find that life was over and you passing on to the next thing, whatever it might be. Just that. It was enough. Stave the thing off until you were through.

Here, for instance, right at the moment,



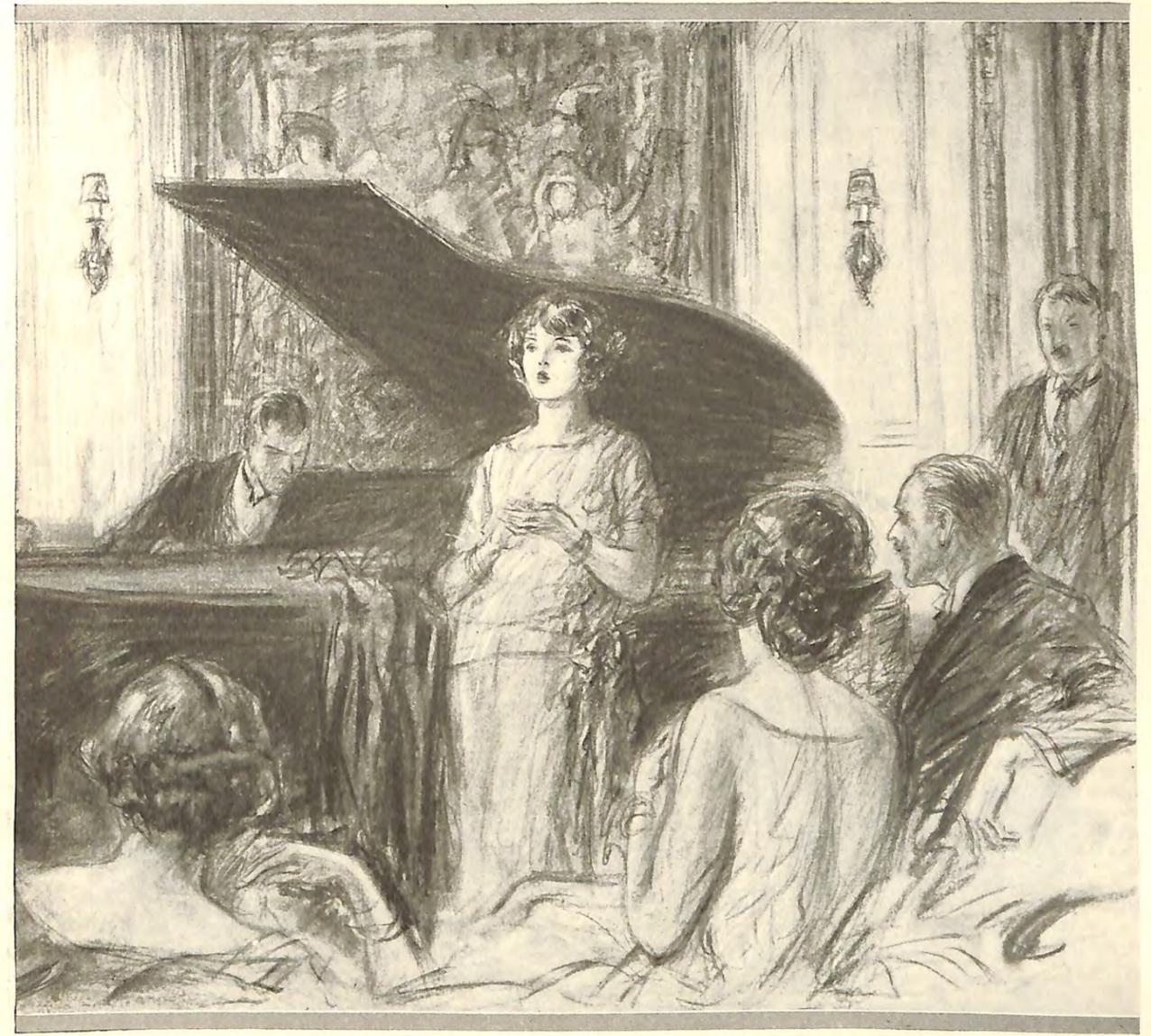
was work to be done. The old club was crowded uncomfortably. There weren't enough bedrooms. The grill room was too small. The library might well be enlarged. It would be a blessing to have more than one pool table. The house next door was on the market. Why not buy it and throw the two buildings together! It would take something in the nature of magical financing; the club hadn't any money. It would mean reconciling the host of conflicting opinions that fly up in any club at the broaching of any progressive plan. The Board of Governors would have to be educated and stiffened up to it. But there was just the thing—a problem—something you could tackle with all your vigor, all your fight—commit yourself, plunge in, and simply make a go of it!

Thus ran one thread of his thoughts as he swung briskly down the Avenue. It was a Saturday noon. The roadway flowed curbside in a double current of limousines, taxicabs and great green busses hurrying to make way northward and southward while the lights on the traffic-control towers glowed yellow through the clear September atmosphere. The shop-fronts were gay with colored textiles, autumn paint-

ings, furs, flowers and toys. The amazing swarms of well-dressed women along the broad sidewalks moved deliberately, lingering in clusters before the more alluring windows, glancing with studied demureness at an occasional well-groomed man. Whiffs of perfume floated pleasantly to sensitive nostrils. Carmine lips moved as if faintly to smile. Penciled eyebrows lifted and beaded lashes drooped and quivered.

BARSET wondered where all the furs came from. Every woman wore them though the day was warm—smoothly matched sable skins and mink and the rarer foxes and seal. It was as if all the wealth of a broken world were gathered regardless and lavishly swept into this one great thoroughfare. A block to the west tens of thousands of swarthy aliens struggled with a dwindling group of Anglo-Saxons in a grimy commercial throat-cutting; three blocks to the east poverty crowded dank tenements and overran unkempt streets.

It was no world to think in. You couldn't think. The French were in the Ruhr, shaking three continents in the determination to teach the lesson of defeat to a people that had proved themselves savage in victory and shameless in disaster. Europe was bankrupt, America drifting fastly. A



few million farmers were clamoring for a chance barely to live. The railroads were breaking. There was little coal, and less in the way of ability to move it where it was needed. But here on the Avenue was luxury, immense display, a magnificence. . . . No, you couldn't think. Manufacturers and merchandisers held prices up and shrugged at an uncertain future and somehow or other paid their taxes. Government inquisitors swarmed expensively digging out sources of taxation for a floundering Congress to waste. Somehow you coasted along, turning short corners, facing daily a kaleidoscope of new conditions. In publishing, now, you simply charged more for books. And a public that was forgetting how to save, paid. Somehow it continued to pay. And, for yourself, you held your mind to something constructive; you shut out a world that you couldn't bear to think of and centered on that little thing. Such as buying the house next door to enlarge the club. A little definite thing to hold to.

A woman detached herself from the moving throng and appeared before Barse. It was Isabel Halling—small, wrapped in the costliest mink, her somewhat firm but still beautiful features smiling up at him through a dotted veil. She carried a slender

cane with a top of worked gold. He found himself taking her hand by a show-window.

ISABEL was or could have been a painter. Before Fred Halling married her she did rather well with magazine covers, and had tried portraits. She had taste and a good brain. She was wholly of the city, absorbed in the affairs of the painters, musicians and writers who came to her Sunday teas. She liked to know people, particularly men. Her talk—always friendly talk of a confidential even an intimate trend—was softly punctuated with the names, the first names, of all those minor celebrities about whom the more sophisticated groups were chattering at the moment. She was never at ease regarding a new celebrity, Barse had come to feel, until she had enrolled him in her pleasantly proprietary way as a member in easy standing of her little *salon*. She went in for no public charities but loved to manage lives. Barse thought of her as surrounded by a curious group of men whom he regarded as her pet dogs; men whose wives had left them or who were unhappy in love, or the struggling younger men. All these she advised. She absorbed their troubles like a sponge. She enjoyed being called on to take hold in crises. She had no children, of course; but ran to dogs. A well-bred dog

stirred her; she frequented the shows and could talk authoritatively with the kennel men. Women of her own age never spoke of her with enthusiasm. But her husband was as proud of her as if she had been a Gobel tapestry or the Mona Lisa in his private keeping.

"I was just thinking of calling you up at the club, Gorry." Her voice was smoothly modulated, as always, and intimately pleasant in timbre. She spoke the language beautifully, if with something of the British intonation that has captured the American theater of recent years. "Such an interesting case—a girl." . . .

She knew Barse better than he dreamed; could read the masculine confusions in his mind. And so she dwelt a little on those words—"a girl." . . . He wouldn't be looking for that from her. "She's a perfectly lovely little thing with a voice like Bori's. And having the most terrible struggle." And then as his manner stiffened slightly she went on more softly, more, as she would have put it, wistfully. "The poor thing has been here a year or two with her naive little mother."

"Oh, a mother!" he thought; he knew these stage mothers.

But she read the thought as clearly as if it had been written across his face, and



purred confidently on. "I never knew a case like it. The girl is glorious. The mother doesn't yet begin to know what a battle she is in. She doesn't know even the beginnings of what to do. They just came down here expecting to take the town by storm. And of course nobody's even heard of them. Almost no money, of course. A husband and other children out in Minnesota. He runs a store. . . . Now, Gorry, while it's the most deserving case I've ever encountered, I'm not going to ask you to help. Really I'm not. I'm only going to ask you to drop in at five to-morrow. After your concert. I promise I shan't even speak of you—not a word about all you could do if you were interested. I promise. But I won't let you out of coming around. You must do that much for me."

"I'd love to, Isabel," said he, with such profound misgivings written on his face that she could have laughed aloud.

THEN she was gone; with her most wistful smile, moving gracefully up the Avenue swinging that slender, gold-topped stick, exquisitely aware that smart women turned to observe her, and smiling faintly to herself over good perfectly obvious old Gorry. She even considered, and not for the first time, the possibility of flirting a little with him herself. It would be an achievement

They sat looking at each other across a table at the Brevoort. "I have only an hour," he said, "so we'd better talk right to the point"

to bring him down off that extremely high horse of his. So far as she knew he never so much as looked at a woman. An odd case. A nut to crack indeed!

Barset, striding on down the Avenue, struggled with an obscure resentment. He was somewhat afraid of Isabel. She was so softly sure of herself. She had always such an air of knowing she could get what she wanted whenever she might get around to him. Until now she had contrived (he knew well enough) to hold him within the outer fringe of her little circle without quite, really, getting around to him.

He thought over the men he knew who had become entangled in this baffling business of helping ambitious young musicians along. The cases were nearly always desperate and often appealing. There was Henry Dudley. At fifty-eight, and without any unpleasant hints of scandal, he had undertaken to stand back of Effie Dillingham the pianist. He had sent her and her mother abroad and supported them there for years, and yet the girl hadn't, as they say, got across. He knew other cases. None of them turned out, after all the struggle and all the eager promise, quite good

enough, or lucky enough, or something. It was a heartbreaking game, at best. He wished he could have been sufficiently brusque to decline the invitation. They'd play on his sympathies, of course. Isabel would be shameless about that. And he didn't want his sympathies played on. He wasn't one of her pet dogs!

The resentment deepened. The thing amounted to an attack. She was attacking him. She had at last got round to him. He walked more rapidly and more firmly. It was pleasant to enter the mellow old club, greet various acquaintances, walk on out into the crowded grill room. Three of the Board were lunching together and beckoned him. A waiter—old John—placed a chair for him at the corner of the little table. That was the way they had always done here; they crowded together with the barest elbow room and lit their pipes and talked eagerly—always good talk. Fred Halling was here. He had edited *The National Post* for more than twenty years; a spare sandy man with a big heart and a dry tongue. The others were Bill Brandywine, the landscape painter, and Theodore Wing, the greatest Othello and Lear since Salvini and Booth.

For a time he listened and thought. His pulse had quickened perceptibly since that

(Continued on page 48)



The Play of a Nation

By Albert Britt

Drawings by George M. Richards

ALONG time ago there was a boy named Jack. When he was born doctor and nurse, not to mention grandmothers and aunts and doting parents, agreed that he was an unusually bright baby. At the age of ten months he was distinctly heard to utter the word "Waggleum", which, as every mother knows, means, "I want a drink of water." Or sometimes it means "See the pretty birdie," all depending on the way the receiving ear is tuned in. Before he was a year and a half he was a fluent conversationalist and had classified four different species of beetles by taste alone.

There was no doubt that Jack was an unusual child with a bright future, and his father and mother, along with his grandmothers and his aunts, went into executive session. "This is probably the most promising child of the century," said father. "It is a great responsibility that is laid upon us. One false step now and all humanity will be the loser. Life is short and there is much to learn. We must waste no time. Jack must be taken in hand at once and trained with the greatest care so that his future will justify the promise of to-day." And all the conferees nodded agreement. That was a black day for Jack. He was about to be educated, and that, as all children can testify, is a terrible thing.

We will pass as lightly as possible over a small handful of years. Jack is nearing fifteen and the family have just been notified that the budding Aristotle has failed for the second time to get into high school. It is a sad blow but there have been warnings. "I don't understand it at all," said father. "We've certainly kept him at work. When other boys were wasting time playing ball Jack has been buried in his books. And yet his teachers call him dull. At any rate we can congratulate ourselves that we have done our best. The hand of Providence must be in it."

Then up spoke a graceless uncle, one who was not wont to honor the family councils with his presence often or to be greeted with great respect on his infrequent appearances. He it was who had once declared that he would rather catch a two-pound trout than sell the biggest bill of goods on record. The family had done their best to suppress this heretical utterance, but it had leaked out and caused them to hang their collective and individual heads.

The uncle's contribution was brief. "I have had a great thought," he said. "I've written it on this piece of paper and you can read it after I am safely out of the room. It's probably too late to do much for Jack, but in the next thousand or two years the world may understand it. For Jack is the

human race and my other names are Wisdom and Experience."

After he was gone they opened the paper and this was what they read: "It is an oversupply of industry and a corresponding lack of sinful recreation that has spilled the beans for Jack." Grandmother snorted. "He means that all work and no play has made Jack a dull boy. My no-account father used to say the same thing. He was the one who said he would rather be bright than president."

Nobody knows who writes the wise saws that we quote when we run out of thoughts of our own. Perhaps no one does. They just grow, some of them out of experience and some from error. Jack has been the horrible example for more generations than we care to count. In our little parable he is a child, but that is only a parable. Children usually have sense enough to know that play is the only thing worth while. It is not until we grow old and wise—and near-sighted and somewhat short of breath—that we fall down and worship the stupid idol Work. And now there are signs that that brazen image is being toppled from his pedestal.

It was not so very long ago, as we count years, that play was considered a fit occupation only for children and the idle rich. In fact it was so far outside the pale that very few, even of the rich, dared indulge in it openly lest they be regarded as a corroding influence in working America. Only the bold or the utterly lost ventured to be seen

long away from the daily job. Most of us stuck to our desks or our counters lest our competitors steal our business or our associates sever the partnership.

The early advocates of the year-round Saturday half holiday were met with the irrefutable argument of statistics. "Suppose you have a thousand employees. If you close at one o'clock on Saturday that means that you lose four thousand working hours a week, or two hundred and eight thousand hours a year. That means that you will be losing twenty-three and a half years every year." Such reasoning sounds like the old problem of the spider that tried climbing out of the well by going up two feet and slipping back one, only more so, but there must have been a flaw in the figures somewhere. At any rate we have put the Saturday half-holiday into effect and we are still the greatest nation in the world. We admit it.

A FEW years ago there was a great argument on the other side of the Atlantic which lasted for more than four years. Before it was over we were drawn into it and some five million men were put in special training to support our side of the debate. Few of them had had any experience in that sort of discussion and it was necessary to teach a lot of things in a short time. Then if ever in the world's history it was necessary to get down to the bare facts of the case with no waste of time for trimmings. The man who is being fitted to make an earnest effort to insert cold steel or hot lead into the person of a total stranger on the other side of the world can have little time for play.

If that was your conclusion you never made a worse mistake in your life. Every training camp in the United States was a great playground. The youthful soldiers played not only such serious, grownup games as baseball, football, boxing, and wrestling, but they also turned back the pages to the games of childhood, to tag, leapfrog, three deep, and hopscotch. And serious army officers directed and encouraged these foolish pastimes. If the world ever doubts again the value of play there should be no need to do more than recall to our minds the lessons of the Great War. Probably Wellington never said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, but the historian of the future cannot deny the part play bore in training the grim fighters of Belleau Wood, Seicheprey, Cambrai, and the Argonne.

It is evident to one who considers the world of sport that there is no need for present argument on this point. We are playing now as never before and the Jacks of the future are receiving large but still

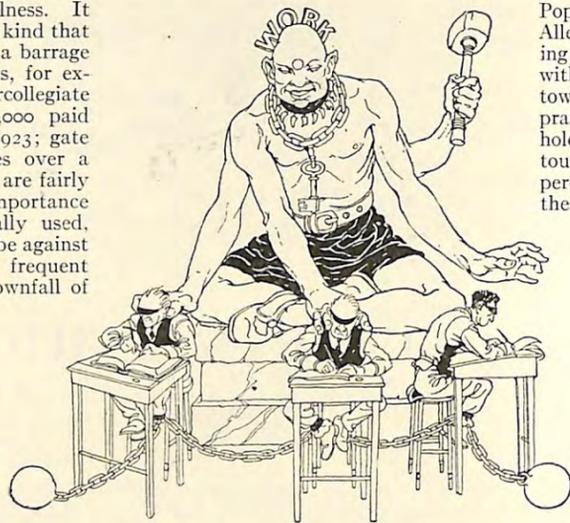


inadequate insurance against dullness. It is inevitable in a discussion of this kind that one should begin by laying down a barrage of statistics. Something like this, for example: 17,000,000 people saw intercollegiate football games last fall; 27,000,000 paid admission to baseball games in 1923; gate receipts at the last World Series over a million dollars, etc. These figures are fairly accurate and probably have an importance of their own. They are generally used, however, as the opening of a diatribe against sport in the course of which frequent reference will be made to the downfall of Rome and the popularity of the arena. In passing I would like to remark that this is poor logic and worse history. Rome didn't fall; it wasn't sport that caused her fall; furthermore and finally, any empire that lasts seven hundred years in this transitory world is entitled to fall if she wants to.

The major sports, so-called, are the ones that get the front page, but they aren't the important ones. In sport, as in war and business, it is the average man who does the work and pays the bills. There are probably a dozen golfers in the United States any one of whom may claim a front page position any time in the course of the season. These are the headliners who win the big tournaments and get their pictures in the Sunday papers, but they are as dust in the balance compared with old George W. Duffer who struggles around in a lucky hundred and three. And there are between two and three million George W.s dotting the fairways and congesting the bunkers every week-end and sometimes oftener. At the rate clubs are springing up from Eastport to Catalina even that figure is likely to be low by the time this issue is off the press. Edmonton is the farthest north so far reported, but I wouldn't be surprised to hear any day that some Scandinavian whaler had won the championship of Herschel Island.

GOLF is a fair illustration of the democracy and variety of this nation-wide uprising. I forbear to mention the Metropolitan clubs with their long waiting lists, their valet service in the locker rooms, their Turkish baths, and French cuisine. After all such golf is only for the chosen plutocratic few.

Last summer I happened to be in Alberta east of Calgary. We were motoring across the prairie into Cluny, a little town that lies along the Bow River. As the road swung up over the high bluffs the driver pointed down to the flat lands along the river and remarked, "That's Treaty Flats." When Louis Riel, the half-breed Napoleon, was inciting the Indians of Western Canada to rebellion against the whites, old Chief Crow Foot of the Bloods called his people together on Treaty Flats to make a treaty of peace with the representatives of the Canadian government. The treaty held from that day forth and Riel failed.



On the crest of the bluff was a little circle of white stones marking the spot where the old chief had died after his day's work was done. And a hundred yards from the spot was one of the holes of the Cluny golf course. There was no club house, no caddies except the small sons and daughters of the members. There was almost no town, and range cattle grazed at the edge of the course. The fact that the blood of Cluny is mostly English and Scotch tells a good deal. The dues are something like ten dollars a year and if you haven't a bag you carry your clubs in your hand, but it's golf, and not such bad golf either. Incidentally Cluny has a population of three hundred.

The future of golf lies in the small clubs and public courses, more than in the big organizations that hold the famous tournaments and whose charges make your golf cost you something like ten dollars a round. Of course the larger cities have had public courses for years. New York was one of the pioneers and has been too long content with having started the movement. While Manhattan rested on her withered laurels other cities have passed her. To-day her four courses look pitiful beside Chicago's seven with plans for as many more. In the past year, Texas, the land of the six-shooter and the long-horned steer, has added three, at Dallas, Fort Worth, and Houston. Oklahoma reports municipal courses at Oklahoma City and Tulsa. And the author of these lines, though still young enough to play, is old enough to remember the day when a cavalry bugler sounded the notes that sent the first white settlers across the line into the Cherokee Strip, then virgin soil inhabited only by Indians and cattle rustlers.

A short generation ago western Kansas was open range and the great herds drifted up from Texas over the long trail that followed the spring grass to the shipping point on the Union Pacific in western Nebraska, or even farther. There followed the days of the nester, the grasshopper, the

Populist, and the Prohibitionist till William Allen White achieved immortality by inquiring of the world at large "What's the matter with Kansas?" To-day a group of small towns in this section, where lately the prairie dog was the only fixed inhabitant, hold yearly an inter-town series of golf tournaments in which scores are kept by percentages after the fashion of baseball and the ups and downs are followed as faithfully and enthusiastically as the fate of the Yankees and the Giants. Well, perhaps not the Yankees and the Giants, but anyway Philadelphia and Boston. I'll stand on that assertion.

Golf is no longer the property of the Eastern states. Last summer it was a dentist from Oregon who carried through to the fifth round of the British championship at Deal, losing only to the winner of the tournament.

Salt Lake City has recently acquired a public course that has a bit of a history. In the early days of the Mormon colony the site was a favorite picnic ground in the scant leisure that work and worship allowed the settlers. Then as the church grew in wealth it became a Mormon golf course under the direction of the Deseret gymnasium, probably the first time in the history of the world that a church has owned and run a golf course, even indirectly. Now it is the property of the citizens of Salt Lake City, thanks to the generosity of Bishop Nibley, which incidentally is almost a perfect name for a golf philanthropist.

THE same story goes for tennis. Probably there are as many tennis players as golfers in the country. The sporting marvel of our day is the elevation of this game from the rank of the afternoon tea party to that of a robust athletic contest calling for the best that the players have, not only of skill, but also of strength and endurance. Consider how they play the game on the Pacific Coast, a year-round tennis section. To be sure there are clubs there with the exclusive air peculiar to clubs the world over, and most of them are useful organizations. But again, as in golf, it is the public parks that are doing the real work.

Oakland in 1922 taught 1350 children to play the game and the park authorities have set for their goal the teaching of tennis to every boy and girl in the public schools above the fifth grade. It is with this spirit and on such courts that California has produced such players as McLaughlin, Johnston, Bundy, Mary Browne and Helen Wills, to name only five members of a large and honorable company.

Oakland's plan of teaching tennis to all its children means of course enough courts for them to play on. Think of that, you dweller in New York, with its beggarly handful of public courts in Central Park and another handful in Prospect. Greater New York has hundreds of so-called public courts, but these are privately owned and the crowds that pay a dollar and half, and even two dollars an hour for their use during the



season testify to the appetite that exists for the game.

If we would see a nation of sportsmen—and sportswomen—in the making we must go to the public parks and playgrounds. These, more than the clubs, tell the story. For example, I have seen the report of twelve cities in Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia, and the total number taking part in park and playground activities during the year is only slightly less than the total population of these cities—924,959 as against a population of 1,173,000. To be sure there is a fair number of repeaters, people who take part in more than one activity, so that these figures should be scaled down. However much we may discount them in reason, the figures are still respectable.

Here's another way of looking at it. In five hundred cities that are organized under and make annual reports to the Playground Association there are at least a million and a quarter using their city-made opportunities for play daily. The games played are as varied as the equipment, the space and the tastes of the players permit. Of course the old favorites still reign. Baseball holds the throne with the boys.

THINK not that this game is monopolized by the professional leagues and the colleges. Statistics on this point are crude guesses, nothing more. If you set the total at the number of boys in the country under twenty-one you would not have to discount it very heavily. Then add something for the college players past that age and a handful more for the professionals scattered over the country and you will be near the truth.

Here again it's a case of the activities of least importance getting the front page space. Crowds of some forty to sixty thousand daily saw the Giants and Yankees struggle for a mythical world championship in New York recently. In Oakland every year a hundred teams fight for a real championship in their respective classes. Milwaukee has seventy-seven teams in a municipal league.

York, Pennsylvania, has two leagues, eight teams in the Senior and sixteen in the Junior. Each team is allowed to carry fifteen players. Regular contracts are drawn and players are not allowed to shift without the permission of the League management. Here are three hundred and sixty recognized players, which means three or four times that many struggling for their place in the sun. The Junior League is divided into two circuits and after a schedule of forty-two games has been played the winning teams in the respective circuits play a five game post-season series, a miniature World Series. The players are from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

New Haven has forty-six teams organized in amateur leagues. This means six hundred and ninety

players on the diamond each week, without counting the aspirants who have not yet arrived. Out in Detroit there is a city baseball commission that takes itself quite as seriously as do the Major League magnates. And they have reason to for they preside over the destinies of four different classes of teams with full power to legislate for the good of the game. The difference is that they are unpaid, and so are the players. Their principal job is to find the proper place for every boy who wants a chance at the national game.

The story of Yakima, Washington, is a good one for the man who doubts the national value of sport. Yakima had a gang, and it was a tough one. Two of its members had been sent to the penitentiary and more were on their way. The truly good people of the community hoped that the time might be short till all of them should be so cared for. Then something happened. Some one suggested that the matter be taken out of the hands of the police and the city magistrates by the simple expedient of giving the boys something else to think about. The result was three baseball teams, a tennis club, an athletic club, a night school, a swimming club, an athletic club for the winter, and half a dozen different non-athletic organizations. The boys didn't stop there. The town needed street signs. The boys put them up with the help of the merchants, saving the city about a thousand dollars. To crown the whole they gave a "Day of Real Sport," which was a mixture of everything athletic that the boys could offer and ten thousand people, half the population of the town, turned out to applaud them. Fifty thousand people saw the last Yale-Harvard football game, but they didn't bulk anything near as large as Yakima's ten.

One inevitable tendency in discussing the spread of sport in America is to cite

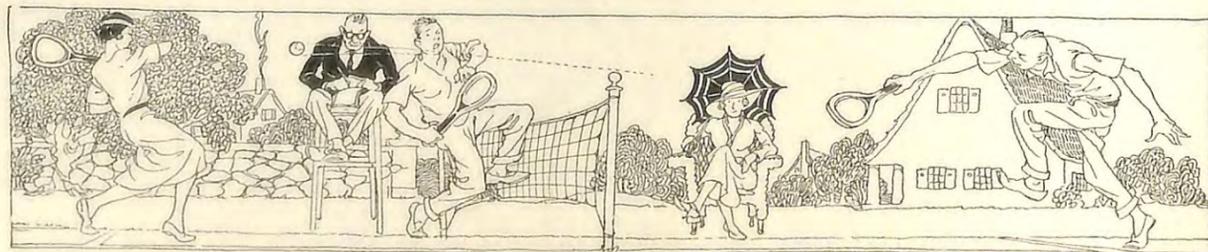
figures of cost. For example the paid admissions at the last heavy-weight fight was three-quarter of a million dollars. Maybe it was more than that. I don't remember and I'm not going to take the trouble to verify the figures. Whatever it was, I know a place where three cents a year bought so much more than the money that was paid at the gate for the Dempsey-Firpo argument that it makes that golden horde look like a wornout street car transfer. Five years ago the city of Bridgeport, Connecticut, put into effect a program of municipal sport. The appropriation was at the rate of three cents a year for each of the hundred and forty thousand people in the town. Now see what those three cents paid for: the upkeep of eleven tennis courts; the care of a public golf course, recently increased from nine holes to eighteen; nine baseball diamonds; a twilight baseball league; soccer, basketball, and baseball leagues in the public schools; swimming lessons for over five thousand boys and girls. This was only part of it. There was a margin left for hikes and overnight camps, band concerts, singing festivals, outings for the littlest ones, and a public forum.

THIS is not an isolated case. Oakland, California, has been mentioned before. This happens to be one of the foremost sporting centers in the United States largely because they have learned the value of play in the life of the community. The next time you pay three dollars for a seat at a musical comedy just remember what it would buy in the way of sport in Oakland: forty-three sets of tennis; or thirty-seven baseball games; or thirty swimming lessons; or a hundred games of volley ball; or twelve games of golf.

Communities and sections are apt to work out their own salvation according to local conditions and tastes. Wallace, Idaho, one of the mining towns in the Coeur d'Alene district, is one of the busiest athletic centers in the Northwest. A state law permits the acquiring of sites and the building of school gymnasiums. Wallace went one better. They built a gymnasium not only for the school, but also for the town. The schools use it in the daytime and the townspeople at night. Clubs for men and women were organized and the first year two hundred men and a hundred women signed on. The first development was swimming. At the beginning of the year in September there were exactly three women in that town of thirty-five hundred who could swim. In April there were sixty. Practically every form of athletics, baseball, bowling, hockey, basketball, water polo, handball, volley ball, fencing, boxing, wrestling, has centered around this school-town gymnasium. And this community sport has paid its own way without overcharging the players.

The last two or three years have seen the revival of one of the good old games of our youth, horseshoe

(Continued on page 46)



The Balm Before the Storm

It Pays to Worry if You Worry for Pay

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

THE tableau, regarded solely as such, was not without appeal. The man was tall and slender and undeniably handsome. The woman was young and curvy and lavishly pulchritudinous. As they posed upon the veranda the most noticeable thing about them was their proximity. There was a great deal of that—so much that their yellow-brown complexions blended into a single rich tone.

They were conversing with one another in a manner which betokened a mutually flattering singleness of interest. The man's hand touched that of the woman—accidentally, of course. And the fact that they stood thus in the revealing glare of noon-day was at once a proclamation of innocence and a downright indiscreet exhibition of indifference.

Such comment as there was came from the stunted and portly colored individual who turned the corner and paused abruptly under the shade of a huge oak.

"Hot dam!" bitterly ejaculated Mr. Gideon Bass, "nerve is the one thing Armistice Jeters ain't got nothin' else but."

It was nervy, and Gideon was personally interested. For the delectable young lady was his wife—by marriage—and the highly colored Mr. Jeters was his particular *bête noir*.

Gideon took notice of the fact that the trunk of his oak tree was ample for purposes of concealment and he continued to view the exasperating scene on his veranda. His own veranda—there was gall and worm-wood. On any one's else veranda it would have been bad enough but this was heaping an Ossa of insult upon a Pelion of injury. "If he's jes' nachelly got to love my wife," raved the outraged husband, "it seems like he'd be gemmun enough to do it somewheres else besides my own house."

A disinterested observer might have commented that the scene upon the Bass's front porch was not one of love-making, but Gideon was not disinterested. Ermine, his wife, had scrupulously attended to the task of familiarizing Gideon with his own

shortcomings. He knew them by heart now—recognized that he was too short, too rotund, too fatuous (she didn't call it that) and mighty doggoned lucky to possess a wife of her parts. Too, Gideon more than half suspected that he was a bit more gullible than was good for the permanent peace and tranquillity of his home.

It was not that Gideon was unhappily married. His happiness, as a matter of fact, was too keen to bear. He was more passionately attached to his wife than he had been upon their bridal day, and she, in realization of the subjugation in which she held him, had become prone to build upon that security with the result that she most certainly had not discouraged the expert Don Juaning of Mr. Armistice Jeters.

Ermine and Armistice were oblivious to the puffing, indignant approach of the distraught husband. Not until his ample feet banged upon the veranda did they realize that he was upon them. And when they did become conscious of the fact, it seemed to afford them only an irreducible minimum of embarrassment. Armistice bowed with profuse grace—

"Pleasant evenin', Mistuh Bass."

"Huh!"

"I said pleasant evenin', Mr. Bass."

GIDEON bristled. "Hell of a weather prophet you is."

"Gideon!" It was Ermine speaking, and Ermine was obviously peeved.

"You keep out of this, 'ooman."

"I ain't gwine stan'—"

"You is gwine stan' which I says. Wimmin's mouths was meant to be saw an' not heard."

She turned apologetically to her gentleman friend. "I makes prefont' 'pol-

ogies fo' my husban's rudeness, Mistuh Jeters."

"I assepts them apologies." Mr. Jeters sighed regretfully, "I reckon' the po' tripe don't hahdly know no better."

There was nothing Mr. Bass could say—fury left him tongue-tied. There was nothing he could do—Mr. Jeters was too muscular. Therefore the master of the house flung open the front door.

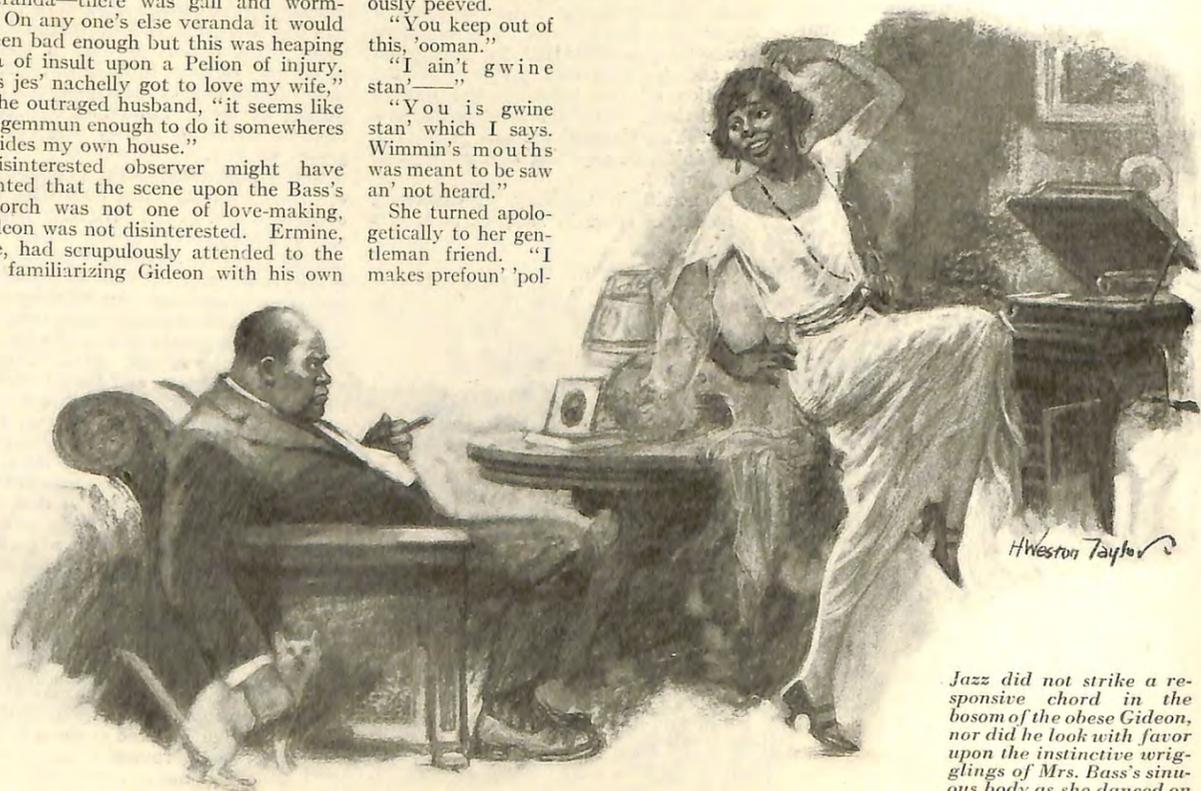
"Ise goin' in."

"Ac's like you was goin' insane," came the Parthian shot from his wife.

Gideon sank into the uneasy depths of an easy-chair. Deep, horizontal lines of worry corrugated his ebony brow. Until recently he fancied he had succeeded in navigating the matrimonial bark to fairly deep and placid waters. With the advent of the elegant Armistice Jeters, all had changed and treacherous currents had driven him shoalward.

Of course it was all his fault—that was the chiefest of his worries. From the outset of his marital existence he had permitted an enormous amount of liberty to the partner of his bosom. And now, when he attempted to curb that license, she very naturally rebelled. "I never minded Ermine gallivantin' 'round," he reflected miserably, "s'long's she didn't gallivant."

From outside there floated to him the well-modulated but intimate voices of his wife and the *tertium quid*. He was himself



Jazz did not strike a responsive chord in the bosom of the obese Gideon, nor did he look with favor upon the instinctive wriggings of Mrs. Bass's sinuous body as she danced on

wracked by consuming jealousy. It wasn't that he believed there existed a basis for that jealousy but rather that his pride was piqued, his complacency routed. It was intolerable that his wife should openly cultivate the society of another man, particularly a person who filled Mr. Bass with a disturbing realization of his own physical shortcomings. Nothing to the whole affair . . . of course not. . . .

HIS right hand rested on the table. His nervous fingers touched the day's mail. For want of something better to do, Gideon glanced at it. He was supremely indifferent: the mail held no interest for him. There was a notification that a special meeting of The Over the River Burying Society had been called for the purpose of electing officers; a receipt for dues from The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise; a third envelope bearing unfamiliar chirography. Gideon lifted it and suddenly the words printed boldly in the upper left-hand corner leaped out and smote him—

DON'T WORRY

Don't Worry! The words appeared to have a peculiarly personal significance at that moment. It was as though benign fate had singled him out for a message. Don't Worry! "Huh! Them's sweet words, but they don't git nobody nowhere."

Don't Worry! Swell message to send a feller which his wife was interested in another—and handsomer—man. "How I c'n he'p worryin' . . . ?" Reckon he had plenty to worry about. Wa'n't no good tellin' him not to worry. He'd worry all he pleased—"What the fool thing is, anyhow?"

He ripped open the envelope and unfolded a large and lurid circular. From the top of the circular, the bottom, the sides, the soothing words popped out at him—Don't Worry, Don't Worry, Don't Worry. . . . The thing was intriguing, to say the very least. Don't Worry, Don't Worry . . . the effect of repetition was deliciously cumulative. For the moment he succumbed to the hypnotic effect of the exhortation. He read the circular—

DON'T WORRY

Why Should You?

Everybody Has Worries

But Everybody Don't Have to Keep Them

Patronize

THE DON'T WORRY CLEARING HOUSE
Let Us Do Your Worrying For You.

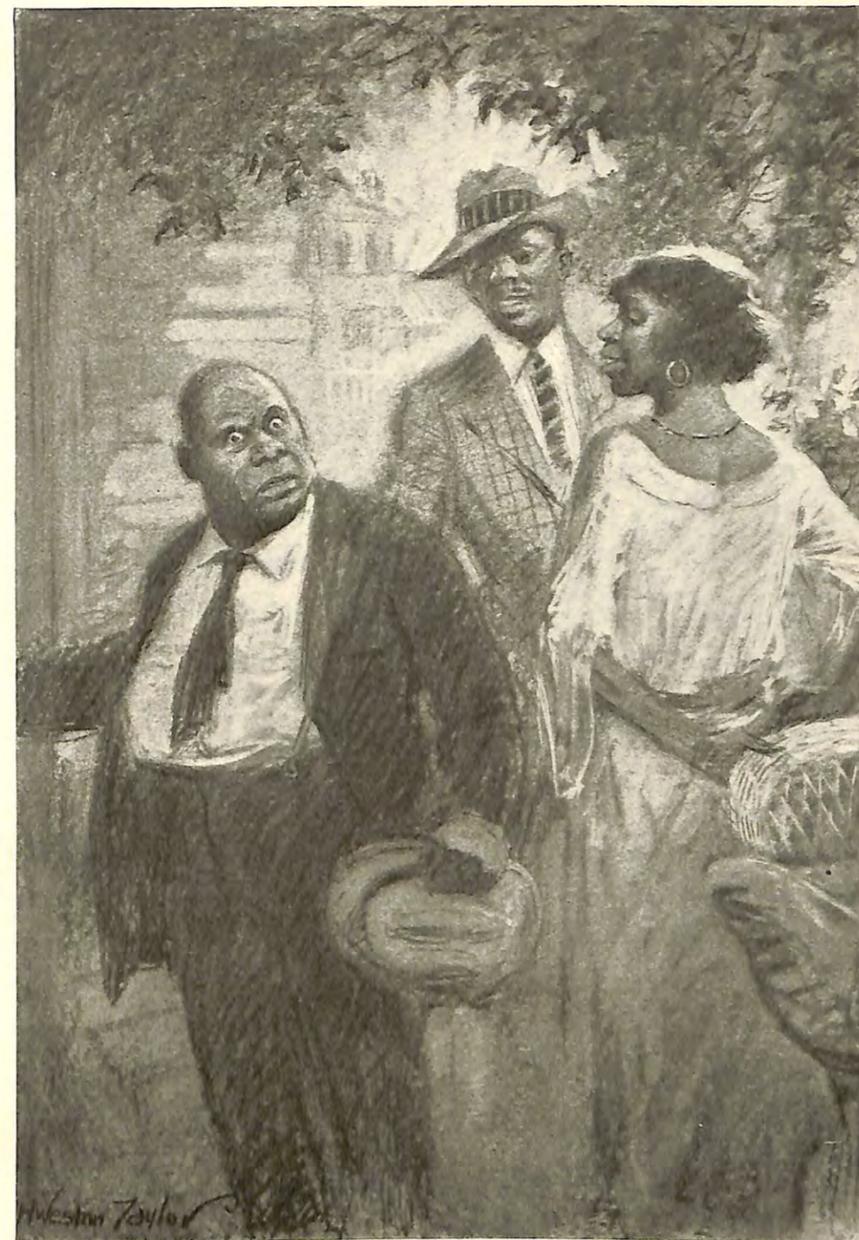
When you has something you don't want you gets rid of it. Has you measles or any other sort of sick misery you calls in a doctor and you gets rid' of it. Has you a toothache you get a dentist and get rid of the tooth. Is you worried by youre wife you gets a lawyer and he gets you rid of her. Has you debts you gets rid of them. Anything you has which you ain't craving to keep you gets rid of.

You has worries.
I know you has. Everybody has worries.
Get rid of them.
Call in a worry expert. Call in us.
Let us do your worrying for you.
Our charges is nominal.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOIN UP IN THE BIRMINGHAM DON'T WORRY CLUB

JULIAN GARR—Prest.

"Fumadiddles!" scoffed Gideon and started to destroy the circular. Something stayed his hand. For a moment he hesitated, then folded the paper meticulously and placed it in an inside pocket, albeit he grinned guiltily when he did so. From the porch came the tremolo adieux of Armistice Jeters.



There was nothing Mr. Bass could say—fury held him tongue-tied. "Ise goin' in." "Ac's like you was goin' insane," came the Parthian shot from his wife

" . . . charmed to make talk with you, Mis' Bass; mos' stupenjously charmed. . . ."

"G'wan with you, cullud boy."

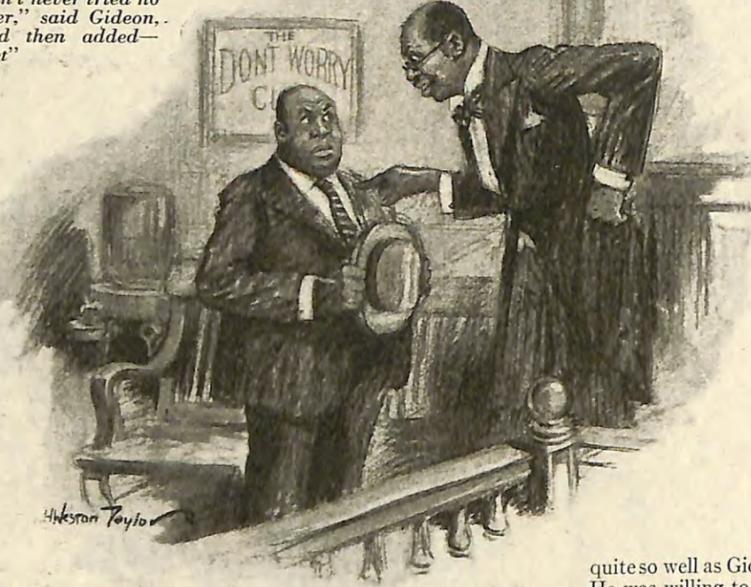
" . . . swell lookin' gal like you. . . ."

"You is some loose flatterer."

Silence. Plenty of it. Portentous silence followed by the sound of descending feet and the airy whistling of the insouciant Armistice. The fair Ermine entered the house, ignored her staring husband and proceeded to do things to a phonograph so that much jazz music spurted into the room. Jazz did not strike a responsive chord in the bosom of the obese Gideon, nor did he look with favor upon the instinctive wriggings of Mrs. Bass's sinuous body. For a few moments he sat huddled in silent but violent protest. Then he rose abruptly, flung across the room and separated needle and disc with a protesting bang. Ermine, more than half suspecting the imminence of trouble, turned, hands on hips, and waited.

"Enough," choked Gideon, "is too dam' much."
She stared wordlessly, saying acrimonious things with her eyes.
"An' fu'thermo'," continued Gideon, "you has a ready done the enoughest."
She drawled tauntingly: "Words jes' oozes right out of you, don't they, Gideon?"
"PFF! N'R neither words ain't all what is gwine ooze outen me if'n I gits any madder'n what I has a ready got. Lis'en at me 'ooman: Ise finished, done, completed an' th'oo. Does that Armistice Jeters come back to this house ag'in he's gwine git filled full of embalmin' fluid." He paused apoplectically—"What does you see in that mis'able, dressed-up, clothin'-sto' advertisement, anyway?"
Ermine was in no mood for kindness. Anger tipped her tongue with vitriol. "You rilly wants to know?"
He swallowed the bait. "I does."

"This heah world is sho'ly a elegant place to live in," commented Mr. Garr. "Ain't never tried no other," said Gideon, and then added—"Yet"



Hester Taylor

"Well—he's han'some an' you ain't." "I ain't cravin' good looks." "He's got brains an' you ain't." "Fellers which hangs 'roun' with other fellers' wives ain't got no brains."

"He ain't fat." Gideon winced. "I cain't he'p bein' fat. The mo' reducin' I does, the fatter I gits."

"He dances elegant." "So does a circus bear." "He knows po'try an' stuff."

"Po'try! Hmph! Po'try never bought nobody no eatments." "He's got mo' money'n what you had."

"Tha's 'cause he was lucky. Reckon ev'y man cain't spec' to have his wife kilt by a railroad train."

"Takin' him by an' fo'most," she summarized, "the mo' I knows of Mistuh Jeeters, the less man I think you is. An' I tells you fo' the las' time that I ain't gwine stan' fo' no mo' of yo' interference in which mens I has fo' my frien's n'r neither how frien'ly I is with them."

He glared moodily. "No-o . . . mebbe not. On'y I reckon that does you drive me too far you ain't gwine fin' it no special fun havin' a cawpse make love to you."

"Some cawpses has mo' pep than some men I know."

The front door slammed behind the irate Mr. Bass. He waddled vindictively down the street toward the center of the city. Evening was descending upon Birmingham and Darktown's civic center beckoned with an array of winking lights.

GIDEON walked with head bent and brow furrowed. He was enormously worried. Things were at duces and treys for him: "Both of 'em crap. Does either roll out, I loses."

Until recently worry had been utterly foreign to Gideon's gentle, complacent nature. He wanted to be friendly with all mankind—his wife in particular—and until the arrival of Armistice Jeeters upon the scene he had been more than partially successful. While his married life had been no lyric poem, it had yet been filled with something better than mere bovine contentment.

Ermine had her faults—no one knew that

quite so well as Gideon. He was willing to bear with them—within reason. It was one thing to cook poorly and keep the house less than tidy and quite another to flaunt in his face her preference for another man. And such a man—

Armistice was there, seven ways from the Ace. Gideon wasn't. That was what hurt. Consciousness of his own shortcomings . . . it was dog-goned tactless of her to rub it in to him—and he admitted ruefully—rotten strategy on his part to confess that she had touched the quick. Gideon wasn't exactly jealous, but he was most decidedly worried, and worry and Gideon didn't mix very well. He was constituted with a mentality which admitted only one emotion at a time and when worry was present all other thought was banished. Life became a dirty gray in hue. "Co'se they ain't nothin' 'tween Armistice an' Ermine . . . not a thing . . . but . . ."

But! There was the word which would not oust itself from his thoughts. He was content to believe the best but his common sense wouldn't let him. There was none of the lithe ranginess of the deer in his make-up and less of the peacock's elegance. In fact, he was honest enough to admit that in a beauty race with Armistice he himself would run a weak third.

"Ise wo'ied. Ise awful wo'ied. . . ." Two words flashed into his brain: Don't Worry. "How a feller c'n keep fum worryin' when his wife is makin' foolshments. . . .?"

Fifteen minutes later found Gideon Bass fidgeting impatiently in the ante-room of the Don't Worry Club. The rooms occupied by that unique organization were not particularly ornate. They were severe but soothing, as rooms furnished on the installment plan usually are. A ground glass door flaunted the name "Mr. Julian Garr—President, Don't Worry Club." From beyond came the gentle murmur of voices, one rather quavery—the other sonorous and even. Finally the door opened and two men came out:

both were smiling. The big man in the rear nodded toward his visitor—

"New member of the Don't Worry Club," announced Mr. Garr at random.

