

The Elks

Magazine

MARCH, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY



In this issue:

Mildred Cram, George Creel, Paul and Alma Ellerbe, W. O. McGeehan,
Samuel Merwin, Oswald Ryan, Harold Titus, and many others

Here's Free Proof

You Can Become Gloriously Fit

~In Ten Minutes Fun a Day

Walter Camp's Famous *Daily Dozen*, Set to Music, Is Yours for 5 Days' Free Trial—Without a Cent in Advance. Don't Miss It!



WHAT a wonderful thing it is to be physically fit—to possess that radiant joy of living which comes through robust, daily health! Nothing else is so important, so vitally necessary to social and business success. Without health nothing else matters; with it, the whole world seems big and bright and full of promise.

Don't Compromise With Health

Don't compromise with health another day. If you possess it, prize it as you would a precious jewel. If it is beginning to slip away—grasp it as a drowning man would grasp a straw. For once your health is gone, and the thousand little ailments start to come, it is too late for anything but regret.

If you are tired out, run down, nervous and irritable—growing round-shouldered and inefficient in the daily grind of office routine or household tasks, heed the wisdom of 500,000 men and women—Senators, Congressmen, Army and Navy Officials, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Actors, Business Executives and others in every walk of life—who have given their grateful, indisputable testimony that the *Daily Dozen* exercises

to music can make you gloriously fit in ten minutes fun a day.

Nature's Secret of Health

Walter Camp, famous Yale coach, athletic authority and physical director of our men in the World War, discovered the one safe, pleasant and effective method of regaining and retaining physical fitness. His famous *Daily Dozen* exercises are the result of his careful observation of caged wild animals who keep fit by merely stretching their body muscles. "The caged tiger," says Walter Camp, "does nothing but stretch his trunk and body muscles, yet he can digest huge chunks of raw meat." Which proves that after all, Nature has provided the normal, natural way of caring for the dumb beast.

Yet man, with his advanced intelligence and civilization, pays little, if any, attention to the important duty of keeping his body physically fit. He ignores the simple, natural laws until his health begins to fail. Then in a desperate state of fear and regret, nine times out of ten he goes on a rigid, weakening diet, seeks health in a bottle from the druggist's shelves, pays out hard-earned money for pulleys, dumb bells and other strength taking apparatus, and goes through a series of strenuous "stunts" in a gymnasium that saps his energy and tires him out.

You Can Keep Fit to Music

How different is all this from the easy, pleasant, natural movements of the *Daily Dozen*—the twelve scientifically tested exercises, performed to the accompaniment of appealing music—and right in the privacy of your own home! Here is the secret of keeping gloriously fit in ten minutes a day. "I can authoritatively state," says Walter Camp, "that this system of twelve simple exercises, which takes only ten minutes to execute, will actually do you more good than any of the tedious systems requiring half an hour or more. The *Daily Dozen* does not take away your energy. Instead, the exercises are so devised as to give you added vim and vigor." And so positive are the immediate benefits of this amazing course that we are glad to let you try the complete outfit for 5 Days Free—without a cent in advance. Can you afford to ignore an offer like this?

This Free Test Will Convince You

Take advantage of this opportunity to-day—mail the coupon and get the

complete *Daily Dozen* to try for 5 full days, without obligation to buy. When the outfit arrives, put record number one on your phonograph—any disc machine—and gather your family around for 10 minutes of real fun and physical conditioning.

Open the windows—release the machine—get ready. A clear voice explains the first movements and gives brisk commands. The music starts. You fairly snap through the simple, natural movements. It is *easy*—pleasant—thrilling! Your blood leaps through your veins, your lungs expand, your brain clears, your eyes sparkle, your cheeks glow with that touch of color which is the signal of perfect circulation. It is *fun*—genuine fun! Yet you are filling cramped lungs, toning up sluggish organs, limbering strained muscles, renewing atrophied tissue, lubricating stiff joints and laying the foundation for mental and physical perfection. No wonder you instantly begin to *eat better, feel better, and sleep better!*

Send No Money

Don't delay another minute—act to-day and prove what the *Daily Dozen* can do for you and yours. Just mail the special coupon—*NOW*. Without any obligation whatever we will send you the complete outfit, consisting of the *Daily Dozen* on five double-disc ten-inch records for use on any phonograph; the instruction book by Walter Camp, the 60 actual photographs and the beautiful album to hold the records when not in use, for 5 days' trial. If you decide to keep the *Daily Dozen* outfit, send us \$2.50 as first payment and \$2.00 monthly for 4 months. Otherwise, return it and owe us nothing. Don't miss this offer. Mail the coupon today and get back on the High Road to Health. Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 863, 334 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MAIL THIS 5-DAY TRIAL COUPON

Health Builders, Inc.
Dept. 863, 334 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Without any obligation or money in advance, you may send me the complete *Daily Dozen* outfit, containing the five double-disc ten-inch records, the instruction book, the 60 actual photographs and the record album. If I decide to keep them, I will send you \$2.50 in five days and \$2 monthly for 4 months in full payment. Otherwise I will return the outfit and owe you nothing.