Gideon saw Mr. Garr shake hands with his visitor and watched the visitor depart. The new member was beaming. Apparently there was no such thing in his cosmic scheme as care. And Gideon realized that worry must have brought him there . . . real, ginuwine, hones'—t'-Gawd worry. He left smiling. . . . Mr. Garr was extending a moist hand to his new patron—

"THIS is Mistuh Julian Garr—er—a—Brother Garr, I might say." He sighed expansively with a veritable iridescence of good-humor: "This heah world is sho'ly a elegant place to live in," he commented.

"Ain't never tried no other," growled Gideon, and then added—"Yct."

"An' yo' name might be—?"

"—Mos' anything. But it happens to be Gideon Bass."

"Mistuh Bass—Brother Bass—I is mos' excrutiatin' happy to meet up with you."

"Hmph! Sof' talk is the mostest thing you does, ain't it?"

Gideon was not particularly impressed with Mr. Garr. Mr. Garr was too unctuously happy. He was large and he seemed to smile all over his body. He beckoned Gideon into the private room, and, as Mr. Bass seated himself, the president of the Don't Worry Club closed the door softly—too softly—and crossed the room rubbing oily palms together.

"Brother Bass—you looks like you was worried 'bout somethin'."

"I does?"

"Yes, Brother Bass—you does."

"Well—I is. An' that ain't no lie."

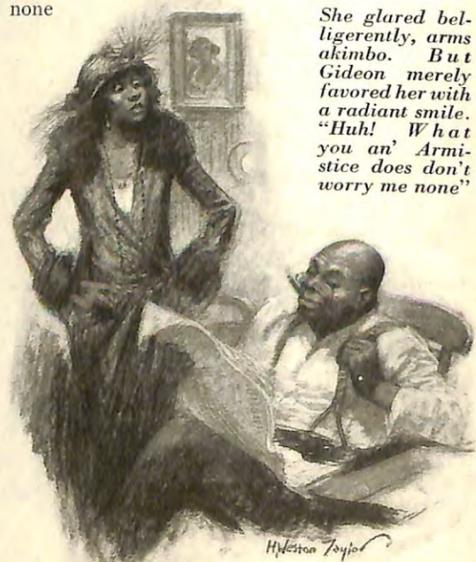
"I could tell it. I soht of scented it the minute I seen you sittin' out there. Soon as I knowed you wa'n't a collector I figgered out that worries must of brung you up heah."

"Huh!" snorted Gideon. He was disgusted with himself for paying attention to the optimistic circular issued by this man. Julian Garr was speaking—

"They ain't no sech of a thing as worry—"

"Tha's where you tol' a lie."

"—Fo' him as has sense enough not to do same," continued Julian, oblivious to



Hester Taylor

She glared beligerently, arms akimbo. But Gideon merely favored her with a radiant smile. "Huh! What you an' Armistice does don't worry me none"



Hester Taylor

the interruption. "Now you looks like a highly 'telligent man, Brother Bass—"

"Looks like ain't is."

"You mean to say you ain't?"

"I don't mean to say nothin'. What I is, but I ain't shuah what I is." He rose.

"Think I'll be goin'."

Mr. Garr registered a profound objection. "You come to see me—?"

"Well, Ise seen you, ain't I?"

"—Bout somethin' that's worryin' you?"

"Uh-huh. But after lookin' you over, I reckon it ain't gwine worry me any less."

Julian paced the room. "There's where you is wrong, Brother Bass—absotively an' ontirely wrong an' in error. You thinks that if'n you has got big wo'ies, I cain't relieve you of 'em. You thinks that, Brother Bass, but when you thinks that you jes' shows yo' ignorance. Jes' shows yo' ignorance. Tha's all."

Gideon rose. "Cullud man, stop where you is at. They ain't nobody in this heah world 'ceptin' my wife c'n say things like that to me."

"It's the truth, ain't it? It's the truth when I says I can keep you fum worryin'."

Don't care what you is worryin' 'bout I c'n keep you fum doin' same. Any big fat ugly-lookin' man like you—"

"Brother Garr," gritted Gideon, "in jes' 'bout th'ee minutes I is gwine have a bran' new worry, an' it's gwine be about is I gwine git a life sentence or be hung."

Mr. Garr's long forefinger waved suddenly under Gideon's nose—his voice crackled: "What you was worryin' 'bout when you come up heah? Quick! What worried you?"

Gideon, nonplussed, was momentarily wordless. "Wiggilin' tripe!" he ejaculated, "I mos' fo'got."

Julian Garr smiled triumphantly. "Exac'ly an' precisely," said he, his tongue dripping honey. "Tha's all, Brother Bass. When you come in this office they wa'n't nothin' in the world as impawtant as what was worryin' you then. An' in th'ee minutes I made you fo'get all 'bout it 'thout even knowin' what it was. Don't that prove somethin' to you? Don't it?"

Before they had covered the first long mile of their weary trek, the moonlit valley had lost all semblance of romantic appeal. Armistice was exquisitely profane, Mrs. Bass grimly silent

"Y-y-yeh. . . ."

"What?"

"I dunno. . . ."

"It proves jes' this: it proves that the whole theory of the Don't Worry Club is on a sound basement. If'n you c'n forgit yo' worries fo' a few minutes you c'n forget 'em fo' a few weeks or a few months or a few years. Either you can fo'git 'em or you cain't! Ise done proved you can. Ain't it the truth?"

Gideon gave the matter careful thought. Gradually a new—and respectful—light appeared in his eyes, and his head nodded slowly. "Ise a sonovagun if you ain't right."

"THERE y'are. I has a gif' fo' relievin' other folks of worries. Yo' time is too vallible to waste it worryin'."

You jines up in the Don't Worry Club an' you brings all yo' worries to me. I takes charge of 'em. We has sev'al kin's of membership—membership which takes care of one worry, an' life membership which takes offen you all you is got."

"I ain't got on'y one."

"Fine. Tha's real fine. You jines up an' pays yo' 'nitiation fee an' immedjit you stops worryin'."

The worryin' keeps on, but I does it. An' Ise the expertest worrier in the world: tha's my p'fession."

Gideon was vastly impressed. "It souns' good—but it don't make no sense."

"Heaps of things in this world don't make no sense, Brother Bass—but that don't prove they ain't got sense. Does you have legal trouble you takes it to a lawyer an' forgits it. He han'les it fo' you. It's yo' trouble jes' like it was befo', but you turns it over to him. You washes yo' han's of it. Ise that kin' of a feller. I takes yo' worries an' worries fo' you. They is yo' worries jes' as much as they was befo' but

you don't have to worry 'bout 'em. You knows they is bein' tho'oughly worried 'bout an' tha's all you requiahs."

The logic was unanswerable, and, too, Gideon was eager to pass his burden to another. There, apparently, was no flaw in the Garr argument. The thing was basically sound. It didn't appear practicable, and yet—

"S'pose," queried Gideon, "that I jines up in the Don't Worry Club an' keeps on worryin'?"

"Tain't possible. Does you jine up, then right away you ain't got no worries. You jes' simply does 'em up in a li'l package an' han's 'em over to me."

Julian produced an application blank and a fountain pen. "Sign yo' name right heah, Brother Bass, sign yo' name right heah."

Gideon signed. Mr. Garr gently murmured something about an initiation fee of ten dollars and Gideon duly made payment. Then he felt the clammy hand of Mr. Garr clasped fraternally about his.

"An' now, I reckon I c'n call you Brother Bass?"

"Soht of soun's like it."

"Good. Fine. Elegant. Now, Brother Bass, lemme heah yo' trouble."

Gideon squirmed uneasily. He was reluctant to air his intimate affairs, but there was something irresistibly persuasive about the president of the Don't Worry Club and so, after a brief hesitation, the new member of that organization plunged into a graphic recital of his matrimonial woes.

Once warmed up to his subject, Gideon talked fluently. Words rolled swiftly and convincingly from his tongue . . . and, as he talked, he realized that by this device alone he was affording himself no inconsiderable measure of relief. Into the attentive ears of Julian Garr he poured the story of his courtship and marriage with its aftermath of bliss and epilogue of trouble. It was all the fault of Armistice Jeeters, declared Gideon. He attributed to Mr. Jeeters qualities of such attractiveness that even that egocentric gentleman would have

(Continued on page 64)

The Sporting Angle

Comment on the "Ivory" Market, Fight Fortunes,
Tennis Writers and Other Things

By W. O. McGeehan

NOBODY seems to recall which of the baseball writers of another day it was who fastened the term "ivory" on the sterling athletes who play the national game. The derivation of the name can be traced from the archaic slang term, "bone-head," implying that the skull of the person so designated was solid or nearly so. Hence the term ivory which threatens to last as long as the game because it has struck the fancy of the baseball followers.

With the establishment of this quaint bit of slang came the profession peculiar to baseball which is that of ivory hunter. The ivory hunter is the scout who goes into the minor leagues and the colleges to look over prospective material for the big leagues or ivory. The meetings of the minor leagues have come to be known as ivory markets, for it is during the session of the minors that the scouts and managers of the big leagues arrive to make their ivory trades.

At one of these sessions the enterprising manager of the San Antonio Club actually posted the lists of players he had for sale on one of the pillars of the hotel corridor with the prices opposite each name. Then he sat down beside his price-list waiting for buyers. "What is the use of beating around the bush?" he demanded. "I want to sell these players. Somebody wants to buy them. Why not do business in a business-like way?"

But Judge Landis, the High Commissioner of baseball, frowned upon the establishment of a slave mart, as it were, and the San Antonio man removed his signs with some reluctance.

Perhaps one of the reasons why it was thought best not to use such methods is that the price of this sort of ivory has become so high that modern ivory deals involve such sums that they demand more respect. At the last session of the ivory market it developed that the price of a bit of ivory of big league worth was something like \$100,000. That is why there was so little trading.

You may get your own price-lists and figure for yourself how much more valuable the ivory of the diamond has become than the ivory of the jungle. And all of this within a very brief space of time.

ON THE basis of the amounts asked for players at the last ivory market the players of the average big league club must be listed as being worth close to a million dollars. The finances of professional baseball certainly have kept pace with the growth of the game.

It seems such a short time ago that Col. Jacob Ruppert and Col. Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston paid \$450,000 for the Yankees, the New York American League team. Irvin Cobb, the humorist, twitted them in his best vein for paying such a sum for a "collection of deficits." Mr. Cobb now agrees with everybody else that this was a sound business investment and that the possibilities of ivory dealing are unlimited.

Later when the owners of the Yankees paid to Harry H. Frazee, of Boston, the sum of \$132,000 for Babe Ruth the expenditure was regarded as an almost insane bit of

extravagance. The Yankee share of the last world's series alone was within a few dollars of the original investment in this famous bit of ivory. To-day the consensus of opinion among the ivory experts is that the price was ridiculously cheap.

Rogers Hornsby, the outfielder of the St. Louis Cardinals, was on the block. Charles H. Ebbets, the dean of the baseball magnates and a man rather noted for caution and frugality, offered for Hornsby in behalf of the Brooklyn National league team the sum of \$275,000. This was, however, refused in most airy fashion by the St. Louis magnates.

The price for which Hornsby was held was then revealed. The owners of this bit of ivory demanded for the infielder \$100,000 in cash and five players worth approximately \$400,000.

And here is the exposition of the development of the ivory trade. Hornsby was purchased by the St. Louis Club as a recruit for exactly \$300 in cash. Bob Connery, now an ivory hunter for the New York Yankees, hesitated, too, for quite a while before appraising him at that amount.

When you can buy for \$500 and sell at \$500,000 it certainly would seem that ivory trading is profitable.

CONSIDER also the growth of the finances of professional boxing. One cold winter just prior to the entrance of the United States into the World War there came to New York a rather forlorn-looking young giant from Colorado who wanted to be a prizefighter. They got him a match with a second-rate colored boxer called John Lester Johnson. The young man from the West got a beating, a cracked rib and \$125 in cash. He was very grateful for the \$125.

Later that young man turned out to be Jack Dempsey, the current heavyweight champion. His present fee for a match is \$500,000. When he quits the ring he will be worth well over a million. It sounds a bit like a fairy-tale but the professional sports of the United States will furnish plots for tales that might sound quite as incredible if one did not know that they were true.

Luis Angel Firpo of Argentina came to the United States practically penniless, but he had some pugilistic and considerable financial ability. He came within a few seconds of becoming heavyweight champion and he took back with him to Buenos Ayres something like a quarter of a million dollars. He will add to this on his return to the United States.

For professional boxing bouts of comparatively little interest the sums paid to the contestants make the ten-thousand-dollar purse paid for the historic battle between the late John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett seem like pin-money.

CONSIDER also the rise of Tex Rickard, whom they call the "premier promoter" and other such complimentary names.

In 1906 Tex Rickard, proprietor of The Northern, a saloon and gambling house at the little mining town of Goldfield, Nevada,

headed a syndicate of mining men who offered the hitherto unheard-of sum of \$40,000 for the Gans-Nelson fight. I happened to be the first newspaperman from anywhere sent to "cover" this event and the first newspaperman who ever talked to Tex Rickard. He maintains to this day that the interest in this bout amazed him.

Thereafter newspapermen from all over the world came to Goldfield. They came from points as far distant as England and Australia. The bout which was arranged to advertise the town made a little money. Tex Rickard who had no interest in particular in boxing up to this time said to himself, "How long has this been going on?" He decided to become a promoter. His second venture, the Jeffries-Johnson bout, brought him a profit of over \$100,000. He became established as a boxing promoter.

It was Rickard who promoted the Dempsey-Carpentier bout which drew the record gate of over \$1,600,000. This may or may not stand as the record price paid for a prizefight.

I recall that Jack Skelly, the veteran boxer who turned boxing expert, happened to remark just prior to the Dempsey-Willard bout at Toledo, "Some day there will be a million-dollar gate for a fight. You mark my words." Everybody who heard felt that Jack was merely garrulous with age.

At a conservative estimate Tex Rickard has promoted five million dollars' worth of boxing contests since that first venture at Goldfield.

PRIZEFIGHTING or boxing—to use the softer and more modern term—has developed from a fugitive and outlawed sport to one of the most expensive forms of entertainment in the country. There are plenty of followers of this game who can remember when Corbett and Choynski were forced to fight on a barge to elude the police and how the principals in other famous ring battles had to flit from State to State before they could find a spot where they could battle without danger of police interference.

To-day the sport is licensed in a number of States. Many of the patrons are women. It is not considered out of the way for our "best people" to be recorded as among those present at a prizefight. As a matter of fact the list of those present at Madison Square Garden on a gala fight night reads like a list of those present at a first night at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In the old days the matches were made over the ale in the bars of saloons. Now the making of a heavyweight championship match is hedged around with all the forms that surround a big financial deal. And the making of a heavyweight championship match is a financial deal of no mean proportions.

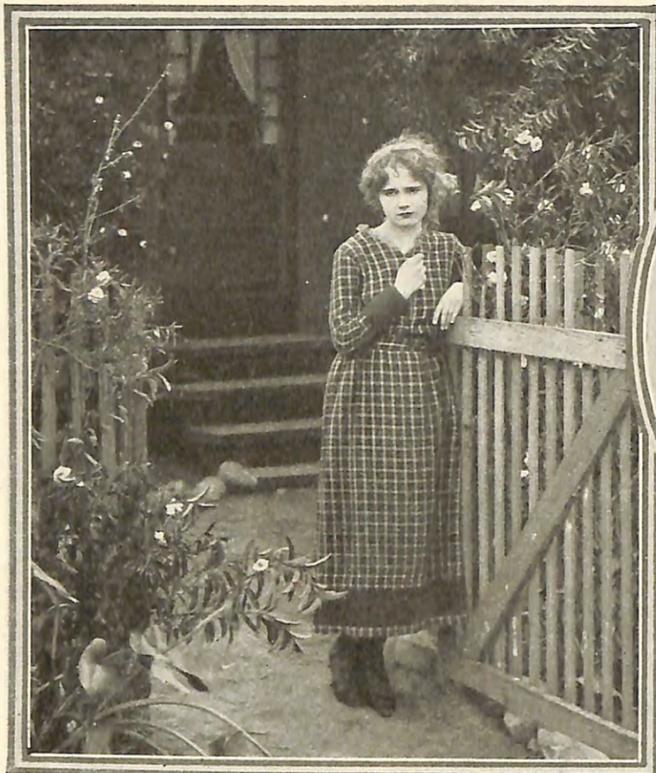
I think it was Tex Rickard who first fought shy of making his matches in the saloons. He started to select the ball rooms of prominent hotels for the scene of the signing of the fighters and made the setting as impressive as possible, providing plenty of facilities for

(Continued on page 78)

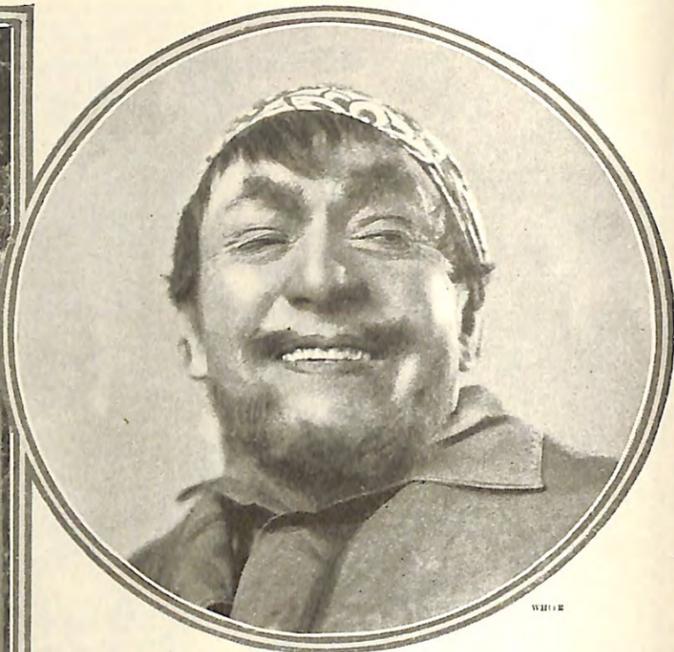


A Family Group
from
"The Other Rose"

GEORGE MIDDLETON has created a delightfully fresh and wholesome comedy in which some well-worn parts are quickened into a new lease of spontaneity and vitality. Here is Fay Bainter, as Rose Coe, posing a problem of relationship to her engaging young brother (Master Andrew J. Lawlor, Jr.) at the end of a summer made hectic and eventful by the daily eruptions of a love-sick young swain, impersonated by our most convincing and agreeable interpreter of the species, Henry Hull



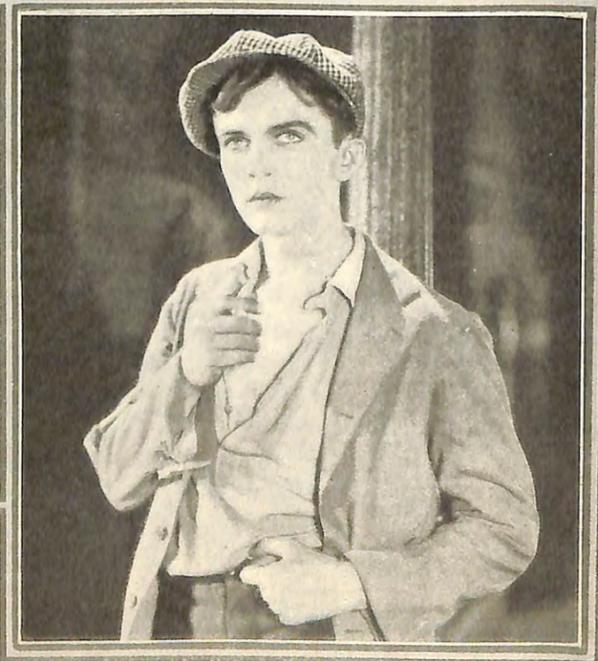
A scene from one of the new pictures, "Judgment of the Storm," the prize-winning scenario for which was written by Ethel Styles Middleton. Lucille Ricksen, Lloyd Hughes, George Hackathorn and Philo McCullough are among the players featured in this dramatic story of love and trial and devotion presented with unusual appeal



Drawing his inspiration and material from Cervantes's immortal epic, "Don Quixote," Melchoir Lengyel has strung together a play called "Sancho Panza," in which the episodes have a blended flavor of wisdom and broad farce which is reminiscent of their original. The cast is notable not only for being headed by Otis Skinner, but because it is the first prominent group of our native actors to demonstrate the art of Russian technique under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky of the Moscow Art Theater. After a run in New York, the play has embarked upon a long tour through the country



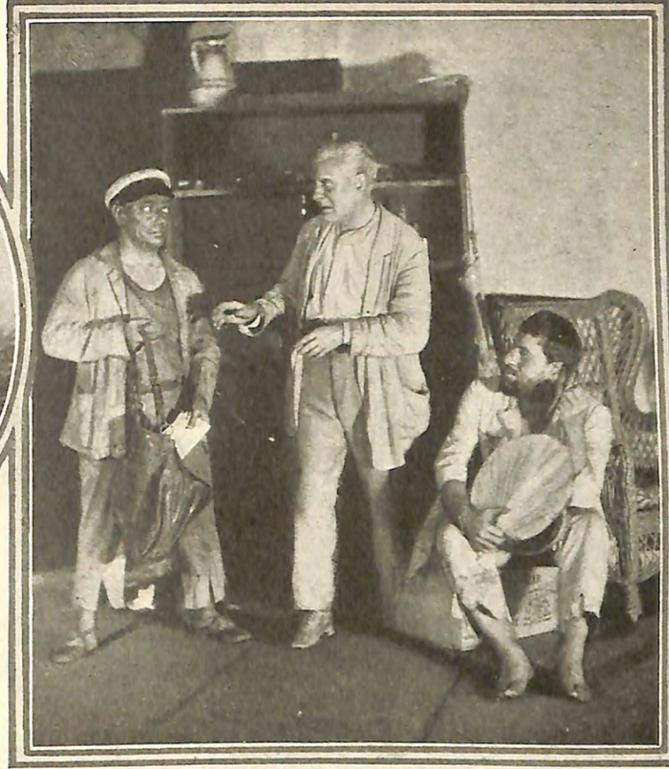
Even if our stage were not curiously poor in mystery plays this year, "In the Next Room," by Eleanor Robson Belmont and Harriet Ford, would stand up well under the acid test. Mary Kennedy and Arthur Albertson form the romantic nucleus about whom revolve the murders and mystery of a plot intimately concerned with the fate of a Boule cabinet



F. Scott Fitzgerald has cut to order Glenn Hunter's latest starring vehicle and styled it "Grit." In this picture, recently released, Hunter departs from his most familiar incarnation, that of a country lad, and appears as a young, but sophisticated member of the light-fingered fraternity on New York's lower East Side. He is, however, duly reformed in the course of the reels. The casting director has been most prodigal with talent, featuring Clara Bow as the misguided youth's heart interest and the versatile Roland Young as his father



Between the bitter, uncontrollable sobbing of Lionel Barrymore as the famous clown, Flick, and the chilling laugh of Luigi Ravelli, played by Ian Keith, few playgoers seem able to turn unharmed from a performance of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" translated from the Italian of Fausto Martini. In the love of Irene Fenwick as Simonetta, the little singer of the Paradiso Theater, lies the cure for the hysteria of both men; for the clown who suffers from his unrequited passion for the girl who has been his ward since her childhood, and for Luigi, young and very rich, who has lived too much



Conway Wingfield, Tracy Barrow and Curtis Korte, three characters from "White Cargo," a tale of the inescapable fate that lies in wait for white men who linger too long in the desolate harbors along Africa's western coast. The program describes Leon Gordon's piece as "a vivid play of the primitive," which is to say that it deals quite honestly with the realities of its exotic raw materials

Mary Nash outdoes her own previous records for good acting in "The Lady," by Martin Brown. Seen first as the middle-aged proprietress of the Brixton Bar in Havre, she is moved to tell the story of her life to a passing traveler from her native village in England. A popular variety actress, she had married above her station in her ambition to become "a lady," only to find that she had drawn a thorough blank. After lonely years of heroic sacrifice to save her son from the spiritual ruin of his father, she wins the coveted title



To betray the plot of Lynn Starling's play, "Meet the Wife," would be basely to deprive future audiences of their full share in something very pleasant and diverting in the way of light comedy expertly handled by a cast which includes Mary Boland, Charles Dalton and Ernest Lawford, in rôles well calculated to set off their talents to the best advantage



Jane Cowl
in
Classical Repertoire

FLUSHED with the phenomenal success of "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Cowl launched confidently forth with "Pelleas and Melisande" as an initial offering this season. This symbolical Maeterlinckian tragedy was beautifully set and charmingly acted, but popular clamor caused Melisande presently to make way for a revival of the tragic Juliet. For the rest of the season Miss Cowl will alternate between these two plays, and in addition she will be seen in "Antony and Cleopatra"



Poker Was His Evil Angel Yet It Won Him Happiness

The Outcast

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Harvey Emrich

NO MAN ever gazed more hungrily upon a woman. His tense black eyes peered through the window of "Miss Lottie's Candy Shop" to where Lottie herself, in cap and apron, with white hands poured little dabs of pralines upon a slab of whiter porcelain. The unconscious woman, no longer a girl, had not observed this grizzle-bearded stranger standing amongst a group of children who watched her candy-making from the sidewalk. Nor would she have imagined that any man was thinking of her, for even the most flirtatious drummer never paid to Miss Lottie's plainness the tribute of a follow-up glance.

Something in the man's attitude—the steadiness of his eye perhaps, or the bristling belligerency of his beard—suggested decision of character and unflinching courage, yet now he seemed to hesitate and shrink back as from a fear that was new to him. Once he glanced along the drowsy street, a glance that was half of smoldering enmity, and half of yearning for the scenes of childhood. Years made little change in Vaudreuil. He recognized on men the same faces that he remembered as children; and saw the same little knot of idlers loafing around the same bench in front of Rothstein's watchmaker shop. There sat old Julius Rothstein himself, gossiping with Brock Allison and Dr. Caruth—he knew them all, but nobody knew him. Nobody wanted to know him, for Vaudreuil had long since driven out and forgotten its blackest sheep.

The outcast shrugged his shoulders and turned back to Lottie, who now stood staring across Front Street to the tight-shut windows of Pretty Poll's. Lottie was worrying over her brother, brooding over little Ben, for whom she'd toiled and slaved. But, like a sensible woman, she was seeking to

find extenuations for the lure of Pretty Poll. In their monotonous village, Ben must have some diversion after he had worked all day in Boykin's Hardware Store; and perhaps his nightly visit to Poll might be innocent. So his troubled sister continued staring at Poll's window until the man outside stepped within, and touched her arm.

"You are Miss Van Cleve?"

"Yes." His abruptness roused her.

"Then I want to talk to you, please."

Lottie followed him back into her ice-cream parlor, and sat opposite at one of the tiny tables. Of course the man came to talk business.

"You don't remember me?" he leaned over and asked.

"No," she answered frankly.

"I couldn't expect that"; yet it seemed to hurt. "You were so little when I went away. But I hoped that you might not forget John Hartfield, John Porter Hartfield?"

Her smooth skin puckered in the effort, but showed no sign of recognition, while his shaggy brows drew closer as he added:

"You are Thad Van Cleve's daughter. Thad taught you to call me 'Uncle John.'"

"Oh? yes? Uncle—John?" Lottie's eyes brightened with a vague recollection that woke behind them.

"Then you do remember? And you are glad to see me?"

"Certainly, I am glad."

"But I thought—I was afraid you—"

"Afraid? Of what?" Lottie inquired in her direct and disconcerting way.

"Because," he explained hesitantly, "because your mother blamed me for poor

Thad's weakness. Maybe she was right; but I loved your father."

Then Lottie remembered, everything—her unhappy childhood, an adored and dissipated father—remembered this Uncle John whom the wretched mother abhorred for leading Thad to gamble away their little property. But Uncle John often brought pretty playthings; he carried candy in his pockets for her to find; and the child had cried herself to sleep on the night when he excitedly told her father that he was leaving Vaudreuil forever. Now it all flooded back to Lottie, and Uncle John looked so wistful that she patted his hand, and said: "Never mind, we'll just remember that you were Daddy's best friend."

"Thad's worst friend." He held her hand, clung to it as a child might cling. "I want to be your best friend. But you must not be friends with me until you know."

"TELL me—about yourself" She inquired very encouragingly.

"There isn't much and nearly all bad." Hartfield spoke hurriedly, as if he'd planned it, and meant to go through. "People said here that I was tricky with dice and cards. I was, long before anybody found it out. Your father wasn't; he didn't know how. Then a revival preacher came to Vaudreuil and raised a mob that drove me out. I roamed the world—ocean steamers, the China coast, Alaska, and won hundreds of thousands. Men called me 'Overcard Johnny'—big games, big stakes and the devil's own luck. But all that money's gone, every cent of it. My streak changed, I went broke. The gambler always does. I became a tramp. So I took another name, Hart Porterfield, instead of Porter Hartfield. Lottie, I've been honest since the eleventh day of April, 1907. I work

hard now, and do well. But think of it, for twenty-two years, I never saw anybody from home, except Major Claiborne, who came out last spring to Oklahoma where I work. Of course he didn't recognize me as Porter Hartfield behind this beard. Maybe it was the sight of one familiar face that made me crave to come back. When I got here, I felt afraid to tell people who I was. Then I saw you, and just had to come in. You are not going to turn your back on me?"

"NOT much!" Lottie tightened her grip on his hand. "You'll be our guest, and sleep upstairs. To-night we'll have supper together, you and me, and Ben—" She stopped; a mention of Ben's name brought back her trouble, and Ben rarely ate supper at home since he became enamored of Pretty Poll.

"Oh, yes, little Ben," Porterfield exclaimed. "How has Thad's baby turned out?"

After Lottie once got started she told him everything, what she dared not even whisper in Vaudreuil, for Ben resented women's gabble. It was Lottie who now leaned across the table and clung to Porterfield's hand, emptying her soul of what had stifled it, and pouring out all her fears.

"Where is Pretty Poll's?" Porterfield demanded as he rose.

"I'll show you." She moved towards the front door and pointed, "See those men?—on that bench? They'll be going over to Poll's in a few minutes. They oughtn't to play with Ben, and somebody's cheating."

"I'll attend to that." "Promise me, Uncle John, you won't get into a fight?"

"Fight?" he smiled down at her. "There's better ways to handle a skin game."

Discreet frequenters never spoke of Pretty Poll's as a gambling-house, but always as "The Club," or "The Literary and Dramatic Association," which was the phrasing of its legal charter. In spite of their tongue-bound reticence, however, bits of tattle leaked out concerning the industry of Poll's members in studying their Book of Fifty-two Pages.

When Hart Porterfield first glanced upward at the close-drawn curtains of Poll's window, he thought that there was nobody in the upper room. During these somnolent hours of the afternoon The Club was supposed to be deserted, yet a noiseless shadow crept about within, pausing now and again to test the antiquated iron safe. Squat and square and massive, it seemed invincible, but would surrender more tamely than a rabbit, as the shadow knew from experience. His dark blotch hovered above its shiny knob, then shifted to the front door where he pushed aside a shutter and squinted through the spy hole. No meddler threatened from the stairway. The shutter closed, and the shadow passed to a window



from which to reconnoiter the street.

Directly opposite, upon his accustomed bench, the shadow could see Major Claiborne, whittling at his inevitable cedar stick, and cussing the perversity of one-card draws. There sat Mr. Brock Allison, who could afford to throw away chips like a crazy man; and Mr. Eat-em-up Julius Rothstein, who claimed to be perfecting a system by which he could not lose at all. Behind the major stood Pretty Poll himself, his beak of a nose and beady black eyes accounting for the "Poll," leaving the "Pretty" as an alliteration, fanciful and unexplained. Altogether the shadow counted five regular players who must soon come tramping upstairs to open their session of stud poker. An event which was not scheduled to occur until every man had read his evening mail.

This gave the shadow plenty of time. Pretty Poll trusted his ponderous safe to withstand every assault of might or guile, and open only to the sesame of a Bastille key, which never left Poll's possession. Chuckling at this hallucination, the shadow thrust into the lock a home-made contraption which threw back its bolts and revealed the gambler's treasure.

"Huh!" the shadow grunted; "comes open

jes as natural as a duck goin' barefooted."

In an upper pigeonhole lay Poll's neatly stacked silver, and packages of bills. The shadow touched no coin nor currency; but his five covetous fingers fumbled in a compartment formerly dedicated to journals and to ledgers. He had not yet located the loot when a knock on the back door paralyzed his hand, and a cautious voice called out, "Jill! Uncle Jill! I know you're in there. Open the door."

"Yas suh, Mister Ben," the ancient negro answered, and noiselessly shut the safe before he cracked open the back door, but not wide enough for Ben Van Cleve to enter.

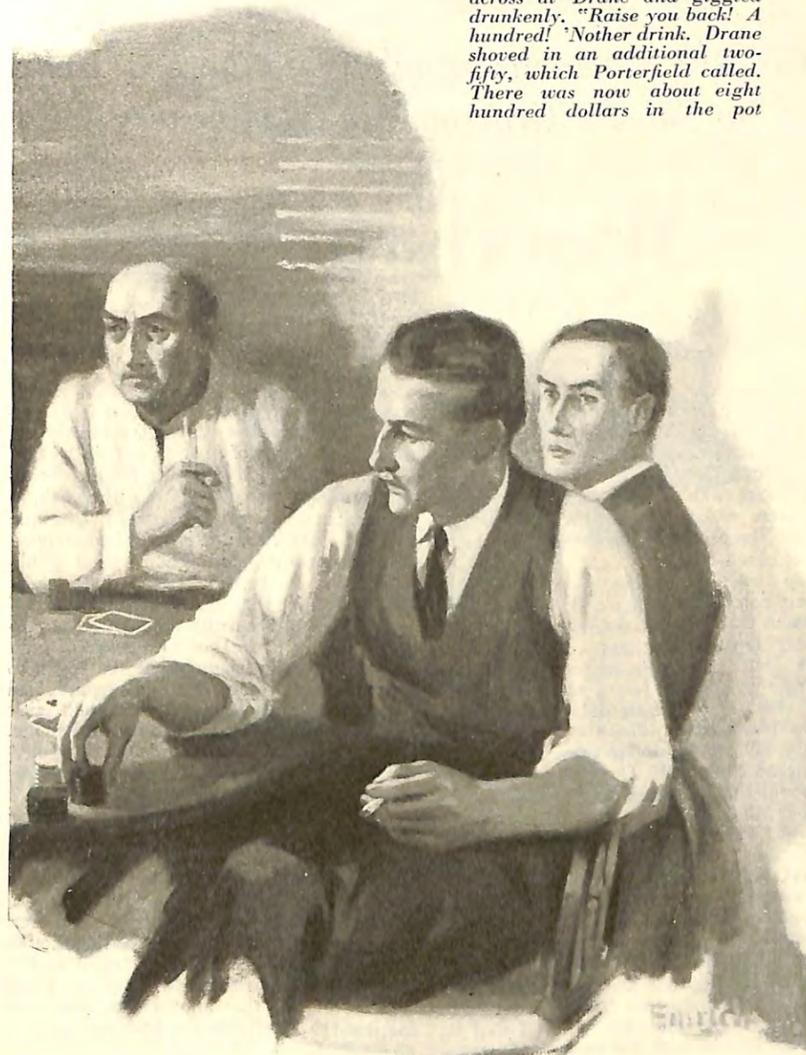
"No use comin' in, Mister Ben," lied the wrinkled old sinner, "'cause Mister Poll say dey's fixin' to hold a politics meetin' to-night."

"No game?" Ben's face fell; he looked desperate and harried.

"Not to-night, suh." Disappointedly Ben Van Cleve turned away and climbed down the rickety steps, while old Jill tossed his head like a mule with a bug in his ear, and mumbled.

"Huh! Come sneakin' up dem back steps. Won't come in de front way 'cause

"Raise me?" the oil man leered across at Drane and giggled drunkenly. "Raise you back! A hundred! Nother drink. Drane shoved in an additional two-fifty, which Porterfield called. There was now about eight hundred dollars in the pot



Mr. Boykin mought see him. I'm goin' to tell Miss Lottie."

Loyalty to Miss Lottie was not the whole of Jill's motive in touting off her brother; he craved solitude to jerk open the safe and recommence his rummaging, until he throttled the neck of an extra special quart.

"Now I got you! Huh! Tried to 'scape me. You's jes fer me an' Major Claiborne. Nobody else. Mighty few white folks drinks dis kind o' licker, an' no niggers 'tall."

His glass of mint, ice, and sugar Jill had already placed upon the table, to which he now drew up a chair. At this holy hour of eve, Poll's rooms were suffused by a light so very soft and ceremonial as to transform the mummified negro into a high priest of mystery, offering his sacrifice upon the altar of barbaric gods. With reverence for its age and potency, Jill lifted the bottle of Bourbon, cocked his head to one side and nodded in unison with its gurgling incantations. He poured accurately, but not ungenerously—there was nothing mean or skimpy about old Jill. The ice tinkled like distant temple bells, and an incense of minty Bourbon permeated the atmosphere of his sanctuary.

"LAWD! Lawd! I'll jes take my ease an' 'joy you."

Jill licked his grateful lips, and mentally followed the oil of jubilation as it meandered along his throat. Then his solemn thoughts came back to Ben Van Cleve. "Dat boy's got no business playin' poker. Los' eight hundred dollars dese las' three nights. Wonder whar all dat money comes from? Can't be no place 'cept Mr. Boykin's cash drawer. Lawd! Lawd! Ain't ole Tight Wad goin' to raise sand when he skivvers it? Huh! Who dat?"

Jill sprang erect and listened as thudding footsteps came up from the street. Swiftly he restored the bottle, locked the safe, emptied the incriminating dregs of his glass into a slophtub, and when Pretty Poll entered he found his innocent porter standing upon a chair to light their hanging-lamp.

"Jill," Poll's beak sniffed the aromatic air, "Jill, you've been drinking."

"No suh, not me. Nary drop." "Let that moonshine alone. It's made of concentrated lye and muriatic acid."

"Yas suh. Maybe dat's how come it got sech a stout kick." During forty years of lawful wedlock Poll

and Jill had pulled together. They were discussing the liquor habit, but not quarrelling, when Eat-em-up Julius Rothstein shambled in from the hallway, a great shaggy bear in a striped silk shirt, with no collar.

"I smells somedings goot," he remarked. "Nothing but Jill's rotten moonshine," answered the game-keeper.

Rothstein pursued the trade of repairing watches, while his soul hankered for stud poker as a profession. Friends dubbed him "Eat-em-up" Julius because he never beat anybody. But no baseball fan ever studied the career of diamond stars with half the fervor that Eat-em-up followed the exploits of great American gamblers. It was his hobby.

Julius sat down, laying out a deck for solitaire, and trying not to see Ben Van Cleve who halted at the doorway. Poll did not invite Ben to come in, and old Jill looked powerful glum. The boy might have gone away except for Dr. Caruth, who came up behind and gave him the excuse of being accidentally shoved within the room.

"So, doctor?" the watchmaker glanced up from his solitaire to inquire, "So! you come to try some more your luck, yes?"

"Never again," the converted Caruth shook his head. "You robbers have made a Christian of me."

"Ach! Dey even make us Jews turn Christian."

"Oh! New cards!" Doctor Caruth leaned forward and examined the deck. "Different from our old bicycle and angel backs."

"SURE. Der boys calls 'em constellation backs, for reason dey make Julius see stars."

While Poll was opening his safe for Jill to get the doctor's preferred liquor, Caruth puzzled out an intricate design upon the constellation backs—planets of various magnitudes, in red and gold and green.

"Beautiful cards, Julius! Beautiful!"

"Der backs looks nice," Julius agreed. "But I find noddings nice on deir face. Tree veeks ago Poll buy dese cards, and is more proud dan a monkey vid a tin tail. Since vich I never vin one picayune."

Ben Van Cleve and Dr. Caruth sat watching Julius at his solitaire, and listening to his eulogy upon famous gamblers, particularly upon "Overcard Johnny," who gave the world such a sensation.

"And just think of it," Julius observed proudly, "Johnny was born right here in Vaudreuil."

"And a great friend of my father's," Ben Van Cleve volunteered, eager to get into the conversation and establish himself as a sport.

"Sure!" answered Julius. "Many fellers know Overcard Johnny, and is sorry."

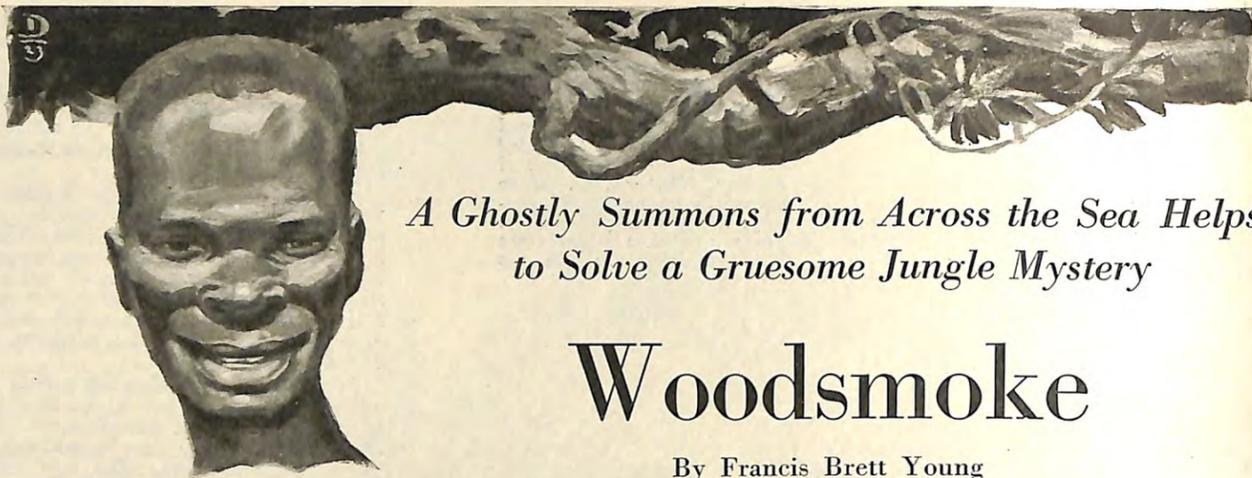
Eat-em-up Julius was placing a red nine on a black ten when Major Claiborne, Brock Allison, Smiddy, and Judge Magliore came filing through the doorway.

"Now!" Julius scrambled the cards of his solitaire, "here is five players. Ve can start."

It gave young Van Cleve a twinge of humiliation not to be included in their game, and Poll began setting out chips when the door, which had not been tightly closed, was pushed open by the aristocratic fingers of Monsieur Aristide le Sauveterre, who posed on the threshold, erect as a bantam cock. Then, hat in hand and bowing profoundly, Monsieur le Sauveterre entered with his guest.

"Major Claiborne," the creole inclined himself in a graceful curve, "I believe these

(Continued on page 42)



A Ghostly Summons from Across the Sea Helps
to Solve a Gruesome Jungle Mystery

Woodsmoke

By Francis Brett Young

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part V

AT LAST, mercifully, Antrim called a halt. Janet flopped down incontinently under a fine acacia. In a moment he had gone, setting out once more on his indefatigable search for water, and when she was left alone she began to suffer a temptation that resembled the classical torments of the damned. There, on the branch above her, he had slung the moist water-chagghal. Neither her eyes nor her imagination could leave it alone. But Antrim had not given her permission to drink.

"No," she told herself, "I mustn't. I simply can't. He's trusted me, and if I let him down, even if he didn't know I'd done so, I could never forgive myself."

She lay quiet, with her eyes closed; but that was no good. She began to feel less sure of herself, hoping desperately that Antrim would soon return. "But even then," she thought, "he may not give me anything to drink till dinner. What does it matter if I take it sooner or later?"

Obedying an impulse stronger than her faltering will she rose feeling like a thief to her feet. Then she heard Antrim's voice: "Hello, Mem sahib, what about a drink?"

She was saved, and so conscious of her salvation from an act of treachery that her lips trembled and tears came into her eyes when she spoke. And yet the cheeriness of his tone frightened her. She knew it meant that his search for more water had failed. She was careful not to ask him any questions.

"Only one blanket to-night," he told her when their meal was over, "and half rations to-morrow. If you're cold you'd better sing out and you can have my coat. I'm used to this sort of thing and you're not."

She smiled. At the moment her whole body burned like a furnace.

A few yards away from the heap of dried grass which Jumaa had collected for Janet's bed Antrim lay down for the night. It was a night in which the earth seemed as vast and more lonely than the sky. Janet and the natives slept, or seemed to sleep. The fire had gone out. The only conscious thing in all that darkness was his own brain, and that, in its fiery activity, seemed like a white pulsating flame, inexhaustible, never for a moment still.

All the water that he could count on oozed and chilled in the canvas chagghal, shadowy over Janet Rawley's head. That night he had searched desperately and found none. If this bad luck continued they would never see the Pangani's green. Their eyes would

only know the mockery of green acacias that thrust their roots into deep hidden channels which he could never reach.

Ridiculous. The bush was full of life. No life without water. Over the escarpment there were rivers. Somewhere over there rose the river N'dalo, greeny-white, like a river of china clay.

Sleep was impossible. And Rawley? Rawley, poor devil! He wondered what had happened to him. No doubt he had found his sleeping-place. A happy ending; for he would never have escaped from himself. A happy escape for Janet, too. She must know that as well as he did. Strange and wonderful woman! There was no woman like her, and yet he couldn't understand her. He wished he could. There was nothing in the world that he desired more than to see into her mind. That was how a man always felt when he was in love . . . and never got any further, either!

Now, for the first time, he realized how others might suspect him in connection with Rawley's disappearance. All the tongues of Mombasa and Nairobi. How they would leap at it! Even an old friend like Kilgour's wife had hinted that he was in love with Janet before he started. Perhaps, after all, they had been right. He believed that he had been in love with her from the first moment in which he saw her at the Kilgour's luncheon-table. Now they would have something to talk about with a vengeance.

HE LAUGHED at the idea; and yet, when he came to think about it, it took on the shape of a definite threat. As soon as he reached the border he would have to make a report on Rawley's death. "Fourteen days ago Mr. Rawley had a quarrel with a boy named Dingaan. Rawley went out for a walk and never returned. We searched for him without success, and ever since I have necessarily been living in intimacy with Rawley's wife." That was all he could say, and it was the truth; but would Mombasa, its taste for scandal already tickled by rumors of a conquest, believe it?

For himself it didn't matter; but when he came to think of it he saw that the reputation of Janet must suffer as much or more than his. "I must stand by her," he thought. But one couldn't stand by a woman if one wasn't wanted, and he didn't believe that she would ask for his support or accept it if he offered it.

The whole of her next day's journey was made unreal for Janet by the fantastic light of the fever that throbbed behind her eyes. She walked, but she neither knew nor cared

where she was going. Only two fears sustained her: the first that delay might lead to the destruction of Antrim; the second that a confession of her true state might precipitate another scene of passion with which, in her present weakness, she would not be able to cope. Her vision, it is true, had stopped short of Antrim's foresight of what would happen in Mombasa; what troubled her was rather the fact that she had allowed herself to love him in the awful moments that preceded Rawley's death. This sense of guilt oppressed her so heavily that she began to feel that her momentary surrender had contributed to the disaster. Her guilt must lie on her conscience for the rest of her life. Only a rigidity, pitiless to Antrim and herself, could save her. The fault was hers alone: Antrim was blameless.

So her thoughts ran against a background that was always changing yet terribly the same. For an hour at a time she would lose consciousness of everything but her dragging feet. Thrice, during the day, Antrim put a cup of lukewarm water into her hand. Later, for a moment, the sun hung poised, as though meditating descent and then began to fall like a white-hot plummet. But she could scarcely believe that another day was ending, for time and distance had by then lost all reality.

Antrim had left them at their last halt and Asmani had taken his place as leader; yet she was hardly aware of the change before she saw Antrim beckoning to them from the bottom of a shallow valley.

Antrim had found water, this time no muddy pit, but an audible trickle that coiled beneath matted grasses like a snake.

Antrim was beside himself with triumph and delight. His worn face with caked dust in the wrinkles showed an almost boyish gaiety; his black lips smiled. She tried to smile back at him, to whip herself into a semblance of his enthusiasm; but, strangely enough, this vital discovery of his did not move her. She had reached a dispassionate depth of exhaustion in which it seemed to her dangerous to stop even for the sake of water.

And yet, when she tasted it, the water revived her, dragging her back, despite herself, to a world of physical needs.

"This is splendid," Antrim told her, "but we mustn't waste time. We can have our debauch later."

Asmani emptied and washed the chagghal, then filled not only it but every receptacle for liquid that they possessed including Antrim's pith helmet which he carried dripping, by its leather strap.

When they came to the brow of the hill a



The water revived her, dragging her back despite herself, to a world of physical needs.

cool wind met them, the first their mouths had tasted since they left the camp.

She went suddenly chilly. The breeze was too shrewd. She shivered.

Then Antrim clutched her arm and pointed. "Look!" he cried.

"Kilima N'jaro. Isn't it a marvel. Ice." Ice . . . She could think of nothing for the moment but an opaline oblong on a fish-monger's slab in George Street, Plymouth. Upon it she saw a silvery Tavy salmon. Then, swiftly, she heard ice tinkle in a tumbler of whiskey on the balcony of the Mombasa Club. Rawley . . .

"Ice!" he repeated. He looked at her eagerly. "And that's the end of our journey."

She could not answer him; she couldn't even smile. He stared at her, waiting for her to speak.

"Janet," he said, "you're not well. What's the matter with you?" He laid his hand on her bare forearm. "My child, you're burning! We'll stop at once. You'd better lie down."

He pulled out the blanket and spread it under a tree; he gave her his arm, and she took it gratefully. She lay back with eyes closed.

"It's nothing," she said. "Nothing! It's fever, where's your quinine?"

"I've taken it all."

"You've been like this all day?" Now there was nothing to hide. "Yes, and yesterday and the night before."

He fell to his knees beside her.

AND never told me? My darling! I'm not fit to look after you. You must take more quinine." He called to Asmani for a cup of water and took four tablets from his pocket. "Swallow these at once," he said. "Be careful of the water," she murmured.

Now that the end which she dreaded had come, it seemed no longer necessary to pretend. She felt an aching need for the human sympathy which she had denied herself.

"I've been taking them without water,"

she said childishly. "They were rather bitter."

She could have said nothing more dangerous. Her words bowled him over completely. He took her thin arm in both his hands. "Janet . . ." he began.

"No, no," she said in a panic, "don't touch me. Please don't!" She pulled her arm away from him. "If you don't mind," she added pathetically.

He released her. "I'm acting like a brute," he told himself. "I must pull myself together. It was bad enough before, but now that Rawley's dead . . ." She put out her hand for the cup and thanked him.

"If you don't really mind," she said weakly, "I'd rather be alone."

A little later he brought her some biscuit sodden in warm water; it was the simplest thing that he could think of, and she took it not because she wanted it but because she would not have offended him for the world. His gentleness, his deference to her wishes; made her ashamed. Between the new shame and the old guilt her heart was torn.

That night, without asking her permission he covered her with his coat. Even with this cover it was bitterly cold. She tried to forget the cold in her determination to be well enough to march on the following morning. Never before had she waited so eagerly for the sun. When dawn came her whole body was bruised and stiff and pain crept along her bones. She opened her eyes to find him bending over her.

"Better?" he asked. She gave him a smile in return. "Yes, I'm better," she lied.

When he was not looking she rose to her knees. Her head swam. She knew that she could not stand. When he reappeared her mind was made up. She beckoned to him.

He knelt beside her. She put her hand on his arm.

"I've tried," she said. "I find that I can't stand. I've been thinking what you'd better do. There are three of you and I'm only one. You must go on and leave me. Do you understand?"

"My child, that is ridiculous," he told her. "Of course we shall do nothing of the sort."

"I knew you'd be obstinate," she said, "but it's quite reasonable. You have all your life before you. Mine is really over. I don't want to live. There's no living creature at home in England who wants to see me. Nobody in the world who thinks . . ." she stopped. "My life . . ."

JANET," he cried, "how can you speak like that? You know what I think of you. Be just to me. To me your life is the most precious thing, and you know it."

She put her hands to her eyes. "Don't be frightened," he said. "I promise you that I won't say anything more."

He went away. In the bush she heard the hacking of a panga. She couldn't think what it meant, but felt sure that the sound had something to do with herself.

His last words had given her a curious confidence. "He is stronger than I am," she thought, "and I can trust him. It is a wonderful thing to think that I can trust him."

Antrim and Asmani returned. She did not look at them.

"I want your blanket," he said shortly. She rolled over and he took it from under her. He and Asmani were talking in low voices. "Now we're ready," he said at last, stopping beside her.

He laid her gently on the blanket. At either end they had attached it to the pole which he had cut in the bush.

"This is the height of luxury in traveling," he told her: "a machila. Don't try to think or talk. Just lie there quietly with your eyes closed."

Antrim and Asmani lifted the pole between them. The hammock swayed; but soon her limbs relaxed to its swaying. She seemed to be moving forward on air. She fell asleep.

Sometimes, when they halted to rest, she awakened; but still she did not open her eyes. At midday Antrim gave her food and a long draught of water which her conscience pricked her to swallow. She gulped it down gratefully.

Night, once more, was bitterly cold. It would have been better, as Antrim knew, if he could have induced her to share the



warmth of his own sleeping-place—but the exaggerated delicacy on which he had determined in the promise that he had given made him scrupulous not to offend her. He lay near her, as on the night before, wakeful, but never speaking. By next morning her fever had passed. She begged him to let her try her legs. The fact that she was feeling better encouraged him.

"Oh, no, you don't, Memsahib," he said. "Not a bit of it."

It seemed almost as if they had recovered their old normal relation. She passed another dreamy day in the *machila*. Toward sunset she heard a sound that was like the shiver of rain on many leaves. It was a

Every night about two o'clock she wakened with a feeling of heat and suffocation, and just as she was trying to get her bearings, she became conscious of a faint but extraordinary phenomenon

breeze in the reeds that had made the sound. A deeper shadow closed above her. Now there was no need to cover her eyes. They passed beneath forest trees tangled with ropes of liana like the masts of wrecked ships lying at the bottom of the sea. No sound at all—the silence of great deeps. And then a sound that was like that of wind rushing through a fir-wood. But there was no wind. It was strange. At last they laid her down. The earth was cool beneath

her body, not burning like the sand of the bush. The rushing sound that she had heard was one of water. Antrim stood over her.

"The Pangani River," he said.

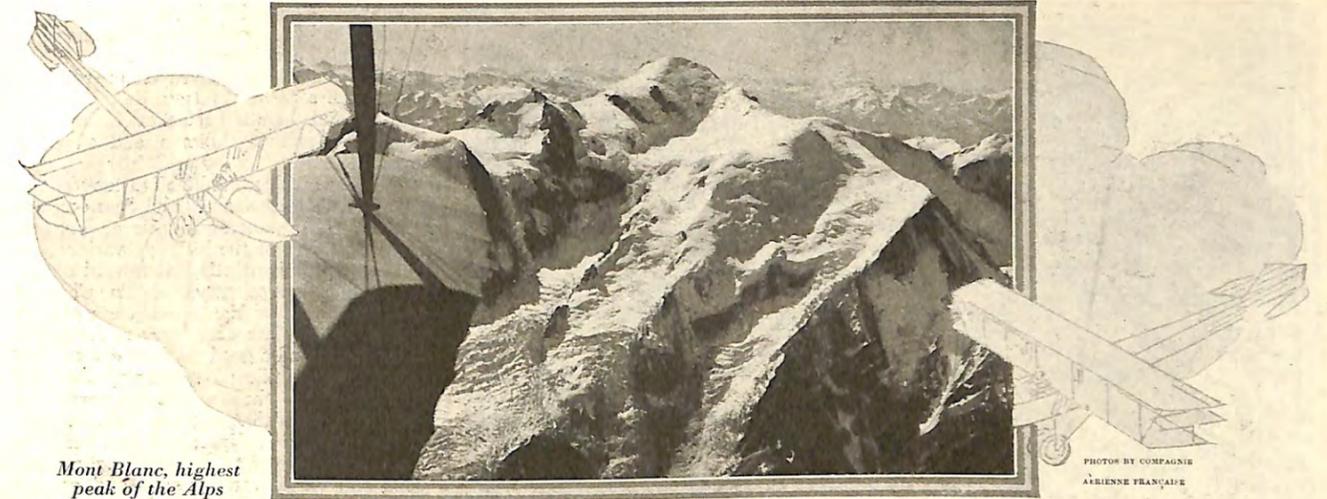
"Enough to wash in?" she asked, half playfully.

"Enough to swim in . . . barring crocodiles.

"Memsahib," he said. "We've come through. There's a boat on the further bank, and that means a station. To-night you'll sleep in a goose-feather bed with the sheet turned down so bravely, oh!"

She did not know whether she were glad

(Continued on page 57)



Mont Blanc, highest peak of the Alps

Thirty Days Over Europe

Seeing a Dozen Countries for a Thousand Dollars

By Frederick L. Collins

SAM HILL had been around the world more times than he had hairs on the top of his head—forty-one more times, to be exact, for Sam's head was a better advertisement for furniture polish than for hair tonic. Smooth, that's what Sam was from the shine on his head to the shine on his feet. And intelligent, too, in an Encyclopædia-Britannica sort of way. He pronounced Yokohama Yokohama, and not Yoklahoma, as 99 per cent. of his compatriots do; and he was just as familiar with the commuting schedule between Naples and Sorrento as you and I are with the last train to Bronxville or Evanston. He had ridden on every kind of railroad from the Broadway Limited to the funicular that runs from Zermatt up the Matterhorn; and on every ocean palace from the *General Slocum* to the *President Polk*. He was equally at home with a corn-cob pipe in a Chinese rickshaw or a hashcush bowl in a Dublin jaunting car. In short, he had traveled.

So, when Edgerton Samuel Hill Booth, his father's sister's grandchild, who was bulging with a college education in his head and a wad of his father's money in his pocket, came to ask Uncle Sam how to see Europe in thirty days, he came to the right man.

"You see," said Edgerton—hereafter we shall call him Sammy, for no one but his mother called him Edgerton, and we hate the name anyhow—"you see, having only a little money and a little time, I thought I'd stick to one country."

"Good," said Uncle Samuel, "and what country did you have in mind?"

Sammy blushed. "I had thought, sir," he began, tentatively, "of Paris."

"You don't need any help from me, young man. You'll find a guide in the bar of the Folies Bergère who'll show you all you want to see in Europe."

Sammy smiled. These American college boys are seldom educated, but they are often wise. "Quit your kidding, Uncle Sam. I guess you could show me more than the guide. But you've got me wrong on the Montmartre stuff. I've already seen life. I've been to Yale. What I want now is to get an education. I'd like to see Paris and London and a lot of other places, too—

Holland and Belgium and Switzerland and Germany and Austria, and I wouldn't mind taking a whirl at Denmark and Spain and those Balkan countries, you know, Constantinople and that sort of thing. But if I can only have one, which shall I pick?"

"Why don't you see 'em all?"

The boy laughed. "In thirty days?"

"Why not? How much money have you got?"

"One thousand beans."

"A thousand dollars and thirty days to see Europe. It's a pipe. I'll go with you. You give me your thousand and promise to do just what I tell you to do for thirty days after you land on the other side, and I'll show you all those places you mentioned and a whole lot more. I'll show you every doggone country in Europe."

"But how?"

"Young man, that's my part of it. You do as I tell you, and ask no questions. Is it a go?"

"When do we start?" answered Sammy—and his uncle made a mental note to remember him in his will.

Sam Hill was not bluffing. Sam never bluffed unless it was absolutely necessary; and this time it wasn't. For Sam, having made a good job of this world, had been looking around for new worlds to conquer. And he had found a very sizable one. Heretofore, he had been East and West and North and South; there was nothing left for him to do but to go Up or Down. And as he often said in his cheerful, epigrammatic way, we'd all be going down some day, so he was going up. That's when Sam started in to prove that his two hundred and forty pounds were lighter than air and freer than space. Heretofore, he had never left the ground in anything more giddy than an Otis Elevator No. 6 and his idea of aerial adventure was a night on the Ziegfeld Roof. But once Sam left the treetops and went mooching around among the foothills of the clouds, you might have thought he was Orville Wright. He buzzed around his club like a Bleriot engine, expounding the virtues of castor oil as a non-carbonizing lubricant. He subscribed to the *Aeronautical News*. He

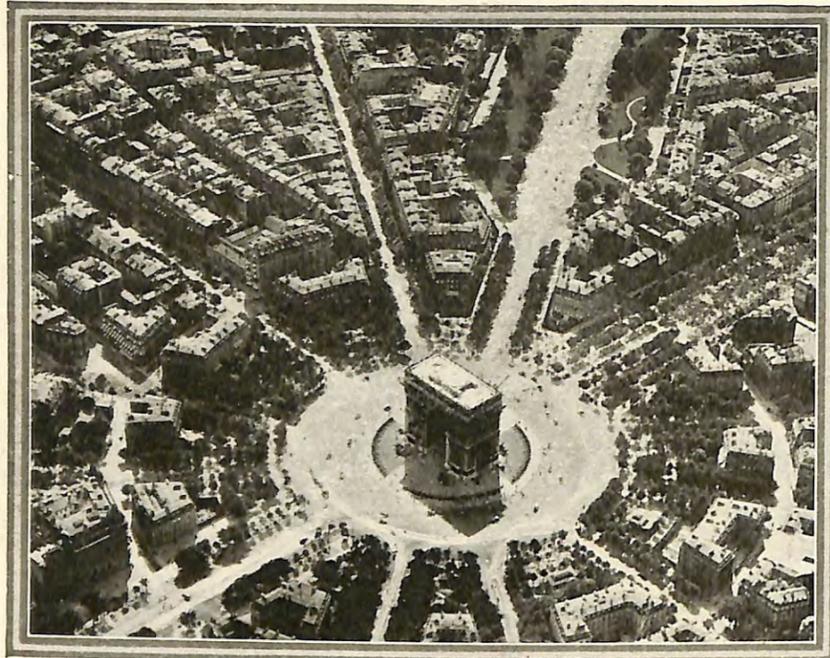
paid fifteen dollars to risk his life at a Jersey summer resort. Finally he sat up all night to sail with the morning papers from New York to Washington. In short, he flew.

But Sam, being, as has been suggested, an experienced traveler, realized that he had not yet had the big thrill. Flying in America is still in the marbles-and-mumbledy-peg stage. But in starving Europe the poor, helpless nations are helping themselves to a presumptive monopoly of the air. Sam had read that you could go everywhere by wings; that the schedules were regular; and that the prices were fair. In America, each passenger had to pay what amounted to a substantial instalment on a new machine; but abroad, due to the subsidy policy of the European governments, the air passenger traveled for a fare not out of proportion to the cost of ordinary land travel. At least, so Sam had heard; and he had long had in mind to go over, and up, and prove it. So that morning, in early July, when he and the still unsuspecting Sammy stepped into the closed automobile at the door of the Hotel Victoria in London, Sam knew, if Sammy didn't, that he was in for the thrill of his variegated life.

"WE'LL have lunch," he remarked casually to Sammy, "in Paris."

Sammy looked at his watch. It was nine-thirty. He said nothing; he hadn't said anything to speak of since he made his agreement in New York; but he made a mental note for the four thousandth time that Uncle Samuel had plumb gone insane. And he saw no reason to alter this conclusion until the car reached Croydon. Now, Croydon is a city as large as Fall River, and about as important; but nowadays nobody ever thinks of it except as the place where you get the planes for Paris. During the war it was a big military flying base; and since commercial Channel flights began in 1919, its facilities have been put to daily peaceful use.

The airdrome is one of the biggest and best equipped in the world. Great hangars line the field, accommodating the machines of several lines operating a daily service between England and the Continent. Scattered over the field itself are airplanes of every description, making the green expanse look



An elevated view of the Arc de Triomphe, Paris

equipment. There is a sign to the effect that "Luncheon boxes (including spirits and minerals) may be ordered of the agents when booking and will be served on board." It is just like a passenger train de luxe—only cleaner and handsomer; sort of a cross between a private Pullman and a public limousine.

The plane is due to take off at ten o'clock. And at ten-three Sammy and Sam are getting their first panoramic view of London. To be sure, it is of the birdseye variety, because the pilot is pointing off toward Bromley and the Kent countryside. The Channel and the mouth of the Thames are plainly visible, as they are only forty or forty-five miles away; and a good airplane eye can see about seventy miles; but the way does not lead directly to the sea. To the north, the red-tiled houses that line the Thames glow in the morning sunlight; and just below is the chalky, hilly road to Seven-oaks. Beyond the vine-covered houses and central church of Seven-oaks, the plane flies over what George Meredith called Britain's "gray greenness" to Chatham and Rochester and Maidstone. The latter place is a railroad center; and the puffs of grimy smoke that rise from the busy little engines and scatter dark clouds over the near-by flower gardens remind the air traveler of discomforts which he has happily escaped. Just beyond, at Ashford, the pilgrims recognize the twin towers of Canterbury Cathedral reaching up into the heavens. And further north are the chalky Dover headlands. Beyond Dover, nestling beneath its white cliffs, is the ancient village of Folkstone; and beyond Folkstone is the sea.

Sam, Senior, is in his element, whatever that is; and Sammy, Junior, after a hurried revision of his earlier estimate of uncle's sanity, has begun

to feel the most unusual sensations that fall to the lot of mortal man. In the first moments, as the plane left the ground at a rapidly diverging angle to everything that Sammy had always considered reasonable and right, he felt as if the earth were suddenly intoxicated. As the big machine dipped a bit to take the first air-pocket, and the ground below, which had been reeling giddily away from him, rose and fell again, Sammy was sure that all the world was drunk. But when the plane reached a level of, say, three thousand feet, and held steadily on its course; and the lobes of equilibrium in Sammy's ears responded to the unexpected strain, the boy's mind began to take in the wonder of it all. For the first time, he realized what individual things roofs are, and how beautiful are the tops of trees. For the first time, he saw, not the specific thing in front of him, but the world. "How is it, old man?" asked Sam, Senior.

"ABSOLUTELY," answered Sammy, Junior; and thereafter he sat in amazed and awe-inspired silence.

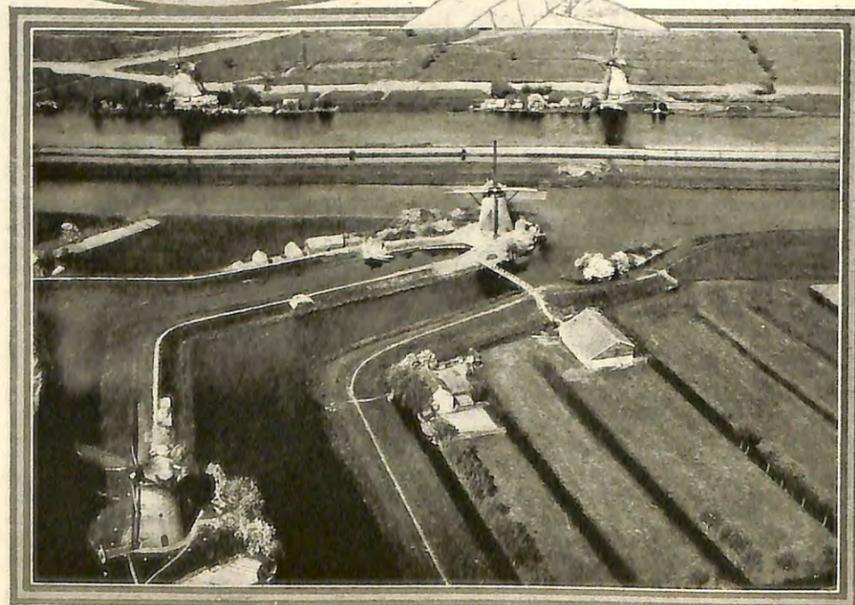
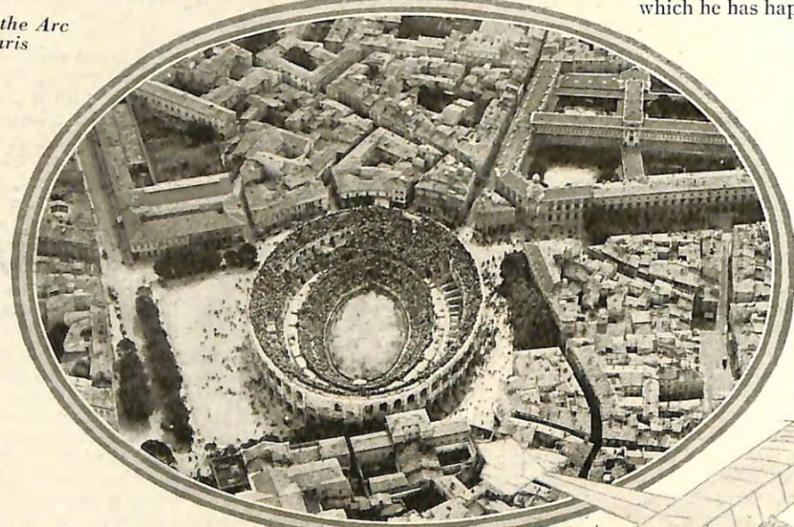
Before him, if he had known it, lay fifteen minutes of even more impressive grandeur—fifteen minutes in the snowy clouds that roof the English Channel. At Folkstone the rough waters are only about twenty miles in width, and before the timid lady with the spectacles had lost sight of Britain's rugged coast line, the venturesome lady with the field glasses had made out the low, curving shores of Cap Gris-Nez and Saint Inglevert, and Boulogne, with its long, welcoming breakwater reaching out to snatch the wayfarer from the sea.

An old fort at Antibes, a town near Nice founded in 340 B.C.

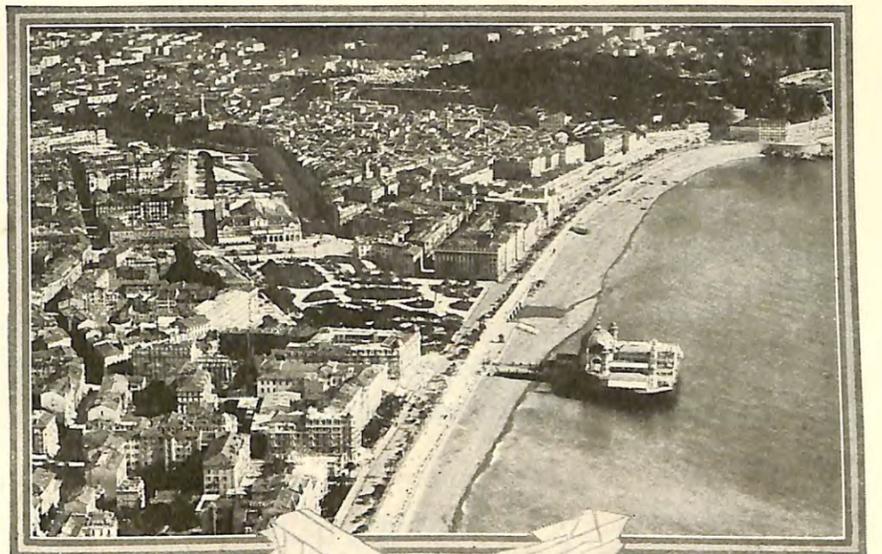
L'Ile de la Cité, Paris, showing the Seine and Notre Dame

A bull-ring at Nimes, France

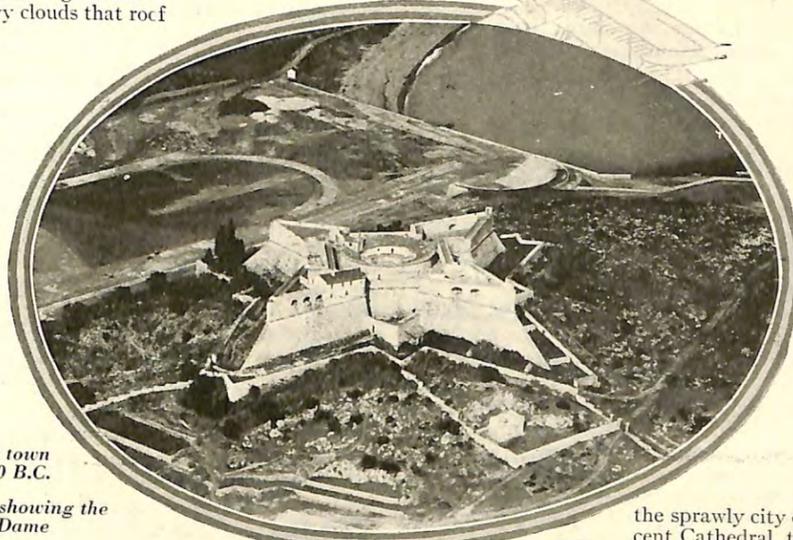
A typically moist segment of Holland



like Long Island Sound during Larchmont race week. A big Handley-Page is being tuned up in the center of the field. A force of brown-shirted mechanics is going over the big motors to see that no nut is loose and no piston shaky. Good mechanics on a job they know always inspire confidence. It is so with the machinists of Croydon. There are the usual preliminaries; you can not leave England by airplane any more than you can by boat without the inevitable passport. Then, too, there is the luggage. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds without charge—approximately a suitcase and a small bag—but if his bags are heavier or if he has a steamer trunk, he must pay a moderate additional toll. These formalities take only a few minutes. The porters take your valises away from you just as they do in the La Salle Street Station in Chicago; and the passengers stroll across the green grass to the plane. The big, luxurious Handley-Page is a British ship which carries fourteen passengers besides the pilot and mechanic. It is equipped with two Rolls Royce engines, either one of which is capable of propelling the plane for many miles without help from the other; thus making the timid passenger feel doubly safe. Its interior is more like a yacht club veranda, or a president's private car on an American railroad, than it is like the airplanes that take their trial spins over Buffalo and Dayton. The passenger space is long and comfortably wide, with windows on either side. To the right and left of the center aisle are luxurious wicker armchairs with cushions upholstered in gay cretonnes. Newspapers, magazines, fresh drinking water, mirrors, a Marconi wireless telephone, speed and height indicators, and a lavatory are part of the regular



The famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice on the Riviera

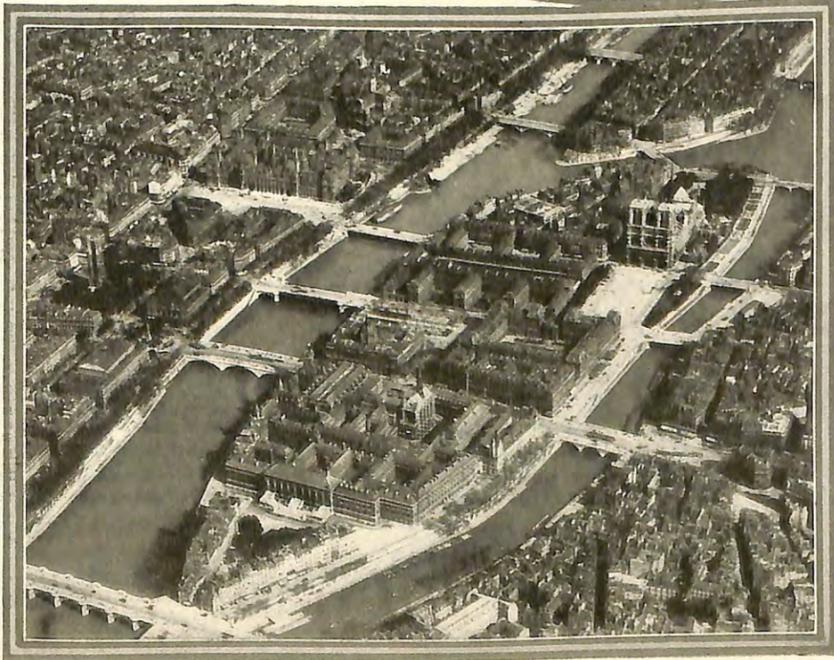


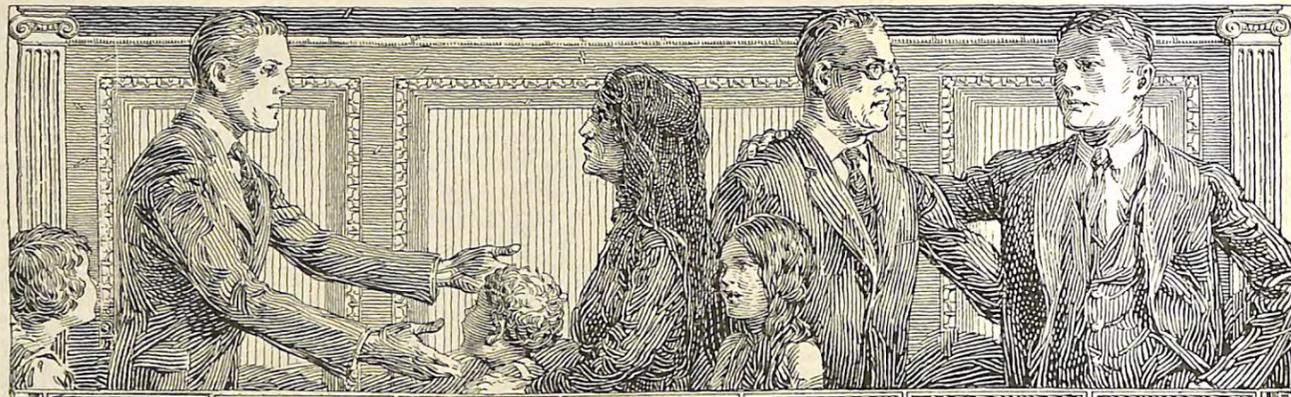
Above the great white Casino and the piers of pleasure and commerce rise the citadel, the turreted Castle, the ancient ramparts that date back to the fourteenth century. But in a few short minutes the plane has sailed through the ages, from these historic relics to the modern seashore resorts at Le Touquet and Berk; crossed the mouth of the world-famous Somme; and followed the railroad line to Abbeville. The latter is a typical toy town laid out by a T-square. Not so far away to the left is the sprawly city of Amiens, with its magnificent Cathedral, the finest example of Gothic architecture in the world; and near Mollien Vidame are trenches and shell holes of the great war. The next town is Beauvais, famous among air-pilots for the huge white cross over its cathedral, and from Beauvais the way leads over Clermont and the beautiful forest of Chantilly to Beaumont on the river Oise.

Here is the most beautiful country between London and Paris; and from no vantage point save an airplane can its beauty be fully appreciated. Ahead is the Castle of Ecouen, the forest of Montmorency, and the gleaming white houses and carefully plotted gardens which line the lake at Enghien; and below are tiny piles of hay, bleached almost white in the Norman sun, dotting the grassy fields like loaves of sugar tossing on a great green sea. But none of these beauties filled the eye of Edgerton Samuel Hill Booth!

"There it is!" he shouted, causing Uncle Samuel to start from the deep slumber into which so much compressed sightseeing had plunged him, and forcing the English gentleman in the tweed suit to take one eye off his copy of *The Spectator*.

"It? What!" said Sam Hill. "The Eiffel Tower," replied Sammy; and from that moment every one of the fourteen passengers, except the Englishman (Continued on page 69)





EDITORIAL

NEW MEMBERS

THERE have been, and are, differences of opinion among members of the Order as to the best methods of securing a desirable increase in the membership of Subordinate Lodges. Many believe that intensive drives for new members are fraught with grave dangers and that campaigns conducted under high pressure are likely to result in mistakes that will prove detrimental to the prestige and standing of the Lodges. Others as confidently maintain that special membership campaigns are generally conducted with more care than the ordinary processes.

It is not our purpose to discuss the relative merits of these opposite views, nor to comment upon the remarkable growth in membership in recent years, which has been, in large measure, brought about by special campaigns conducted under the very efficient leadership and supervision of the New Membership Committee of the Grand Lodge. It may well be stated in passing, however, that it is generally agreed that the Order has been vastly strengthened by this additional enrolment, and that the high character of its membership as a whole has not been impaired.

But our present object is to call to the attention of the Subordinate Lodges, and of the members of the Order, the necessity for continued activity to insure the acquisition of a reasonable number of new members every year.

Deaths, transfers, dimits, and other unpreventable causes, are constantly operating to deplete the rolls of every Lodge. Losses from these causes can only be recouped by the accession of new members. And, of course, a healthy increase should be sought to meet the ever-growing demands for a wider scope of fraternal activity.

The power and capacity of any Lodge fully to measure up to its opportunities for service depends directly upon its numerical strength. This does not mean that the largest Lodges are necessarily the best, nor that they accomplish the most. But it does mean that their capacity for service is greater than that of smaller Lodges.

No Subordinate Lodge can afford to stand still. It should avoid the easily acquired attitude of satisfaction with existing conditions, however good those conditions may appear. Such an

attitude is a prelude to lethargy and stagnant inactivity.

In every community there are representative citizens who are not Elks by initiation, but who are good Elks in heart and high ideals. The Subordinate Lodges should take proper steps to secure as many as possible of such men to unite as members, in the splendid work to which the Order is committed. Care should be exercised always to maintain the high standards which have been set for membership in the Order. But it is impossible to imagine a Lodge overloaded with members, if they be of the right kind.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

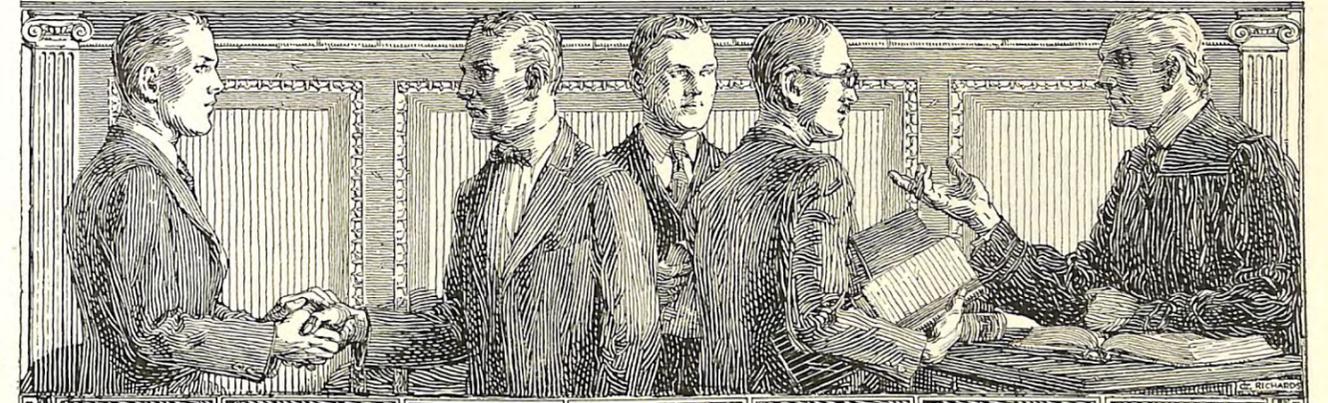
ON THE 16th day of February, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will celebrate its fifty-sixth anniversary. It is not a patriarch among fraternal organizations; but it is no longer in the juvenile class. It has reached an age of dignified maturity.

The birthday of an individual is a significant event, as marking a definite stage in the allotted span of life which must inevitably reach its end. The mere living of each year is an achievement in itself. But in the case of an organization worthy to endure through the ages, it means little as a mere measure of the passage of time. However, its appropriate celebration may be made to serve a very useful purpose.

The anniversary of the founding of a fraternal organization is a suitable occasion upon which to survey the accomplishments of the past; to take an inventory of present powers and capacity for service; and to study the problems and the opportunities of its future.

Happily the fifty-sixth birthday of the Order of Elks is one which it may celebrate with just pride and satisfaction. A review of its past achievements brings a thrill to the heart of every loyal member. A survey of its present vast membership of splendid American citizens, and of the wide scope of its varied activities in the service of humanity, arouses the pride of every Elk. And the realization of the opportunities for an enlarged usefulness in the future inspires a renewed zeal and devotion.

The Order of Elks has not attained the full



growth of its destined power and prestige. It is still a growing Order. It is still an achieving Order. Its birthdays are yet occasions upon which it looks forward with eager purpose and not merely backward with complacent satisfaction.

So long as this continues to be so its anniversaries will be events worthy of celebration. And only so long will the Order justify its continued existence. No fraternal organization can, or should, survive beyond the day when it ceases to face the future with definite purpose.

THE HARDING MEMORIAL

MEN and women all over this country, regardless of political faith, are contributing to the Harding Memorial Fund, because they remember our late President not alone as a man who did honor to his high position, but also as a fellow human, kindly, sincere, without guile—a man who had at heart the best interests of the greatest number and who gave of himself without stint that all might be served.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, in a message to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, says of the Memorial:

"The membership of our great American Order should and will join in the movement for a memorial to our beloved and distinguished brother, Warren G. Harding. This memorial will be an appreciation of the splendid qualities of a true Elk, the accomplishments of a real leader and of the devotion and service of our late chief-tain to the cause of Americanism and to 'The bringing about of a better understanding between our peoples.' I commend the memorial movement to the earnest attention of the membership and anticipate their generous support and cooperation."

THE BOSTON CONVENTION

THE communications from the Executive Committee of the Boston National Elks Convention Association indicate that plans for the accommodation and entertainment of the Convention in July are well under way; and they further indicate that those plans are the most elaborate and ambitious that have ever been formulated for an Elks Convention. The patriotic demonstration to be staged on Boston Common promises to be a spectacular feature of stupendous magnitude.

The formal invitations extended by Governor Cox, Mayor Curley, President Nicholson and Exalted Ruler Kane, evidence a hospitality worthy of Boston's splendid traditions. And there is abundant proof of the efficient management with

which the preparations are being conducted by those who have undertaken the labor of arranging for so large and so important a gathering.

That labor is one of love and fraternal good will. Appreciation of it should be shown by every official and every member of the Order by a prompt and generous response to every request for information and aid. It is only by such cooperation that the Convention can be made the complete success that is desired by all concerned.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP IS TRUE PATRIOTISM

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S first address to Congress, upon its reassembling in December, is still the subject of comment and discussion in the public press. Naturally this is very largely of a partisan nature and with such discussions THE ELKS MAGAZINE is not concerned. But with one sentiment expressed in his address all patriotic citizens are in accord, regardless of political affiliations.

The President said, with succinct directness:

"American institutions rest solely on good citizenship. . . . America must be kept American. . . . Those who do not want to be partakers of American spirit ought not to settle in America."

To this sentiment every Elk responds with a devoutly sincere "Amen." The Order recognizes that one of its highest duties is the inculcation of true patriotism, the patriotism of that good citizenship which alone can preserve our institutions. And it has earnestly striven to make itself felt as a great patriotic influence.

How well it has succeeded in that purpose is attested by the editorial greeting extended to the Order last July by the *Atlanta Journal*, which contained this splendid eulogy:

"If benevolence is the soul, loyalty is the heart of the Elks, loyalty to one another and to their Country. They believe in the constitution as the bulwark of American freedom. They cherish the flag as an emblem of ideals worth living for, worth dying for. They count good citizenship from day to day the surest evidence of patriotism. They stand committed with heart-whole devotion to guard the republic against foes from without or within. They are Americans first, Americans last, Americans always."

No higher tribute could be paid to any Order. No Order has better earned it. And it will continue to deserve such approval by standing solidly behind the President in support of his patriotic declarations.



New Home of Portland, Oregon, Lodge

SINCE Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, held its first meeting thirty-four years ago, it can be safely said that there has never been a more joyous celebration than that which marked the dedication on December 29, 1923, of its new million dollar Home. The day opened with the arrival of special trains from Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma and other points throughout the Northwest, bearing delegations from other Lodges. The first event, on the official program arranged by Charles C. Bradley, Chairman of the Dedication Committee,

was the farewell services held in the old building in which the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge took part. At 2:30 P. M. a mammoth moving-day parade began, participated in by the bands, drill teams, and the drum and bugle corps of the various visiting Lodges, conspicuous among which were the bands and drum corps of Spokane (Wash.) Lodge, No. 228, Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge, No. 174, and Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92.

At 8:30 P. M. before a great gathering, the official dedication of the new Home took

place under the direction of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. G. Gearhart. At the conclusion of the service Mr. Gearhart congratulated the officers and members of the Lodge on their ability to erect such a wonderful structure, and predicted that as a result of this accomplishment the activities of Portland Lodge would be cast over a wider area than ever before. The dedication address was made by the Hon. Clarence L. Reames of Seattle Lodge, formerly United States District Attorney for

(Continued on page 79)

The Functions of a State Association

It Is, In Effect, a Sort of Miniature Grand Lodge

By Hollis B. Fultz

Secretary Washington State Elks Association, 1922-23

"WHY a State Elks Association?" "What good do they do?"

I have heard this question asked so many times in the past few years, that I feel the necessity for someone answering it. Not that I believe State Elks Associations need defending but merely to enlighten such Elks as may not be familiar with the activities of State Organizations.

For more than twenty years now there have been State Associations, and State Associations they have been in truth as well as in name, each following its own course with little or no regard to what another State might be doing.

In all this time there seems to have been no thought of co-ordination as between all the States; no definite policy which might be adopted by all associations, and no strict defining of functions as between the Grand Lodge and the State Associations. The associations seem to have stood idealistically upon the doctrine of State's rights.

Probably for a long time this failure to outline and adopt a program was due to a certain antipathy on the part of the Grand Lodge toward the recognition of State Organizations, but that was so long ago as to be forgotten. And in the meantime the State meetings have continued to grow in size and importance, until they have become in most of the commonwealths, what they really ought to be, miniature Grand Lodges.

This they have done without in any way usurping any of the powers or prerogatives of the Grand Lodge, and with the proper cooperation between the State Association officers and Grand Lodge officers should bring about a much closer relationship and understanding between the membership and the Grand Lodge itself.

There is need of this. The space between the Grand Lodge, attended only by the Past Exalted Rulers, and represented only through the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers is too great to bring about a proper sympathy and thorough understanding of the problems with which the national officers are confronted.

Of course with a State Association in every State it would be manifestly impossible for the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit each of them during his term, but it is not impossible to have at least a representative there, and upon the program, to personally explain what the Grand Lodge is doing for the uplift of the fraternity.

It ought to be the duty of the State Association officers to carry out whatever program may be decided upon by the Grand Lodge, and this would be greatly aided by a visit of a Grand Lodge representative who could thus personally reach many thousand Elks in each State.

To this end it might be necessary for the Grand Lodge to amend its constitution and admit to membership each year the Presidents of the State Associations. There could be no serious objection to this, nor would it greatly increase the representat on, since in nearly every instance the Presidents are Past Exalted Rulers and already entitled to membership.

To the man who has filled the chairs in a subordinate Lodge, and who is ambitious to do something which may give

him a full outlet for his abilities and capacities within the order, the State Association has a distinct appeal. He probably can not go year after year to the Grand Lodge, but he can go to the State Association and there help to further the ideas which he believes will build up the order. It gives a natural channel into which he may direct his energies and keep alive his interest.

To the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge it provides the most splendid opportunity to discuss with other Exalted Rulers the things which they are doing in the sister Lodge, and to adopt some of those ideas, which of course redound to the benefit of the Lodge as a whole.

To the Secretary, in the Secretaries meetings which should always be held at each session of the State Association, it provides a means for the studying of the brother Secretary's methods of handling the business of Lodge in the way of keeping books, visiting of the sick, collections of dues, and many of the other vexatious problems with which every Secretary is confronted.

To all the other chair officers it provides an incentive to excel in the ritualistic work, in order that they may be chosen as a competing team for the State meeting. And if not chosen, to watch the chosen ones exemplify the work.

To the membership is given an opportunity for the expression of the greatest thing in the Order, "Good Fellowship," to see again old faces made new with the cheery greeting and to wring again the hand of a friend that you had all but forgotten. Elks generally can not deny that this is its greatest appeal.

It gives the opportunity to bring before a great portion of the membership at one time men of national reputation, speakers of note, with messages of real value, who could not possibly be induced to appear before the small gatherings in the subordinate Lodges, because neither the time nor the expense could be spared.

IN OUR western Lodges particularly, music is of supreme importance in getting the membership out to Lodge, and those Lodges which have good orchestras and bands are known always as the liveliest in the district, yet how many of the smaller Lodges would keep alive bands if it were not for the great mid-summer gatherings at which the band contests are held, and the colorful parade that swings down the gaily decorated streets to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare," and several other well-known hymns.

So all through the year there is much of preparation and much of practice both on the part of the band and the drill team for the time when the honor of the Lodge must be upheld in band contest and parade.

Then too there are the athletic contests, bringing into action a younger and entirely different element of the Lodge which quite often feels that it is out of things.

Nor must there be forgotten the dances and the many social affairs in which the ladies participate, making them feel that they are not always out of things.

It is useless to deny that the social features of the Lodge are as essential as the more sober things. "All work and No play,"

you know, was never meant for an Elk. The State Association has a great social function to perform—it is not usually neglected.

AT THE last State Association meeting which I attended, I heard in one day an address by the president of one of the greatest universities in the land on "Americanism and Fraternalism"; a splendid discourse on the activities of the Grand Lodge and the outlining of a constructive program of work which will keep the minds of Elks in that State busy for some time to come. That night before the doors of the temple a hushed audience, with bowed head, listened to a beautiful eulogy on that great American, so lately passed away, Brother Warren G. Harding.

That crowded theater, in the heat of the day, hung upon every word which the learned speaker had to say about Americanism and Fraternalism, and I learned there more in forty-five minutes from a man who seldom visited Lodge, of the great things that our Order had done and could do, than I could have acquired in years by my own thought and effort.

And then it was the privilege of us all to hear about the splendid work which the Grand Lodge was doing, to get a better insight into things which we might otherwise have criticized, and to realize more fully the enormity of the problems which face our Grand Lodge officers.

At a round table that night, after watching two of the best ball teams in the State battle for the championship that afternoon, I heard and participated in a discussion of almost every problem with which exalted rulers and secretaries are confronted in the conduct of their offices, and many were the brother officers who went home with some "tip" that lifted a load from their shoulders and brought strength to the lodge.

Then again, as the shadows of night settled over the city, in the gathering dusk, from a point of vantage on the temple steps, I gazed out on the crowd of purple capped Elks who had assembled there, and listening to the words of commemoration for our late President, realized what a truly grand and glorious thing it was just to be called an "Elk," and an American citizen.

Was that day profitably spent? After that we all went to the dance, some few thousands of us, where there was lots of laughter, and good music and of fun.

And this is the story of the kind of meetings that State Associations have held almost everywhere this year. A study of business principles and practices; an interchange of ideas relative to social and other activities; the outlining of a program in which all the lodges of the State might participate thus awakening new interest; and educational talk from someone qualified to make it; a closer relationship between the Grand Lodge and the membership through the visit of a Grand Lodge officer and a better understanding of its ideals; stimulus to orchestra, band, drill team and sports; exemplification of the ritual; and over it all the broad mantle of Good Fellowship.

Those are some of the functions which a State Association may and does perform.

A New Vision For the Order of Elks

By Walter F. Meier

Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, No. 92

IN the realm of nature, progress has ever been recognized as the evidence of a growing life. From the time that the acorn begins to swell and sprout, there is a continual progress, a development of characteristics and products, until the storms and seasons bring to a close the centuries-old career of the mighty oak. From birth until death a constant progress marks the changes through which animated life must pass. As long as life shall characterize the existence of a being or thing, so long does nature seem bent upon a progressive development. When death brings a living career to a close, there is no longer progress. From that time forth, as far as nature is concerned, there is decay resulting in an ultimate return to the constituent elements.

Every human institution is subject to this same rule of nature. As long as it is characterized by expansion and development there is life. When it ceases to grow, you may know that only a lapse of time is required to witness its complete cessation. By its growth and development the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has classified itself as one of the great, live institutions of the day. Founded but little more than a half century ago by a few, who combined the spirit of jollity with that of helpfulness for their own number, it has grown until today almost a million men have assumed its vows. What has caused this remarkable growth?

In the plant world growth is occasioned by suitable soil, air, light and moisture. Without any one of these four elements only the lowest form of vegetation is produced. In the animal world a similar four-fold element is required. Omit any one, and only the lowest form of life can exist. So, also, in the world of institutions. None can rise to dignity and value save those that are supplied with the qualifications necessary to produce an influence for good. Our Order has found these elements in its recognition of the cardinal principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. A persistent failure to exhibit any one of these characteristics would result in a decay that in time must completely destroy it. An observance of them has produced our present wonderful institution.

Charity

When first organized naturally there was not, and could not well be, any conception of the ultimate goal of the Order. When standing by the little, trickling stream on the side of the mountain, who thinks of the mighty river, with its immense volume, as it flows to the sea? When the traveler upon the mountainous road carelessly tosses the stone down the bank, he does not dream of the avalanche that will bear down the side of the mountain. So, also, the few who, coming together, after an evening's work, to join in an hour of revelry, noted the adversity that had been experienced by one of their number and contributed their share for his relief, little dreamed that humanity at large was to be the ultimate object of the bounty of their successors. Yet, this is exactly what has resulted. In 1888, when our mem-

bership was 8,952, but little more than seven thousand dollars were thus expended in charity work. In 1898, with a membership of 44,252, upwards of forty-six thousand dollars were thus expended. In 1908, when we had 284,321 members, we spent more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for charity. In 1918, with 493,733 members, more than one million dollars were expended for that purpose. And in 1922, with a membership of more than 800,000, as an organization we spent for charity more than two million dollars. A study of the details upon which these statistics are based discloses that the practical charity done by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is not limited to the assistance rendered to members, but its ramifications reach almost every conceivable form of relief and public welfare work. Here, a lodge has espoused the cause of the Salvation Army in its effort to assist the needy; there, a lodge has undertaken to furnish wholesome milk for babies that otherwise would have been denied proper nourishment. Here, the crying need of a playground has been filled; there, a boys' home, or club, has been established. Still others have sought general civic betterments in this way, or that. And now, many of our lodges have turned to the establishment of scholarships for those who might otherwise be denied the privileges of education accorded to others more well-to-do. Thus, the word, "Charity," for Elks, has gained a wider significance than merely the giving of alms; it is indicative of an interest in the welfare of all mankind. They have learned the lesson taught by Paul the Apostle:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries; and though I have faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Charity, I am nothing.

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing."

No matter what his own wants may be, as long as possessions he may have, as long as he has opportunity to serve, the true Elk will be found at all times ministering unto the distressed, the unfortunate, and the afflicted.

Justice

But what of Justice? The Order teaches that it is but Truth in action. To deny Justice is to be false to yourself, to your fellowman, and to God. We may not be able to fathom Justice as exemplified in the inexorable but divine laws of Nature. It may not seem just that the lamb must be sacrificed to the lion, or that the strong should govern the weak. No one will condemn Infinite Justice because of the seeming harshness of these laws. But, as between men, Justice dictates that course which shall bring the greatest happiness and liberty to all. To accomplish this purpose, there must oftentimes be the sacrifice of the few, and sometimes of the many, in order that

history may record progress for the human race. The physician must expose himself to the pestilence for the sake of others. The soldier must bear the thrust of bayonets to preserve the welfare of posterity. The sailor must calmly step into the deep, and sink beneath the wave, to save the lives of those entrusted to his care. But the Justice of our Order seeks to minimize these necessities and equalize the burdens and opportunities for all. While we recognize that perfect Justice cannot be done, so long as human effort is imperfect, yet the great hope of every true Elk is that he may be

"— the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds
away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!"

If you are true to the lessons of Justice taught us in the Book which rests upon our altar, you will be ever ready to undergo the sacrifice necessary that others may enjoy the rights which the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe designed for them.

Brotherly Love

And what does Brotherly Love import? One of the lessons most difficult for mankind to learn is to "love thy neighbor as thyself." We are prone to feel that "our rights" must be asserted—protected. It is always hard to feel that the motives of another are not selfish, as are ours. We are often ready to condemn the acts of others rather than to pass upon them with the same leniency with which we judge our own. Too often we apply one standard to our lives and another to theirs. We resent the words of another, and strike back with like kind. Such are not the lessons of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It teaches us to write the faults of our brothers upon the sand, and to perpetuate their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory. We are taught to forget self, and to forgive if aught amiss has been done. Such teaching constitutes one of the cornerstones of our Order, and we should seek to extend its application to all the world. It is not something to be housed up in the lodge-room, but rather to be sown broadcast. And through all the years to come, those who have learned their lesson well will be found ready to espouse the cause of Brotherly Love to the end that men shall feel an interest in the welfare of others.

Fidelity

But the all-embracing quality of a true Elk is Fidelity,—faithful to brother, faithful to humanity, faithful to country, and faithful to God. All of his activities are indicative of this characteristic. His Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love are but attributes of his Faith, and his highest aim should be to exemplify to the world that his practices and professions are one. The Order of Elks stands for Fidelity to the home. It recognizes the validity of the obligations a man owes to his own family as well as to that of his brother. One cannot expect protection in that which is his unless he shall exhibit a corresponding respect for that which is

another's. The Order recognizes the claims of humanity upon it, and its constant endeavor should be to show to the world that it means to fulfill and satisfy them regardless of cost to self. But above all, an Elk has pledged Fidelity to his country. He has promised to support its institutions, to obey its laws, and to defend its constitution. This pledge should be faithfully observed, for its means good citizenship. Next to the duty we owe to God is this allegiance we owe to country, for without it, there could be no brotherhood, and no home. We should remember that one cannot inculcate respect for law without self obedience to it. You cannot teach the young to love our institutions without exhibiting a love for them yourselves. If I mistake not the temperament of those who compose our Order, though all others shall fail, in every struggle for constitutional government, the emblem of our Order shall be borne aloft by those who are consecrated to its preservation by obligation attested upon the Great Book of Law. Then shall the antlers of protection become indeed the bulwark of our government as we wish that they shall be.

To accomplish these aims, to sustain these elements so essentially necessary to the success of our Order, we must toil, and perhaps sacrifice much that is dear to us. But sacrifice and suffering have ever been the harbingers of victory. Nothing great has ever been attained without them. We must be prepared to submerge self, and look beyond the immediate attractions that seem to point to ease and a personal success. With renewed determination, let us take up the motto so recently given to us by our Grand Exalted Ruler. "Let's do" more Charity! "Let's do" more Justice! Let's practice more Brotherly Love! Let's exhibit a greater Fidelity!

A Vision of the Sea!

I close with a reference to an ancient legend concerning the manner in which the old Indian chieftain taught the lessons of

life to his three sons who would in time leave his paternal care to seek their fortunes in the great, wide world. Calling them about him one evening, he proposed that they go forth upon the morrow to see which could discover the most beautiful thing within the compass of the day. Each sought his refreshing sleep, and when the early morn but faintly streaked the eastern sky with the rosy tints of the coming dawn, they set their faces westward toward the great range of mountains, now darkly silhouetted against the bending sky. Soon the rising sun looked on—the same unerring witness to this contest that he had been to countless others during the untold centuries of the past. The morning gone, they encountered the hot sands of the desert, and here was discovered the cactus, now magnificently bedecked with its beautiful and delicate blossoms. The contrast of the wonderful blossoms with their unpleasant surroundings, seemed to enhance their beauty. Such exhibitions of Nature's store were not to be found upon the plains where was the home of our travelers three.

The one, believing that the distance could bring nothing more beautiful, plucked the soft, tender blossoms, and turned toward home, leaving his companions still pursuing their search. Upon presenting his discovery, now wilted from the heat of the sun, the old chieftain said, "My son, you have done well. You traveled until you reached the desert, and you discovered the beautiful blossom of the cactus. But, behold how it has faded, and upon the morrow all that will remain of your effort will be the spines that now cling to your hands."

At the close of the day returned the second son. In his hands he held the branch of a maple tree, its leaves now tinted with the golden hues of autumn. "My son," said the old chieftain, "you have done well. You crossed the desert and, spurning the beautiful blossoms of the cactus, which soon must wilt and fade, and underneath which lurk the treacherous and irritating spines,

you went until you reached the side of the mountains where the spring sends forth its clear and sparkling waters to refresh the weary traveler. You have brought home the branch of the maple tree, beautiful with its autumn tints, but these leaves will fall, and then there will remain naught but the bare twigs to remind you of the hardships of the day."

Late, late at night came the last of the three. Seeing that he came empty handed, the old chieftain asked what he had accomplished in the day. "Father," said the boy, the flicking torchlight disclosing an unusual animation of his countenance, "Father, I crossed the desert where the beautiful blossoms of the cactus seemed to bid me stay, but I feared the spines that I knew were hidden underneath. I quenched my thirst at the spring, and rested where the beautiful maple trees grow but stopped not, knowing that the autumn tinted leaves must soon fade and fall. I traveled on up the steep and rocky walls of the mountains until I reached the summit, and for a time, there seemed to be naught of beauty that I could find. Then, as I looked out into the great beyond, Father, I caught a vision of the sea! Thus have I brought home that which can neither wither nor fade,—and which can neither irritate nor torture; an inspiration which will be my guide as I seek to fill my place in the world."

SO, MY brothers, are we sent forth into the world by our Father, the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe, to seek for that which we shall deem most beautiful in life. If we aim alone to satisfy our personal ambitions; if our greatest satisfaction is to be found in the gratification of the passions; if our purpose is to gain from our fraternal relations only that which we believe will enhance our personal station in life, we have but reached the desert and are plucking the blossoms of the cactus of life which soon must die, and leave us naught but a sick and
(Continued on page 64)

Americanization Through Flag Day Essays

By W. H. Thomas

Past Exalted Ruler Canon City, Colo., No. 610

THE boys and girls of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. To these future citizens of this great Republic should be extended every assistance by The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. True, we need to provide playgrounds, where the youth may find clean recreation and build up his body, and at the same time we should help those unfortunate kiddies who are crippled to become sound in body. In addition to the above-mentioned movements, we should bear in mind the education of our youth along patriotic lines. The study of the origin and the early history of the Star Spangled Banner by the children of the schools of our land, will do much toward the making of patriotic citizens for the coming generation, for if we instill the love of our Country into the hearts of our children, and place the Flag of our Country in their hands, then we need have no fear as to the future of the United States.

The movement, known as The Colorado Plan, for conducting contests for the best essays on the American Flag in our schools, under the auspices of The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, was pioneered by Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 849. In 1921, not knowing that Provo Lodge had started this movement, Canon City, Colorado, Lodge,

No. 610, voted to give three cash prizes for the three best essays from the schools, and this lodge has been very active in urging the adoption of the Plan throughout the Order. More than ninety lodges have already taken up this work, and have reported great enthusiasm as the result. Their lodge-rooms have been filled to overflowing at the regular Flag Day Exercises, where, prior to the inauguration of the contests, many a Flag Day Speaker talked to empty seats. Among the larger lodges to adopt the Plan are: New Orleans, La., Denver, Colo., Pueblo, Colo., and Colorado Springs, Colo., and many others, and all of them report that great good has been accomplished as a result of the contests.

The Plan is very simple, and easy to conduct. In the smaller lodges, the proposition is turned over to the school officials, who conduct the contest, and turn in the essays to the secretary of the lodge. A committee of judges is appointed by the lodge to select the winning essays, and the winners are then invited to read their essays as a part of the regular Flag Day Exercises. In the larger places, the city is divided into districts, and a prize is given in each district. Some lodges offer an additional prize for the best essay from the Boy Scouts Organiza-

tion. Many of the lodges have voted to give silk flags in place of cash prizes, this, of course, being optional with the lodge holding the contest. These contests can be limited to the grade schools, the intermediate, or the high schools, just as the lodges see fit, and as conditions warrant.

The splendid results coming from this movement make it worthy of consideration by every lodge in the Order. The moment the contest is announced in the schools, it is broadcasted by the boys and girls, and the name of Elk is mentioned in hundreds of homes where it was never given a thought before. When a boy or girl brings home a message of this nature, it has great weight, and the result is that our Order occupies a higher place in the minds of the public at large, outside of the lodge. We, of Colorado, know what the Plan has done for us, and we urge all sister lodges to take up the work, as we feel that they will be greatly benefited by its adoption. In addition to each lodge giving prizes, would it not be a splendid thing to have each State association give a prize for the best essay of their State, and then, have the Grand Lodge offer a suitable prize for the best one of these, making it a nation wide Plan? To use the motto of our Grand Exalted Ruler, "Let's Do."

Directory of State Associations

1923—Presidents and Secretaries—1924

- Alabama**—President, Dr. J. H. Tippet, Dothan; Secretary, H. M. Bagley, Birmingham. Annual meeting, May 13-14 at Montgomery.
- Alaska**—No State Association.
- Arizona**—President Walter C. Miller, Jerome. Secretary, Charles Kuzell, Jerome. Annual meeting, April 18-20, Tucson and Nogales.
- Arkansas**—President, Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs. Secretary, A. W. Parke, Little Rock. Annual meeting, May 12-13 at Little Rock.
- California**—President, Dr. Howard B. Kirtland, San Luis Obispo. Secretary, James Taylor Foyer, Los Angeles. Annual meeting, September 17-20, Long Beach. (Catalina Island).
- Colorado**—President, Chester B. Horn, Colorado Springs. Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo. Annual meeting at Greeley.
- Connecticut**—No State Association.
- Delaware**—No State Association but affiliated with Maryland Association.
- District of Columbia**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- Florida**—President, David Sholtz, Daytona. Secretary, P. M. Henderson, Lakeland. Annual meeting in April at Miami.
- Georgia**—President, Howard P. Park, La Grange. Secretary, Thomas B. Lamar, Columbus. Annual meeting May 21-22 at Augusta.
- Idaho**—President, Arthur M. Peterson, Pocatello. Secretary, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello. Annual meeting June 11-12 at Twin Falls.
- Illinois**—President, Dr. W. R. Fletcher, Joliet. Secretary, Geo. W. Hasselman, La Salle. Annual meeting at Chicago.
- Indiana**—President, Edgar J. Julian, Vincennes. Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville. Place of annual meeting to be decided upon.
- Iowa**—President, Clay Kneese, Muscatine. Secretary, James O'Brien, Des Moines. Annual meeting at Clinton.
- Kansas**—President, Ray K. Hart, Independence. Secretary, W. H. McKone, Lawrence. Annual meeting October 30-31 at Independence.
- Kentucky**—President, Arthur W. Rhorer, Middlesboro. Secretary, Fred O. Nuetzel, Louisville. Annual meeting August 11-12-13 at Henderson.
- Louisiana**—No State Association.
- Maine**—No State Association.
- Maryland**—President, P. J. Callan, Washington, D. C. Secretary, James T. Ryan, Washington, D. C. Place of annual meeting to be decided upon.
- Massachusetts**—President, Joseph F. Francis, Jr., New Bedford. Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham. Annual meeting June 17 at Pittsfield.
- Michigan**—President, Edward H. Stanard, Owosso. Secretary, George D. Bostock,

- Grand Rapids. Annual meeting June 18-19 at Grand Rapids.
- Minnesota**—President, John E. Regan, Mankato. Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, Minneapolis. Annual meeting at Duluth.
- Mississippi**—President, P. G. Jones, Hattiesburg. Secretary, T. E. Austin, McComb. Meeting place not decided.
- Missouri**—President, John W. Wagner, Kansas City. Secretary, Sam D. Byrns, Mexico. Annual meeting June 10-11-12 at Mexico.
- Montana**—President, E. A. La Bossiere, Great Falls. Secretary, J. M. Minor, Anaconda.
- Nebraska**—President, Carl Kramer, Columbus. Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus.
- Nevada**—No State Association.
- New Hampshire**—No State Association.
- New Jersey**—President, George L. Hirtzel, Jr., Elizabeth. Secretary, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy. Annual meeting June 6-7 at Jersey City.
- New Mexico**—No State Association.
- New York**—President, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls. Secretary, Amon W. Foote, Utica. Annual meeting first week in June at Buffalo.
- North Carolina**—President, Henry W. Maston, Winston. Secretary, T. B. Kehoe, (Continued on page 68)

The American Peace Award Prize Plan

REPRINTED below is a digest of the plan which was recently adjudged winner of the Edward W. Bok prize of \$50,000 offered for the most practicable plan to ensure the future peace of the world. The name of the author of this plan was unknown to the jury making the award and will not be divulged until the public has had an opportunity to consider the plan and to vote on it. Appended to this digest of the winning plan is a ballot. Readers of this magazine are invited to express their opinions of the plan by means of the ballot. Mail your votes, for or against the plan, together with any comment you may wish to make, to the American Peace Award, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

I. Enter the Permanent Court

That the United States adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice for the reasons and under the conditions stated by Secretary Hughes and President Harding in February, 1923.

II. Cooperate With the League of Nations, Without Full Membership at Present

That without becoming a member of the League of Nations as at present constituted, the United States Government should extend its present cooperation with the League and propose participation in the work of its Assembly and Council under the following conditions and reservations:

Safeguarding of Monroe Doctrine

The United States accepts the League of Nations as an instrument of mutual counsel, but it will assume no obligation to interfere

with political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign state.

In uniting its efforts with those of other States for the preservation of peace and the promotion of the common welfare, the United States insists upon the safeguarding of the Monroe Doctrine and does not abandon its traditional attitude concerning American independence of the Old World and does not consent to submit its long established policy concerning questions regarded by it as purely American to the recommendation or decision of other Powers.

No Military or Economic Force

2. The only kind of compulsion which nations can freely engage to apply to each other in the name of Peace is that which arises from conference, from moral judgment, from full publicity, and from the power of public opinion.

The United States will assume no obligations under Article X in its present form, or under Article XVI in its present form in the Covenant, or in its amended form as now proposed, unless in any particular case Congress has authorized such action.

The United States proposes that Articles X and XVI be either dropped altogether or so amended and changed as to eliminate any suggestion of a general agreement to use coercion for obtaining conformity to the pledges of the Covenant.

No Obligations Under Versailles Treaty

3. The United States will accept no responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles unless in any particular case Congress has authorized such action.

League Open to All Nations

4. The United States Government proposes that Article I of the Covenant be construed and applied, or, if necessary, redrafted, so

that admission to the League shall be assured to any self-governing State that wishes to join and that receives the favorable vote of two-thirds of the Assembly.

Development of International Law

5. As a condition of its participation in the work and counsels of the League, the United States asks that the Assembly and Council consent—or obtain authority—to begin collaboration for the revision and development of international law, employing for this purpose the aid of a commission of jurists. This Commission would be directed to formulate anew existing rules of the law of nations, to reconcile divergent opinions, to consider points hitherto inadequately provided for but vital to the maintenance of international justice, and in general to define the social rights and duties of States. The recommendations of the Commission would be presented from time to time, in proper form for consideration, to the Assembly as to a recommending if not a law-making body.

Do you approve the winning plan Yes No
in substance? (Put an X inside the proper box.)

Name..... Please print.

Address.....

City..... State.....

Are you a voter?.....

Mail promptly to
The American Peace Award
342 Madison Avenue, New York City



Under the Spreading Antlers

They Tell These Tales Of the Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

ON THE eve of going to press with this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, reports are coming in to us from all parts of the country, telling of the Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order. We wish there were some way of adequately reporting all these thoughtful and charitable observances of the day, the deeds that made thousands of children happy and that brought the season's spirit into the bleak homes of the poor. It would take, however, more than one full issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to do proper justice to the Christmas spirit as exemplified on the part of the Lodges everywhere. The officers, the Christmas and Welfare Committees, and the membership of each of the nearly 1,500 Lodges are to be congratulated on the fine and noble work done by them for their communities. Through their unselfish efforts and by their generosity the Order is enshrined in the hearts of many.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Schedule For February

During the month of February, Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland is scheduled to visit the following Lodges. In each case other Lodges in the vicinity will be invited to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler.

February 1—Litchfield (Ill.). February 2—Chicago (Ill.). February 12—Detroit (Mich.). February 13—East Liverpool (Ohio). February 14—Pittsburgh (Pa.). February 15—Baltimore (Md.). February 16—New York (N. Y.). February 17—Brooklyn (N. Y.). February 18—Boston (Mass.). February 19—Portland (Me.). February 20—Providence (R. I.). February 21—Hartford (Conn.). February 22—Philadelphia (Pa.) and Camden (N. J.). February 23—Allentown (Pa.). February 24—Atlantic City (N. J.). February 25—Wilkesbarre (Pa.). February 26—Loraine (Ohio).

Grand Exalted Ruler Visits California Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson visited many California Lodges during the month of January. Elaborate preparations for the entertainment of Mr. McFarland and Mrs. McFarland, who accompanied him

on the trip, were made throughout the State. Leaving Watertown (S. Dak.) on December 26, en route for Los Angeles, Mr. McFarland visited Omaha (Neb.) Lodge on December 27, and Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Lodge on December 29. The following was the Grand Exalted Ruler's California itinerary at the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press on January 1:

January 1—Guest of Pasadena Lodge.
January 2—Riverside Lodge—Luncheon at Glenwood Inn 1 P. M. Redlands Lodge for dinner and Lodge meeting (San Bernardino and Ontario Lodges guests).
January 3—El Centro Lodge for dinner and evening (Brawley and Calexico Lodges guests).
January 4—Arrive San Diego, Hotel Grant for dinner and evening at San Diego Lodge.
January 5—Anaheim Lodge for dinner and evening (Santa Ana and Orange Lodges guests).
January 6—San Diego.
January 7—Glendale Lodge for dinner and evening (Alhambra and Monrovia Lodges guests).
January 8—Luncheon at Oxnard or Ventura Lodge. Dinner and evening and all night at Santa Barbara.
January 9—Dinner, evening and all night at San Luis Obispo Lodge.
January 10—Evening at Monterey Lodge (Salinas, Watsonville and Santa Cruz Lodges guests).
January 11—Modesto and Fresno Lodges.
January 12—Arrive San Francisco.
January 13—San Francisco.
January 14—Luncheon Santa Rosa Lodge. Stop at San Rafael and Petaluma Lodges. Meeting at Santa Rosa Lodge in evening.
January 15—Luncheon and laying of cornerstone at 3 P. M. Woodland Lodge—Dinner and Lodge meeting in evening Woodland Lodge (Redding, Red Bluff, Chico, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Marysville Lodges attending).
January 16—Sacramento Lodge—Forenoon lunch and reception for northern California Lodges.
January 17—Visit east side San Francisco Bay, including Berkeley Lodge, etc.
January 18—Visit West Bay Lodges,

including San Jose, Palo Alto, San Mateo, San Francisco Lodge, dinner and meeting.
January 19—Leave for Los Angeles.
January 20—Open date Los Angeles.
January 21—Long Beach Lodge for dinner and evening (San Pedro, Santa Monica and Redondo Lodges invited).
January 22—Pasadena Lodge, dinner and evening (Whittier and Pomona Lodges guests).
January 23—Evening and dinner at Los Angeles Lodge (Huntington Park Lodge guest).
Leaving Los Angeles on Thursday, January 24, Mr. McFarland and his party came eastward making the following visits:
January 25—Phoenix (Ariz.) Lodge.
January 28—Kansas City (Mo.) Lodge.
January 29—Mexico (Mo.) Lodge.
January 30—Evening visit East St. Louis (Ill.) Lodge.
January 31—Noon at Effingham (Ill.) Lodge. Evening at St. Louis (Mo.) Lodge.

New District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Appointed

H. H. Holeman, Past Exalted Ruler of Madisonville (Ky.) Lodge, No. 738, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Kentucky, West, succeeding Virgil Y. Moore, who recently resigned because of his removal from the State. John W. Lapham, Past Exalted Ruler of Chanute (Kans.) Lodge, No. 806, has been appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Kansas, Southwest, succeeding Emil H. Koehl whose resignation was necessitated by his removal from the district.

Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge Growing—Million-Dollar Home in Sight

Memphis (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 27, has just carried through a most successful New Year's Membership Campaign, which has been the means of adding a large number of the city's leading citizens to the roster of the Lodge. The campaign was well organized, twenty-five team captains and their men performing the work in excellent fashion. As a direct result of this substantial increase in membership, Memphis Lodge is contemplating the erection of larger and more suitable quarters. Property in the heart of the city has already been purchased

and plans have been prepared calling for a new Home to cost in the neighborhood of a million dollars. It is expected that the new building will be completed sometime during 1925.

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Frank L. Monteverde and Thomas J. Gilmore, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, the members of Memphis Lodge and all visitors who attend the meetings are always rewarded in some way for their attendance. It is the custom to give away at each regular meeting several handsome prizes to its members and visitors, and to enliven the meeting with some high-class form of amusement. The prizes, which are useful and valuable, are donated by leading merchants of the city, most of whom are members of the Lodge. Memphis Lodge bears the reputation of being the home of "Southern hospitality." It always extends a hearty welcome to visiting members and does not fail to impress upon them that they are as welcome in Memphis Lodge as in their home Lodge. This is probably the secret of the large attendance at all meetings.

Jerome (Ariz.) Lodge Active In Welfare Work

Jerome (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 1361, is achieving a fine record for itself in Social and Community Welfare Work. The Lodge, working with the local Post of the American Legion, has reorganized and put on sound financial basis, the troop of Boy Scouts which had been disbanded for some little time. Another good piece of charitable work was the children's picnic recently conducted by the Lodge. More than 1200 youngsters and 200 adults attended this function on which Jerome Lodge expended nearly \$2000.

Big Sum for Public Welfare Raised By La Crosse (Wis.) Lodge

As a result of the Elks Community Bazaar recently conducted by La Crosse (Wis.) Lodge, No. 300, a fund of \$7,500 was raised for the city. This sum will go toward the building of new public bath houses and the improvement of the bathing beach. The amount is said to be the largest ever raised in La Crosse by any fraternal organization for the public welfare. In addition to this sum given to the city, nearly \$2000 was raised by the bazaar for various necessary improvements on the Lodge's Home.

New Lodge at Lancaster, N. Y., Instituted

A new Lodge, Lancaster (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1478, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. William Daly with 61 charter members. Officers were elected as follows: Exalted Ruler, George J. Wendell; Secretary, Charles A. Merkle.

Silver City (N. Mex.) Lodge Dedicates New Home and Club House

Silver City (N. Mex.) Lodge, No. 413, recently dedicated its new Home and Club House which was erected and furnished at a cost in excess of \$60,000. The building occupies a lot at the corner of Market and Texas Streets and has entrances on both streets. Located on the first floor is a large lounge-room with an open fireplace and windows overlooking Market Street. Adjoining the lounge-room is a writing-room, and on the opposite side, a billiard and club room. The Lodge and ante rooms are also located on this floor, the Lodge Room being unusu-

ally large with plenty of light and ventilation. The second floor is entirely given up to living-rooms of which there are seventeen, eleven with private bath. All the rooms have hot and cold water and large clothes closets. In the basement is the grill and dining-room, and a private dining-room for small parties. The building is designed along Italian lines and is one of the most pretentious and artistic in the city. The exterior walls are of dark brown tapestry brick, with white cement trimmings. The roof is of red tile.

Chicago (Ill.) Lodge Officiates At Big Brother Dinner

Nearly 10,000 poor boys of the city were recently guests of the Big Brothers, Inc., of Chicago, at a dinner given in the Coliseum. William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler of Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4, who is president of the Big Brothers, and many members of the Lodge who are actively identified with the organization, were on hand to cheer the kiddies and to see that they had their usual good time. The Big Brothers annual dinner is always an exciting event in the lives of the city's children and this year's affair was one of the most successful ever conducted.

Pittsfield (Mass.) Lodge Conducts Minstrel Show for Charity

One of the most delightful and colorful shows ever given by Pittsfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 272, was staged in December for the benefit of the Lodge's Christmas charities. The Minstrel Show, in which the members took part, ran for two nights at the Union Square Theater and packed houses witnessed each of the performances. More than \$1,500 was raised by the Lodge which was devoted to making Christmas a happy day for the children and poor of the community.

Residents at Elks National Home Have Joyous Christmas

The spirit of Christmas permeated the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., in a way that would have delighted the heart of Charles Dickens. The first evidence of its presence was the tremendous flood of mail that came pouring in from every State of the Union, addressed to various members. Another sign was the beautiful decorations that could be seen in the lobbies, dining-hall and other public rooms of the Home. Nearly all the members hung up in their own rooms the trophies of the season, the cards, pictures and keepsakes that had come from far-off friends. In the center of the lobby there was a Christmas tree 15 feet high, heavy with presents, and when night fell Christmas Eve it glowed radiantly with vari-colored electric globes placed among the branches. Christmas Eve was celebrated with a lively and interesting program that conjured up many old memories of past sessions. The festival closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne in the full strength of the gathering. On Christmas Day there was a fine Yuletide dinner for the residents and many telegrams from prominent members of the Order everywhere wishing every one at the Home joy and happiness.

Madison (N. J.) Lodge Now Occupies Attractive Home

Madison (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1465, instituted less than a year ago, already occupies a fine Home. The Lodge's Building Committee recently closed a very business-like

deal whereby the Lodge rents the building for a period of five years with the option of buying at the end of that period at a price now set. The property was formerly known as the Kerridge Hotel and before that as the Rose City Inn. It is a large, well-built and attractive structure situated on the main State highway.

Opelousas (La.) Lodge to Break Ground for New Building

Opelousas (La.) Lodge, No. 1048, has completed the plans for its new Home and is making preparations to celebrate the ground breaking. The Lodge is one of the most progressive and prosperous in the District, taking the lead in many civic and social activities. Recently the Lodge had as its luncheon guests the members of the local Post of the American Legion and the Mayor of the city. The meeting was productive of much good fellowship and a spirit of cooperation.

Novel Attendance Scheme Adopted By Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Lodge

Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Lodge, No. 552, has adopted a novel scheme to stimulate interest in the meetings and to increase attendance which has worked out most satisfactorily. The idea is called "The Elks National Auto Race Attendance Contest." A mammoth map of the United States, painted on beaver board, is hung in the Lodge Room. A route is marked out on the map circling the country from Sault Ste. Marie to the coast, around the southern coast on up to New York City and back again to Sault Ste. Marie. Thirty-five members are selected as drivers of as many different makes of car and these in turn pick four other members who are to ride with them in the race. The route covers fifteen different cities, each city representing a Lodge meeting. The presence at a meeting of any one of the five members assigned to a particular car counts a hundred miles on the journey. If all are present their car gains five hundred miles. For the sake of convenience the distance between all towns on the route is considered as five hundred miles. For instance, the first meeting meant a complete trip from the Lodge to Chicago, provided the entire crew of a given car were present at that session. The prize is in the nature of a forfeit, for the last twenty cars at the end of the fifteen meetings will be assessed the price of a luncheon for the entire membership. The results of this novel contest have been truly surprising. From an average attendance at regular meetings of not more than fifteen, the Lodge now has a hundred or more at every session. The simplicity and interest of the idea should commend it to many other small Lodges who could easily adapt it to suit their own purposes.

Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1477 Instituted

Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1477, the fiftieth Lodge in New Jersey, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Harry Moore with impressive ceremonies. The new Lodge begins most auspiciously with a charter list of 240 of the city's leading citizens. A beautiful historic mansion on a plot of ground 275 by 500 feet situated on the main highway has been purchased by the members and will be occupied immediately by the baby Lodge. A delegation of 2,000 Elks from all over the State, and from New York and Brooklyn

as well, took part in the ceremonies and in the parade with their bands. Geo. P. Pitkin is the Exalted Ruler and J. William Fallon, Secretary.

Danbury (Conn.) Lodge Acts as Host To Salvation Army Band

When the new home of the Salvation Army in Danbury was recently dedicated, Danbury (Conn.) Lodge, No. 120, acted as host to the Army band from South Manchester, Conn., which had come to the city to take part in the ceremony. The forty members of the band were provided meals and lodging at the best hotel in the city—all expenses being paid by Danbury Lodge. At the dedication services, which were public, Colonel MacIntyre of the Salvation Army complimented Danbury Lodge on its fine spirit of cooperation and its splendid work in the Community.

Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Lodge Buys Summer Camp for Children

In keeping with its principle of active benevolence, Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 275, has purchased a farm of seventy-five acres near Freedom Plains in the town of Lagrange and just nine miles from the city as a site for a summer camp for local children who are either under-nourished or are from other causes possible prospects for tuberculosis. The camp, although it will be owned by the Lodge, will be conducted under the direction of a member of the Poughkeepsie Tuberculosis Committee, and a member of the Dutchess County Health Association. The property is fitted in an ideal manner for the work for which it is to be used. There are two large and pure springs located on the highest point on the farm. From these it will be possible to pipe by gravity an adequate water supply to the buildings. This will give the camp a perfect water supply. At the present time there is an old dwelling on the farm. This will be completely overhauled and remodelled and will be used as an administration building and living quarters for the camp executives. Two large bungalows for the housing of the children will be erected for the coming season. It is planned for the first year to provide for fifty or more children at a single time. Quarters for additional children will be provided by the Lodge as necessity may arise. A large and fully equipped mess hall with kitchen attached will also be built for use during the first season. Much of the money to be used in the conduct of the camp was received from the local sale of Christmas Seals. This money, however, will be used for running expenses only and the property will be fully equipped by the Lodge before it is thrown open for use. It is estimated that the camp when ready for use will represent an investment of more than \$12,000 on the part of the Lodge. Poughkeepsie Lodge has also voted to furnish and equip the smoking room in the new building of the Vassar Hospital. This work will be pushed forward as soon as the building is in readiness for it.

The undertaking of these two large projects will in no way interfere with the private charitable work which has always been one of the important features of the Lodge.

Member of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge Gives Million Dollars for Hospital

William Henry Eustis, one of the oldest members of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge,

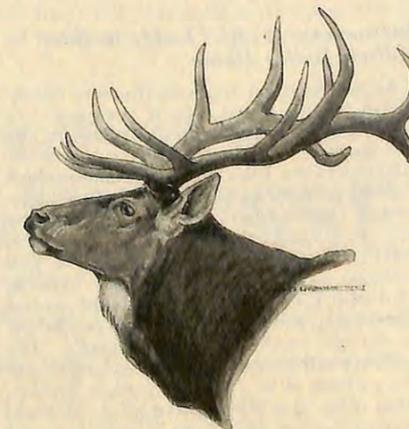
No. 44, recently gave a million dollars to found a hospital for crippled children. The hospital will be run by the University of Minnesota under the direction of Dr. Pirquet of Vienna who will be brought here through the generosity of Mr. Eustis to teach in the University as well. Dr. Pirquet, who had charge of 400,000 Austrian poor children during the War, is 'probably one of the world's greatest doctors of pediatrics. Mr. Eustis, who has been a cripple himself since boyhood, has worked all his sixty-three years and amassed a fortune with one thought uppermost in mind, to aid the crippled children whose struggles he was so familiar with. Even his name will not be attached to the Hospital which his money and generosity have made possible.

Janesville (Wis.) Lodge Buys Property for New Home

Janesville (Wis.) Lodge, No. 254, has purchased a large building in the heart of the city which it plans to remodel as a permanent home in the near future. The property, part of which the Lodge has rented since 1907, includes a theatre, additional club rooms and four stores from which the membership will obtain a nice revenue. The cost of building and lot was \$50,000 and tentative plans for adapting it to the requirements of the Lodge call for an additional expenditure of almost \$75,000. Janesville Lodge has widened its activities in the last year and stands as a real factor for good in the community. Its charitable work includes not only buying groceries and meat for the needy but providing clothing for many of the city's poor, glasses for children, etc. As an example of the good work being done by its Charity Committee, the Lodge recently sent a young man, unable to walk, to a prominent surgeon in one of the larger cities, paying for his operation and hospital expenses which amounted to over \$400. The Lodge also cooperates closely with other fraternal and civic organizations of the city, allowing them on occasions the use of its rooms free of charge. It has donated funds to the American Red Cross and contributed a sum toward buying uniforms for the Boys' Band of the city. At Christmas Janesville Lodge provided over 400 families with all the things necessary to make the day a truly happy and merry one.

Lodge Wants Names of Elk Patients At Veterans Hospital No. 86

Sheridan (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 520, recently making inquiries at the United States Veterans Hospital No. 86, was able to locate



three patients who are members of the Order. In its desire to help, in any manner that it can, these and any others not yet identified as members, Sheridan Lodge will be glad to hear from sister Lodges that have members under treatment at this Hospital. If they will advise the Exalted Ruler or the Secretary of Sheridan Lodge, they will look them up and keep their Lodges informed as to their condition. Many of the men who are brought to this hospital are unable to state where they came from, and their service records do not show that they are members of the Order or of any other fraternal organization. Hospital No. 86 is located about two miles from Sheridan Lodge and was formerly known as Fort Mackenzie Hospital.

History of Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge Recorded in Bazaar Program

Thousands of people who visited the Elks Bazaar conducted by Cincinnati (Ohio) Lodge, No. 5, were given a most attractive and interesting souvenir program containing a history of the Lodge and the important events during its existence. The history, written by Henry W. Morgenthaler, Past Exalted Ruler, covered the entire period from the formation of the Lodge in 1876 up to the present time and included interesting information relating to Grand Lodge transactions. The account closed with a reference to the new Home which was also fully described in the souvenir program.

The Bazaar, one of the largest of its kind ever held under the auspices of an Elk Lodge, was a means of raising a substantial sum for the purposes of Cincinnati Lodge.

Growth of Puyallup (Wash.) Lodge Necessitates New Home

In order that the various activities of Puyallup (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1450, may be properly carried on and its membership have adequate quarters, arrangements are rapidly being completed for the erection of a large new Home on North Meridian Street. The plans call for an attractive structure of old English design admirably adapted both to the location and uses to which it will be put. It is expected that actual work on the building will begin in the early Spring. Instituted on June 10, 1922, with a charter list of 63 members, Puyallup Lodge has forged ahead until it now boasts a membership of 500.

New Orleans (La.) Lodge Organizes Crack Drill Team

Plans are under way to give New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, a crack drill team which will be a prize-winning contender at the Grand Lodge sessions in the future. The drill squad will meet once a week in the Lodge Room and when fully organized will take to the streets at Elk Place for drill. It is planned eventually to have a team of 100 members, appropriately uniformed. Considerable enthusiasm is being displayed by the membership and all indications point to the formation of a really unique organization.

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge Prepares for Dedication of New Home

One of the big events in the history of Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 30, will be the dedication, sometime in March, of its magnificent new Home. Unusual preparations are in progress to stage a fitting celebration for the occasion. One of the features of the day will be the initiation of a large class of

candidates. The new building now rapidly nearing completion will be eight stories high. In the basement will be ten regulation bowling alleys, band rehearsal room and servants' quarters. The first floor will contain ten stores for rental, the entrance and main lobby, a grill room seating 300 and the main kitchen. The Lodge Room will be on the second floor. It will accommodate from 250 to 300 on permanently built seats, and will allow 750 chairs on the floor. On this floor there will be also the dining room, ladies' lounge, men's lounge and the library. The third floor will have the pool and billiard rooms, Turkish baths, and the balcony of the Lodge Room, part of which will be used for the installation of a pipe organ. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors will each contain 35 outside living rooms, beautifully furnished and equipped with all conveniences. On the seventh floor will be the Assembly Hall for banquets, dancing and athletic programs. There will also be a regulation stage, with all proper facilities and a gymnasium with locker and shower rooms. The balconies of the Assembly Hall and gymnasium and additional locker and shower rooms occupy the eighth floor. The new Home of Omaha Lodge will cost a million dollars when completed and will embody every facility for the comfort and convenience of the membership.

Delinquent Boys and Girls Assisted By Salt Lake City Lodge

Among the many laudable services of Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge, No. 85, being rendered to the community is that of caring for runaway boys and girls from other cities who stop in Salt Lake City, and of looking after adults who pass through and are temporarily down and out. In the case of the boys and girls, it is absolutely necessary that they receive such assistance as they are likely otherwise to become involved in trouble that will land them in a jail or penitentiary. The committee in charge of this work is giving special attention to the care of these children who have wandered from home and who have passed into the custody of the juvenile authorities in the county. The Chairman is in constant correspondence with sister Lodges located where the families of the boys and girls reside, and some very satisfactory results are reported on this humanitarian work.

Boston (Mass.) Lodge Shows Growth— In Prosperous Condition

Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10, continues to grow and prosper. Large classes of candidates are being initiated at every regular meeting. The report of the Finance Committee for the first six months, viz., April 1 to September 30, 1923, showed a splendid net profit of \$43,000. This net earning does not include receipts from the large class initiated on October 21, when at least \$25,000 additional was added to the Lodge's surplus. The goal which Boston Lodge has set for itself and which will doubtless be achieved is a net profit of \$100,000 for the year and the initiation of 2,000 members.

Everett (Wash.) Lodge to Install Ward for Crippled Children

Everett (Wash.) Lodge, No. 479, is planning to finance the installation of an Orthopedic Ward for crippled children in the new city hospital. A committee has been appointed to go into the question of raising the necessary funds for the project which will be perhaps the biggest undertaking of its kind ever attempted by Everett Lodge. The plan

calls not only for the installation of a ward, but also for its upkeep. It has been proposed that every member of No. 479 send to the Lodge on his birthday at least one cent for each year he is old—all of this to go into this welfare fund. The Lodge will also probably give an annual entertainment to raise money for this worthy purpose.

Welfare Committees of New Jersey Lodges Meet in Newark (N. J.) Lodge

A meeting of the members of the Social and Community Welfare Committees throughout the State was recently held at Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21. The purpose of the meeting was to make a general check up of the work performed to date in connection with crippled children, and to hold a general discussion of a comprehensive plan for that work in the future. Crippled Children work in New Jersey has made great progress through the efforts of the individual lodges and this meeting has brought about a general coordination of this laudable activity by outlining a constructive and efficient program.

Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge Holds Annual Homecoming Celebration

Five hundred members of Vancouver (Wash.) Lodge, No. 823, attended the annual Homecoming celebration recently held by the Lodge and enjoyed an evening which will be remembered for a long time to come. Members of No. 823 came from all over the Northwest to be on hand for the event and after the evening session there was a delightful hour in which old acquaintances were renewed and in which much of the old history of the Lodge was brought to light. The program included music, dancing and various other vaudeville acts. After the entertainment the "Zero Hour" drawings were conducted by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Clement Scott. These were the occasion of much amusement on the part of the gathering and provided a fitting close to an evening of high fun and good fellowship.

Joplin (Mo.) Lodge Holds Successful Carnival

Joplin (Mo.) Lodge, No. 501, recently held its second annual charity carnival with large crowds attending each night of the six performances. A feature of the carnival was the presentation of a popular type motor car each night. Various other contests also helped to swell the crowds which surged through the gates of the grounds. Half of the profit was placed in the city's community chest fund, and the remainder is to be used by the Lodge in its charity work.

Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge to Have Million Dollar Home

Actual work on the new Home of Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge, No. 6, is expected to begin at once. The tentative plans for the building recently adopted at a meeting of the directors of the Elks Home Association show a striking and distinctive style of architecture of the "set-back" type. The building will cover the entire area of the 100 x 160 foot lot on the lower floors, then by a well modeled series of set-backs the building gradually rises and recedes into the central tower form, which gracefully rises to a height of 200 feet to the tip of the flagpole. The building will be twelve stories in height and the exterior is to be in pulscrome granite, terra cotta of a pinkish tone with the ornamental features picked out in ivory blue and

gold and deep red. Some striking features of exterior lighting have been planned so the shaft of the building will be illuminated by concealed searchlights. A feature of the building will be a terra cotta Elk, fourteen feet high, placed at the apex of the upper part of the structure on the J Street facade. This type of "set-back" architecture will insure permanent sun and light and air to all rooms and portions of the building. The entrance to the building will be on Eleventh Street and the first floor will be devoted to stores and upper part of natatorium and gymnasium. The basement will contain a complete swimming pool department, with showers, dressing and locker rooms for members; also a separate department for ladies. There will also be steam and hot rooms and lounging and rest rooms. The first floor entrance leads to a beautiful and wide marble elevator and stairs hall. On the second floor will be a large ball-room, 75 x 100 feet, also main and private dining rooms, kitchen, ladies' Parlors, Secretary's and Business Manager's offices and men's check rooms. The third floor will contain the Lodge Room, 62 x 84 feet, with memorial hall, ante-rooms and adjacent rooms, also billiard and game rooms, buffet and main lounging room, library and writing room. From the fourth to eleventh floors, inclusive, will be living-rooms—ninety in all—each with private bath. On the twelfth floor will be a band room. There will be two large handball courts on the third floor, in rear over the ball-room.

An Exemplification of the True Spirit of Brotherly Love

When N. B. Clawson, a member of Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Lodge, No. 577, lay at the point of death in the Columbia Hospital, it was made known to his Lodge that blood transfusion was the only hope of saving his life. Without question or hesitation J. E. Bumbara, a member of Braddock (Pa.) Lodge, No. 883, offered his service which was accepted. In a generous, but vain, effort, one member of the Order gave his blood in the hope that it might save another, exemplifying by his act the true spirit of Brotherly Love.

Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge Grows— Prosperous Year Ahead

The recent membership campaign conducted by Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge, No. 79, has resulted in adding many prominent names of the community to the roster of the Lodge. This substantial growth in membership, coupled with the excellent financial report which shows Birmingham Lodge with net assets of over \$100,000, insures an active and prosperous year for No. 79.

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland Visits Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Lodge

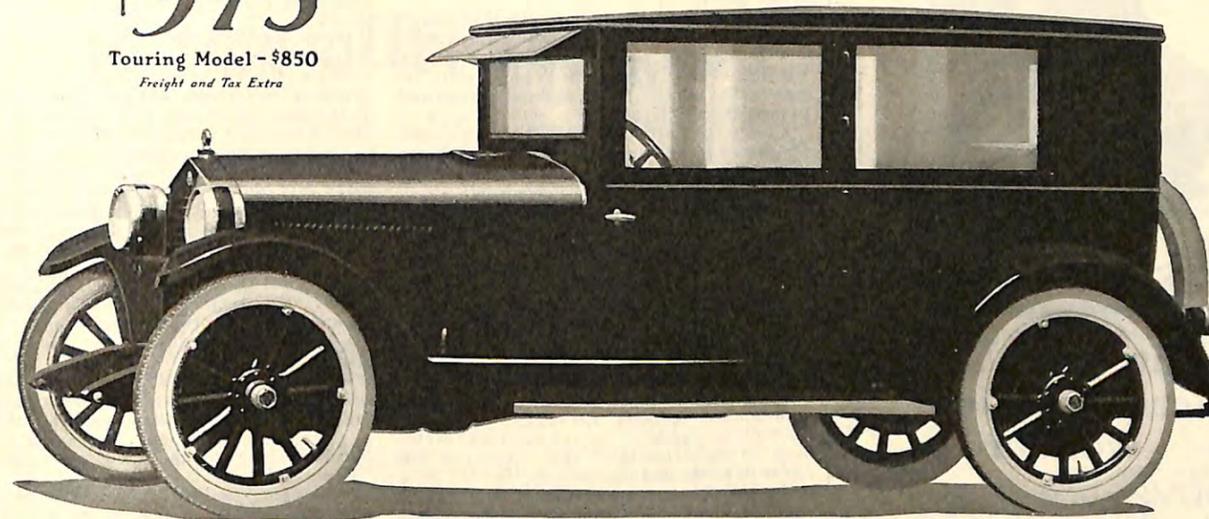
Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, accompanied by Mrs. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, was recently the guest of Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Lodge, No. 461. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland and Mr. Robinson were met on their arrival at the depot by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. Rollie and a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers and other members of Albuquerque Lodge and escorted to the Hotel Franciscan. After luncheon the visitors were taken for a drive to points of interest in the city. In the afternoon Mr. McFarland and Mr. Robinson attended a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of several of the New Mexico Lodges at which the question of forming a State

(Continued on page 74)

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You'll like its lather—uncannily swift in the way it softens tough beards. For years the envy of other shaving soap makers.

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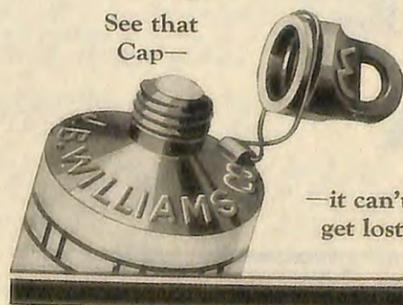
You'll like its soothing effect—no complexion soap in the world is more beneficial.

And last, there's the Hinged Cap! Add to your Williams' shave this "extra dividend" of a cap that you can't lose. Then compare.

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Williams' Shaving Cream

See that Cap—



—it can't get lost!

Williams' Aqua Velva is a new scientific formula for after-shaving use. Sample free. Write Dept. 52

The Outcast

(Continued from page 23)

gentlemen all have the privilege to know my friend, Hon. Chestaire K. Drane, of Minneapolis."

"Sure," answered Major Claiborne. "We've been playing poker with him for three nights. He's a darn good loser."

Whether he presented an ambassador to the Royal Court, or a foreign client to the patrons of a gambling-house, *avocat* Le Sauveterre would make of it a most elaborate function, an introduction by the punctilious creole being equivalent to a welcome at the home of any gentleman in the parish.

Mr. Drane was slender but taller than Sauveterre, a tiny blond mustache and ruddy cheeks contrasting with the creole's darker coloring. His dress seemed every whit as immaculate, his manner less effusive, quiet, and well-acquainted to gentlemen's clubs.

During the flurry of Le Sauveterre's entrance, Ben Van Cleve secured a fifty-dollar stack and took his seat unchallenged, when Major Claiborne gave the time-honored command:

"Jill, two packs o' codyments. Sit down, Drane; we'll give you a chance to get even."

A POPULAR invitation, for at his first sitting, the supposedly rich stove exporter of Minneapolis had dropped a hundred dollars; at his second session the Minneapolis sucker contributed two hundred and twenty, most of which was cashed in by the approving Julius. At his third inning Drane had separated himself from four fifty without a murmur; upon which unfortunate occasion Eat-em-up Julius had cordially applauded, "Dot's de vay for a chentleman to make conduct. Not vonce you tear up some cards, and cuss nobody."

In fact, the unruffled easy mark from Minneapolis had made good at the bar of public opinion in Vaudreuil, which judges a stranger by his poker manners. Now at his fourth bucking of big tigers, Drane assumed a vicious expression as he shucked his coat, folded back his cuffs, and sat down, saying:

"Gentlemen, the rattlesnake gives fair warning. Your worm has turned. A thousand dollars, Jill."

Monsieur le Sauveterre seated himself at his client's elbow, and Major Claiborne began to deal.

Doggedly behind his fifty-dollar stack, Ben Van Cleve eyed every card that fell. He *must* win to-night. To-morrow, if he didn't put back eight hundred dollars already "borrowed," Mr. Boykin must discover the shortage. Then? Ben shuddered to think. And it made him more nervous to see the other players taking out a thousand, even the conservative Julius doubling his invariable stake.

Their game opened tamely, the creole lawyer obeying Hoyle's Rule No. 1, for onlookers, by keeping his mouth shut. Presently he rose.

"Farewell, gentlemen, I go now to dine." And with hand upon his heart, Monsieur le Sauveterre bowed himself backwards through the door that Jill held open.

"Ach! He iss funny," Julius grunted. "Dot Frenchman eat so much crawfishes alretty dot he even backs out from der poker room."

After an hour of parsimonious caution, waiting, watching, staying out until he got something, Ben had succeeded in hoarding some seventy dollars velvet. Except Julius, the others tossed in their chips like buttons, while Ben's shifty eyes measured every move. He was tensely nervous, and fretted at trifles that distracted his attention. A rap upon the door frightened him—suppose it were Mr. Boykin? Jill shuffled to the spy-hole and squinted through, which signified a non-accredited prowler, as wary old Jill could recognize the knock of every initiate. A voice outside seemed to be giving his name, but Jill prudently closed the shutter and conferred in an undertone with the boss.

"He's a stranger, Mister Poll. Say he zires to see you."

Volunteers were not admitted to Pretty Poll's, so the proprietor stepped out and shut the door behind him. Something unusual must have occurred, for Poll slipped back into the room, said nothing, and hurried out again. After another ten minutes he reappeared, and Poll's parrot beak bent over as if he meant to bite a chunk out of Claiborne's ear.

"Major, the gentleman claims to know you—Mr. Porterfield?"

"Porterfield? Porterfield?"

"Of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Big whiskers."

"That's Hart Porterfield. Claims to know me? No, sir. I claim to know him." The excited major overturned his chair and flung the door wide open, dragging in a stranger with both hands—a tall, muscular man whose full black beard was just beginning to grizzle.

"Come in, Porterfield; come right in. Boys, here's my guardian angel, a square man from Oklahoma, who kept those sharks from skinning me alive."

It was not like the major to make such a fuss over anybody; but upon his return last spring from the oil-fields, he had confessed that a gang of grafters would have sold him a dry hole, but their game was blocked by a substantial operator named Hart Porterfield, who put him wise to various profitable investments. So when this benefactor happened along at Vaudreuil, the major gave him more than cordial welcome. So much gabble and shaking hands delayed their game, and irritated Ben Van Cleve, until the players settled down again, conceding the newcomer a seat at Claiborne's left.

"National game, Porterfield," explained the major. "Purple star chips two-fifty; chocolates a hundred; yellows twenty-five; blues ten; reds one dollar. Table stakes, and here's where friendship ceases."

The bearded oil-man nodded, glanced around to see how much the others had before them, then ordered a thousand dollars, paying cash. At a glimpse of his fat roll, Eat-em-up Julius hunched closer to the table and chuckled, "Fresh fish!"

"Jill," suggested the major; "a mints-mash, all the way around, in honor of our guest."

"Not for me, tank you," Julius declined; "Jill, gif me von of dose Stinkadora cigars."

Ben Van Cleve must also keep a cool head—to win. Stealthily his glass went under the table and its contents into the cuspidor, while Porterfield drank at a gulp and tossed Jill a blue chip. Propitious omen of prodigality!

In the long and tangled annals of their club, Brock Allison had held the record of champion wild man, until the Minneapolis stranger arrived. But this oil magnate from Oklahoma set a new mark, higher than a cat's back, consuming drinks as fast as Jill could fetch them, and broadcasting chocolate chips with both hands.

"Ach!" Julius muttered, "dot feller must steal his money. Or maybe his brudder gives it to him."

"Man overboard!" Porterfield sang out cheerfully. "More chips, Mr. Pollard. Make it five."

"Five thousand?"

"Sure. I came to play. Jill, a drink."

Pretty Poll glanced at Claiborne for endorsement of so large an order.

"Give him what he wants," the major laughed. "I'll pay it. Porterfield's nod is good for a million at any bank in Oklahoma."

BUT the oil-man asked no credit; and the calculating eyes of Mr. Drane narrowed a bit as he saw the maudlin Porterfield skin off five thousand from his roll that would choke an ox. The sight of so much easy money acted like a spur upon his flank. Julius, who sat next, observed Drane counting some currency in his lap, as he whispered to Poll. Presently the game keeper slipped him twenty purple star chips—representing five thousand dollars. These Drane piled unostentatiously behind his yellows, and Julius guessed rightly that he was planning to break the oil-man at one bet.

Upwards of sixteen thousand dollars now lay on the table, every cent of it liable to be drawn into a single pot. Van Cleve eyed the homeless chips as they shifted back and forth, and tenaciously defended his own. But Porterfield seemed to take a spite against him, a bantering spite with the luck of a tipsy man to make it win. If Ben ventured a timid blue, Porterfield was sure to sing out, "Nother drink, Jill," and make a staggering bet, which his cautious opponent dare not call. The boy's stack dribbled

(Continued on page 44)

FREE A Beautiful Pair of Bas-Relief Lincoln Book-Ends.

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



Is this offer too good to be true?

Is it possible that we are offering a value too great to be credible?

Do people shy at the thought of getting too much for their money?

WE RECENTLY mailed several thousand circulars to booklovers. We described and pictured thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely, accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several more thousand circulars to booklovers, *this time enclosing a sample cover*. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value unless they see a sample!

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. The best we can do is to describe and picture the books. We depend on your faith in the statements made in the advertisements appearing in this magazine; and we are hoping that you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

What the offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration below shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. This is a new set, just published. It includes the finest works of such immortal authors as:

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

What about the price?

Producing such fine books is, in itself, no great achievement. But the aim of this enterprise has been to produce them at a price that anyone in the whole land could afford; the only way we could do this was to manufacture them in quantities of nearly a million at a time—to bring the prices down through "quantity production." And we relied for our sales on our faith that Americans would rather read classics than trash. What happened? OVER TWENTY-FIVE

MILLION of these volumes have already been purchased by people in every walk of life.

Yet we know, from our daily mail, that many thousands of people still cannot believe we can sell 30 such volumes for \$2.98 (plus postage). We do not know how to combat this skepticism. All we can say is: send for these 30 volumes; if you are not satisfied, return them at any time within a month and you will not be out one penny. Of the thousands of readers who purchased this set *not one* in a hundred expressed dissatisfaction for any reason whatever.

Send No Money

No description, no illustration, can do these volumes justice. You must see them. We should like to send every reader a sample, but our profit is so small we cannot afford it. We offer, instead, to send the entire set on trial. Simply mail the coupon or a letter; when the set arrives, pay the postman \$2.98 plus delivery charges; then examine the books. As stated above, if you order at once, a pair of Lincoln Bas-Relief Book-Ends, in heavy bronzed metal, will be sent free with your set. Mail the coupon or a letter NOW, while this page is before you, or you may forget.

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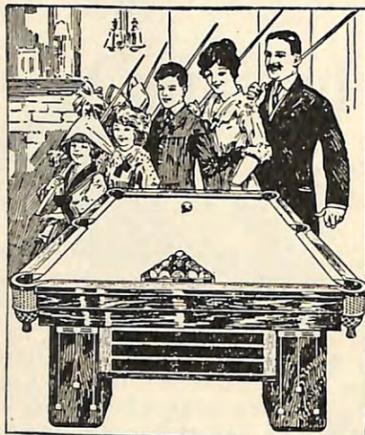
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Please send me the new set of 30 volumes of the Little Leather Library and a pair of Lincoln Bas-Relief Book-Ends free. I will give the postman \$2.98 plus the few cents delivery charges upon arrival. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered as a purchase. I reserve the right to return them within thirty days and, you agree to return my money.

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Mobilizing For Battle



Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

The pleasant hour of billiards you so enjoy at the club can be indulged in more often—every evening if you wish—when a Brunswick Home Billiard Table is placed in that spare room. Dad, mother, the kiddies, your friends—all will enjoy it.

Brunswick Billiard tables are standard equipment of the Elks Clubs.

There are many sizes to choose from, some priced as low as \$50.00. Every Brunswick Home Billiard Table is completely equipped for the playing of different games of billiards—and if desired, with interchangeable cushions for caroms or pocket billiards.

By paying a little down and the rest in small monthly installments you can have a whole year in which to pay. Mail the coupon for a free descriptive booklet.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
623 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. E2,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—
Please send me, without obligation, your Free Booklet "The Home Magnet," illustrating and describing the Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

My name is
Address
Town and State

The Outcast

(Continued from page 42)

away, then Porterfield stripped him clean with a measly two-pair against Ben's aces. This was the end, and cold sweat dappled his forehead and Ben pushed back his chair to sit outside the game.

Now that Van Cleve was eliminated, Pretty Poll set five hundred dollars on the table, and took Ben's vacant seat at Major Claiborne's right. His choice of this particular place appeared accidental; and not until the smoke of calamity blew away did the other players realize that it was by collusion with Porterfield. Poker is a game of position; and the fact that Pretty Poll sat on Major Claiborne's right, while Porterfield occupied a chair at the major's left, became important when their subsequent strategy was analyzed.

Soon after Poll sat in, a battle developed between the two big stacks, Minneapolis against Oklahoma. Having won several pots in succession, the oil man now had more chips than Drane. He drank steadily, knocked over his stack, and made misdeals—felonies which could only be condoned in a spendthrift house.

"Out o' his class!" Julius mumbled. "He can't make no more brofit in dis game dan a Jew trader makes in Massachusetts."

But a fiendish luck seemed to follow him. The others—even Brock Allison—played cautiously, waiting for the tide to turn. For when his streak did pinch out, Porterfield must inevitably go broke.

Everybody was loser except Drane and Porterfield when these two plungers locked horns on Claiborne's deal. Each of the eight players had been given a hole card, which lay face downward; then the king of spades showed, face up, in front of Porterfield, and the ace of clubs fell in front of Drane. What the others held did not matter, for heavy betting soon drove them out. The duel was on, a single combat.

The Minneapolis ace bet first, one innocent red chip, a pitiful dollar, which conveyed no warning that Drane also held the ace of diamonds beneath his ace of clubs—a pair of aces back to back. So the apparently unsuspecting Porterfield raised him five dollars, and Drane bet twenty-five more. The other players passed, having a hunch to keep out of that pot which promised to be loaded with dynamite.

"Raise me!" the oil man leaned across at Drane and giggled drunkenly. "Raise you back! A hundred! 'Nother drink, Jill!"

As Drane held aces back to back, and the best that Porterfield could possibly hold was a pair of kings, Drane shoved in an additional two-fifty, which Porterfield called. There was now about eight hundred dollars in the pot.

"Ready gentlemen?" asked Major Claiborne, then dealt to Porterfield the ace of spades, face up, while the queen of clubs fell to Drane.

Porterfield promptly bet five hundred, which Drane as promptly elevated to fifteen hundred, and Porterfield called.

The play spoke for itself to every man around the table—that Porterfield held a pair of kings, and was getting sober enough to give Drane credit for his aces. The pot now totaled thirty-eight hundred.

Not a sound arose while Jill craned his long neck to see the next cards—eight of hearts to Porterfield, and ten of diamonds to Drane.

"Check the bet," Porterfield tried to brace up, but his neck seemed limber as he tapped on the table.

"Three thousand," Drane pushed out a dozen purple stars.

"Call," said Porterfield.

Near ten thousand dollars now lay before them.

"Vell," Julius considered, "here's vere dis oil king makes von jack of himself."

"Ready gentlemen?" the dealer laid out a four-spot to Porterfield, followed by a seven to Drane.

The deal was complete and Porterfield thought aloud, "Mr. Drane," he announced, "the pot's so big that I'd have to call you anyway. How many chips have you got?"

Skillfully Drane counted, "Sixteen, thirty-two."

"That's my bet." Porterfield decided, which took all he had, except a few hundred.

Without a pretense of hesitation Drane shoved

in his entire stack, and triumphantly over his hole card, saying, "I did have aces."

Apparently the tense play had sobered Porterfield, who replied very composedly, "Yes, I played you for aces. So have I—aces, and my king beats your queen." Then he turned over, not a buried king, but the ace of hearts.

The Hon. Chester K. Drane stumbled to his feet, wobbly as a two-day calf, and stood staring at that damnable ace, his eyes bulging with amazement. Then Porterfield looked straight at him, and spoke in a tone which could not be misunderstood:

"Good-night, Charley. Give my regards to your pals at the Dead Dog."

Drane's face turned ashen as he echoed, "Dead Dog?"

"Yes, Charley. And you'd better start for 'Frisco mighty sudden. Your train leaves here in about forty minutes."

After their first exclamations of surprise at the now strictly sober Porterfield exhibiting a buried ace instead of a king, nobody spoke another word until the oil operator had insulted their guest, and given him forty minutes to leave town.

"Hold on Porterfield; hold on!" Claiborne protested. "This gentleman is a friend of Mr. Sauveterre's, and—"

"He imposed on Mr. Sauveterre," Porterfield answered steadily.

"But I can prove," the Hon. Chester K. Drane tried to sputter, when Porterfield silenced him.

"Shut up, Charley. Gentlemen, Charley is the most expert dealer of seconds on this continent. From coast to coast every grafter calls him 'Charles the Second.' He deals phony faro at the Dead Dog in 'Frisco; he runs a dope joint in Denver; he has escaped from the pen in North Carolina; and vamosed from Nome just three minutes ahead of a lynching—Good-by, Charley."

This last shot was unsportsmanlike, being fired at the back of the unmasked crook who whirled and ran, slamming Poll's door violently behind him.

"Now gentlemen," with both hands Porterfield shoved out a bushel of chips. "Here's a little over thirteen thousand. Will each of you oblige me by taking enough to make good your losses?"

"Not much," Brock Allison refused. "No man can win my money, and then give it back."

A most singular change had come over Porterfield; the hilarious roysterer became a serious and earnest man.

"Mr. Allison," he replied; "I have not won your money. You were playing against marked cards."

"Marked cards?"

"Yes. Factory marked, every pack just alike."

"Marked!" Each player snatched part of the deck to inspect their backs, while the bewildered Claiborne turned upon his friend, "Mr. Porterfield, I insist that you explain."

For answer Porterfield took the deck with which they had been playing, and demonstrated that he could name each card by glancing at its back.

"Poll," Major Claiborne angrily demanded of the gamekeeper; "Poll, how did this happen?"

"Ask him," Pretty Poll nodded to the oil man. "He showed me a while ago."

"Gentlemen," said Porterfield, "Charley has worked this trick a thousand times. I venture to guess that not long ago a strange drummer came to Vaudreuil, introducing his new line of playing cards, and sold these beauties to Mr. Pollard, very cheap."

"Sure," Julius corroborated; "ve remember dot feller."

"Well, he was Charley's advance agent, to plant these marked decks. Then Charley plants himself, by writing on engraved stationery to Mr. Sauveterre that he desires to buy timber lands, or build a street railroad. Of course, when Charley himself arrives, Mr. Sauveterre extends the courtesies of his club. Here Charley plays with his own marked cards, makes two or three losings, then plans to mop up. Now,"

(Continued on page 46)



Get this, men—

A complete assortment of the world's finest smoking tobaccos — sent to any smoker anywhere — on 10 days approval

A new idea for Pipe-Smokers: 12 famous tobaccos, packed in a handsome Humidor—shipped to you direct to help you find the soul-mate for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY The American Tobacco Co.

MOST men have written their John Hancocks on a lot of "dotted lines." But, if you're a pipe-smoker, we'll wager that you've never signed a fairer, sweeter contract than the little coupon at the bottom of this page.

Just a few strokes of your pen—and you can end your quest of years for a perfect smoking tobacco—drawing dividends for life in unalloyed pipe-satisfaction.

A \$3.95 Test for \$1.50	
If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:	
Blue Bear25
Capitan30
Imperial Cube Cut30
(10 stars)	
Imperial Cube Cut30
(1 star)	
Old English Curve Cut15
The Garnick30
Carlton Club15
Yale Mixture25
Three States10
Lone Jack45
Willi Latabia25
Louisiana Perique25
Total	\$3.95
But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50	

But we are getting ahead of our story.

The average pipe-smoker is the greatest little experimenter in the world. He's forever trying a "new one," confident that some day

he'll find the real affinity for his pipe.

Knowing smokers as we do—and knowing tobaccos as we do—we felt that we'd be doing a friendly turn for everybody if we found a way to settle this question once and for all, to the satisfaction of every smoker.

So we created the Humidor Sampler.

Into a bright red lacquered humidor case, we have packed an assortment of twelve famous smoking tobaccos—covering the whole range of tobacco taste.

To test these 12 tobaccos is to go the whole route in delightful pipe tobacco experience, trying out every good flavor and aroma known to pipe connoisseurs.

There are myriads of different brands of smoking tobaccos on the market. But of them all, there are 12 distinctive blends which, in our opinion, stand in a class by themselves for superlative individuality of flavor, aroma and smooth, sweet, even quality.

These twelve decisive blends—the twelve "primary colors" of tobaccos—have been selected for the Humidor Sampler. When you have tried these twelve, you have tried the best;

if your tobacco-ideal is to be found anywhere, it must be one of these.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assortment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days approval.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. That will bring you the Humidor assortment direct from our factories to your den. When the postman brings the package, deposit \$1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than you've ever had before, besides revealing the one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get your \$1.50 and the postage back pronto—and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient servant; use it.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 49,
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....
Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.



WAX Your Floors

Wax will not only beautify your floors and linoleum but will make them easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel print.

Wax is by far the most economical and distinctive finish for floors—a 1-lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Polishing Wax being sufficient for 300 sq. ft., one coat. With waxed floors expensive refinishing is never necessary, for walked-on places can easily be re-waxed without going over the entire floor.

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Johnson's Polishing Wax imparts a hard, dry, velvety finish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, etc. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation.

FREE—Sample and Book on Home Beautifying

Fill out and mail coupon below for a good sized sample of Johnson's Polishing Wax—enough to polish a small floor or several pieces of furniture. We will also send you our illustrated book on Wood Finishing written by experts. It tells how to finish soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood.

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. E. L. 2, RACINE, WIS.
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"The Wood Finishing Authorities."

Please send me a good sized sample of Johnson's Polishing Wax and your Free Book on Home Beautifying. I enclose 10c to cover mailing cost.

MY DEALER IS

MY NAME

MY ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

The Outcast

(Continued from page 44)

Porterfield concluded, "you will understand why I sat in your game to beat him."
"But," inquired the still-dazed Julius, "how der hell you beat a feller vich play vid marked cards?"

"By changing Charley's mark." Porterfield laughed. "That's why I got drunk—on ice tea; Jill brought me nothing but ice tea. Being drunk I could drop cards in my lap—and mark this ace like a king. Charley was reading my hole card from the back; he saw my mark and thought I had a pair of kings."

To their incredulous eyes Porterfield pointed out certain commas and apostrophes concealed in filagree on the constellation backs, which by their different slants indicated the rank of each card. Then he showed how, with consummate skill, and a penknife, he had so altered an ace that Charley mistook it for a king in the hole.

"Den how," Julius probed for bottom; "how you get Major Claiborne to deal you von pair aces, vid a king, at der same time he deal Mister Drane von pair aces vid a queen?"

"Easy. I made up a cold deck. That's why I broke Mr. Van Cleve and put him out of the game, so that Mr. Pollard got his seat."

"For why?"

The Play of a Nation

(Continued from page 11)

pitching, or barnyard golf, as the sporting writers call it. And horseshoe pitching is a serious sport, make no mistake about that. It not only has its own publication, *The Horseshoe World*, published in the interests of the sport, but it has two world championships, one in St. Petersburg, Florida, and the other in Des Moines, Iowa. It has had its greatest vogue in certain Florida and California resorts where retired farmers from the Middle West congregate, but it is by no means confined to these sections.

One of the hotbeds is Aberdeen, Washington. Here in the course of a two weeks' tournament the local dealer sold a ton and half of horseshoes. There are about two thousand horseshoes in a ton, so you can see with a fraction of an eye that barnyard golf is entitled to be taken seriously. Minneapolis held a horseshoe carnival last year in which four states were represented, and Huntington, West Virginia, has a twenty-team league. It is a sport for all ages, as was proved when a fourteen-year-old boy won the championship of Minnesota.

PERHAPS the climax was reached when two rival candidates for Mayor of Elmira, New York, met in a horseshoe contest. Incidentally the loser in the match won at the polls and proceeded to prove the soundness of his sporting interest by increasing the city budget for recreation and buying two new playgrounds.

Oxnard, California, in the sugar beet section, has a bit of a problem in its Mexican inhabitants. Strangers in a land that was once theirs, they spent most of their leisure hours in poolrooms or the police court, until someone had the idea of building a court for their favorite game of rebote, the Mexican version of handball. Now the Mexican interpreter in the courts is on a permanent vacation and the beet growers go to the rebote courts instead of the employment agencies for extra men when harvest time comes round.

Perhaps the most striking thing of all is the growth of winter sports. Ten years ago winter was a closed season for all except the hardiest of outdoor enthusiasts. The war may have had something to do with the change. At any rate we are learning that we may be cold without freezing and that it is not necessary to observe a snowstorm through double windows. For years the Scandinavians in America have clung to their skis much to the amusement of us superior Anglo-Saxons. In the near Northwest and in a few of the mountain states it has been a useful means of travel in deep snow and that legacy of the Indian, the snowshoe, has had its place, largely among woodsmen who found travel impossible without it. The toboggan was in the same class, although there was a time a generation or so ago when toboggan slides had a brief period of popularity.

"Because I had already proved to Mr. Pollard that his cards were marked, and he was not to cut my cold deck."

When Eat-em-up Julius comprehended how such a trick had been turned before his own blind eyes, he grunted half aloud,

"Dere's only von man alive vich could do so, and he's dead—Overcard Johnny."

"Yes, Johnny's dead," said Porterfield very softly. "Now Mr. Pollard please cash this six thousand for me. Thanks. The balance of these chips are not mine. You will return to each of your players his losses during the past four days, while your game was crooked. If anything's left give it to charity, with the compliments of Charles the Second. Mr. Van Cleve here's your eight-fifty. I believe that puts you square."

Eight-fifty! Square! Ben's chair reeled beneath him while the room lurched drunkenly. And when they crossed Front Street together, Uncle John put his arm around the boy and said, "Son, you are coming to work for me in Oklahoma. Lottie will live with us. I have plenty for myself and Thad Van Cleve's children!"

Dartmouth College led the way in the revival of winter sports in the East. An undergraduate from Vermont discovered skis one Christmas vacation and carried the news back to college with him. Ever since its earliest days winter had been a period of enforced idleness in outdoor sport for the men in this college set among the New Hampshire hills. Harris soon found imitators and before the year was out the Dartmouth Outing Club was organized. Now one of the features of the college year is the Winter Sports Carnival at Hanover, with its ski-jumping and racing, ski-joring, cross-country snowshoe races, and hockey. Other colleges in the winter belt have followed suit until now there are winter clubs at Amherst, Williams, New Hampshire State, Middlebury, University of Vermont, Colgate, Hamilton, and Cornell, to say nothing of the Canadian colleges.

The winter picture would be incomplete if we stopped with the colleges. Winter carnivals of a sort were once an old story in this country. Many cities tried them, consisting mostly of an ice palace, torchlight processions on snowshoes, skating races, and a little hockey. About all that most of the citizens got out of it was chilblains. They were expensive and a February thaw could soon reduce the whole performance to a heap of slush and unpaid bills.

The new movement is on a sounder basis. Last winter over thirty towns in New England alone held winter carnivals. The schedule was elastic enough to allow for a change in weather and the carnival part was only an incident in a program of winter activity that ran right through the season. Here again, as in the case of so many other sports, it was the town itself that was the pivotal point. Manchester, New Hampshire, has built two municipal toboggan slides, one of them being for the use of children. The city also furnishes toboggans at a low rental and provides attendants and starters. In Brattleboro, Vermont, a city skating rink provided amusement for thirty thousand people last winter. Down in Corey, Pennsylvania, they built a skating rink in one of the city streets, "between the post office and a moving picture theater."

There's nothing sectional about this winter movement. All that is needed is snow and a willing spirit. St. Paul revived its winter carnival in 1917 with dog races, ski jumping, parades, and toboggan slides. It was good, but it was more or less old stuff. Then the war shut down on us and sport was harnessed to the machinery of the training camps. Now St. Paul is back again with a bigger program than ever. The old idea was a hectic week of celebration. The new plan is a season-long series under the direction of an Outdoor Sports Association. In the summer the same organization will direct water sports.

Over in Minneapolis there is activity too. Last year the Recreation Department of the Park Board built thirty neighborhood skating rinks, two toboggan slides, five hockey rinks, two ski slides, one quarter mile speed skating rink, and one figure skating rink. Minneapolis also has four hockey leagues and caps it off with a program of dog derbies, ice carnivals, and outdoor celebrations generally.

THE Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks found a way last year to protect itself against the thaw that is the bane of the ski-jumper and the tobogganist. An enterprising insurance man was found who was willing to write a policy against bad weather. He had no pull with the weather man, but he did have access to the weather reports of over forty years and he was able to compute the chances of snow in that section. Then on this basis he figured his premium and wrote a policy under which he was committed to pay the club a sum of money equal to their out of pocket expenses if there was not a foot of snow present and available at carnival time. Fortunately the weather ran true to Adirondack form and the club collected from its guests rather than from the insurance company.

That was a little different from the method that Calgary adopted a couple of years ago. The day of their ski-jumping contest approached and the ground was still bare. But the people of Calgary knew where there was plenty of snow—in the Rocky Mountains, two hours away by train. The railroad was asked to quote a rate on snow in carload lots and somehow managed to find a classification that would fit. Seven cars were loaded and others were under way when snow arrived from its proper source and the carnival committee were spared such heroic measures.

Of course the prime sports of America are still what they were in the days of our forefathers, fishing and shooting. Here again statistics may be called into play temporarily, merely as illustrations and not as a conclusion. In the year 1921, the last year for which the figures have been made public, there were four and a half million shooting licenses issued in this country. Certain states require no license for resident hunters and there are a good few who shoot anyway, license or no license. This probably accounts for two and a half million more. Here are at least seven million hunters getting out in the October sunshine and the November rain. I say nothing of the game slaughter, for that is another story. Fortunately most of us are poor shots so the odds are usually on the game. If the gray-haired tradition that every American is a crack shot had anything more behind it than a fast-fading memory there would be little need to spend money for licenses or ammunition.

As to the numbers of fishermen of sorts anybody's guess is good, provided it is a high one. The Biological Survey experts estimate five fishermen to every hunter. The result of five times seven is rather staggering, but even a liberal discount leaves a goodly rod and reel army. Of course in such a case a good deal depends on how you define fisherman. There is the simon pure article who pursues the salmon in New Brunswick, or the tarpon in Florida, or the tuna off Catalina Island. There is the man who waits impatiently for opening day that he may wet a line, and his feet, in the chilling waters of the Beaverkill or the Esopus. These are anglers, few in number, as compared with the total, as experts always are. Then there are all the rest of us.

Every man bred in country where there is fishable water has had the germ some time in his career, and it is likely to become active again at the first opportunity. It may have been the trout of Maine or the catfish of Illinois. Fishing is fishing. Some of us fish only when a soulless corporation grants us a two weeks liberty to look at the blue sky and listen to running water. The docks and wharves along the Hudson are decorated daily through the summer with men and boys who dangle hopeful lines for occasional porgies and lafayettes. They, too, are fishermen.

My own guess is that fully eighty per cent. of the adult male population of the United States have at least one fish story concealed about their persons. One cheerful thought for the fisherman is that, thanks to the work of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries and the various

(Continued on page 48)



—that soft warmth of Buckskin!

GATES Buckskin Gloves, worn by regular fellows, bring style and comfort to your finger-tips. Keep several pairs on hand at all times—there's a style and shade for every out-door occasion. You'll find the change refreshing and enjoy the continued new and smart appearance of these sturdy gloves.

GATES, MILLS & CO., Johnstown, N. Y.

Specialists in Fine Buckskin Gloves
for Men and Women

In Any Event—Gloves

The chap in the picture—probably a high powered salesman, caught at a moment of ease—is no doubt wearing a smile of satisfaction. He's also wearing a pair of Gates Buckskin gloves with Gates Triplesewn stitching for triple strength. He knows they will stand up well under the hardships of the road. Ask your dealer to show you a pair.

GATES BUCKSKIN GLOVES

The Play of a Nation

(Continued from page 47)

state commissions and hatcheries, the fishing is getting better rather than worse. The big problem of the future is to preserve the lakes and streams from pollution by factories and sewers. Here is a chance for another Lincoln to set the waters free. To be sure there are one or two species that are gone from us for good. The grayling no longer swims the waters of the Au Sable in Michigan and there are few Atlantic salmon caught this side of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but given reasonably fair treatment and we may be sure of good fishing for many generations to come.

THERE is a new sport that has dawned in our own time, and recent time at that. That is motor camping. The eastern part of the United States doesn't know much about it yet, but it is learning. It is to be found in its finest flower in the Western, and particularly the Rocky Mountain, states. Just to give an inkling; three years ago Yellowstone Park was opened for the first time to motorists. That first year there were a hundred thousand visitors to the Park, a record season, and sixty per cent. of them came in privately owned cars.

Rocky Mountain Park in Colorado is the paradise of the motorist. One is tempted to call it a motor park. Three years ago I rode down a trail from the foot of the Divide. It was late in the afternoon and a little stream sang down the canyon alongside the trail. In an open space by the way four automobiles were parked, the owners being apparently down in the canyon fishing. I stopped and read the license numbers. The four states represented were Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma.

Here lies the real story of motor camping. It is primarily the sport of the small town man and even the farmer. In Pueblo on the same Colorado trip we stopped a car in the outskirts of the city to borrow a jack to give first aid to a wounded tire. The car we stopped carried a Kansas license number and the tonneau was filled with baggage and small children. The owner strolled over and talked while we changed tires. "I had a few days after we got the wheat cut," said he, "so I thought I'd take a little trip." Think of that, you who knew Kansas in the days of the hot winds and the drought and the grasshopper, days when the wheat failed to head and they burned corn in the kitchen stove because it was cheaper than fuel. Now the mortgage-ridden times are forgotten and the farmer is driving out in his car to see the world.

There are the factory-made, high-priced camping and touring outfits, but more often you see the home-made article. We met one man careering gaily up Big Thompson canyon on his way to the Park with a pair of bed-springs lashed to the side of the car. In the tonneau were grandmother, little Johnnie, and the dog, while father and mother held down the front seat. The member of the older generation still bore in her thin face the marks of the time when life held little but hard work and privation, but she had won through to comfort and freedom.

Not only the National Parks, but also the towns and villages all through the country offer special inducements to the motorist. It is a poor burg indeed that does not boast a motor camping ground on the edge of town. Most of them are free, in many cases with free wood and water, outdoor fireplaces for cooking, and toilet facilities. In Seattle, at the request of the Park Board and the Chamber of Commerce, Com-

munity Service has provided a community house in the motor camp ground where concerts, dances, and plays are given for the amusement of the travelers.

These camping grounds are the wayside inns of our day. Here farmers and lawyers and ministers, small town bankers and storekeepers, and some of those who formerly rode only in Pullmans meet and swap tales of the road and unite in curses of the garage pirate who overcharged them for indifferent gas and then put them on the wrong road. Whatever else they may discuss around the common campfire, the one sure topic is road condition. Automobiles have outrun roads in that Western country and in too many sections the tourist still finds that the average runs from bad to worse.

But roads are coming, and the motor campers are helping them along. When word is passed around in the camp ground that the stretch from Homeburg to Elsewhere is the worst piece of road this side of Asia Minor there is likely to be some searching of hearts in those two thriving municipalities and a little ruffling of local pride. The most ambitious project for the benefit of the gasoline wayfarers is the five thousand mile circle route connecting practically all the National Parks, Rocky Mountain, Yellowstone, Glacier, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Lassen, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Mesa Verde, and so back to the beginning. When this is linked up it will be possible to see most of the scenic beauties of the American Rockies in a single trip. If a variation is desired the wanderer can swing north from Rainier and travel east through the Canadian Rockies, seeing the pinnacled peaks of the Selkirks, the wide sweep of the Columbia River valley on the way to Windermere, and something of the Main Range of the Rockies till he breaks into open country east of Banff.

Don't ask for figures on motor campers. Anyone who owns a car is a possible candidate, and there are over fifteen million cars in the United States. All that is needed more than that is a camping outfit—almost any kind will serve in settled summer weather, and the desire to go and see.

My Illinois farmer friend wanted a deer hunt in northern Minnesota. His wife wanted to go visiting. They planned a route that took in relatives and former neighbors across Iowa and up nearly to the lakeside where the deer waited. It wasn't camping, for they did it in good old country fashion, stopping overnight here and for two or three days there, but it was a radical extension of the arm of friendship for one who had formerly known only the ten or fifteen mile radius that horse travel afforded.

It should not be necessary to append a moral to a story of this kind. If the recital does not carry its own conclusion there has been little virtue in the telling. But perhaps it is worth while to say a word of cheer to those who still sit in darkness deploring the country-wide madness over sport. As our last witness we will call Jack, now an old, old man. He is weary of telling his great grandchildren of how he worked at his books when he was their age. Now he sits thinking back down the long course of his life and considering, as is the fashion of the old, the many things that he has missed. The children have trooped out to their play and he follows them with his faded eyes. "Perhaps," he says to himself, "children, young and old, love play because it is the most important thing in the world." And there we rest our case.

A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 8)

encounter on the Avenue. Often he surprised friends and business associates by deciding and moving quickly; really before they could think. He was admired for that. One of these swift acts seemed about to take place. He knew it from that keener nervous tension. And it was high time for a new plunge. In that way, as always in the past, he would be able to get hold of himself. Commit himself outright to a new and fairly difficult problem. Yes, really difficult. It would call for no end of diplomatic maneuvering. The club would take sides. Talk would

run high, and feeling as well. He would have to see farther and more clearly than the rest of them. And he would have to be right; for if his intuition should in this one instance mislead him the club would find itself floundering in debt.

"What's on your mind, Gorry?" asked Fred Halling.

"The house next door."

"Oh . . . why?"

"It's on the market."

"So it was three years ago." This from Brandywine. "And it would have been forty

per cent. cheaper then. If the club turned down the idea then, they'd surely do it now."

"We'd have to turn it down."—Halling. "If this was a rich club it would be different. There's an agitation under way to reduce the dues down to the pre-war rate. We've got that question to meet, without financing any new ventures. They'd want seventy or eighty thousand for the property."

"Then there's the big repair job here." This was Ted Wing's mellow voice out of a massive, gloomy face. "We've got to put in new plumbing all over the building. And a new electric system. Tear everything out. You can easily guess what that'll come to."

Barsset listened. "How about it, Gorry." Brandywine. "You started this. What have you to say for yourself?"

The three studied him. They knew that Gorry Barsset could be quick but they had reason to believe he couldn't be rash. Plainly enough he was giving serious thought to the problem. His success with the Wellesley Apartments had seemed incredible to these men of the artist type who knew well enough the value of money but had no gift at manipulating it and making it create new values.

Barsset thoughtfully lighted his pipe. "I recognize the difficulties," he said, at length, "but I'm by no means sure they couldn't be overcome. . . . Wait a minute." He pushed back his chair, sat a moment thinking, then left the room.

"Seems to me"—Halling—"that this sort of thing simply comes down to the old proposition of undertaking to live within your means. Most of the members, I know, are really keen on this idea of reducing dues. They'd never stand for a big assessment. Couldn't pay it, most of 'em. You fellows know perfectly well how it is."

"True enough! True enough!" This was old Bill Brandywine. "A move like that would scare me to death. But you can't get away from the fact that Gorry usually knows what he's about. He understands these problems in a way that we fellows never will. He's got the touch, that's all."

"He'll need it!" observed Ted Wing, drily.

"I CAN see a little of it." Brandywine. "Whatever the boys feel now about the dues, a big forward step like this would be bound to create a new psychological situation. Gorry's figuring on that, of course."

"But the money simply isn't here." Halling. "If we had a Fifth Avenue membership or a flock of brokers and bankers it would be a wholly different proposition. Psychological situations are all right where it's merely a matter of convincing people to use their money this way instead of that. No, the money's got to be there first."

So they argued on. The brown old room was pleasantly heavy with tobacco smoke and bubbled with talk. Men moving in and out paused to chat and joke with the three "Elder Statesmen"—so the dignified members of the Board were termed.

Barsset returned and slipped down into his chair. He laid a copy of the club annual on the table beside his coffee cup.

"Well," asked Fred Halling, "you're still on it?"

Barsset nodded. "It proves to be a pretty definite situation. I've been talking with the agent on the 'phone. Caught him just as he was leaving his office. Henry Clapp. He tells me he has a real chance to sell and doesn't feel that he could hold it open for us. So I took an option."

"You did!" Fred Halling's mind couldn't keep up with Barsset's.

"How much are you paying?" Ted Wing.

"A thousand for sixty days. He's writing a letter confirming it. Understand, I'm not committing the club to this."

"But we can't let you carry it alone," said big-hearted Bill Brandywine.

"Surely. Why not? If the club won't act I may carry it as a private venture. The property's good. And now that the Wellesley is on its feet I really haven't enough on my mind to keep me out of mischief."

"What's their price?"—Halling.

"Ninety thousand."

"Whew!"

(Continued on page 50)



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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 49)

3

"Now I'll tell you what I'd like to do." Wing, Brandywine and Halling leaned soberly over the table as Baret opened the club book. "We'll get as many as we can of the Board to meet here for dinner to-morrow evening—in the private room upstairs. I'll frame a tentative financial plan—throw out something for them to kick around. Right now, though, I'm going to list up the members who actually have the money for bonds—a long-term-something-or-other—we'll begin with the fellows who could take more than a thousand if we could talk them into it as a duty. Fred, write them down, will you?"

But Halling hesitated. "How much do you think it'll really come to?"

"Oh, at a wild guess—renovating this building and making the other one all over, a new arrangement of the kitchens, perhaps building over the front of the new building—and adding all that to the purchase price—it wouldn't surprise me if we found ourselves getting in for any amount up to a quarter of a million."

Halling knit his brows. Brandywine whistled softly. Wing, in his melancholy way, smiled, and studied Baret.

"WE'D carry two mortgages, of course; and a lot of income notes held within the club would be, in effect, a third mortgage. But the old club would take on new life. We'd put on a drive for a few hundred new members right away. We'd have ten to fifteen new sleeping rooms and a good deal more lounging and dining-room space. Three hundred new members would bring in thirty thousand dollars in initiation fees alone."

They worked for an hour on the club list. It appeared that eighteen of the members could help liberally if they would, and some two hundred and twenty others of the total of eleven hundred members might easily do something. . . . During the busy hour the crowd thinned. Actors who had afternoon performances slipped off to their work. Others wandered out to matinees or went up to the card room for their weekly game of bridge. Gay sounds ascended from the pool room.

"It's an ambitious program"—this from ponderous, ruddy old Bill Brandywine—"but by Gad, I'm with you from hell to breakfast! Why not? Wake us up. Put some life into the old place."

Fred Halling drew geometric figures on the table cloth, with the waiter's pencil. The thing was still beyond him, but his imagination was stirred. You could see that. Ted Wing smiled enigmatically out of the shadows of his rugged face, and finally remarked: "You do step quickly, sometimes, Gorry. But you're by no means wholly unconvincing."

"At seven to-morrow evening!" Bill Brandywine. "Everybody here. May as well do some telephoning right now."

Baret did not smile. But he was experiencing considerable pleasure. He saw his way again; he was in harness and moving forward. He had carried these men with him! He would sit late to-night putting the proposal into shape and might even in the morning lay aside his full brief case of manuscripts. He was not given much to introspection—his life was too thoroughly committed to routine and enterprise to permit of that sort of self-indulgence—but as he walked briskly around the little park to The Wellesley his thoughts dwelt briefly on a restlessness that had lately come over him, and on the curious half hour of confusion that followed the meeting with Isabel. Already this day was slipping back into perspective, and to his almost sensitively objective mind, taking on an odd and not altogether attractive coloring. A queer day, to be dismissed as such and swiftly forgotten. This other was, with all said and done, his sort of thing—a good clean job, carried through, finished. It was the dominant note of his career, always a constructive purpose, sounding through his life as clearly as the firmly trumpeted theme of a symphony. Building things. . . . No time for small vagaries. He'd have to step over there for tea, of course. It would be an hour dropped out of his life. He'd just drop it and push on.

ON ENTERING the long living room of Isabel Halling's apartment—a floor in one of those old brownstone dwellings not far from Gramercy Park, where ceilings are high—you became aware of paintings in great gold frames on beautiful walls and a few unframed recent canvases on which ill-drawn nudes sat uncomfortably under queer trees, of window hangings of soft silken stuffs in harmonious colors, of ornamental objects from old China and Japan, all in a dimly pleasant light. Isabel would have no strong lighting. The room was like her, at once a projection of her softly colored personality, and a setting for it. Here she sat—always in a corner of the divan that was placed at a right angle to the fireplace, with her back to the window, her cigarette in a long holder from the Orient, talking quietly but with authority and leading her guests into talk. And moving quietly about, smoking comfortably, naively pleased with his exquisite wife and with the somewhat exotic atmosphere she created, was Fred Halling.

Baret found the room well filled with the usual "interesting" persons. Three or four men from the club moved about from this group to that, at ease because Isabel encouraged pipe smoking. A visiting British actor, young Lester Grimshaw, was surrounded by young women in boldly colored garments, bobbed hair and much facial make-up, unmistakably folk of "The Village." A remarkably pretty girl sat on the floor near the fireplace entertaining several young men; this was Ethelda Dreen, a gifted and blazing poetess. Baret, greeting Isabel, immediately gravitated toward this group. It hadn't occurred to him that Isabel could already have captured Ethelda Dreen. He wouldn't mind capturing her himself for his next year's list, a list that stood at present much stronger in biography and fiction than in verse. He understood that her present publishers were put to a good deal of very tactful diplomacy to keep her from printing certain poems which would bring the censorious Mr. Sumner disastrously down on them and her; but even so she was worth the trouble. And what was the publishing business if not the most tireless diplomacy? The thought came that the hour here might not have to be marked off, after all, as a total loss.

He heard Isabel's voice then, low but with the finality in it that was peculiarly hers. "Gorry," it said, "come over here!"

So he was not to be allowed to cultivate Ethelda Dreen. Isabel had other plans. She was patting the divan beside her, making a place for him on her modest throne. He had to obey, naturally. She lighted a cigarette for him.

"Hedda hasn't got here yet, Gorry. I'm very glad you're here. Of course it isn't going to be necessary for you to take the girl too seriously. But you can advise. In particular, you can advise me. It's possible I'm over-enthusiastic. Really I'm crazy about her. What I ought to ask of you, all it would be fair to ask, is to listen cold-bloodedly—you can do that you know" . . . could it be that there was a claw under the velvet of that soft voice . . . "and then tell me confidentially if you regard it as a real voice. Of course, it's got to come down to that in the end, and we may as well face it now."

"It will be a pleasure, Isabel," said he; heavily, he knew. But then, he always felt heavy when with Isabel. She seemed, in a way, to be always playing nimbly about him in a manner that the slow smile and the soft voice could not wholly disguise. "I'll stay as long as I can. There's an important meeting a little later at the club, and I have a little work to do first."

"Fred told me," she said. "It sounds very interesting. But you simply can't go before Hedda sings."

He half listened. The chattering voices about them amused him, and also gave him concern. It was nearly all "modern" in tone, lighted fitfully and greenly with the phrases that the Austrian, Freud, has succeeded in introducing, for better or worse, into the new American tongue. All this rising generation talked that way, somewhat self-consciously, sometimes perversely, touching invariably on the sorts of things that group themselves naturally under

the general term, "sex" . . . Baret felt it to be decidedly for the worse. Unhealthy. The thing to do, he believed, was to push the puzzling animalistic side of life—it was there, of course, always there—as far aside as possible; try to forget it and keep busy. These young "moderns" seemed all bent—"hell-bent" was the phrase that came almost to his tongue—on turning back to that animalism. They looked for it; dwelt on it. To him it spelt the worst sort of reactionism, a negation of all that the idea of evolution had appeared to mean. What little real growth the human creature had been able to exhibit was represented, he felt, in precisely that age-long struggle out of the merely animal up through a growing mental understanding toward still remoter spiritual values. These self-styled moderns, now, employed all the understanding and the charm of a painfully builded civilization to adorn and make alluring the merely animal. . . . And there was, of course, a soviet tinge in much of the talk, a tacit acceptance of the necessity of overthrowing all Anglo-Saxon institutions. You expected that nowadays from all these groups of self-conscious intellectuals.

There was a stir at the farther end of the room. "Here she is," said Isabel, and moved off down the room. He merely rose and stood where he was, resting an elbow on the mantel and looking down at the vivid Ethelda Dreen and her little group of rather serious admirers. "Gorry, come over here!" It was Isabel's voice again.

He saw a vaguely familiar figure, a young man, tall, gangling, with straggling hair; it would be Ethelbert Peck, accompanist to many well-known singers. You often saw him stride out on the platform at Carnegie and Aeolian Halls. The girl must have brought him along. Evidently she didn't propose to sing informally. It was to be an occasion. Or perhaps she couldn't herself play. That was the trouble with most of these ambitious young singers; they had no musicianship, usually no background at all, only mothers. These contriving mothers . . . what familiar tragicomic figures they were along Broadway.

THEN he saw the girl herself; found himself taking her hand. She was appealingly small, and in coloring like a piece of glowing amber; silken hair, not bobbed, thank God (he thought), that was not quite golden, not quite honey-colored, not at all red, but as yellow-brown as sunlight in a forest pool; and he found himself looking into amber-brown eyes, large eyes, that in a measure explained her appeal. They were beautiful, mournful eyes. Though he couldn't have told how she was dressed he sensed the simplicity of her costume. He wanted to glance again at her round white throat. She had, for all her diminutive size, something the firm chest of the singer; and he liked the generously wide mouth that uncovered, when she smiled, perfect even teeth. And she didn't smile too much. There was sadness in the girl, despite her shining color, as there is a sadness in the most exquisite bit of carven amber. . . . Certainly nothing of the professional beauty was there. Nothing studied. Yet she was a beauty. Her mere appearance in the room was electrically felt. It was amusing to watch the old fellows from the club when she moved toward the piano and he found himself released for the moment from her extraordinary soft spell, how they comically brightened up and straightened their clothing. . . . He didn't dare meet Isabel's eye. She wouldn't be so crude as to exhibit the triumph she must have felt; but none the less he averted his eyes from her. She had planned this. She had known precisely how strong her little effect would be.

Ethelbert Peck stood lankly over the piano opening a portfolio of music. He chatted carelessly with her. Baret thought that he seemed to know her pretty well. Then he seated himself, first carefully spreading his coat tails. Some one, his teacher, should tell him not to do that. What a rummage lot these musicians were. . . . making their way up into the big city from queer crude little villages. Talent had no manners. He ran his long bony fingers over the keys. . . . Then, simply, she turned; and it was as if Isabel's dim lights had abruptly gone up full.

She sang, first, of all things, "Carry Me Back" (Continued on page 52)



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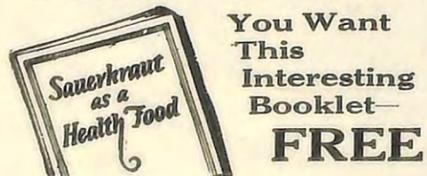
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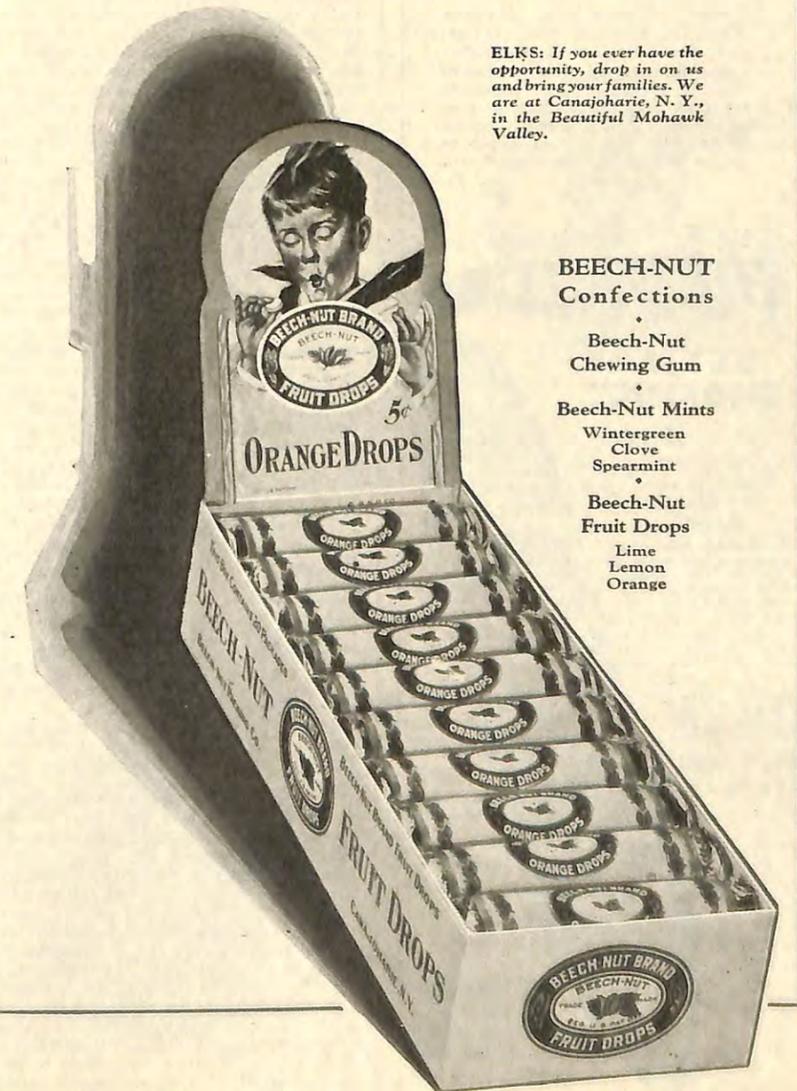
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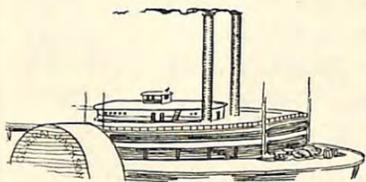
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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 51)

to Old Virginny." The recent vogue of the "Negro Spirituals" and the popularizing effect of the machine records had considerably softened the classical severity of every great singer's repertoire. Hadn't Schumann-Heink done the "Suwanee River?" Wasn't Tetrizzini still doing "Home, Sweet Home" somewhere out on the road? Not to speak of the effect of John McCormack's habit of confusing as he did on every program the most exacting music with the simplest and most sentimental Irish songs... without the slightest perceptible loss in his artistic standing.

SO HE thought, or tried to think. He was not at all his usual clear-headed self. That child, standing so easily and simply with her hands clasped before her, was pouring out through slightly belling lips the purest imaginable silver thread of tone. It was, as Isabel had said, a voice like Bori's; not a big dramatic organ, yet apparently big enough and of strong carrying quality. In the pianissimo passages it seemed to float away from her almost as freely as the unrooted tones of Galli-Curci. Certainly it was no merely "good" voice; it was far above the run of promising beginners. There was a thrill about it, as there was about the girl herself... a touch of pathos... a quite disarming appeal. He couldn't take his eyes from her, even when a little moisture crept into them. But then, no more could the others. Ethelda Dreen had crept along the floor, and sat against a chair, head pillowed on white arm, absorbed. He glanced about; other eyes were wet; even Isabel was lost in the exquisite plaintive mood of the song. It occurred to him that he had never before seen Isabel lose her silken self for a moment... He found himself resisting this almost unnerving emotional appeal. It had, after all, nothing to do with the difficult and intensely practical science of living... this sort of thing. He had always preferred orchestral music, where, however much soothed by sheer beauty of tone, the brain could yet be employed, almost mathematically, when you came down to it, in following through the intricate weaving of themes. And still the moisture crept disconcertingly into his eyes. The child was working magic on him.

At the end of the song came a hush that was the deepest of tributes; no applause; simply no one could speak. Ethelbert Peck nonchalantly, irritably, to Baret, fingered over the music, spoke easily with the girl, and then struck into the hackneyed "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly"... The little audience had hardly stirred... Baret had in his time enjoyed Puccini; at least he hadn't shared in the condescending scorn of the kapellmeister musicians that swarmed so in New York. He thought now of that earlier enjoyment... of Farrar, years back, of Carrere at the Opera Comique... of others... and then forgot them. What a Butterfly this girl would be, in flowered Japanese dress and clogs and a black wig! Though it would be a pity to cover that shining head. Her Italian diction seemed to him excellent. She had been well coached. Her highest notes were perhaps a little pinched... certainly to a sensitive ear the voice lost a little of its amazing floating quality in its very highest range... but the range was clearly there. The right sort of teaching could remedy all that.

She sang a group of French songs charmingly. She had astonishingly good chest tones, full-throated and quite as free as those unearthly tones of the middle register... There was applause now, and the chatter of eager voices. Ethelda Dreen asked for "La Chevalure" of Debussy. Asked in her low-pitched, dry, provocatively musical voice. Baret winced. It seemed to him that this radiant child shouldn't know that song. But she did, and with the same simplicity as before she clasped her hands and sang it. Did she understand what she was singing... that to Baret, almost unnaturally ardent poem of Pierre Louys? Could she understand it? Was it conceivable that she, too, was one of these free-thinking and free-speaking Greenwich Villagers? He felt a shiver in his nerves. Gloriously standing there, facing these sophisticated New Yorkers, she seemed to be giving herself utterly. That resentment stirred him more deeply. When they crowded about her he

moved away and turned the pages of one of Isabel's handsomely bound books that lay on a table. It proved to be the collected poems of Baudelaire. He closed it with a little slam; but no one heard. It was, here, the wrong atmosphere for that lovely little thing. The thought came, if it could be called a thought rather than an ungoverned impulse, that he ought to get her away. It was silly...

He made his way through the group. She turned instantly, naively, to him when he spoke, and colored with pleasure. It struck him even at the moment as odd that his voice should be lower than was really necessary and by no means steady. Did the girl know that Isabel had made such a point of his being there? Had Isabel, after all, spoken of him to her. It would seem so. Or perhaps his name was not unknown to her. That was possible. Certainly she looked up at him like a child, a little confused. She had, it was clear, that fine childlike quality that marks always the artist... It was Isabel who contrived to separate them from the others. He seemed to have known that Isabel would somehow do that. She could afford to be gracious about it. She was winning. He was captured. Still struggling a little in his mind, he was captured and knew it. It would be a fact he'd have to face... really for the first time in his life. He could hardly look at Isabel, but yet he had to be with this girl, if only to save her from her hostess... to save her... silly again... he didn't quite know from what.

"Tell me something of your plans." He heard his own voice saying that.

"Well, Mr. Baret..." the girl's voice was unsteady. But why? Why should she be so deeply moved? "Well," she began again. "I'm afraid I haven't any now."

"But you are studying for opera."

"I was."

"You are, surely?"

"What is it, Hedda?" asked Isabel, quickly.

"I—I'm afraid it's no go."

"But—but that's..." This again seemed to be Baret's voice.

IT WAS an odd little scene. The others were again smoking and eagerly talking. These three stood near the piano, where Ethelbert Peck was softly running over a new accompaniment, leaning forward to stare at the music through astigmatic eyes; Isabel, her sure and mature beauty lighted with interest and no small concern; Baret bending a little and now frankly and in a new self-forgetfulness studying the girl's mournful face of the singer and thinking again of sunlight in a forest pool.

"Well"—again she was trying to get it out. Finally it came, forlornly, as a child might have put it—"We've been here nearly a year and a half, Mother and I. It's been a pretty hard fight. Father's done all he could. But they won't give me engagements. I just can't get them. Mother's given up."

"But what are you going to do?" Baret's voice.

"We're going home. Mother said we'd stick it out to the end of our lease. That's next week."

"Home?"

"Minnesota," said Isabel, close to his ear.

"But that's absurd! God never made you for Minnesota. True enough, every singer has a struggle of it, but you..."

"It's been pretty hard," breathed the girl; and her eyes filled.

Isabel glanced quickly, alertly about the room; then said, very low—"Take her away from here, Gorry. Get this story straight right now."

Baret glanced toward the persistent accompanist. "He came with you, Miss Hansen?... if he wouldn't mind..."

"Don't be foolish," murmured Isabel. "Take her down to the Brevoort or somewhere. We've got to do something."

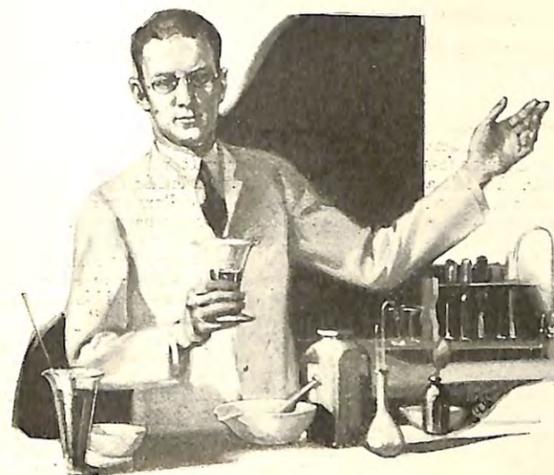
"I have an engagement... a little later..."

His voice, a weak voice. And he glanced up at the corner clock. It was ten minutes to six.

"Come," he said then to the girl... "please!"

They slipped out. Hedda glanced back in an odd little confusion toward Ethelbert Peck, who merely nodded cheerfully; and then, rather helplessly, went with him out to the elevator.

(Continued on page 54)



4 Men in 7 Bald at 40 yet 91% needlessly

Science discovers falling hair most always due to simple infection (Sebum). Now usually overcomes it.

Written Guarantee to grow hair this new way—or money refunded

This is to offer you, under money-back guarantee, the new Van Ess treatment, which, under actual test, grew hair on 91 heads in 100.

Now high authorities say baldness soon may be a rarity. For hair roots seldom die in early stages. And this method revives them. Test it yourself at our risk.

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Records show 4 men in 7 are bald, or partially bald, at 40. Modern science proves this to be unnecessary. Proves only about 9 men in 100 need ever be bald! Baldness is not a disease. Note this fact and mark it. It is merely a symptom of infection—of an infectious scalp oil, known as Sebum.

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The Infected Sebum

About 90% of all hair troubles are traced to infected

Sebum. It is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil. But it cakes on the scalp. It forms a breeding place for bacteria. It clings to hair and destroys it. It lodges in hair follicles and plugs them. Then germs by the millions start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness soon is marked. Then comes total baldness. You can see this Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried, as dandruff. But it does not kill the roots. Hence when you remove it, new hair grows. This is scientific fact—medical authorities will tell you so. You must remove the infected Sebum.

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For years, science experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally a 90% effective treatment was found. Now we have embodied it in a home treatment. It is called Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage.

It is applied a new way—a scientific way. (Note illustration at right.) It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the Sebum and removes it. Results are marked. They are quick. It stops falling hair. It grows new hair.

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Then note the results yourself. Mark the healthy condition of your scalp—the freedom from dandruff. Look in your mirror—see for yourself.

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Use the Coupon

If your usual department store or druggist cannot supply you with the new Van Ess Treatment use coupon below. Enclose no money—we will send the treatment parcel post, collect. Or, if you prefer, enclose check or cash.



Note This New Way —It Massages the Treatment Directly to the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

VAN ESS Liquid Scalp Massage



A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 52)

"See you at seven!" Fred Halling called. At least Baret thought later he had called that.

4

THEY sat looking at each other across a table at the Brevoort. She wore modest furs and a little turban that covered all but a few waves and puffs of the amber hair. He felt a radiance in the plain old restaurant; it seemed the perfect exuberant setting for an irresponsible lightness of heart. Nothing in the world mattered except being here in the quiet hour between tea and dinner with this girl. He had always been a serious man, but now he was fighting back an amazing sense of well-being that might break out at any moment, if he didn't control himself, into a boyish grin.

"I have only an hour," said he, when the waiter had moved off. . . . he said it as if an hour were a precious possession. . . . "so we'd better talk right to the point. What's the real trouble? What is it that has been particularly hard?"

"Well. . . ."
"Have you a manager?"
"Mother paid five hundred dollars to a woman. . . ."

"Who is she?"
"Ada May Munson."
"I've seen her name." She has handled some well-known singers, hasn't she?"

"Yes."
"What has she done for you?"
"Nothing that we can find out."
"Have you given a New York recital?"

"Why. . . . we hoped to do that this Fall, but Miss Munson wants five hundred more before she'll even engage Aeolian Hall."

"You've had no engagements at all?"
She moved her head in the negative.
"You must have been studying all the time?"
"Yes, with Arbelitz, until just lately. You see. . . ."

"Arbelitz. That was expensive."
"Oh, yes. It's all expensive. Every way we turn. I've had to practice every day with an accompanist, too."

"But if you give up now, all that stands as a total loss."
"Yes," said she; and her shoulders moved a little upward.

"Don't you see, child, that we can't let you do anything of the sort?"
Again the slim shoulders moved. She had thrown open her coat, and his gaze strayed to her round white throat.

"You know, of course, that you're gifted out of all reason."
"That's what people thought at home. But nobody notices you down here."

"But that's nonsense. You must have been aware of stirring those people at Mrs. Halling's."
"Oh, yes. . . . that happens. . . . and until lately that sort of thing has more or less carried me along. But you see it doesn't lead anywhere."

"It has led to-day to. . . this." His eyes seemed fastened on her throat. He contrived to raise them. The grin came then. And for the first time she smiled; very faintly, but with a little rush of color and a momentary sparkle in the amber eyes. "Here we are. I believe we're getting somewhere."

"You're. . . kind."
"Please don't say that. I'm going to speak frankly. Your voice is amazing. It is really wonderful. And you are beautiful. You are more than that. You have marked individuality. And you have charm—the power to move people. You have moved me to-day. . . . so deeply that I won't hear of you giving up and going back to. . . . Minnesota."

The color lingered on her cheeks and temples. "It's been all the time with Mother and me that little game of talking ourselves up." She smiled. "Kidding ourselves. That's really all it was. Every time I sang I'd come home and tell Mother all the fine things that people said about it. And we'd feel sure it meant something somehow in the way of engagements, but it never did."

"You've had no engagement at all?"
"Well. . . . no public engagements. . . . once I sang at a reception at Mrs. Philip Bedford's and was paid a hundred dollars. That was last March. We thought our fortune was made."

Mrs. Bedford hinted at doing something to get me started, but then she went abroad and forgot us. It had taken months of Mother's time to get in touch with her. Miss Munson didn't help, but she insisted on taking part of the money. And the dress I wore that day cost a hundred and seventy dollars. It was a Paris model, slightly shopworn; but Mother fixed it up. In April I got twenty-five dollars for singing at a tea. Since then nothing has happened. Simply nothing at all, except a lot of talking with Miss Munson this Fall about my New York recital. But we know now we can never arrange that. I think. . . ." her smile now touched his heart. . . .

"I'm suffering from a deflated ego."
"As I understand it, the big New York recital is a necessary first step."
"Oh yes. If you can get the critics out. . . . not their assistants. . . . and if they give you good notices after they do come out."

"Have you tried to get a hearing at the Metropolitan?"
"Oh yes. Mother's kept at it. But she's never even been able to get an introduction to Gatti-Cazazza. Mrs. Bedford spoke of arranging that. Oh; she was very enthusiastic then. But she. . . . didn't."

THE waiter had come and gone. She was nibbling at a salad and sipping tea. He was trying to keep pace mentally with his racing nerves; and failing. His confused thoughts touched rather grimly on the possibility of love at first sight. He had always hitherto dismissed the idea as absurd. But was it? . . . First, in arriving at a conclusion, you would have to define love. It might be any one of many things, or a queer mixture. Supposing a man to have grown, unwittingly, into an emotional ripeness, a receptivity, any one of a great number of women might be to him as a spark to tinder. . . . Yes, that was possible.

He even thought (grotesquely, he told himself) of marriage. It was unthinkable. However he might feel now, in this pleasant madness, he couldn't marry a girl who was at least fifteen years his junior. Nor could he marry an ambitious young artist. Never could he exist as a mere supporter and attendant to an active woman. It would give the lie to his whole life. He put the thought aside. . . . Already he had got himself in so deep that retreat was out of the question. How had it happened, anyway? . . . The thing to do, since he had now in some degree to go on with it, was to keep it quite impersonal. Simply befriend the girl. . . . And having settled all this his eyes met hers, and he found himself smiling and felt his nerves going again. There was magic here. He felt himself trapped. And he was absurdly happy. The Brevoort basement was indeed a radiant place.

"I begin to see what's got to be done." He wanted to speak her name, Hedda; but hardly could. Nor could he utter the more formal Miss Hansen. He wondered helplessly if he would ever call her that. "It's a fight, all the way. And I rather like fights. The discouragement you're going through now is really nothing more than a phase. I'll warrant there isn't a great artist at the Metropolitan now who hasn't known many more desperate hours than this. . . . Let us understand each other. You're not going back to Minnesota. You're going to stay here and see it through. I'll investigate this manager business. Even if this Miss Munson is all right enough, as they go, I rather think that a new manager would be healthier. Clean the slate. And I'd prefer a man, myself. First we'd better center on plans for building toward other engagements. I imagine it would be a good thing to work out four or five important New York appearances pretty close together. That would help make the critics aware of you, wouldn't it?"

"Why. . . of course. It would be wonderful. But I can't let you. . . ."
"We'll go at it quite impersonally. That's the only way. You have now, right in you, all the elements of success—voice, beauty, intelligence, personality. Let me ask you a few questions. How nearly ready are you? I gather that you're coached up to the point of a full recital. You can sing the songs?"

"I think so. And my teacher has felt. . . ."

February, 1924

"That's excellent." He felt just then that his mind was clearing. It was taking hold constructively. This was happiness. And he would be impersonal. What a fascinating thing to build. . . . a career! "How about opera? Have you anything of a repertoire worked up?"

"Hardly a real repertoire." The warm light in her eyes seemed to envelop him. "That takes time. But I know a good deal, here and there. . . . There's other work to be done, of course; a lot of it. I've been at coloratura singing. It's hard, you know, technically. I need practice, for flexibility."

"But you have that now."
"Naturally, yes, I think so. But I'm not yet a finished coloratura singer. It takes long practice. And my trill isn't perfect yet."

"But you can get all that."
"I think so. I've been improving steadily."

"My dear girl. . . ." he was leaning intently forward, smoking a cigar; to her he seemed strong and sure and an amazing friend. . . . "what you need right now is heart—confidence—fight. Let's build that first. You have everything else."

"You really feel that I have?"
"I know it." There was a vibrant ring in his clear low voice. "And now I'm going to ask a very personal question. We're plunging into a real campaign, and I think it fair to ask. . . . is there any likelihood of marriage in your life?"

Her long brown lashes drooped; hung like a fringe on her cheek. She moved her head in the negative.

"You're not in love?"
"No." Her lips formed the single word.

"Good. You know well enough what an exacting career this of a singer is."
"Yes. . . . I know. You have to sacrifice everything else."

"Everything. Certainly in the early years. It will take every bit of your strength and purpose. Just the one thing. I'm. . . . I'm going to see this through. Up to now it has been my good fortune not to fail at anything I've undertaken. . . ." was he boasting? . . . "but in these other matters I've usually been able to control the situation. In this case I shall be somewhat at the mercy of. . . . you mustn't mind my speaking out in this way. . . . shall be at the mercy of a comparatively inexperienced girl. Understand, we may make you famous and break your heart."

"I've thought of all that," she breathed.

"You can't marry. Not in these first years. You must live for just the one thing." Apparently he had said this before. He knit his brows.

"I mustn't keep you too long," she murmured, unable to take her eyes from that determined face.

"I suppose we should go now. Where do you live?"

She named an address above One Hundredth Street. He knew from the number that it couldn't be far from Amsterdam Avenue. Not an over-attractive neighborhood. He liked that. They hadn't been trying to bluff their way, as so many did.

"I'll tell you. . . ." they were crossing the sidewalk to the taxi stand. . . . "suppose you and your mother have dinner with me tomorrow."

"That would be wonderful."
"I'll call for you at six-thirty."

She glanced, hesitating, at the taxi. "I mustn't keep you now, Mr. Baret. I can ride up on the bus."

"No, I'll get you home. There's a lot to talk about."

This being so, they sat almost without speaking side by side in the snug enclosure, as the cab sped up the nearly deserted Avenue. Lights were twinkling out along the way. Pedestrians moved by in Sunday garments. The towering buildings were dark.

At the Plaza he called to the chauffeur—
"Drive through the Park. And as they rolled along the curving roadway she broke out impulsively—

"It's wonderful. . . . I can't tell you. . . . having the confidence of a man like you!"
Her little gloved hand lay on her knee. He took it. He couldn't look at her, for his eyes had filled again.

At Ninety-Sixth Street he told the chauffeur to go around by way of Riverside Drive.
"It's wonderful over here," said she, her hand frankly in his. "I often walk over here. Those lights down there are the battleships."

(Continued on page 56)



The New Greystone Hotel, Bedford, Ind.
Nicol, Scholer & Hoffma n, Architects, Lafayette, Ind.

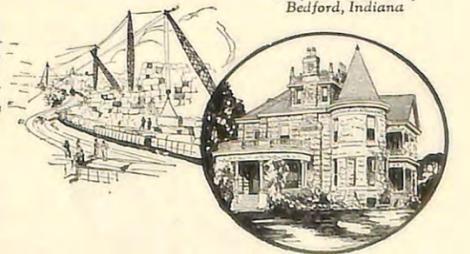
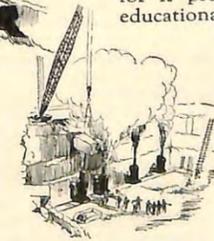
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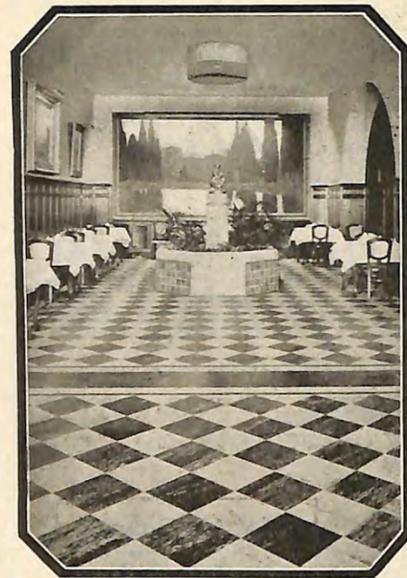


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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 55)

"What it all comes down to," said he... and to neither of them did the remark seem irrelevant... "is just that one thing. You can't marry. You can't have much fun. You must exercise every day, build your health..."

"Oh, I'm strong as a horse!"
"You'll have to be. Health, and absolute singleness of purpose. And another matter. You mustn't mind my saying this either. I understand that it will call for a certain amount of money. Well, I have a little. That part of it's all right."

"It... seems..."
"We'll just take all that impersonally. I promise not to cripple myself. It will be a privilege to help in the building of a great artist. We all owe so much to the arts; more than we're given to admitting."

"I'll pay you back."
"Either that, or else when you're an established great singer you'll turn about and help the next crop of youngsters."

"That would be wonderful."
"Remember—health and singleness of purpose..."

"I know..."
"... those are the things, Hedda."
The Hansen's little apartment proved to be in a made-over residence back of a delicatessen store.

"If you weren't so awfully late for your engagement," said Hedda, shyly, as he helped her from the cab. "I'd ask you to come up and meet Mother."

"I'd love to," said he. "That engagement is only with some men. Club business." He found he wanted her to know that other women didn't figure.

They climbed three long flights of stairs. Hedda tapped, then found a key under the stair-carpet and let him in. "Mother must have gone out for a walk. Could you... take off your coat?"

"No," said he, "no, I'm afraid not. But I shall see your mother to-morrow."

HE STOOD looking at her and then past her into the crowded little living room. He saw a cheap upright piano that was piled high with music, a morris chair, a yellow oak table, a bed-couch with the inevitable machine-woven cover of an oriental pattern, a few framed prints. In the door hung a portiere made of strings of beads, such as he had not seen since his boyhood.

"We got this place furnished," she remarked, with a touch of self-consciousness. "It's done well enough to eat and sleep in... O wait, I want you to see this." She got from the mantel a signed photograph in a frame. The face was familiar, that of a strong, handsome woman. He considered it, then puzzled out the signature—"Olive Fremstad."

"We knew her," offered Hedda, in an unsteady voice. "She said I could sing. She has always been my... inspiration." Her eyes filled then, but she went on—Mother was a pianist, you see. Her father sacrificed everything to send her over to study with Letchetisky. But she strained her arm and had to give up. She went back home and married father. She's always said she would work out her career through me. It's been her one great dream. It's been pretty hard lately to realize that..."

His own eyes were none too clear as he studied the photograph. Then, rather brusquely, he asked—"Have you a telephone here?"

She moved her head in the negative. "We've used the delicatessen store. And sometimes the drugstore opposite."

"I think we'll install a telephone," he said. His feelings rushed up to his tongue then; and he forgot that his eyes were still moist. "Hedda... you mustn't mind my calling you that..."

"I don't."
"... we must go at this business just as sensibly and impersonally as we can. For me it is a privilege. That's because you're so wonderfully worth while. I like to see things grow. I think I like success. We'll go over the ground to-morrow evening and organize things."

Her eyes met his.
"It's like a... I'm afraid I'm not showing how much I... I feel as if I were dreaming."

"So do I, Hedda." He reached for her hands. She gave them. He gripped them firmly in his; then raised them both to his lips; then, murmuring something that sounded like—"To-morrow... half-past six"—went abruptly out and down the stairs.

Hedda dropped her hat and coat on the couch and drew a stiff little chair to the window. She couldn't see him across the sidewalk; she could see only the roof of the taxi, but she watched that, laughing aloud as it drew out into the street and roared away. Her hands were clasped tightly. She looked down at them, and her face became hot. She pressed her hands to her cheeks, and then nervously kissed them. She was crying. She mustn't do that. Mother might come in.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Hansen did mount the stairs, Hedda was still sitting in that stiff little chair; but she rose with a composed-enough manner and when the door opened was rummaging through the music on the piano. She said "Hello, Mummys!" naturally enough.

Mrs. Hansen stood a minute recovering her breath after the long climb and regarding her daughter with dully anxious eyes. Then she picked up Hedda's coat and hat and hung them in the narrow clothes press in the bedroom. When she returned the girl had placed a worn copy of "La Chevalure" on the rack and was humming it, picking out occasional chords by way of accompaniment.

Mrs. Hansen was a small woman who moved alertly. She busied herself for a brief time about the room.

"Did a telegram come from your father?" she asked.

Hedda shook her head and bent nearer the music.

"I must get supper," Mrs. Hansen said, a little later, with a sigh.

"None for me," remarked Hedda, over her shoulder. "I'm stuffed."

"I'll make myself a cup of cocoa, then." Mrs. Hansen got out an electric toaster from a curtained bookcase beneath the mantel. There was no fireplace.

"Was Mr. Baret there, Hedda?"

"Mm-hmm!" The girl did not turn at once, but played softly on until her quick-rising color should go down. "Mm-hmm! He brought me home. He waited a moment to meet you."

"Oh! He did?"

"Mm-hmm!" Hedda turned now. After all, there was explanation enough for her excitement in what she could so easily tell. "He has asked us to dinner to-morrow night, you and me. He is coming for us at six-thirty. Mummys, he says all I need is heart—confidence—fight. He says I have everything else. And he's going to help."

"Help?"

"Mm-hmm! He says I simply can't give up. Mrs. Hansen screwed the plug of the toaster into one of the chandelier sockets. Then she glanced at the song on the rack, and considered asking if Mr. Baret was married. But she checked the question. Hedda wouldn't like it; would doubtless answer impatiently. It wouldn't get them anywhere. She sighed again and moved off toward the tiny kitchenette.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic," said Hedda, after her.

"Oh my dear, I am! I don't know yet what it means..."

"But Mummys, Gorham Baret! He knows everybody. He's a big successful man! Mrs. Halling asked him point blank to pitch in and help us. I saw it. And he's going to! Impersonally. I'm to have my New York recital! Everything!" She leaped impulsively from the piano stool, ran to her Mother and wildly hugged her. She simply let the tears come now. Surely there was reason enough! "Don't you understand, Mummys? We're not beaten. We're going on with the fight. I'm to have Aeolian Hall just like Ethel Abeles and Henrietta Dilton. And he says it would be a good plan to arrange some other New York appearances this Fall so the critics will be aware of me. And he thinks we'd better clean the slate with Miss Munson and have a man manager. And we're to put in a telephone. He's a big man, Mummys! He likes to see things grow—success! I tell you the fight's as good as over. We've won! I'll be a great singer! Maybe you'll be sorry then!"

Mrs. Hansen, struggling to understand and quiet her own emotions, stroked the girl's lovely hair.

"I'm not sorry, my dear. I'm very... happy. It is wonderful."

She turned again toward the kitchenette; but paused to ask—"How about paying Ethelbert to-day. Did Mrs. Halling..."

"I think so. I was going to speak of it, but she just pushed me out of the place with Mr. Baret. Oh, I'm sure she paid him. If she didn't, Mr. Baret will. Just think, we don't need to worry about those little things any more!"

(To be continued)

Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 26)

or sorry for it. She only knew that it was good to see him happy.

For six days they halted close to the Pangani in the house of an Alsatian missionary, and on the seventh advanced by easy stages—and the easier by contrast—toward the frontier post of Taveta, which lies between the knees of Kalima N'jaro and the Luni forest. Now, at last, Janet should have been able to look on lovely things without the reservations of dread. She dared not do so; her brain was still so bruised and sensitive that she could not trust herself to expose it to any emotion. She was pathetically anxious that Antrim should understand the real reasons of her unnatural reticence, for she would not, for the world, have given him offense. It relieved her to find that he did so, or, at least, that he did not ask her for explanations of her bewildering mood. "He is playing the game," she thought, and loved him for it.

It was not an easy game. Time after time his scruples were undermined by the sight of Janet's weakness and the conviction that his love might strengthen her; but his respect for her delicacy restrained him.

Their arrival at Taveta on the evening of the tenth day brought him face to face with his own problem. The A. D. C. whom Antrim had known had been moved up-country; his successor was a stranger. None the less, he made their shattered party welcome. A few moments after their arrival Janet retired, leaving Antrim and the official together to their meal.

"Your wife looks thoroughly fagged out," said the A. D. C. "Honestly, you know, G. E. A.'s no place for a woman."

"You're mistaken," Antrim told him. "She isn't my wife. She's a Mrs. Rawley." He was glad to find a chance of explaining himself and the process was less difficult than he had imagined it would be, for the A. D. C. was a man of some human experience and accepted his story without suspicions.

"I suppose," Antrim said at last, "I ought to make an official report to you of Rawley's death?"

"You'd better do nothing of the sort. I'm not responsible, luckily, for anything that may have happened over the German border."

This offered an easy way of evasion; but Antrim felt that he could not take it.

"Kilgour, at Mombasa, is an old friend of mine," he said. "You are in his province?"

"Yes, I'm in his province all right; but Kilgour will tell you the same as I do; it's nothing to do with him."

"I shall try and get him to handle it all the same," said Antrim. "You understand my position. I shouldn't be content if the matter were hushed up in any way. I want to let in all the light on it that's possible. You know how people talk in this country."

"Well, I suppose you're right. I wish I could help you."

Next day they made a new start, replacing the porters with whom the German missionary had provided them by others supplied by the A. D. C. It seemed good, to Antrim, to feel that they were treading British soil; and yet, as the physical anxieties of their journey diminished, the trial that awaited them in Mombasa loomed greater and greater in Antrim's mind. He wondered if Janet were equally aware of it, and all the way down the line this speculation troubled him. At Voi station they parted for the first time, passing the night in compartments

(Continued on page 58)



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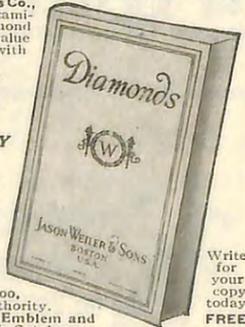
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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 57)

separated by half the length of the train, and Antrim lay wondering all the time how Janet was faring. This separation was the first sign of the conditions which civilized society would impose upon them, and he resented it. It seemed to him monstrously unreasonable that the mere fact of having reached the railway should rob him of the privilege of watching over Janet; for as they approached Mombasa with all its haunting memories of Rawley, she surely needed more and more his protection and his sympathy. Yet, for her sake, he was afraid to offer either.

Next morning they reached the terminus. On the crowded platform, where she stood among her few pitiful belongings, he snatched a few words with her.

"You had better go straight to the same hotel," he said.

"I would rather go somewhere else . . ."

"There is nowhere else, I'm afraid."

"Then it can't be helped."

"I shall come round and see you this afternoon."

"Yes."

SHE said no more. She was so composed about it that he wondered if she had guessed, without his telling her, the awkwardness of their position and the cruelty of the rumors that lay in wait for them. He hoped that she had. Otherwise the pity of her innocence would have been intolerable. At parting she gave him her hand. He turned away abruptly to hide his overpowering emotion, and left her.

His ricksha ran silently through the long avenues toward Kilgour's house, and, as they went, Antrim felt that the whole journey was no more than a ghostly repetition of that which he had made on the same errand only two months before.

The ricksha swerved round the corner of the drive. There, just as he had left her, in topee and dressing-gown Mrs. Kilgour stood among her gardeners. He jumped down and approached her. She stared at him, as well she might have done, for Antrim, with his torn clothes and harrowed face, was more like an apparition than a man.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Jimmy, what have you done to yourself?"

He laughed at her wide eyes. She left her gardening and took him indoors, forcing him to swallow a peg of whisky. When she heard that Rawley was lost or dead her eyes sparkled with triumph at this confirmation of her prophecies of disaster, but pity for Antrim restrained her tongue.

"And Mrs. Rawley?" she asked, with a faint hardening of her voice.

"She has gone back to the Central."

"H'm."

The grunt was discouraging, but Antrim went on:

"She's in a pretty bad way. Rotten with fever, and no clothes to speak of. I know that you disliked her instinctively when you met before; but if you'd seen as much of her as I have, you'd realize . . ."

"You want me to go and see her, Jimmy?" said Mrs. Kilgour.

"Be a Christian, my dear."

Mrs. Kilgour looked at him narrowly.

"Yes, Jimmy, I'll go along this afternoon," she said, "for your sake," she added, and covered this lapse from virtue by taking Antrim's arm and showing him where the trunks that he had brought down from Nairobi had been stored.

That evening he had it out with Kilgour, telling him, to the last detail, exactly what had happened at the camp above N'dalo. For a long time Kilgour was silent.

"It's a queer story, Jimmy," he said at last.

"Upon my soul it is."

"YOU think it's a tall one, too," said Antrim, made nervous by his scrutiny.

"It is. You can't get away from that, my boy. Naturally, I believe it."

Antrim took his hand. "Thank you, Pat," he said.

"But other people won't, you know," said Kilgour. "It's going to be deuced uncomfortable for you."

"I know. Can't you do anything officially

. . . take evidence and that, Asmani and the toto are in Mombasa."

Kilgour shook his head.

"Quite out of the question. Our jurisdiction ends at Taveta. He paused. "What about the woman, Jimmy?"

"She's at the Central. Your memsahib's gone to see her."

"Attractive woman. Are you going to marry her?"

Antrim rose nervously. "My dear Pat, you've got hold of the wrong end of it, altogether. There's no question of that."

"It's the only satisfactory answer to other questions. But, of course you know best. I'm damned sorry for you, anyway, Jimmy. You know what people are."

In effect he didn't, but within a week his ignorance was remedied. The Antrim affair made the whole island buzz with gossip. Mrs. Kilgour, with splendid loyalty, stood to her guns, visiting Janet, whom she neither knew nor liked, at the Central, and helping her with her hurried preparations for sailing to England on the *Goth*.

That evening Antrim was startled by a sudden confirmation of her right judgment. In the afternoon he had called at the Central to see if he could be of any use to Janet, and she had sent down a message to say that she could not see him. This troubled him, but since he knew that he could leave her safely in the hands of Mrs. Kilgour, he made his way to the club, hoping to kill the time before dinner with a hand at bridge.

From the first moment of his entrance he felt that the atmosphere of the place had changed. It seemed to him that even the waiters were staring. He ordered a drink and sat down on the balcony. He sat there for half an hour, wondering all the time why Janet had refused to see him. The club was filling up for the evening, but nobody came his way, and gradually he reached the conclusion that his end of the balcony was being avoided. He determined to go down into the bar, which was by this time crowded, and put it to the test.

He rose, and as he did so he heard Janet's name spoken in the voice of a woman he had known well in Nairobi. He did not want to listen, and yet it seemed to him that this was a case in which the listener might well be excused. Evidently Mrs. Allerby was not afraid of being heard.

"I believe we shall have the pleasure of her company on the *Goth*," she said. "I guessed there was something up when I heard from Mrs. K. that he'd canceled his passage and was going off on a trip with the woman and her husband. They say that this poor man Rawley died five or six weeks ago. It's easy enough to die down there, isn't it. No questions asked. In the meantime I suppose they've had a sort of anticipated honeymoon. Romantic—don't you think so?"

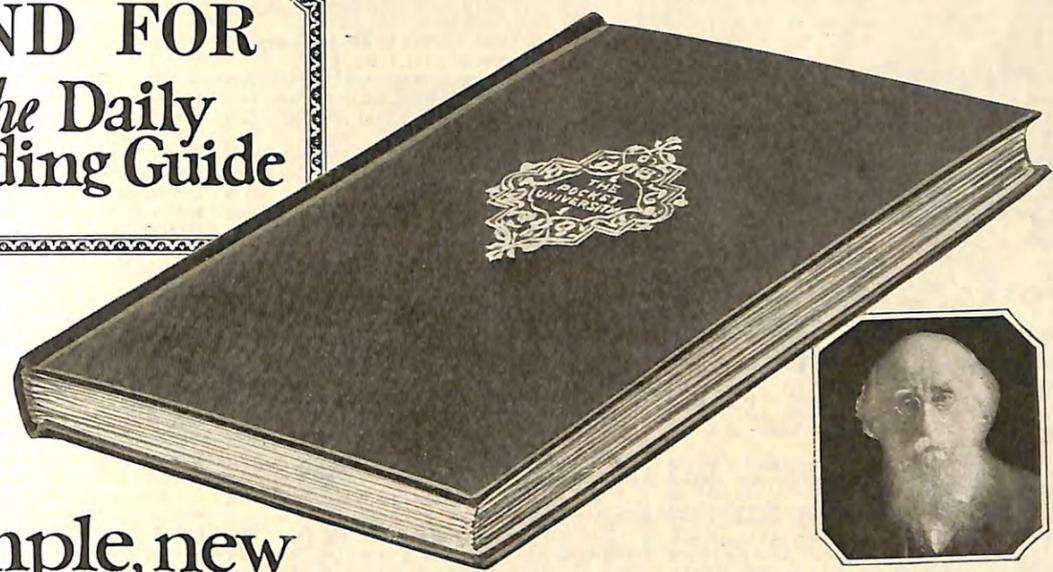
"I must see her and warn her," he told himself; but when he came to think of it, it seemed to him that warning would be of little use. From the first moment when she set foot on the *Goth*, Janet would be isolated by the moral niceness of his Nairobi friend. A month of purgatory. He could not bear it. He would not allow it.

By this time his impetuous flight had brought him abreast of the shipping office on the hill. With a sudden remembrance of how, once before, its doors had seemed to offer him salvation, he entered, and found himself face to face with the suave young man to whom he had tried to pay his passage money on the *Vandal*. This time he was recognized. No doubt this fellow knew his story as well as the rest of them.

"Can you do me a passage on the *Goth*?" he asked.

(Continued on page 60)

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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 58)

The clerk shook his head. He was sorry; so many people were going on leave.

"I think I can manage 'second,' Captain Antrim; but you won't find it what you're used to."

"That doesn't matter," said Antrim. "I'll pay for the ticket at once."

He wrote his cheque then and there and hurried on to the Central with the ticket in his pocket. He scribbled: "I must see you" on a card and sent it up to Janet. He had a suspicion that the clerk in the hotel office smiled; but in a moment he returned with a solemn face to say that Mrs. Rawley would see him.

They met on the dusky landing. Her fingers burned as he took them.

"Fever," he said, "I thought that must be it."

"It's nothing," she replied. "I suppose one had to expect it. I shall be all right by the time the boat sails. Mrs. Kilgour is wonderful."

"I know she is." He hesitated, then plunged. "Janet—about this boat. I've been thinking it over. I can't possibly let you go alone. You can think what you like of me, but I can't help it. I've booked my passage on the *Goth*."

"Oh, why did you do that," she cried. "I wish—"

"I knew you'd say that," he broke in. "You can be quite certain that I won't interfere with you. I simply couldn't face the prospect of your going alone. I don't want to explain to you why. But if you can trust me—if you can understand that I'm just thinking of your comfort and nothing else—you shouldn't resent my coming. In any case you'll have me to fall back on."

"Yes," she said, "I should be glad of that. No, I haven't misjudged you. I'm only anxious that you shouldn't suffer because of me. I don't mean you yourself, but your future." He laughed to himself, but she continued: "Since I've been here I've realized that you and I are supposed to be scandalous people."

At this he grew angry. "So that's the explanation? Mrs. Kilgour has been talking to you? I see. She had no business to interfere between us, telling you one thing and me another."

"You're unjust to her. She was only trying to protect your reputation."

Antrim gave a short laugh. "My dear child, it wasn't worth it; you can take my word for that. These people can say what they like; there's nothing to prevent them; and you can guess what they will say. As soon as you get on board the *Goth*, you'll know. That's what I couldn't stand, the thought of your having to face it all alone. You see?"

She was silent for a moment. "But won't it rather add point to the scandal," she said, "if we are there together?"

He could not answer her argument, and yet he knew that he was right. "At any rate," he said, "a trouble of this kind is lighter when it is shared. The blame is mine, so I've a right to share it. And what does it matter what people think of us if we know in our own hearts that we're innocent of the ghastly thing of which we're accused? In any case, I can't leave you to face it alone. You know I can't."

She turned away from him. "It's generous of you," she said, "and it's like you. But your position's quite different from mine. You have your career in the army to think of."

"I've finished with it; or rather the army will have finished with me. Don't think of that. To-night I shall write resigning my commission. The matter is just a personal one between you and me. I'm in your hands. If you forbid me to come with you on the *Goth*, I shall cancel my passage without any fuss. But you won't; I know you won't."

"No," she said quietly, "I can't forbid you."

Two days later, to the honest indignation of Mrs. Kilgour, they sailed for England together.

EPILOGUE

"I AM not going to talk about that voyage," Antrim told me as we lay side by side in the hospital marquee at Handeni. "Looking back on it I'm not sure we weren't better off with old Asmani on the Masai Steppe. You've no idea how beastly civilized people can be when once they have a chance of pointing their fingers at you. One's so used to being one of a herd, that when people of your own kind give you the cold shoulder you feel it like the deuce. As far as I

was concerned they could have gone to hell, but with Janet it was different. I wanted to get up and tell them how innocent she was; but the swine would have laughed at me. I learned a good bit about human nature on that voyage.

"We left the ship at Southampton. Janet didn't know where she was going; neither, for that matter, did I; but we'd decided that as things were it'd be better if we separated entirely. Of course she had any amount of business matters to attend to; they were her lawyers' business, not mine, and in any case I knew I'd no right to inflict my company on her. We didn't even travel up to town together; parted on the dock at Southampton. She hurried off by the special, and left me in the Customs.

"IT WAS only when I'd finished that part of the show that I realized where I was. Everything was an absolute blank. I'd no interest in life. There I was, back in London, with a pile of things, I'd imagined I wanted to do and no inclination to tackle one of them. I remember taking a taxi to the club but when I'd got out on the pavement and paid the fellow, I pulled up short on the doorstep; couldn't go in for the life of me. I knew what would happen. Somebody would come up to me and start blithering about Africa. If I'd had to talk about Africa, I should have burst out crying. That was what I felt like. Simply couldn't face it. So I caught the taxi-driver just as he was shoving up his flag again and told him to drive me back to St. Pancras; picked up my luggage there and took it straight to Euston in time for the Irish Mail. I didn't think what I was doing. It was just instinct; I was just making a bolt for the country I'd been bred in, like a sick rat tracking for its hole. And she, funnily enough, was doing just the same, you know. The address she'd given me—she didn't want to—was care of her solicitors in Plymouth. Much good it did the two of us!

"I stuck it for about three months; put up with my sister Honor, near Athenry in Galway; tried to do a bit of fishing and shooting and that. I was just as lonely as ever. It wasn't Honor's fault, poor old dear, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to make a confidant of her. No doubt she'd have understood, but I wasn't taking any risks. I just mooned about the country, and in settling down into the rotten melancholy winter you get in the west of Ireland, without any interest in the world—not the ghost of an idea of what I wanted to do. The only thing I lived for was an occasional letter from Janet. I used to wait round for the post-bag like any boy of twenty. Even when her letters came she hadn't much to say in them. She was still down in Cornwall at a little place called Polperro on the coast, eating her heart out, poor kid! but never giving me a sign of it. I used to answer them at once, in hope of getting another, and then start waiting for the reply. I might as well have been dead as the way I was.

"Well, I stuck it till I could stick it no longer. There was no sense in my hanging about the West in that dead-alive way. One day I rode in to the post—I always liked to post my letters for myself—and suddenly I got so sick of the whole business that I sent her a wire; said I was coming down to Cornwall to see her, and that if she'd any objection she might send me a note 'poste-restante' at Plymouth. It gave poor old Honor the shock of her life to see me pack off; but I couldn't help that. It took me the best part of two days to get down into Devonshire. Even when I got there I wasn't certain that she wouldn't turn me down; but it was all right, thank God!—it was all right; there was a wire waiting for me, saying that she'd booked a room for me at a hotel in a place called Fowey.

"I went on that same afternoon—slow train, crawling over a lot of viaducts. At the hotel they were expecting me. Very polite, too. Evidently Janet's name counted for something in Cornwall. And next day we met.

"I'm not going to tell you about that, either. We went for a long walk over the cliffs toward the place she was living in—a heavy sea pounding down below and our faces wet with mist. It does one good to think of a thing like that in this God-forsaken country. Anyhow we talked things over, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't worth spoiling both our lives by pretending to

be happy apart. Of course there were a lot of legal formalities that had to be dealt with first. The wretched business dragged itself out for months and months; but nothing really mattered when once I knew that I'd got her; and she felt just the same. We were married in the following June, just under twelve months from the day that we'd met in Mombasa. That was the best thing that ever happened to me. After that nothing mattered. It seemed as if all that had gone before simply didn't count. Absolute complete happiness—all the past forgotten.

"We were anxious to make it a new start in every way. At first we thought of living in Ireland or in the West Country, but while we were about it, it seemed better to make a clean cut, and just when we'd grown sick to death of looking at small country houses we suddenly pitched upon a beauty—a place called Chalke in Wiltshire—a little old manor-house with a pattern of flints on it. I know nothing about architecture, but it's said to be early eighteenth century, and what appealed to me was the fact that one had down-turf to ride on and a mile or so of first-rate dry-ly water to fish. We didn't get into it till the following spring, and I can tell you that spring in that part of the world takes some beating. Of course we were in love—that may have had something to do with it.

"I suppose it was a bit too good to be true. One doesn't get anything worth having in this life for nothing. Of course, as you say, we'd had enough rocky times to be going on with; but the Fates, or whatever you like to call them, hadn't finished with us. I must go a bit easy with the story to let you know how it began.

"Janet noticed it first. I suppose I'm a lot less sensitive than she is. If you knew her, you'd realize what a brick she is. It was just like her to keep it to herself for months. But I'm not as dull as all that, you know, at any rate where she is concerned. I knew there was something up with her. She began to lose the little color that she'd got, and sometimes, when I spoke to her, she didn't hear me. Of course it might have been reaction—I knew better than any one what she'd been through; but that explanation didn't satisfy me. I thought it just possible that Chalke didn't suit her—some people never thrive in valley air. I began to worry about it, and that kept me awake at night. It was then that I discovered that she was sleeping badly as well. I thought I'd got to the bottom of it at last.

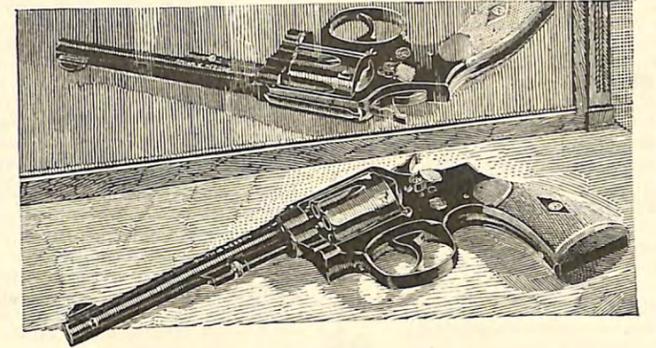
"NOW look here, my child," I said, "you've got to see a doctor about this. I'm going to run you right away into Salisbury—but she kept putting me off, saying it was nothing; change of climate and things like that. For a time I allowed her to persuade me; but eventually I couldn't stick it any longer—lying by her side at night and feeling that she was awake. I didn't only feel she was awake. I felt she was unhappy. If you're a married man you can realize how one gets to know things of that kind without a word being spoken. Of course I thought she was worrying about Rawley, and that made me more uneasy than ever. It seems a shabby thing to be jealous of a dead man; but that's how it was. And at last I managed to get her to tell me.

"When you hear what it was you'll realize why I've been boring you with this long story. You've brought it on yourself by something that you said to me—probably you've forgotten it by now—on the day of our first meeting at M'bagwe. I was pretty bad with fever that day, I don't mind telling you, and when I saw you come round for a 'bak' that evening, I wished you further. Then you began to talk about the country. 'This country's full of secrets,' you said—'ghosts, if you like to put it that way.' Well, this is a ghost-story. . . .

"Not an ordinary ghost-story by long chalks, none of your veiled ladies or headless cavaliers nor any stock characters of that kind. There was supposed to be a conventional ghost at Chalke Manor, but we never saw him nor heard him. Possibly he was frightened away by the newcomer. I don't suppose that he, or you, or any one else has ever heard of a ghost that you could only smell. . . .

"One laughs at it now, but I can assure you that it was no laughing matter to us. I can quite understand why Janet hesitated to tell me of it; the whole thing sounded so incredible. To put it shortly it was this. Every night about two

(Continued on page 62)



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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 61)

o'clock for the last couple of months she had wakened up with a feeling of heat and suffocation. The nights were quite cold at that time of the year; but, as she said, it was just like waking up on a night of January in Mombasa. And then, just as she was trying to get her bearings, she became conscious of a faint but extraordinary definite smell—the smell of nigger. No one who'd been in Africa could possibly mistake it. This went on for about five minutes during which she felt as if she were being asked to understand something—that's how she used to put it, and I can't find any better words myself.

"Of course I tried to joke her out of it, poor kid, but that didn't make any difference. She'd tried to do that herself, already. And about a week after she'd confided this to me, I began to be conscious of it myself—the heat, the oppression and that definite smell of nigger. Of course I tried to find a natural explanation for it. I thought it was just possible that we'd stored some of my old African kit in the room and that the heat of our own bodies was bringing out the odor that remained in it. As a matter of fact we found an old valise of mine and cleared it out into the attic. But that made no difference—devil a bit!

"In fact it grew stronger. After a week or two there was no mistaking it for either of us. It was just as if a black man were lying in the bed between us. I can't put it clearer than that. Still it was hard to believe. Old houses have queer influences of their own; perhaps the traditional Chalke ghost was changing his form out of compliment to his African tenants.

"It was easy enough to settle that. We shut up Chalke and went to a place over on the Welsh border, a fishing-inn in one of the valleys of the Black Mountain. I remember the night we arrived. We drove up the valley in a moth-eaten wagonette. They gave us mountain mutton for dinner. There was a moon, and after our meal we strolled down to the bridge to listen to the river. It was as quiet as Africa—nothing but the sound of the water and brown owls calling. 'We shall sleep soundly to-night,' I told her.

"But we didn't. At two o'clock in the morning it came again, and stronger than usual. It was just as if the beggar wanted to convince us that we couldn't shake him off. We woke at the same moment, and each of us knew that the other was awake. We were more or less forced to throw up the sponge—if the fellow could track us to the Dulas Fechan in twelve hours, there wasn't much hope of escaping from him.

"I SAY 'him' because, by this time, we were pretty sure in our own minds who we had to deal with. We were both of us certain that it was Dingaan, the boy that I had sent adrift in the bush to look for Rawley. Whether he were alive or dead, didn't matter much. The point was that he wanted to communicate with us, and this was his way of doing it. We felt, both of us, that the Dulas Fechan valley was too damned lonely, with the mountains all round it, and the trees, and the rotten old owls calling. So we pulled off again next day without doing any fishing, and took a fast train from Hereford to London. In London, I thought, night's just like day, and there won't be any chance for the brute to appear... chance for him to smell, I should have said.

"There was another reason. I'd just had a wire from Pat Kilgour and his wife to say that they were back on leave and wanted to meet us; and though we weren't particularly keen on renewing memories of Africa, those two had been thundering good to us, and the least we could do was to roll up. I sent a wire from Hereford to say we were coming, and when I'd deposited Janet at Brown's, I went round to the Sports Club to pick up Kilgour.

"There he was, on the top of his form, telling his old shooting stories in the smoke-room. He and Mrs. K. were doing a splash at Claridge's. As soon as he got my wire he'd booked seats at the Gaiety and a table for four at his own hotel for supper.

"A couple of hours later we met at the theater. It was the first jolly evening we'd passed for long enough. Mrs. K. was as charming as I'd expected her to be to Janet, who was rather

frightened of her. When the show was over we taxied back to Claridge's and warmed up over supper. Then we trailed off to the Kilgours' room and went on talking scandal until the small hours.

"Suddenly, about two o'clock, Janet gave me a look. She didn't need to do that. I knew, at the same moment, that he'd come. We just went on talking as if nothing had happened until Mrs. K. stopped in the middle of her best bit of Nairobi gossip.

"Pat," she said, 'I don't know what clothes you're wearing, but I can swear that I smell nigger.'

"Old Kilgour began to laugh at her; then he too, started sniffing. 'It's a funny thing,' he said, 'but I believe you're right.' He turned to me—'What do you make of it, Jimmy? You ought to know if we're mad or not?'

"Of course she was right, but naturally I didn't want to worry them with our troubles. I told him that he'd imagined it; but that wouldn't satisfy Mrs. K. 'Open the window, Pat,' she said—'it's getting stronger. Talk about the heat of Mombasa!'

"Kilgour opened the window and let in the noise of the taxis. I could have told him that that would make no difference, and of course it didn't. The only way of getting rid of it was for us to go. So we made our excuses, said good-night, and toddled back to Brown's.

"BY THE time we reached the hotel, he'd gone, but after that confirmation we couldn't go on living in misery any longer. We lay awake talking it over all through the night. There was only one way out of it as far as we could see, and that was that I should go back to East Africa and find out what was wanted. I wasn't over keen on it—I need hardly tell you that. It was bad enough leaving Janet alone in any case; and to leave her alone with *that* to face... However, there it was. Either I had to go or else we had to settle down to a life of misery. At any rate it was my duty to have a try at settling it, though Heaven only knew where I had better begin.

"Of course I couldn't go for a month or two. No man unless he's a bachelor without responsibilities could start on a trip of that kind without any preparation. We just made inquiries about sailings, and booked a passage provisionally two months ahead. I half wondered if he'd be intelligent enough to realize that I'd decided to do my best, and if he'd leave us alone for a little bit until I sailed. And of course he didn't. The brute grew more persistent than ever.

"Then, just as all my plans were settled—I'd taken my passage to Dar-es-salaam and had determined to work up-country as fast as I could to our camp on the escarpment above N'dalo—the war came. It took us entirely by surprise—and the first thing I thought when I heard of it was that it had ditched my expedition. One would have thought that a big thing like that would have made the other affair seem trifling; but I assure you it didn't.

"Of course I was still on the Reserve. In a couple of days I got my mobilization orders; they sent me to a place on Salisbury Plain, not far from Chalke. Every day I expected to be sent over to France. It'd be a scurvy business, I thought, if I got killed there before this other affair were settled, and left Janet to suffer alone. Of course she was wonderful; just what you'd have expected of her.

"And then, of a sudden, I tumbled to it that the war had probably done me a good turn. Fighting was going on in East Africa; I knew the country and the language. I put in for it like a shot and was accepted. I came out here by the Cape and arrived at Mombasa just after the Tanga show.

"You know the rest. Of course it was a bit awkward. In spite of everything that the Kilgours had done for me the scandal still remained, and I wasn't exactly welcomed in Mombasa. Still, I knew my job and though, in the Army, that isn't any reason for expecting to get it, they soon found that I was useful. At first I had six months getting full of fever in the Umba valley. Then I went up with the Kashmiris to Tsavo. Then I drifted down L of C to the Pangani and

(Continued on page 64)

Making \$10,000 a Year—by Skillful Salesmanship

Seems impossible, doesn't it, that a man's income could grow so rapidly that he should actually find himself in the ten-thousand dollar class before he knew it—but here's an amazing fact, and practically every successful salesman will confirm the statement—
 —The gap between a moderate income and \$10,000 a year is not half so hard to bridge as the gap between "I WONDER if I could sell!"—and—"I'm going to give myself the CHANCE!"

You would be astonished if you knew how many men, possessing all the essentials of the successful salesman, let the best years of their lives drift away from them—simply because they haven't the courage of their own convictions.

Year after year, our representatives encounter them—still slaving away at tasks they do not like and for which they are not fitted—still DOUBTING—still HESITATING—still stepping ASIDE while others step AHEAD—

And year after year, hundreds, yes thousands of men whom they should easily outdistance are entering the field and actually surprising themselves at the rapidity with which they boost their earnings!

What Experienced Sales Managers Think of the "Born Salesman"

Time was when the man who wanted to become a salesman had an uncertain path ahead of him.

Inexperienced, and with no one to show him the ropes, he made hard work of what should otherwise have been a comparatively simple thing—if only he had a seasoned sales executive to show him how.

All too often, though, he yielded to the thought that he was not a "born salesman," and thus lost heart and abandoned the one career in which he could have made an outstanding success, achieved a fortune. What a pity to be so deluded!

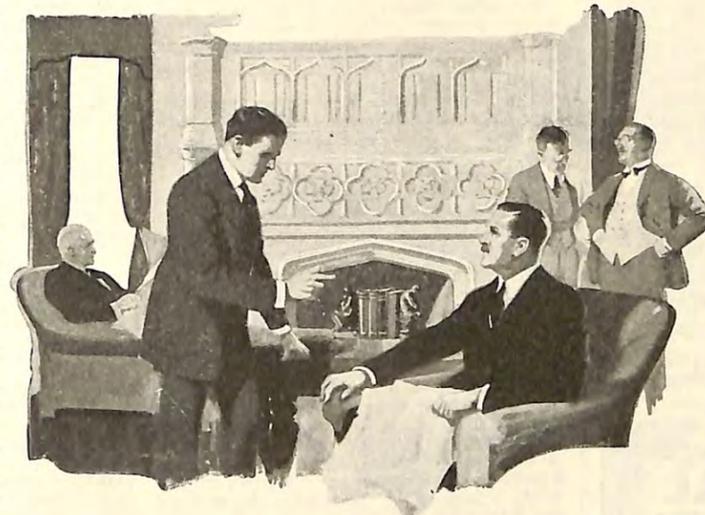
Ask any sales manager of a nationally known concern what HE thinks of "born salesmen!"

He will tell you—just as he has told us in writing, scores of times—that the man HE is after—and only salesman worth a

continental—is the TRAINED salesman. And he will give you instance after instance where some green and utterly unpossessing fellow has so far outstripped the fine looking chap with the glib tongue that comparison is nothing short of ridiculous.

Training is the Thing—and You Can Get It!

Do you have an ambition to become a really successful salesman?
 Does a first-hand acquaintance with the big cities,



the better clubs, the fine hotels, appeal to you—and would you like to increase your earnings within the next few years—quite possibly within the next few months—to a point where you could tell the architect to go ahead with those plans for a "home of your own," could step into an automobile sales room and put down the money for that better car you would like to drive—in short, could begin to realize those dreams for a prosperous future which up to now you have hardly dared to entertain?

There is no magic about successful selling. The man who sells the most goods is the man who knows the most about his line—is intent to SERVE his prospective customers—and thoroughly understands the principles of SALESMANSHIP.

The first of these qualifications is merely a matter of study. The second EVERY man must have, regardless of the field he enters—if he would succeed. That leaves but a single factor, SALESMANSHIP—and that requirement can now be definitely met in a way that will place you on an even footing, in point of actual understanding of the game, with the ablest salesmen in America.

How Other Men are Winning the Big Rewards

LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship is by the home-study spare-time method, and is based on the actual methods of more than a thousand out-

standing salesmen engaged in selling a wide variety of products and services—everything, in short, from boots and shoes and electrical apparatus to motor cars and life insurance policies.

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

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

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

"The first two texts have given me so much that I am firmly convinced that if I never learned anything more from the course, I would have a full return for the entire investment. Frankly, I would not take \$25,000 for my scholarship if another could not be had."
 —C. J. Jones, Canada.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase in two short months my sales shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase in two short months my sales shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase in two short months my sales shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. 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MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhoea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhoea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

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Woodsmoke

(Continued from page 62)

the Lukigura, doing the kind of odd job in which you found me at M'bagwe.

"And all this time, you know, I felt dead certain that something more than orders from General Headquarters would make me fetch up at N'dalo. Even when I had my first go of Blackwater Fever, I knew that I wasn't going to be scuppered; I knew that if I reported sick I should be crossing my own Fate, so to speak. So I hung on. And I was right; you see I was right!

"Three weeks ago, when we began to threaten Morogoro, I knew that it was coming devilish near—devilish near in more ways than one, for the fever had just about done with me. Then, without any effort on my own part, we reached N'dalo, and I knew that I was in for it, whatever 'it' might be. That morning when I saw you coming along to my tent, I knew for certain it was all over. I wasn't in the least surprised when you handed me Rawley's message. It all seemed perfectly natural; as ordinary as the orders for the day. You must have thought I was clean mad. Funny, too, that you should have brought it.

"And now that the whole queer business is over I don't know where I am. Looking back on it, it's almost difficult to believe that it actually happened. And what beats me is this: that a savage like Dingaun should have the power to trouble us over in England when his bones were lying at the bottom of a game-pit in German East. He was a remarkable boy in many ways—I always said so; and I suppose, in

a manner of speaking, I'm responsible for his death. Well, it was my idea of justice, and I think I should probably do it again. African justice. And he cleared himself; the beggar cleared himself all right. I told him to find Rawley, and he found him.

"I wonder when he found him. . . . "That letter was Rawley's. Lacey. Who the deuce was Lacey? And figures. . . . Rawley was always mad on figures. If I'd been able to carry on and question more prisoners I might have found out more about it. Rawley had a bee in his bonnet about the gold deposits near N'dalo. I wonder if he found them before he died? It makes no odds. The gold was of no use to him. When you come to think of it, gold's of damned little use to anybody personally. That's a thing the war must have taught a lot of people. Life's the only thing that matters. Life, and love, and a few things like that.

"I'm getting sentimental. You'd better shut me up when I start on that game.

"How long, exactly, is it since we sent that cable? Eight days! I suppose, when we get out of this hole, it will take us another four to reach M'buyuni. That makes roughly a fortnight. In a fortnight one ought to be sure of getting a reply, if the post-office babus don't make a mess of it. Fourteen days. That should be all right. I'm not anxious. I'm just curious to know if it stopped over there in England at the same time."

(The End)

A New Vision for the Order of Elks

(Continued from page 35)

sore heart. If we are fulfilling the precepts of our obligation by endeavoring to exhibit a fraternal spirit towards those to whom we have sworn the vows of brotherhood; if we seek the advancement of them only because they are a part of ourself, and do not exhibit an interest in the welfare of the great multitudes who are not of the fold, we may have crossed the desert, escaped the disappointments resulting from a self-centered life, and found a satisfaction that may be likened to the refreshment from the sparkling waters of the spring, and rest in the shade of the maple trees, but we will not yet have discovered the most beautiful thing in life.

In the great Book which adorns our altar, it is written: "He that findeth his life, shall lose it: and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it." If we are willing to forget self in the service of our brothers; if we faithfully practice our motto, "The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands, their virtues on the tablets of love and memory"; if, as we have opportunity, we do good unto all men, and conscientiously endeavor to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, then the desert will have

been past, and after rest and refreshment by the spring where the maple trees grow, we will be able to climb to those heights that beckon on to nobler thoughts and more unselfish deeds. And when we have attained the summit, we may pause a moment in search of that for which we seek. Then, faintly, as if from afar, we will hear the distant call, and, as we look to respond, we will catch the priceless vision of the sea: the sea of Eternity. As we enter upon it, we may rest assured that when we approach the Haven of Rest, we will hear the most welcomed words ever spoken to man, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is this achievement that we should hope for. To that end, may the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe give us strength of heart and purpose to spurn the blossoms of the cactus, to avoid the lure of the shade of the maple trees by the spring, and to climb to the pinnacle of unselfish service to humanity, for there, my brethren, for there will we catch our vision of the sea!

The Balm Before the Storm

(Continued from page 15)

blushed. Ermine was not to be blamed for responding to Mr. Jeeters' advances, but the domestic condition was intolerable: "Tain't nothin' wrong," he summarized lugubriously, "but I is jes' nachelly wo'ied."

"Has been," correct Julian.

"Who is?" snapped Gideon truculently. "Has been worried," amplified the president of the Don't Worry Club. "As a full-fledge member of this organization you now stands freed fum yo' worriments. They ain't nothin' a tall 'tween yo' wife an' Mistuh Jeeters—you knows that—"

"Sho'ly I does."

"An' since there ain't, you ain't got no cause worryin'. An' since you ain't got no cause to worry, you ain't gwine worry. What worryin' you insis' on doin' you passes over to me an' I does it fo' you so that you goes 'bout yo' business with a free min' an' a happy heart. Ain't it so?"

"S'posin' you fo'gits to worry?"

"Ain't goin' to. Worryin' is my business.

Was I free fum worries I'd be worried to death 'bout it. Worries is the fondest things I is of."

"You has got a hell of a job."

"I likes it. The mo' troubles other folks has, the less I has on account their troubles means business fo' me. I repeats, Brother Bass, that yo' worries is gone an' finished an' done with. An' on account you ain't so trus'ful as you might be, I promises to make a d'rec' an' pussional investigation of yo' case an' keep you fully posted on how much worryin' does I have to do."

Gideon rose. "I wishes you luck—"

"You ain't as worried as what you was when you come in heah, is you?"

"No-o. N'r neither I ain't got as much money."

"Time you gits down the elevator," postulated Julian, "you ain't gwine have 'ary worry lef'."

Gideon was only half convinced. He emerged from the Penny Prudential Bank Building and looked about. Then he heaved a deep sigh. He did feel better, there was no denying it. Perhaps it was the unburdening, perhaps, after

all, there was a sound basis to the Don't Worry Club. Julian was nothing if not logical.

Gideon tried deliberately to worry about Ermine and Armistice. Somehow he couldn't summon any vital interest in their affair. It seemed no longer of immediate concern to himself—as though he were attempting to muster solicitude about the illness of another man's pair of twins. The thing was no longer intimate and personal and exclusive. He walked down Eighteenth Street with the beatific consciousness of support.

At home he found Ermine reading and sulking. He greeted her cheerily and she snapped a retort. He grinned. "G'wan, cullud gal—you can't get my goat."

She stared in amazement. He passed on into the kitchen, chuckling. The thing was astounding—but it was fact. Even in the presence of his wife's acrid ill-humor he could not worry. "Hot dam! Ise sho' glad I jined up in that Don't Worry Club."

All through the afternoon the sensation of relief grew upon him. He whistled about his work and blessed the very name of Julian Garr and that gentleman's conception of a Don't Worry organization. Mr. Garr was a scholar and an honest man. He gave value received. . . . no longer did Gideon look down upon himself for believing Julian's fulsome promises.

Meanwhile Mr. Julian Garr found himself personally interested in the affairs of his new member. The Don't Worry Club had not been blessed with any enormous measure of success. Birmingham's Darktown seemed reluctant to trust its worries to a stranger.

Julian had meanwhile discovered that Gideon was a gentleman of distinction in the colored community. Ergo: success with Gideon assured success for his enterprise.

Mr. Garr was a genuinely conscientious man, a man who fully and firmly believed that he had a mission which was great—and practicable. He was not a fakir, not an impostor. He was sincere in every claim, every protestation.

Within two days he succeeded in obtaining an introduction to Armistice Jeeters. He found that gentleman, handsome, debonair, conceited and insulting. But when, a few days after that, he met Ermine in the Jazzadancerie, he saw readily enough that he had a considerable task on his hands.

Ermine he catalogued without difficulty. She was pretty and vain and self-centered, in every way a fitting partner for Armistice. "Brother Bass sho' handed me a hadder job than what he thunk he did." Whereupon Julian devoted himself to a seige of headachy worry over the conditions in the Bass home.

With the passing of the days, Gideon once again shook hands with contentment. Worry had fallen from him like a discarded collar, and he went his way smiling—content that his troubles were safely entrusted to another. Skepticism had been smothered under a deluge of results. He wasn't worried—he couldn't worry. Not even when, one night about two weeks later, Ermine announced pointedly that she was going to a picture at the Champion Theater.

"Who with?"

"Couple of frien's."

"Named which?"

"One of 'em," snapped Ermine, "is Armistice Jeeters!"

She glared belligerently, arms akimbo. But Gideon merely favored her with a radiant smile.

"Huh! What you an' Armistice does don't worry me."

Ermine went with Armistice. Gideon spent the evening at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. But from that establishment he telephoned the headquarters of the Don't Worry Club. Julian Garr was there, and Gideon informed him that he had a job on his hands for that night.

"Ermine has done gone to the pitcher show with Armistice Jeeters. Reckon you better do a lil' special worryin' fo' me t'night, Brother Garr."

Julian set to work. And, in order to be closer to the scene of action, he journeyed to the Champion Theater where he selected a seat immediately behind those occupied by Ermine and her gentleman friend.

Julian liked Gideon, and because of that he found it not too difficult to worry on this

(Continued on page 66)

"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.



Posed by Ann Forest, famous movie star, and Arthur Murray, the world's foremost dancing instructor

"That 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.

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"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."

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be sent 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 Balm Before the Storm

(Continued from page 65)

DRAWING IS A WAY TO FORTUNE

ALI HAFED, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth—which illustrates a great truth.

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particular evening. He could not avoid the conclusion that Ermine liked Armistice more than was good for Gideon. And so, when, a few minutes later, they rose and left the theater, Julian followed—unobtrusively.

He saw them enter a big roadster which was parked by the curb, and as they turned southward along Eighteenth Street, he cranked up his asthmatic flivver and gave chase.

Their route led southward over Red Mountain and thence through the moon-drenched valley beyond. The night was idyllic; a soft sensuous radiance; the fragrant mellowness of late spring. The car ahead purred gently along while the president of The Don't Worry Club spluttered gamely a quarter-mile rearward.

Once he came near to losing them but picked up the trail again as they turned off the main highway through the tree-sentined roadway which led along the shore of a crystal lake to Everybody Come Inn, the finest roadhouse in Alabama for colored patrons. Shaking his head, Julian followed. When he reached the Inn, Armistice and Ermine had disappeared. He entered and discovered the place empty. Inquiry disclosed the fact that they occupied a private dining-room. Julian ordered a barbecue sandwich and settled to his job. Here was a truly superb opportunity for expert worrying.

Julian believed in his club and his mission. He wanted to help. He was determined to help. He wasn't the type of man to take money under false pretences. And so he sat in moody solitude and waited and watched and speculated. And worried.

It did not require much professional talent to worry on this particular occasion: there was silent menace in the situation which boded ill for the future tranquility of the Bass menage.

Julian was sincerely sorry. Expert worrier that he was, he yet felt that mere worry was inadequate to the situation. That was his feeling—but he didn't know. So, being a man of quick decision and positive action, he determined to find out.

WITHOUT difficulty he located the private dining-room in which Mr. Jeeters and Mrs. Bass were partaking of a succulent supper. He ordered a large, ornately banded cigar and quite nonchalantly moved his chair against the wall immediately adjacent to the door letting into the private room. And there, thanks to the flimsiness of the partition, a snatch of conversation drifted to him from within.

Armistice was speaking, his voice low and vibrant—"That husband of your'n, Ermie; he's about one-half dozen less than nothin'. In fact, I can say truthful that he is the most notless man I has ever met up with."

There was a brief pause. "Mebbe so, Armistice. I ain't sayin' he is an' I ain't sayin' he ain't."

"What does you say then?"
"I don't hahdly say nothin'. My husband has been actin' queer right recent. Uster be ev'y time he hearn 'bout us traipsin' round together he would worry an' worry an' worry an' I knowed he was still crazy 'bout me. But t'night when I 'splain'd that I was comin' out with you he just tol' me to go ahaid an' he like to have said he di'n't care."
"Hmph!" from Armistice. "What diff'ence does that make to you?"

"It's this, Mistuh Jeeters: I ain't ezac'ly aimin' fo' my husband' to fall out of love with me."
"How come not?"
"We-e-ell, I just ain't, tha's all."
"Which is the craziest man you is about, Ermine; he or I?"

"I dunno . . . I don't hahdly know. Sometimes I think you is the craziest an' sometimes I think Gideon is. S'long's I is suttin Gideon I wil' 'bout me Ise shuah it's you an' contrariwise vici vici versa."
"You mean you is considerin' changin' yo' min' 'bout d'vocin' him an' marryin' me?"
"I ain't sayin' that," she responded slowly.

"But if ever I thinks that cullud man wants to git rid of me I is gwine see he don't do it. Tha's what."
"Shuh! woman, you says words but they ain't got no sense. Yo' husband' ain't nothin' or even

less than that. He ain't no kind of a man like I is. I does things noble, not like no piker. You ain't never had nothin' with me but a good time, has you?"

"No-o. Tha's true nuff." The eavesdropping Mr. Julian Garr distinctly heard a cavernous feminine sigh. "I reckon I might's well make up my mind to d'voce Gideon an' make ma'riage with you."

"Hot dam!" enthused Armistice. "You is sho'ly tootin' now, honeybunch."

JULIAN rose abruptly and hastened outside for a breath of fresh air. It was patent that the Bass household was in a hideous mess. All very well for him to counsel absence of worry for his pet client, but enough was entirely too much, and Julian was oppressed by the thought that matters had been taken forcibly out of his hands.

It was evident to him that the hour for physical inaction had passed. He pressed hands to forehead as he reviewed the situation: there was nothing about it which appealed to him.

After all he was sincerely sorry for his client and for himself. Here was a condition which could not be medicated mentally. It was of the earth earthy . . . suddenly an idea smote the president of the Don't Worry Club and a beatific smile decorated his smoky countenance. He crashed one fist into the other palm—

"Action!" he sizzled—"I commits action an' then I beats it."

He strolled insouciantly under the trees where the automobiles were parked. Without difficulty he located the big roadster in which Armistice and Ermine had come to Everybody Come Inn. Then, after a quick glance to reassure himself that he was unobserved, he dropped to one knee beside the left rear wheel.

From one of his trouser pockets he produced a match. With deft fingers he unscrewed the valve cap. Gently he pressed the end of the matchstick against the tire valve and immediately the symphonic hissing of escaping air came to his ears.

Within half a minute that particular tire was absolutely and utterly flat. Five minutes later the other three tires also bore the generally flat appearance of pancakes. Then, to make his job thoroughly artistic, he operated upon the spare until that, too, was airless.

To make security doubly sure he then removed a small portion of the mechanism from each of the valves. His had been a painstaking and thorough job. Rather well pleased with himself, he mounted the driver's seat of his own car and rolled happily towardward.

He realized that the Bass household mix-up was far beyond the stage of mere worry, but on the other hand he had wreaked a satanic vengeance upon the debonair Mr. Jeeters. He chuckled as he reflected upon the consternation with which the truant couple would greet their sight of the five exhausted tires. . . .

But even Mr. Garr's most fervent imaginings did not begin to do justice to the situation itself.

Armistice and Ermine were the last guests to leave the Inn. She entered the car and he was about to do so when an obtrusive flatness caught his eye. He swore softly, secured the key to his spare and was fussing with that when he discovered that it, too, was minus its normal topography. The three other discoveries followed rapidly.

Five flat tires: the motorists' ultimate nightmare! He expressed himself graphically and forcefully. Mrs. Bass grew somewhat offended at the sulphurous atmosphere. Her remonstrances met with sullen disapproval. He negatively violently her idea that they roll in on the flat tires: it was no part of Armistice's plan to ruin a set of perfectly sound casings.

Eventually he had his way. And before they had covered the first long mile of their weary trek, the moonlit valley had lost all semblance of romantic appeal. Armistice was exquisitely profane, Mrs. Bass grimly silent. Then her unaccustomed feet flashed to her brain an S. O. S. of stern protest. Dull ache set in, followed closely by supreme agony.

She was seeing Mr. Jeeters in a new light. No longer was he the carefree, happy individual laughing lightly at life. A poor Romeo he, who

(Continued on page 68)

When Your Guests Are Gone —

Are You Sorry You Ever Invited Them?

MOST of us are, you know. We spoil the very impression we try to create. We invite people to our homes, eager to prove ourselves good hosts and hostesses, anxious to impress, certain that we will be calm, at ease, well-poised.

But somehow little unexpected problems present themselves. Somehow things do not go exactly as we had planned. An introduction clumsily made. A course served incorrectly. Conversation slowly dying—and with obvious effort brought to life again. *Embarrassing!* You just know that your guests must be noticing, silently misjudging, underestimating. And you wish fervently that you never had invited them—that you never had exposed yourself to this humiliation.

No one can achieve any amount of pleasure out of entertaining unless one can be absolutely at ease. It is discomfort and uncertainty that cause embarrassing blunders. And such blunders instantly betray one's inexperience, one's lack of knowledge.

Only by knowing precisely what is expected of you on every occasion, under all circumstances, can you be thoroughly at ease. Only by being *sure of yourself* can you avoid the embarrassment of blunders. The secret of being a good host or hostess, an ever-welcome guest, an *agreeable and likable person* is simply the secret of knowing what to do and say on every occasion—of being always calm, poised, self-possessed.



Be Free From All Embarrassment!

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Are you *sure of yourself*. Or will you admit that you are sometimes just the least bit in doubt—sometimes the least bit afraid that you have done or said the wrong thing?

Can you create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly. Or are you ever "tonguetied" among strangers, unable to express the things you would like to, unable to make yourself pleasant and agreeable?

Are you a "good mixer"—or do you never feel "at home" among strangers; always alone and out of place?

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vents any blunders, protects against embarrassment. It is one of the most useful works you could possibly own—and half a million people have found this to be positively true.

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The Balm Before the Storm

(Continued from page 66)

sacrificed his lady friend to save four mere automobile tires. Gideon would have ridden on airless casings; each wracking step convinced Ermine more and more of that fact. And when, shortly after midnight, they reached the homestead, Ermine parted from her gentleman friend with the curtest of dismissals—a few brief words which made absolutely and utterly clear to him that from that moment on he was distinctly de trop in her vicinity.

She staggered across the veranda, let herself into the house, breathed a sigh of relief at her husband's absence and flung herself across the bed. Merciless pain stabbed through her feet. . . .

Meanwhile at Bud Peaglar's place, Gideon Bass had enjoyed a large and carefree time. He discovered early in the evening that his skill with the cue had not deserted him and that he was usually lucky in the drawing of pills in the Kelly pool game then in progress.

Things came Gideon's way in a most distinctive fashion. He won game after game at four bits a head. Twelve players in the game—it was profitable. Very.

Gideon was utterly bereft of worries. He had forgotten his wife, forgotten Armistice Jeeters. Wherever they were—whatever doing—was no affair of his. He was an enthusiastic member of The Don't Worry Club, and he abided by its tenets. He was happily confident that Julian Garr was on the job. Wonderful man, Julian. Great club. Don't Worry—

"Bet my life I don't worry. Eight-rock in the side pocket. I got the eight pill. Gimme them moneys. . . ."

He reached home at one o'clock. Ermine was already there. She was silent and more than a trifle apprehensive. He said nothing, and she replied in kind. He slept soundly—a deep, untroubled slumber.

When he rose the following morning Ermine did not follow suit. He prepared his own breakfast—eggs, formidably hard toast, coffee—and paused on his way from the house to gaze upon her still-sleeping figure. Then, whistling gaily—and with some degree of accuracy—a very popular dance tune, he waddled down the street toward his office.

Gideon had not a care in the world. The sun shone brilliantly, the flowers bloomed with more than customary radiance, the birds serenaded, his pockets jingled with the proceeds of the previous evening's pool game. Most important of all, he was a member of The Don't Worry Club.

At the office he plunged into the day's routine. There was a caller to be seen, the mail to be opened. An envelope caught his eye—robin's-egg blue with black in the corner—

DON'T WORRY

At sight of that exhortation Gideon experienced a chill of doubt. He inspected more closely and observed that the letter had come to him by special messenger instead of through the mail. Queer. He wondered what it could mean—and hesitated to investigate. For the first time in a fortnight a faint corrugation of worry appeared upon his ebony brow.

At length, with fingers a-tremble, he extracted

from the envelope its letter and perused the significant context—

My dere Mr. Bass—

Much as I hates to rite you this way I hereby find myself forced to ask for yore resignation from The Don't Worry Club. Was you to remain a member I would most probly die from overwork. Yrs.,

JULIAN GARR,
President.

Gideon stared, aghast at the contents of the letter. So this, then, was the end. Once again he would be forced to impair his own efficiency by worrying over his domestic affairs.

He felt rather peeved at Julian Garr. What right had that gentleman to precipitate him from the zenith of contentment to the nadir of worry? He seized pencil and paper and commenced the inditement of a letter to Mr. Garr in which he told that gentleman precisely what he thought.

His frenzy of composition was interrupted by the sudden entrance of his wife. She smiled warmly upon her husband, and he scarcely noticed that she walked with a peculiar, lurching gait as though excessively regretful that her feet were in such close contact with the floor. She placed her hand affectionately on his shoulder—

"You looks worried, Gideon."

"I is."

"How come?"

He raised his eyes to hers. And at sight of her expression a load appeared unaccountably to lift from his soul. He seemed to know that the moment for a showdown had come.

He bade his wife be seated, and then, swiftly and concisely, detailed his manifold worries, his membership in Julian Garr's Don't Worry Club . . . and then exhibited to her Mr. Garr's letter demanding his resignation.

She gazed at him with genuine contrition in which there was more affection than she had felt in many moons. Memory of the long walk on the previous night yet seared her soul through lacerated feet.

"You—you don't mean to say, honey, that you is w'ed 'bout I an' Armistice Jeeters?"

He nodded sadly. "Uh-huh. I ain't nothin' else."

Her words carried conviction. "Why, Gideon—you is foolish in the haid. The on'y thing I ever found out fum that poor misguided piece of tripe was what a fine feller you is. What I ain't got fo' him is no use. . . ." She paused, and then—"You just sit down an' send Brother Garr that resignation he craves. Tell him you ain't got no mo' worries an' what you has got you is gwine 'tend to yo'self. . . ."

Gideon Bass stared at his metamorphosed wife. Her words were completely at variance with her actions of the immediate past, but he knew instinctively that—for some vague reason—whatever bond of attachment had existed between Armistice and herself was forever broken. He spoke hesitatingly—

"But—honey, I thought . . ."

"Shuh!" she snapped. "You oughtn't to ever do that. Ise tellin' you the honest truth, Gideon, when I says that Armistice Jeeters is absolutely the throughest man I is with."

Directory of State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

- New Bern. Annual meeting in May at Winston.
- North Dakota—President, H. K. Jensen, Mandan. Secretary, William Broderick, Williston. Annual meeting in October at Mandan.
- Ohio—President, George C. Canalos, Lorain. Secretary, John W. Ranney, Columbus. Annual meeting at Cedar Point week of August 25.
- Oklahoma—President, Mead Wilson, Sapulpa. Secretary, H. Moneysmith, Tulsa. Annual meeting latter part of October at Okmulgee.
- Oregon—President, Frank G. Lonergan, Portland. Secretary, Frank D. Cohan, Marshfield. Annual meeting at Tillamook.
- Pennsylvania—President, Harry I. Koch, Allentown. Secretary, William S. Gould, Scranton. Annual meeting August 26-29 at Williamsport.
- Rhode Island—No State Association.
- South Carolina—President, Maynard R. Spigener, Columbia. Secretary, R. E. Cochran, Anderson. Annual meeting in May at Anderson.
- South Dakota—President, J. E. Brown, Sioux Falls. Secretary, W. J. Mulvey, Madison. Annual meeting in June at Sioux Falls.
- Tennessee—President, Anthony T. Davis, Nashville. Secretary, David Thompson, Nashville. Annual meeting in June at Memphis.
- Texas—No State Association.
- Utah—President, John F. Denhalter. Secre-

- tary, Fred W. Wilson, Salt Lake City. Annual meeting in June at Provo.
- Vermont—No State Association.
- Virginia—President, H. E. Dyer, Roanoke. Secretary, Harry K. Kennedy, Alexandria. Annual meeting at Richmond.
- Washington—President, Joseph St. Peter, Everett. Secretary, Frank L. Cooper, Everett. Annual meeting at Bellingham. Date to be fixed.
- West Virginia—President, George H. Wright, Huntington. Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg. Annual meeting.
- Wisconsin—President, William F. Schad, Milwaukee. Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan. Annual meeting latter part of August at Milwaukee.
- Wyoming—No State Association.

Thirty Days Over Europe

(Continued from page 29)

with *The Spectator*, turned with the plane toward Paris.

One by one, the famous landmarks appear in all their jeweled splendor: the flashing heights of Sacré Cœur, the golden dome of the Invalides, Notre Dame in the center of its island, the broad splendor of the Champs Elysées, the majesty of the Arch, and the soft greenness of the Bois. The journey is over. The great plane circles gently over St. Denis to the landing field at Le Bourget. Passports. Customs. The waiting limousine. In less than fifteen minutes Sammy and Sam are whirling through the Place de la Concorde—for luncheon at the Crillon.

"I'll order a little fresh caviar," said Sam Hill, "and some fried sole and a bit of grouse and aubergines and salad."

"Make mine a sirloin steak," replied Sammy, "potatoes o'Brien, and pie à la mode."

"Boy, you said it. Waiter, you can add a couple of steaks to that order, and make 'em thick and quick. To-night we'll have a real meal—at Ciro's if you like—unless you'd care to run down to Spain this afternoon."

"I said I had a month over here, not a week," replied Sammy. "We've used up two countries to-day. At this rate, we'll do Europe in about seven days."

"That's just what I figure it," replied Uncle Sam.

"Figure what?"

"The time it would take us to do Europe by airplane if we neither ate nor slept—but just flew." Uncle produced an air map of Europe that looked like an aerial cobweb. "Look at this map. We can go first to Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark; up into those Scandinavian countries to Stockholm and Christiania; over into Mr. Trotsky's peaceful little nation, jumping from Riga to Moscow and Kiev; back to Berlin through Königsberg and Dantzic; down to Prague in Czechoslovakia; over to Warsaw, back to Prague, and from there to Vienna, where the Austrian kronen propagate like rabbits; and Budapest, where Admiral Horthy commands a navy without a ship; on through the battling Balkans to Belgrade, where the war started; and Bucharest, where the beautiful Roumanian Queen will catch you if you don't watch out, and then, if you like, to Constantinople."

"I do like," Sammy averred, "but you aren't going to leave me down there with the Turks?"

"No, indeed; I'm afraid you might get a concession, and bring on another Conference. We'll double back to Prague, and slide over southern Germany to Strasbourg. From there we can take the straight road over St. Mihiel and the Argonne to Paris."

"And home."

"Home, nothing. You'll want to do the Spanish trip, and, on the way back run across the Pyrenees to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and along the Italian Riviera as far as Genoa. Then, of course, the Alps."

"You don't mean to say we can fly in Switzerland?"

"Not over the Matterhorn, not us. But on our way back from the Riviera, by way of Marseilles and Lyon, we can stop off at the latter town, and hop over to Geneva and

(Continued on page 70)

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Thirty Days Over Europe

(Continued from page 69)

Lausanne, returning by way of Dijon to Paris; and from Paris to Cherbourg or Havre or across the Channel to Southampton to catch the first boat home.

"I didn't know there were so many places in the world."

"Or so many airplanes, eh? There are loads more of both. I've just given you the principal long-distance lines that run on regular schedules like an American railroad."

"Some sail!" said Sammy.

"Boy, that little trip I've outlined is just 24,345 kilometers long, or about six times as long as the boat trip from New York to London, and it can be accomplished in 174 hours and 45 minutes of actual flying."

"What's that in figures I can understand?"

"Fifteen thousand miles in 7 days, 5 hours and 15 minutes. Or more than half way round the world in a week."

"Well," said Sammy, leaning back and "resting pretty," "I guess I will go to Ciro's to-night."

"Good. And the rest of the week we'll kill off a few museums and tombs."

IN THE next few days—and nights—Sam showed Sammy all there was to see in Paris from the Venus de Milo to the Venae de Bergère. And at the end of a delightful week, they motored back to Le Bourget, and took a twelve-seated Goliath-Renault for Brussels and the Netherlands. The great plane left the ground, circled twice over the airdrome according to regulations, sailed over the grass-green roof of St-Denis Cathedral, and disclosed a very different Paris from the Paris of a week ago. The day Sammy arrived from England, the air was so translucent that the Parisian scenery stood out in an almost brittle photographic beauty. When he started for Belgium and Holland, the same vista—from the star-like avenues that converge upon the Arch to the Arabian Mosque that crowns Montmartre—was more like a delicate pastel. And a little further out, after he had soared over Senlis and the great bend in the Oise between the forests of Halatte and Compiègne, and passed the historic castle of Louis XV, Sammy caught his first real glimpse of the continuing tragedy of the war. Noyon, once the gay capital where Charlemagne was crowned, is a mass of ruins; and straight ahead, the great, bare cross formed by the roofless nave of St-Quentin's Cathedral lies grimly black against the bright tiled roofs of rebuilt houses. Beyond St-Quentin is Cambrai and the straight white road to Valenciennes. On every side is irrefutable evidence of the unpaid debt to France.

Belgium came like a shock. Its luxuriant fields and busy factories—the untouched mines of Mons—contrasted strangely with the devastation over which the machine had just passed. Belgium was so long the charity patient of the world that we forget that for four years following the first few days of the war, King Albert's country, except for the corner west of Ghent, was forcibly at peace. The black pyramids of slag that mark the coal mines at Mons are monuments to uninterrupted wartime activity. But coal dust and chimney smoke cannot utterly obscure the garden beauty of the scenery. Orchards and meadows alternate with the red roofs of factories to give Belgium the gayety we used to associate with her neighbor, France.

From the air, Brussels looked like what the Sammys found it to be; a city of contradictions. The Brusselsites, themselves, have never been able to agree on anything, not even the names of the streets; so each thoroughfare has two names, Flemish and French. And the authorities have never been able to promulgate an official language; the chamber of deputies debates a question solemnly in both Flemish and French; and not long ago, bi-lingual feeling ran so high that one deputy challenged another to a duel. In the same way, it is clear from a height that Brussels had every intention of passing its old age as an ancient relic; and it finds itself an overcrowded modern metropolis. The Grand Place, in the lower city, with its gay flower market and the lace-like Town Hall, from which Burgomaster Max made his famous

speech, stand out for antiquity; the grandiose Palace of Justice, on the crest of the hill which forms the upper city, typifies Brussels' modern opulence.

Beyond Brussels, and half way to Antwerp, is Malines. Here, in the road that skirts the old cathedral, Cardinal Mercier made himself the outstanding sentimental figure of the war. Antwerp, itself, bristles so with commercial importance that Sammy would have had to search his Fine Arts notes to recall that it was the birthplace of Van Dyck and the burying place of Rubens. Nothing stands out except the Cathedral, the tower of which looks like a barber pole, and the harbor line, which is as docky as Hoboken, and about as beautiful. Soon we pass Rosendaal, which has a New Yorky sound, but is really more Dutch than New Amsterdam ever thought of being; and from there the plane skids rapidly across the fairyland of Holland.

Below is the Hollandisch Diep, a wave-tossed inland sea; and far away on the right is the longest bridge in Europe, more than eight thousand feet from span to span, connecting Antwerp and Rotterdam through Dordecht and Breda across the Hollandisch Diep. With Dordecht come the ships and the windmills and the flower gardens that have done so much to popularize and perpetuate the Dutch school of art. Rotterdam, for all its commercial air, is far more picturesque than Antwerp; and partly because it is so oddly bisected by the long viaduct through the very center of the city. Then, Delft with its canals and potteries; and far away, The Hague and Sheveningen. But the eye goes suddenly downward to the checkered river country that lies beneath the plane; the Rhine and the Vecht and the Yssel and the Meuse. Boskoop, the city of roses, slides underneath the flying car, and to the left and right are the vague outlines of Utrecht and Leyden. In five minutes the plane circles over the Schiphol airdrome; and in another fifteen minutes the Brussels passengers are in Amsterdam—eating one of the largest, if not the best, meals in Europe.

"How long would it take to make this little fifteen-thousand-mile jaunt of ours by train?" asked Sammy between the sixth and seventh courses of the table d'hote dinner at the Hotel d'Europe.

"Well," said Sam, Senior, as he also sat back and waited for the main dish, "it takes the Oriental Express eighty-nine hours to go from Paris to Constantinople; and it takes the Franco-Roumanian airplanes only nineteen hours and forty-five minutes to do the same trick. The proportion holds about that way throughout Europe wherever the fast trains run; and in places like Russia the airplane has a much bigger advantage. For instance, from Konigsberg to Moscow, it takes the trains six days, and the airplanes only ten hours. The actual train time for the whole trip would be about five weeks."

"And expense?" ventured Sammy, thinking of his thousand dollars.

"That's harder to figure, so far as the railroads go, for the mark may drop a hundred thousand to the dollar during the two-hour trip from Hamburg to Bremen; but about fifty per cent. more per mile is a safe amount to figure in comparing air travel with railroading in Europe; about fifty dollars apiece from Vienna to Paris by air as against thirty-five or so on the fast express. But when you come to figure sleepers and meals on the longer rail runs, the cost really doesn't cut any figure."

"It cuts a figure with me," spoke up Sammy. "I want to know how much it's going to cost me to see the world in seven days."

"Well, the trip from London to Paris set us back about thirty beans apiece. We flew two hundred and thirty-five miles—not counting the motor ride at each end—so that puts the London-Paris mileage at a little more than a penny a mile. The Paris-Amsterdam line is about the same. The longer runs are generally less. Five hundred dollars will cover all the actual flying you'll want to do—and you'll have five hundred left for incidentals like food and drink and sleep."

"I can't travel fifteen thousand miles at a

cent a mile for five hundred dollars. Even—I know that."

"No, but you won't want to travel fifteen thousand miles. I just wanted to prove to you that you could go everywhere in Europe that was anywhere in less than thirty days—but it wouldn't do you any good to go to all those places if you didn't have time to get out and enjoy them. Now that we've taken the London-Paris and Paris-Amsterdam jaunts, I suggest we run over to Berlin, and down to Prague; then take the big ride to Vienna and Belgrade and Bucharest and Constantinople; come back at your leisure across the battlefields to Paris, and after that, if you have time, allowing two or three days in each place, do Spain or Switzerland, and take the boat at Cherbourg. That way, you'll see a dozen countries, and travel like a Christian—you might almost say like a Christian who has gone to his reward."

"That's good enough for me," agreed Sammy.

"All right, the next stop is Berlin."

"Let's go," said Sammy; and after helping themselves to their third order of cheese, and later, to a full portion of sleep—for air travel is both an appetizer and a nightcap—and standing reverently in front of Rembrandt's house, under which the thrifty Dutch have established an American bar, they motored out to the airdrome to catch the boat to Hamburg. Not all air travel is as picturesque as that in Holland; and the much more conventional German scenery proved something of a let-down. And there were other disappointments. The Daimler people run a very good five- and eight-passenger service from Hamburg to Berlin; but from Berlin to Prague, the line was not running at all.

"Gee, I hate to crawl along in a train," groaned Sam Hill.

"I regard it," replied Sammy with mock solemnity, "as one of the tragedies of my life."

"It'll do you good though," philosophized Sam, "for it will show you what you'd be up against all the time if you were back home."

At Prague, all serious thoughts were left behind. For the day was fine, and the air schedule regular. As the two Sams left the Hotel du Passage, and motored up the broad main street, with the prospect before them of a beautiful trip down the valley of the Danube to Vienna, they were inclined to look with favor on President Mazaryk's pocket principality, in spite of the deplorable fact that their dollars went less far in Czechoslovakia than in any nation in Europe. When it comes to currency, the Czechoslovakian kronen at about five to a dollar is certainly the meat in the sandwich between the Austrian kronen at fifty or sixty thousand to a dollar and the German mark at—what is the latest quotation?—a hundred thousand million? But between Prague and the airdrome, which is a motor ride of about half an hour, Sam and Sammy forgot the fact that they had spent the night in the most expensive city in Europe. The old castles and the churches on the hill across the river shone in the morning sun; and the open country to the south promised hours of happy flying.

"THE only thing that bothers me about this trip," yelled Sam, Senior, as they floated far above the river so famous in story and song, "is the fact that the Blue Danube isn't blue at all, but a confounded yellow."

"The only thing that bothers me," said Sammy, whose musical tastes were not so refined, "is the smell."

The smell in these smaller planes isn't good. You see, once you get out of easy flying distance of London and Paris, the number of available passengers does not justify the installation of twelve- and fourteen-passenger machines of the parlor-car variety. The planes that fly to Constantinople get very little of the American and English tourist travel, which is the foundation stone of successful commercial aviation in Europe. The result is that, though the little planes are fast and good, and the pilots—mostly French boys trained in the war—are the best in the world, the operation of flying is still much more of a sport than a business.

The air boat which our friends boarded for the trip to Vienna was just big enough to hold four passengers and the pilot. The little cubby-hole, where the passengers were packed, was no higher and no wider than was necessary to hold the four people sitting in rather small, low chairs. Longitudinally, the enclosed space came bang

up against the partition between the passenger department and the engine department; and as the plane rose to a height of three or four thousand feet, and the engine got hotter and hotter, a hauntingly familiar smell filled the air-tight compartment.

"I've smelt that stuff before," cried Uncle Samuel.

"I've tasted it," answered Sammy.

"It's castor oil!"

Uncle was right. The lubricant, which he had often touted for its non-carbonizing qualities, proved at close range a very unpleasant traveling companion. Sammy stood it well enough, and so did uncle, until after they had made half the distance to Vienna. Then, something humiliating occurred.

Gradually, as they flew, the sunny morning which had illumined Prague disappeared; and in its place came a threatening river storm. Somewhere down the line, probably at Budapest, the morning had been far from sunny, and as the storm swept up the broad valley, it did not forget to take a whirl at the little plane to which the Sammys had entrusted their precious lives. In the bigger ships they had occasionally experienced that sinking feeling which overtakes old ladies in apartment-house elevators, when the colored boy lets go and drops four floors without stopping to let on a baby carriage or a pekinese; these feelings come, in flying whenever the machine strikes a brief vacuum pocket in the clouds, and drops until it strikes solid air again. This sinking and the noise of the engines are the two remaining drawbacks to ideal flying. But, until the castor oil began seeping through the cracks from the big Bleriot engine, and the Hungarian thunderstorm came crashing up the Danube valley, neither Sam nor Sammy had minded either the sinking or the noise. But now both began to feel all the symptoms of a sick headache.

As the boat jumped up and down in the wind storm, and the little compartment got hotter and smellier, the two men looked at each other with sickly smiles—and then, as if by concerted signal, they proceeded to live up to those smiles. . . .

But—and this fact should be recorded to the everlasting credit of European flying—the temporary air-sickness of the Sammys in the thunder clouds above the Danube was the only untoward incident of their long trip.

There was one delay of a day and a half—at Belgrade in Yugoslavia—because the Balkan winds were threatening; and one hurried, unscheduled descent in the valley of the Meuse, accomplished, however, without harm to the plane or discomfort to the passengers. Otherwise, they experienced twenty-eight days of uninterrupted flying and eating and sleeping and resting and sightseeing, and returned to Paris with the aerial scalps of a dozen nations dangling from their safety belts. A month in the air. A perfect vacation.

Once in Paris, Sammy affected extreme dissatisfaction. "This is only the twenty-ninth day," he growled. "I ought to have included Asia or Africa in our little deal."

"It's not too late," uncle said cheerily, producing the cobweb map, now slightly worn. "I see this line to Spain jumps across the Mediterranean to Africa, running along the coast as far as Tangier and Casablanca. Once we're there, we can go anywhere in Morocco and Algiers."

"You don't mean to say those little dumps have air lines?"

"My boy, when it comes to airplanes, every nation in the world has it on the U. S. A."

Sammy's thoughts, like uncle's, were back in his native land. His month in the air had shown him the almost insurmountable advantage—in peace and war—that the flying nations were gaining over the country that he loved.

"The worst part of it is," said Sam Hill, gloomily, "that nearly half of the people who fly in Europe—forty-seven per cent., I think it was, last month—are Americans like you and me. Then, we go back home and don't do a thing about it."

"You old knocker," he said, "I'll bet there's one thing you'd rather do than anything else in all the world."

"What's that?"

"Go home to America."

"Absolutely," replied Sam Hill. "We'll take an airplane to the boat."



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The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

Part II

By Stephen Jessup

THE ownership of a company is divided into shares, which are known as its stock and are represented by certificates. Each certificate declares the ownership of a specified number of shares, and is registered on the books of the company or its registrar. The certificate bears the owner's name and passes by endorsement, the owner writing his name on the reverse side of the certificate in exactly the same style as it appears on the face. A new owner has his stock put in his own name by presenting the certificate he has acquired to the company or its transfer agent. He then receives either one new certificate or several certificates, as he wishes, the total being the number of shares represented by the old certificate.

The fundamental distinction between stocks and bonds is that stockholders are owners, while bondholders are creditors. The bondholder is entitled to the amount promised him in his bond and no more. The stockholder is entitled to share in the prosperity or adversity of his company in proportion to his holdings of stock in it. If the company is prosperous and earns and pays large dividends, he receives more income than the bondholder and his principal may increase in value. If the reverse is the case, he may receive less income, or none, and his principal may decline in value.

Through the invention of the stock corporation the ownership of a vast number and variety of different lines of business is distributed among the public. Stocks being negotiable, they are bought and sold easily and frequently, depending in degree upon the size and importance of the issuing companies and the public knowledge concerning them.

The investment merits of stocks vary greatly. The intrinsic value of a particular stock fluctuates with the business of the company it represents. The market value fluctuates accordingly and also often in sympathy with the rise and fall in prices of stocks in general due to conditions affecting the stock and money markets aside from those obtaining in any particular business.

The market for stocks is sensitive to influences that affect business conditions, largely due to their effect on the earning power of companies whose stocks are frequently changing hands. Among the influences that bear on business conditions are politics, legislation, crop conditions, events of world importance. In particular, credit and the money market affect the willingness and ability of people to buy stocks and thereby affect the supply and demand.

The stock market, therefore, reflects the influences that bear upon finance and commerce—both present and prospective. It is believed to perform a valuable function in anticipating events and conditions to come. If a particular industry is headed for a period of especial depression, or prosperity, those foreseeing it are inclined to sell or buy stocks of companies engaged in that industry. The resultant fall or rise of such stocks "discounts" events that may not actually occur for some time. Broadly speaking, the stock market is supposed to discount conditions six months in advance. It is in effect a barometer. The prices established for stocks listed on the Stock Exchange are also considered to a great extent by banks and financial institutions in making loans with such stocks as collateral security.

Among the expressions most commonly used in connection with stocks and transactions in them are the following:

CAPITAL STOCK. This is the broad term designating the stock of various classes which comprises the ownership of a corporation. Sometimes there is only one class of stock. That is called Capital Stock.

COMMON STOCK. The part of a company's stock which has no preference or priority as to assets or dividends. To the greatest extent it is entitled to the surplus earnings of the company, and suffers with the impairment or cessation of earnings. The common stock of a com-

pany is sometimes divided into classes differing as to rights or limitations. These classes may be known as "A," "B," and so forth. Usually the voting power, through which a company is controlled, is vested in the common stock, but it may be distributed among several classes if so provided in the company's by-laws. The common stock is entitled to the credit of the surplus earnings after bond interest, preferred stock dividends, depreciation, taxes and other necessary charges have been made; and in the event of dissolution of a company it receives the net worth after all debts have been paid and all prior securities satisfied.

PREFERRED STOCK. A class of stock that has preference, or a superior claim, on a company's assets and dividends. The form and extent of the preference vary, but usually it applies as to dividends up to a fixed rate and to assets, in the event of the liquidation of the company, up to a fixed figure, either par or par and a premium. Obviously the dividend on a preferred stock must be paid before the dividend on a common stock, and if the earnings or surplus are not sufficient to pay both, the preferred stock is likely to receive its dividend and the common none. The dividend rate on a preferred stock varies, but is usually between 6 per cent. and 8 per cent. Preferred stocks are sometimes retirable by the company at substantial premiums, such as 115 per cent. or even 125 per cent. of par. The voting rights vary. Often preferred stock does not vote except on cessation of its dividend.

FIRST OR SECOND PREFERRED STOCK. There may be varying degrees of preferred stock. Just as a preferred stock comes ahead of a common stock, so one issue of preferred may come ahead of another. The order of rank is indicated either numerically or alphabetically.

PRIOR PREFERRED STOCK. A title sometimes given to a preferred stock that has priority over other classes of preferred stock.

GUARANTEED STOCK. A stock on which the dividends are guaranteed by a corporation other than the issuing corporation. Such a guarantee is frequently given as a consideration in cases where one company acquires or obtains the control of another. When the guarantor company is known to be strong its guarantee may prove a helpful factor in facilitating the sale of the stock of the guaranteed company.

DEBENTURE STOCK. When applied to a stock the word "debenture" indicates priority, and not the nature of a bond. The extent of the preference varies as with preferred stocks.

PARTICIPATING STOCK. The term "participating" is frequently used as part of the title of a preferred stock issue. When it is absent the stated rate of dividends is assumed to be fixed and not subject to increase. When it is present it indicates that after the fixed preferred dividend has been received, and after certain dividends have been received by junior stocks, the participating preferred stock will share in any additional dividends. For instance, a 7 per cent. preferred stock may be participating, after the junior or other common stock has received 7 per cent. or some other fixed rate, either to the extent of a fixed additional rate, such as 3 per cent., or of sharing equally any further dividends that may be payable. The participating privilege naturally enhances the attractiveness of a preferred stock, but it is often found in connection with the promotion of untried enterprises. Its practical value rests, of course, upon a satisfactory rate of earnings by the company.

CUMULATIVE STOCK. The word "cumulative" is a contraction of "accumulative" and means that dividends if not paid at normal periods accumulate to the credit of the preferred stockholder, rather than being missed entirely as would be the case with an ordinary or non-cumulative dividend. In other words, if the regular preferred is not paid, either once or for a



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series of occasions, the company is obliged to pay the amount in arrears before paying any dividend on the common stock or other junior stock.

PAR. The face value of a stock or bond. The par value of stocks varies. Formerly the standard par value of stocks was \$100 per share, both preferred and common. In recent years many stocks have been issued with other amounts of par value, especially common stocks. While preferred stocks are still usually issued at \$100 par, common stocks may be \$50, \$25, \$10 or even \$5 par. United States Steel common is \$100 par. Pennsylvania Railroad is \$50 par. Utah Copper is \$10 par. Many mining stocks are \$1 par or even less.

Stocks are quoted in dollars per share, and hence in appraising the meaning of quotations and in comparing different stocks it is necessary to know the par value. For example, Steel Common at 90 would perhaps be less impressive than Pennsylvania at 60, for the former would be selling at 10% less than par while the latter would be at 10% above par.

NO PAR. Still more recently it has become somewhat of a fashion to issue stocks without par value, especially common stocks. This is on the theory that each share represents simply an equal part in the assets and surplus earnings of the company, and that in the absence of an arbitrary par value the quoted market price more correctly reflects the real value. Because many \$100 par value stocks were frequently—and in some cases continuously—selling considerably below 100, the par value came to mean little or nothing; and in some instances, especially to the uninitiated, it was misleading. While such stocks at the time of the formation of their companies may have correctly represented \$100 per share capital in paid-in cash or its property equivalent, that condition had for some time ceased to obtain and had been succeeded by the practical valuation accorded by the open market. Hence the introduction of no-par stocks. Another reason for the abandonment of par value would be found in certain requirements of the tax laws, into which detail it is not necessary to enter here.

The total of a no-par stock issue is expressed in the number of shares outstanding, instead of in a number of dollars as is customary where a stock has a fixed par value. The dividend on a no-par stock is expressed in cents or dollars per share, instead of in a percentage.

The law requires that in a balance sheet there must be a minimum declared value for a no-par stock—in New York State it is \$5 per share—but for transfer tax purposes no-par stock is treated the same as stock of \$100 par value.

(To be continued)

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 801 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 three new booklets, "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers," "A Mortgage of New York," and "1923-24 Income Tax Tables." They will be glad to send you these booklets on request.

The F. H. Smith Co., Smith Building, Washington, 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.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

Association was discussed. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Secretary addressed the meeting. In the evening a banquet was given to the distinguished visitors at the Hotel Franciscan, which was followed by a public reception at the Home of Albuquerque Lodge. One of the features of this gathering was a number of Indian dances and the initiation of Mr. McFarland into the Santo Domingo Tribe of Indians. Chief Buenas Noches of the tribe presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome Indian blanket. The Chief told him, when interpreted, that the Domingo Tribe did not have an Elk Clan but that they did have a Dear Clan, and that the blanket was a token from the Chief of the Dear Clan to the Chief of the Elk Clan. The name given Mr. McFarland when initiated into the Tribe was Coat-see-to-ky, meaning Boss Elk. Mrs. McFarland was presented with a beautiful jewel box made by the Indians, and Grand Secretary Robinson was given a silver flask. The Chief told him in his native tongue that he would have liked to have filled it with "fire water," but inasmuch as the Great White Fathers in Washington had made certain laws, he thought it unadvisable. In his address at the reception the Grand Exalted Ruler made a plea for true Americanism, urging participation in governmental matters by all good men and women as a means of overthrowing Bolshevist activities.

Raise Fund for Harding Monument Under Auspices of Wenatchee Lodge

Under the auspices of Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1186, the boys of that city are raising a contribution for the fund that is being promoted in Seattle for the purpose of erecting a memorial to President Harding on the exact spot where he addressed the boys of Seattle on July 27, 1923. Indications are that the boys of Wenatchee will raise close to \$1,500 for the project.

Orange (Calif.) Lodge No. 1475 Instituted

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. S. Williamson, Howard B. Kirkland, President of the California State Elks Association and a score of other prominent members of the Order, took part in the institution of Orange (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1475. Following the institution came a general banquet, participated in by the hundreds who were present at the ceremony. The officers of the Lodge are as follows: A. L. Tomblin, Exalted Ruler; T. H. Elijah, Secretary. Orange Lodge begins its career with 53 charter members.

Little Falls (Minn.) Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New Home

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter S. Neilson, John E. Regan, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and many other distinguished visitors and representatives of neighboring Lodges numbering nearly 1,000, witnessed the dedication of the new Home of Little Falls (Minn.) Lodge, No. 770. Every seat in the large auditorium was taken when the dedicatory exercises opened and an appreciative audience enjoyed the excellent program which had been prepared. A telegram was read from Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, who was scheduled for the principal address, stating that owing to pressure of business he was unable to be present and extending his heartiest congratulations to Little Falls Lodge on the completion of its Home. A similar telegram from Grand Esquire Charles W. Grakelow of Philadelphia was also read. Following the ceremony there were dancing and a buffet supper for the visitors. The new Home of Little Falls Lodge is one of the finest and best equipped in the district. One of its features is the large Auditorium and Lodge Room 50 by 80 feet. This room will give ample space for entertainments and gatherings of all kinds. Just off the main entrance to the auditorium are the candidates' room, the paraphernalia room and cloak room. Off the lobby are the clerk's desk, the manager's private office, the ladies' parlor and writing rooms. A spacious

dining-room 30 by 60 feet is on the ground floor. The kitchen, on the same floor, is equipped to serve the most elaborate of banquets. The building also contains billiard and game rooms, and two regulation length bowling alleys. Nineteen living-rooms have been provided, each beautifully furnished and containing either bath or shower.

Winchester (Ky.) Lodge Provides Christmas Cheer for Needy

Winchester (Ky.) Lodge, No. 539, never enjoyed a more interesting Christmas celebration for the needy than the one it held on the evening of December 24. About 200 invitations were sent out, following a list compiled by the Lodge, assisted by the Associated Charities. In spite of an extra expense to the Lodge, the Christmas fund was raised to over \$400, and every child from one to sixteen was given a bounteous supply of candy, clothing, toys, books, etc. The parents of the children were also invited to the celebration and were loud in their praise of the work done by the Lodge.

Braddock (Pa.) Lodge Institutes Series of Special Lectures

As a feature of its regular meetings, Braddock (Pa.) Lodge, No. 883, has instituted a series of lectures by various professional and business men, most of whom are members of the Lodge. The speaker of the evening devotes about twenty minutes to a discussion and exposition of his own particular business or profession, after which he is prepared to answer any questions that this talk may have suggested. These lectures are proving intensely interesting and have had a broadening and helpful influence on many of the members by presenting to them something of the other fellow's knowledge and experience.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Lodge Headquarters For Tourist Club

Headquarters of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Tourist Club, provided by the city of Jacksonville through the Playground and Recreation Board, have been established and are now open in the Home of Jacksonville (Fla.) Lodge, No. 221. The members of the Lodge, cooperating with the city, have provided every facility for the comfort and convenience of winter visitors to Jacksonville. There are cards, checkers, dominoes and other games. A reading table equipped with current literature and writing tables are at the tourists' disposal. All tourists to the city are cordially invited to avail themselves of this hospitality offered by the city and Jacksonville Lodge. No charge is made, the only requirement being that visitors be bona fide tourists.

Children of the City Remembered By Bennington (Vt.) Lodge

Between 700 and 800 children were remembered by Bennington (Vt.) Lodge, No. 567, at Christmas. On the Saturday preceding the Day, a great tree was dressed and lighted at the Lodge rooms in their honor, and Santa Claus, who was there in person, took orders for Christmas gifts from the youngsters. No one was slighted when Christmas arrived and all requests, simple or elaborate, were taken care of by the Lodge. In addition to toys and candy, the young people of the community who were poor found that Santa Claus had also given them many useful gifts, such as clothes, shoes, etc. Funds for the entertainment of the children and for the gifts were raised by Bennington Lodge at a recent minstrel show and frolic. Over \$1,000 was expended for the benefit of the young people.

Shelbyville (Ind.) Lodge Celebrates Silver Anniversary

A momentous occasion for the membership of Shelbyville (Ind.) Lodge, No. 457, was the celebration recently of its Silver Anniversary. Almost 200 members, including thirteen of the

living charter members, sat down to the silver jubilee banquet which preceded a program of special music and vaudeville acts. Silver medals bearing the emblem of the Lodge were given to each of the charter members. The silver anniversary is, perhaps, the last big membership gathering that will be held in the present quarters of the Lodge, for, with the coming of Spring, the building will probably be wrecked to make way for the new \$60,000 structure which the Lodge proposes to erect.

Many Improvements Planned for Home Of San Antonio (Texas) Lodge

San Antonio (Texas) Lodge, No. 216, is planning to make many improvements on its present Home which, when completed, will give the members one of the most beautiful Lodge rooms in the State and a unique glassed-in roof garden. Under the plan as worked out, all the pillars will be removed from the Lodge room and its size increased fully a third by the elimination of the present anteroom and by placing the elevator shafts on the outside of the building. High arches of art glass will supplant the windows now in use; deep soft rugs will cover the floor; an elaborate new lighting system will be installed; new memorial tablets will be hung on the walls and a pipe organ built into the room. On the roof there will also be made many changes. The glassed-in construction and installation of heat will make the roof serviceable every day in the year. These plans for improving the present Home will not interfere with the eventual scheme of building an addition to the present quarters, but will provide increased facilities for the membership, pending the time when it is deemed propitious to start the new building.

Charity Show of Bartlesville (Okla.) Lodge Nets Tidy Sum for Needy

One of the outstanding entertainment attractions which the public of Bartlesville looks forward to every year is the Charity Show given by the members of Bartlesville (Okla.) Lodge, No. 1060. This year the performance surpassed any previous efforts and was considered a real triumph by the newspapers and by the many hundreds of theater-goers who witnessed the show. An elaborate and beautiful souvenir program and Annual Year Book was issued in connection with the event. The \$1,000 realized by the show was used by the Lodge to provide the needy of the city with clothes and food.

Member of Prescott (Ariz.) Lodge Writes Interesting Book

John J. Sanders, for more than 25 years an active member of Prescott (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 339, and at one time superintendent of the Arizona Industrial School, has just published an interesting book entitled *Constructive Psychology*. The book is stimulating reading and many will be interested in following Mr. Sanders' application of universal law to the development of personality. The purpose of the book is to establish a unified system of public education and training.

Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge to Have New Home

Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 276, is soon to go forward with the building of a new Home. Tentative blue print plans of the proposed structure have been submitted to the membership by the Lodge's Building Committee and the various changes and suggestions made are being worked out by the architect. The building will be five stories high, and everything for the comfort and convenience of the membership will be considered in its arrangements and facilities.

Pine Bluff (Ark.) Lodge Occupies New Home

A large reception to the public was one of the features that marked the formal opening of the new Home of Pine Bluff (Ark.) Lodge, No. 149. The event was also celebrated in the evening by a banquet and dance for the members and their ladies. The new Home, erected and furnished at a cost exceeding \$80,000, is one of the handsomest structures in the city. The interior as well as the exterior is done in early English style, with

high oak-beamed ceilings in the rooms. On the first floor, as one enters, are the ladies' and men's lounges. This floor also contains the grill, kitchen and barber shop. On the second floor is the large Lodge Room. This is located at the front of the building and takes up more than half of the floor. Adjoining this room on the north are the anteroom, the paraphernalia room and the preparation room for candidates. Above the foyer at the entrance to the Lodge Room is a balcony for the orchestra during dances and for the pianist during initiatory ceremonies. In the rear of the building on the second floor is a large lobby at the head of the stairway, and two game rooms.

Disabled War Veterans Remembered By San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge

The spirit of Christmas was present at the Palo Alto Base Hospital for Disabled Soldiers of the World War in large quantities due to the untiring work of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, No. 3. On Sunday, December 23, nominated as "The Elks Disabled War Veterans Day," a large delegation of members from San Francisco Lodge arrived at the hospital and dressed a big Christmas tree with gifts. The tree, a gift of Santa Cruz (Calif.) Lodge, No. 824, was a huge redwood cut by the members in the mountains for the occasion. Every one of the 700 patients in the Hospital received a gift from San Francisco Lodge. A canvas had been made earlier in the month and each man received what he had requested. All the Lodges in the Bay District united in making the event a happy and joyous affair. On the following Sunday, members of San Francisco Lodge journeyed again to Palo Alto and staged an elaborate minstrel show for the disabled men.

Excellent Welfare Work Being Done By Bloomsburg (Pa.) Lodge

Bloomsburg (Pa.) Lodge, No. 436, may well be proud of the record achieved by its Social and Community Welfare Committee. In addition to providing for many needy at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge has in the past year, with the assistance of the Pennsylvania State District Nurse, made over 300 calls on the sick and poor, and helped every needy family in the community. It has placed numerous children in congenial homes; saved and brightened the lives of crippled children by providing funds for necessary treatments; arranged for the adoption of children and distributed about ten truck loads of clothing, furniture and bedding. The Lodge has gained the confidence of many persons interested in charity work inasmuch as most of the clothing, furniture and bedding was donated to it for proper distribution.

New Lodge Room of Lorain (Ohio) Lodge to Be Formally Dedicated Soon

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland is expected to attend the dedication of the new Antlers Hotel and Lodge Room of Lorain (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1301. Plans previously made had to be changed because Mr. McFarland could not be present on the date set by the Lodge. The dedication of the Lodge Room which will take place in the near future will be an important event. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, other prominent members of the Order will be present as well as representatives from Lodges in the vicinity. Although the beautiful new quarters have been used for some months, the Lodge Room has not been formally dedicated, it being the desire of the membership to have the Grand Exalted Ruler officiate at the ceremony.

Grand Esquire Grakelow Appointed Director of Public Welfare

Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Esquire and Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, has been appointed by Hon. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia, to the important post of Director of Public Welfare.

New Home of Eveleth (Minn.) Lodge Destroyed by Fire

The handsome new building of Eveleth (Minn.) Lodge, No. 1161, was recently destroyed (Continued on page 76)



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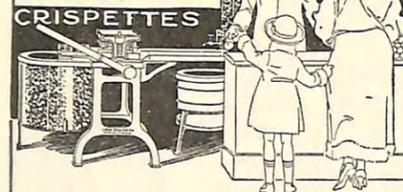
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

by a fire of unknown origin. The loss, estimated at \$40,000, was completely covered by insurance. The membership of Eveleth Lodge had planned to move into its new Home shortly after the first of this year. Steps are being taken to go forward with a new building at once.

Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) Lodge Celebrates Dedication of Gymnasium

The dedication of the new gymnasium of Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) Lodge, No. 1254, was celebrated by the whole city. Elk colors of purple and white were in evidence everywhere. The program began with a parade which formed at the Memorial Athletic Field and ended at the building. The High School band in comic costumes headed the procession, followed by a large class of candidates, officers of the Lodge, members of visiting Lodges and local members. It was estimated that more than 800 were in the parade. The schools were closed during the parade to allow the children to witness it. Judge Edgar C. Steele, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Moscow (Idaho) Lodge, No. 249, conducted the dedication exercises. Following the ceremony the class of candidates was initiated and a buffet lunch was served to visitors.

El Centro (Calif.) Lodge Will Erect New Home

After several years of planning, actual steps are being taken for the immediate erection of an \$80,000 Home by El Centro (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1325. The building will be started in the near future on property already owned by the Lodge. At a recent meeting of the Lodge, \$10,000 was subscribed by members toward the building fund that is already in the treasury. Actual financing of the new building was undertaken at the meeting when the idea of issuing bonds to the members met with instant favor and soon the money was pledged. Other pledges made since then assure the success of the project.

Christmas Gifts for Children Sent Direct to Youngsters' Homes

Last Christmas Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, in common with a number of other Lodges, adopted the suggestion made in an editorial of the December issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE which read: "It would seem more considerate to provide for the children in their own homes, where they could enjoy their gifts in their own way, rather than to impose the condition that they declare their need by their presence in the Club House in the presence of strangers, whose attentions, however kindly, are likely to prove embarrassing to their childlike timidity." Seattle Lodge made very careful preparation for Christmas Day along these lines. Lists and addresses of needy children throughout the city were obtained from various organizations and these, as well as all the children of the members, received remembrances from the Lodge on Christmas Day. Over 3,000 youngsters were taken care of in this way and not one was required to expose in any manner its need or the need of father or mother.

Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge Distributes Used Copies of The Elks Magazine

Many members of Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge, No. 194, are making a practise of turning in to the Secretary of the Lodge their copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE after they have finished reading them. The Secretary turns these copies over to a special committee that has been appointed to distribute them to the various hospitals, logging camps and other institutions throughout the city and county. From the many responses received by the Lodge as a result of this practise, it is evident that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is a welcome messenger of good cheer wherever it goes.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Hillsboro (Texas) Lodge is carrying through a fine program of activities. Among the recent achievements of the Lodge was the organization

of a Boy Scout troop which the members are planning to foster.

Arrangements have been completed by the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest for the annual banquet to be tendered Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland. The event will take place on the evening of February 14, at the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Many prominent Grand Lodge officers are expected to be present.

One of the oldest men ever initiated into the Order is Thomas Morgan Kelly, who was recently made a member of Kankakee (Ill.) Lodge at the age of 88.

A large delegation of members from Globe (Ariz.) Lodge recently visited Miami (Ariz.) Lodge for a special meeting at which Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer was the guest of honor. A class of candidates was impressively initiated and after the meeting an entertaining program of events was staged, followed by a snioker and buffet luncheon.

The minstrel show recently conducted by members of Butler (Pa.) Lodge was a success both socially and financially. Out of the proceeds, \$1,000 was donated to the new Soldiers Memorial Hospital being erected in that city.

The members of football teams of the local High Schools and their friends were entertained recently by North Tonawanda (N. Y.) Lodge. A banquet was served the guests, after which there were addresses by members of the Lodge and the teachers. A dance followed the dinner.

Kokomo (Ind.) Lodge, wishes to call to the attention of sister Lodges that it has the following second-hand lodge-room furniture in good condition for sale: ten Karpen settees (10' long), 4 stations (green plush); 1 altar; Secretary (desk and chair); rug (22'x40"); 1 cigar case (10"); back counter and cash register; 2 billiard tables; 1 pool table and accessories. Inquiries should be addressed to L. R. Hatton, Secretary of Kokomo Lodge.

Eugene (Ore.) Lodge is planning to build an addition to its present Home.

Over 500 names have been added to the roll of Wichita (Kans.) Lodge since last April and it is expected that the membership will be doubled by the time the Lodge dedicates its new half million dollar Home now in the course of construction.

The New Jersey State Elks Association has asked the Lodges in every city of the State to plant a tree as a tribute to the members of the Order who served in the World War.

Any information as to the whereabouts of John E. Morton, a member of Alexandria (Va.) Lodge, will be gratefully received by his wife, residing in that city, or by the Secretary of Alexandria Lodge. Mr. Morton is about 50 years old, light complexioned, slightly bald, height five feet seven inches, weight about 130 pounds.

A record of loyalty and achievement that will be envied is that of Charles W. Potter, a charter member of Montclair (N. J.) Lodge. He has held every office in the Lodge, and during the past twenty years has missed but two sessions.

Bremerton (Wash.) Lodge has appointed committees to investigate the advisability of the Lodge establishing a children's public playground in the city and an Elks Country Club.

A Christmas letter written on beautifully decorated paper and personally signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary was sent as a Yuletide greeting to every member of Franklin (Pa.) Lodge.

(Continued on page 78)



Do You Know—

- what plant makes soup of its guests?
- why the night-moth lives in the lily?
- what fish is known as the yellow-cat?
- how to attract birds to your home?
- the only bird that does not care for its young?
- what animal feigns death when an enemy approaches?
- what animal stamps when it is angry, as humans do?
- the bird that pays with its life for its laziness?
- what animal carries its young in its pocket?
- why the toad is the gardeners' best friend?
- what bird walks on the water?
- what insects have ears in their elbows?
- how to distinguish between mushrooms and toadstools?

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 76)

Any information as to the whereabouts of Louis P. Faubert, a member of Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge, will be gratefully received by P. J. Devlin, Secretary of the Lodge. Mr. Faubert is five feet six inches tall, has brown eyes and dark complexion and weighs 150 pounds. He last worked in Cleveland, Ohio, and Flint, Mich.

Henry Sullivan, a member of Lowell (Mass.) Lodge and the first American to swim the English Channel, was recently given a Life Membership by his Lodge at a celebration in his honor.

A record unique in many ways is that held by E. J. Julian. For more than 29 years Mr. Julian has been a member of Vincennes (Ind.) Lodge. He has held membership in the Grand Lodge for 25 years and has been present at more than a thousand sessions of his Lodge. Mr. Julian, besides being Secretary of Vincennes Lodge—a post he has held for the last 23 years—is also President of the Indiana State Elks Association.

Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge is planning to erect a \$200,000 Home. Building will commence sometime this Spring.

In celebration of Christmas, Butte (Mont.) Lodge instituted carol singing, a children's community Christmas tree, with a cantata and other musical numbers, and gave presents to all the youngsters.

The Purple Bubble Ball given by Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge was a big social and financial success.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor dedicated the beautiful new Home which was recently completed for Porterville (Calif.) Lodge.

The big Fashion Pageant and Merchants Exposition arranged by East St. Louis (Ill.)

Lodge surpassed anything of its kind ever attempted in that city. Besides the various displays there were vaudeville and circus attractions. The proceeds were placed in the Lodge's Charity and Welfare fund.

The fourth annual celebration of "Americanization Night" was recently held by Oakland (Calif.) Lodge.

New York Lodge No. 1 will celebrate its 56th birthday with a banquet at the Hotel Commodore on February 16.

Rockland (Me.) Lodge held a big community Christmas party. Besides a beautifully dressed tree, the Lodge gave several hundred children of the city clothes, candy and toys.

Charles City (Iowa) Lodge, being strong supporters for better dairying in Floyd County, took part in the public celebration which accompanied the delivery of a \$10,000 Jersey Bull recently purchased by one of the large local dairies.

Penns Grove (N. J.) Lodge gave away at Christmas toys and candies to over 600 children in addition to baskets to the worthy poor.

The Memorial Services of Marion (Ohio) Lodge at which Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland delivered the principal address, were held in the Grand Theater of Marion and not at the tomb of President Harding as previously reported in the Magazine.

A large Christmas tree and presents for over 300 children were features of the Christmas activities of Florence (Ala.) Lodge.

One of the most successful Frolics ever put on in the Central America countries was recently conducted by Balboa (Canal Zone) Lodge.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 16)

the moving-picture men. This was part of his campaign to make the formerly outlawed sport respectable and profitable.

There are some who will maintain that the game of baseball has gone back because of the wealth that has come to it. This is not true. There are plenty who will maintain that the manly art has gone to the dogs since the big purses developed. That is not true, either. The modern pugilists compare very favorably with those of the past.

THERE is only one menace—if you want to consider it a menace—in the development of professional baseball and boxing and that is the effect upon boyish ambitions.

Ask any youngster which he would rather be, heavyweight champion or President of the United States. Or ask him which he would rather be, Babe Ruth or President of the best known University in the United States. I will not say which is the best known, either. That would come under the head of hazardous utterances.

You can guess how the answers to these questions would run. The glamor around the professional gladiator always appeals to the youngster. Later the youngster laughs over it. And yet—

Mr. William Harrison Dempsey, heavyweight champion, gathered in real money more than a President would earn if he could have four terms. The appearance of the champion in public creates quite as much furore as the appearance of the Chief Executive of the land.

Babe Ruth, with a flat salary of \$52,000 a year and income from other sources which bring him in a total of over \$100,000 a year, envies no university president.

It does seem sometimes that we do too much reverence and contribute too much to our play-

boys and make the lot of our workers and men who achieve seem altogether too drab in proportion. But this is a sport-loving country. Enough is spent on sports in one year in the United States to liquidate a considerable portion of the German national debt.

There is the matter of something like \$250,000,000 spent on golf and its incidentals alone. Some day the statisticians will figure just how much the people of the United States spend on play and the result will make it appear that the Americans do nothing but play. Which obviously is quite untrue. We have been criticized, frequently, for taking the business of living too seriously and not being able to play.

THE United States Lawn Tennis Association at its February meeting contemplates making some fine distinctions in the matter of strict amateurism. Every governing body of the various amateur sports debates over this matter every once in a while and, usually, comes to no definite conclusion.

This time the governing body of tennis seems determined to prevent well-known tennis players from earning money by writing about tennis and in a way "capitalizing" their tennis fame. The committee which has investigated this matter has come to the conclusion that some of the tennis stars have been signed as tennis writers by various syndicates and newspapers, not because they can write but because they can play tennis.

The Tennis Association has some grounds for this stand. It is the policy of a certain kind of journalism to buy the names of athletic stars and to print under them matter that the stars could not have written and probably would not have written if they could write.

Take the case of Luis Angel Firpo who was signed by a syndicate to write "his own story of

the Dempsey-Firpo bout." You will recall that Firpo was knocked out in the second round, and knocked out quite thoroughly. Yet five minutes after that knockout the complete story by Luis Angel Firpo was in the office of one of the New Orleans papers which had bought this service.

That is stretching the credulity of the reader a little too far. He is asked to believe that Firpo, after dusting the resin from his tights, dashed to his dressing-room, and sitting down at his typewriter dashed off the story of the fight. The story of the bout by Jack Dempsey was on the wires long before they had cut the laces of the champion's boxing-gloves. That I consider a remarkable literary achievement, to write with the hand encased in a boxing-glove.

The most amusing anecdote about one of these athlete-authors is told of one who was signed to "write" the world's series between the Giants and the Athletics, the one which went to the Athletics in four straight games. The reporter who had been assigned to the task of interviewing this particular baseball star and writing the article which was to appear under the

player's name could not find his man on the eve of the game.

All of the experts were picking the Giants to win that year. The reporter knew this and that all of the stories in his syndicate would pick the Giants. He decided on a little variety. He wrote the story for his man having him pick the Athletics to win in four straight games. Later in the evening he met his man.

"Well, what kind of a story did I write?" demanded the baseball star.

"Fine," said the reporter. "You'll have the best story of all. You picked the Athletics to win in four straight games."

"Say," shouted the ball player, "that's got to be changed. You will make a fool of me." He was in a wild rage, but the reporter convinced him that it would not matter much. Later when this prediction did come true the athlete who had gone into hiding the first day emerged and paraded the corridors of the hotels with a look of pride in his face.

"Well, I guess I ain't such a rotten writer, am I?" he said. "I'm the only writer in the world who called the series. I think that I will go into the business regular after that."

The New Home of Portland, Oregon, Lodge

(Continued from page 32)

Gregon. "Men," he said, "who have been in practically every fraternal building in the United States declare without reservation that this building is the finest structure of its kind in the country."

Laudatory addresses were also made by G. L. Thacker, First Vice-President of the Washington State Elks Association and Frank G. Lonergan, President of the Oregon State Elks Association. One of the features of the dedication program was the presentation to the Lodge of a handsome baby grand piano by Dr. John H. O'Shea of Spokane Lodge on behalf of the Lodges of Washington. Many other valuable gifts for the new building were made by representatives on behalf of Lodges in Oregon. At the conclusion of the program W. F. McKenney, Chairman of the Building Committee, was presented with a testimonial by Portland Lodge in appreciation of his work.

The next day the new Home was thrown open to the inspection of the public, and on New Year's Eve the Dedication Ball took place, taxing the capacity of both the ballroom and the Lodge Room.

FEW buildings throughout the Order can approach the beauty of design and equipment of this new Home of Portland Lodge. There is a warmth of friendly atmosphere throughout the whole building, which makes its big rooms belie their size and seem snug and comfortable. Nor is the decoration plan stereotyped. The Italian influence has been manifested strongly in the basic plan of treatment, but important deviation in individual rooms lends a varied and delightful effect to each separate part of the structure. Much of the beauty of the building is due to the extensive use of many varieties of both foreign and domestic marbles.

Through the massive doorway one enters the building into a cream-colored, columned and tiled lobby, from which elevators and stairways lead to the rest of the building. With the exception of the store space on the ground floor, the entire building is devoted to the housing of the activities of the membership.

On the second floor a long hallway with arched ceiling and tiled floors leads to the club quarters through a series of high archways. Finished with tall walnut-brown paneling of Tennessee gumwood, the library forms an interesting treatment of Italian renaissance. Around the upper part of the wall runs a bronzed frieze, depicting symbolically the initiatory service of the order. On this same floor is the billiard and pool room equipped with ten tables and decorated in a dark color scheme, lightened by dashes of color in tigers, elephants and parrots, which appear upon its walls and fixtures.

The game room reverts to the oriental for its scheme, being complete in Chinese design, from its frieze depicting the pursuit of Lady Luck (whom the pursuer, by the way, never quite captures) to the overhanging ceiling, reminiscent of the dwellings of ancient mandarins. Just across the hall is the buffet,

lacking only the spirit to complete the plan of an aged wine cellar.

Upon this same floor are provided check rooms, office and ladies' room, the last-mentioned finished in white, with rose hangings and a background for slender Grecian columns which provide an unusual interior effect.

The entire fourth floor is devoted to the Lodge room 82 x 101 feet, with its necessary anterooms, candidates' rooms and committee quarters. Illuminated tablets upon the two main walls pay tribute to the deceased of the Lodge and engross the principle on which the Order is founded. Walnut-colored furnishings and lighter hangings make a vivid contrast with the cream-colored pillared walls, providing myriad effects beneath light which is perfectly controlled from the subtlest rays to utmost brilliance.

The dining-room is one of the most attractive places in the entire building. On the third floor, it is reached through a lobby, designed in detail in the Pompeian style, in black and sienna marble. The dining-room itself accommodates about 135 people. It is finished in the same sienna marble with brown and gray hangings, and a ceiling, hand-painted in oil, from which elaborate crystal chandeliers are hung. The furniture is upholstered with imported mohair tapestry.

On this same floor is the ballroom, finished in a buff tone that almost approaches the tint of the exterior of the building. Large crystal chandeliers illuminate a painted frieze and ceiling.

Upon the mezzanine floor between the fourth and fifth floors and on the fifth floor fifty-two suites provide the bachelor quarters. Of these forty-one are equipped with shower baths and all are furnished in the most approved style, with metal furniture of recent design, carefully patterned to approach the soft appearance of wood finish.

The equipment of the building from its kitchen to its heating plant, is the most complete which modern devices can provide. Air throughout the entire building changes every eight minutes, being washed, filtered and heated during the process. The building provides its own refrigeration system, manufacturing its own ice at a capacity of 500 pounds a day. Elaborate filtering equipment is provided for the purification of the water in the swimming-pool. The pool is entirely of tile, including floor, walls and ceiling. The tank itself is sixty feet long and nine feet deep at the diving board. Two locker rooms are provided for the members and one for the ladies, who will be allowed the use of the pool one morning a week. Handball court and exercise room augment the equipment for the athletic enjoyment of the members.

Construction of the entire building has been undertaken with great care to provide the most complete quarters possible. The first spadeful of earth for the foundation was turned at 11 P.M., December 31, 1921, and the cornerstone laid nearly a year later—September 2, 1922. The structure, furnishings and site represent a total investment of nearly \$1,250,000.



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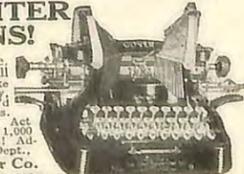
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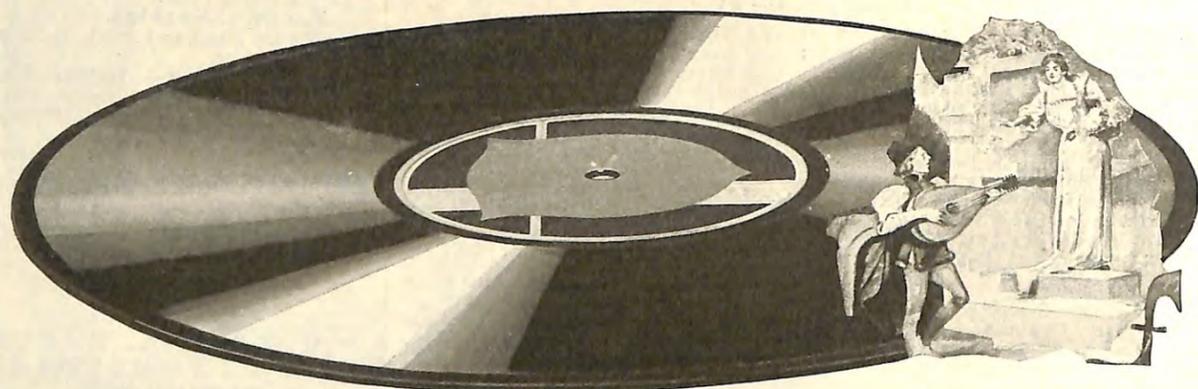
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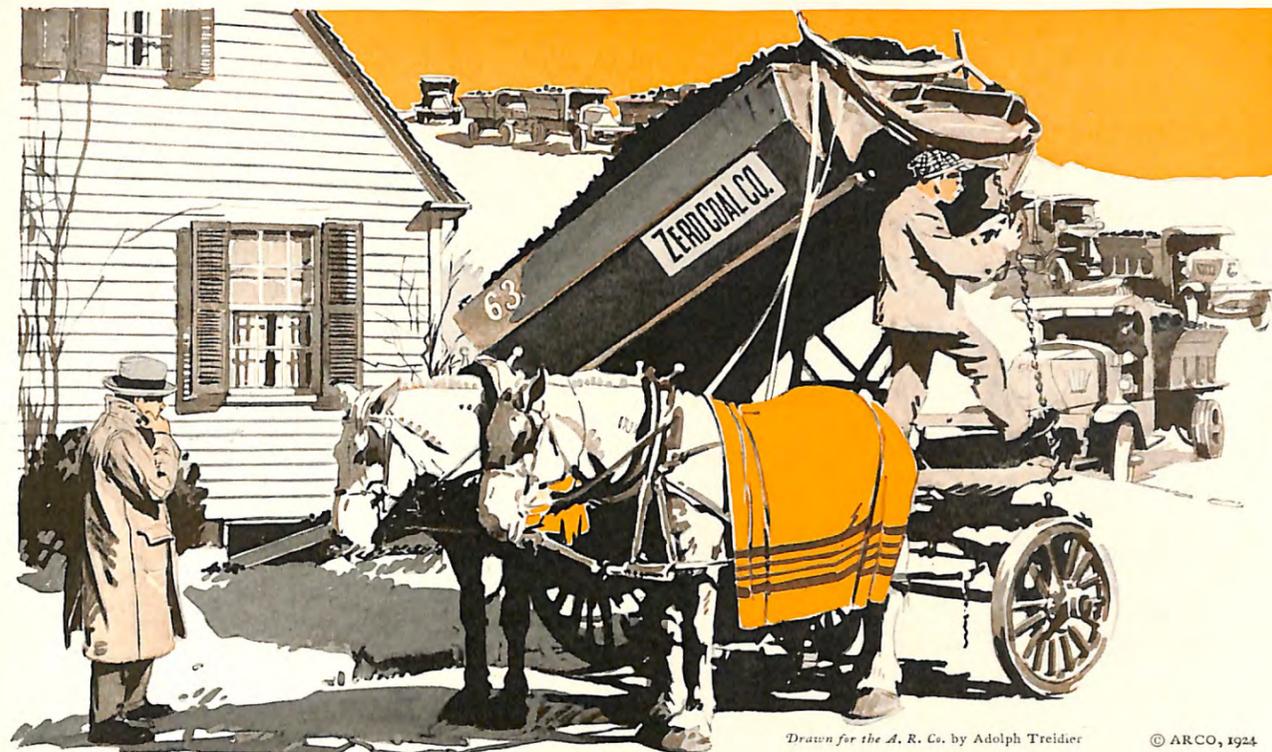
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of rooms in your house, whether you are building a new home, or living in a home with old-fashioned heat. We will send a booklet describing the IDEAL TYPE A BOILER and the name of your Heating Contractor who is our representative.

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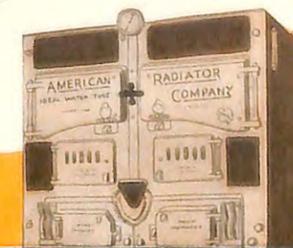
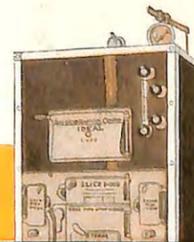
IDEAL BOILERS and AMERICAN RADIATORS save coal

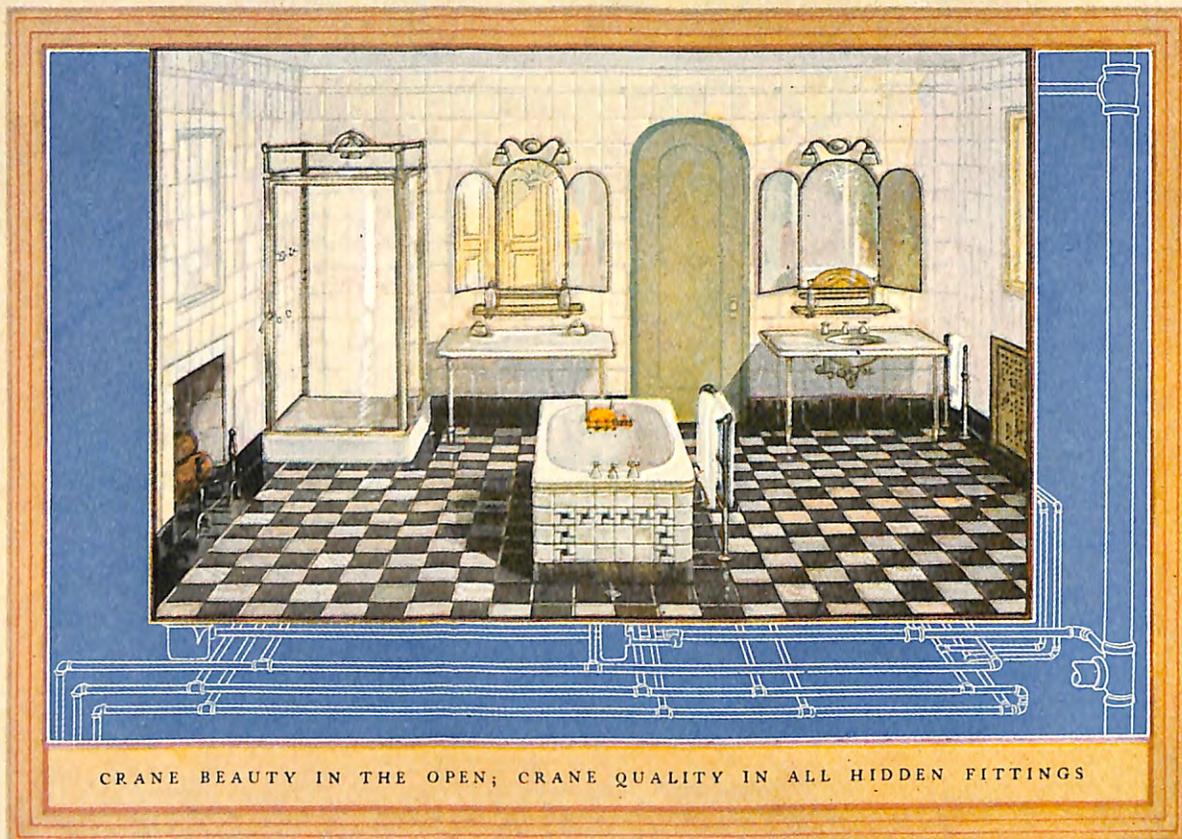
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As individual character and beauty are valued more and more in the design and equipment of bathrooms in fine town and country houses, the creation of distinctive appointments keeps pace with this desire for the unusual.

In the Crane bathroom pictured here, the "Marmor" lavatory and dressing table are of exceptional size, 52 by 25 inches. They are of white statuary marble, upheld on crystal standards. Behind the triple mirror, framed

in gray green and old gold, with bevel edges, are concealed cabinets for toilet necessities.

The "Tarnia" tub, generously large, is encased in Rookwood faience tiles of the same lustrous gray pearl as the walls. The base and decorations repeat the rich black of the floor tiles. The shower is inclosed in plate glass; its base is a white porcelain unit. The towel racks are both heated. Opposite the fireplace, a bronze grille masks the radiator.

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