Name.....

Street.....

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

If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price on the "Daily Dozen" send only \$10.00.

The New Camp-Fone



The Camp-Fone is the model phonograph to accompany the "Daily Dozen"—so light and small—can be easily moved about. Has all important features of large, expensive phonographs,—noiseless motor, mellow-toned sound box, speed-adjustor, etc. Smart-looking, mahogany finished hard-wood case. Plays any make record. Not a toy, but a beautiful, high-grade instrument. Meets every demand for music in home, at dances, parties, etc. Especially adapted to "Daily Dozen" exercises. For details of special bargain offer check with your name and address on coupon below.

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Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 863
334 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me free details of your Camp-Fone offer.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Why Can't You Live the Way You Want to Live?

It SEEMS real—that barrier between the way you're living and the way you WANT to live—but is it actually so solid as you THINK?

That chap who earns twice as much as you—and wears better clothes and makes influential friends—what is it that he HAS which you HAVE NOT?

And why can't you GET it for YOURSELF?

He isn't a college man—necessarily.

Some of the most successful men in business never finished high-school.

Neither has he any special PULL—except the ability to render service.

But HERE'S a clue—walk up to him and question him about his special branch of business.

—And it's ten to one you'll quickly see the reason for that bigger salary.

* * *

Thousands, yes millions of men in the business offices of this country are bound to their routine jobs—simply because of the limitations they themselves have fixed.

They determine with all their might to "get ahead." They resolve with set teeth to "make good—in a big way."

Yet all the time, in the back of their minds, they are thinking "I cannot—I CANNOT."

And though the route to achievement is clearly charted—and though men of average ability are traversing that route every day of their lives—advancing to posts of responsibility and power, and really getting heaps of fun from their daily work—nevertheless, these millions of routine men are forever seeing in themselves the LACK of certain qualities which they IMAGINE they can never GET.

And so—by reason of their fatal point of view—they literally condemn themselves to failure.

* * *

Why can't you live the way you WANT to live?

The answer is very simple: YOU CAN!

If you have average intelligence, you can absolutely acquire the business understanding which will carry you from one big

job to another—which will steadily and surely lift you out of the low-pay class and put you on the road to real success.

How can we make so positive a statement?

—On the evidence of more than 400,000 ambitious men who have enrolled with LaSalle Extension University during the past fourteen years and have increased their earning power—as a result of that training—to a degree that seems unbelievable to the man unacquainted with the Problem Method of home-study business training.

During three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite promotion. The total salary-increases of these men amounted to \$1,248,526, and THE AVERAGE INCREASE PER MAN WAS 89 PER CENT.

What greater assurance could one possibly ask than this evidence of what LaSalle is doing to develop within ambitious men the capacity for bigger things?

* * *

Why can't you live the way you WANT to live?

YOU CAN!

Stop thinking merely, "I am DETERMINED to get ahead." Think also: "I see myself pursuing the TRAINING which I NEED. I see myself acquiring a greater and greater understanding of business problems. I see myself advancing in business power—by the shortest route—in the least time possible."

Then—in order that you may begin AT ONCE to make that picture real—make your START toward that brighter future NOW—by getting from

LaSalle the further information you should have—the information which will set you surely on your way.

The coupon, checked and signed, will bring it to you promptly. There is, of course, no obligation.



LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1908.
Financial resources more than \$7,500,000.
Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1600 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.
Numbers among its students and graduates more than 425,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.
Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.
Average age of members, 30 years.
LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.
LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.
LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.
Tuition refunded in accordance with terms of guarantee bond if student is not satisfied with training received upon completion of course.

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 3328 R

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

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☐ 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.
☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
☐ Railway Station Management: Training for Station Accountants, Cashiers and Agents, Division Agents, Traveling Auditors, Transportation Inspectors, Traveling Freight Agents, etc.

- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
☐ Banking and Finance.

- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
☐ Commercial Law.
☐ Expert Bookkeeping.
☐ Business English.
☐ Commercial Spanish.
☐ Effective Speaking.
☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

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

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Ten



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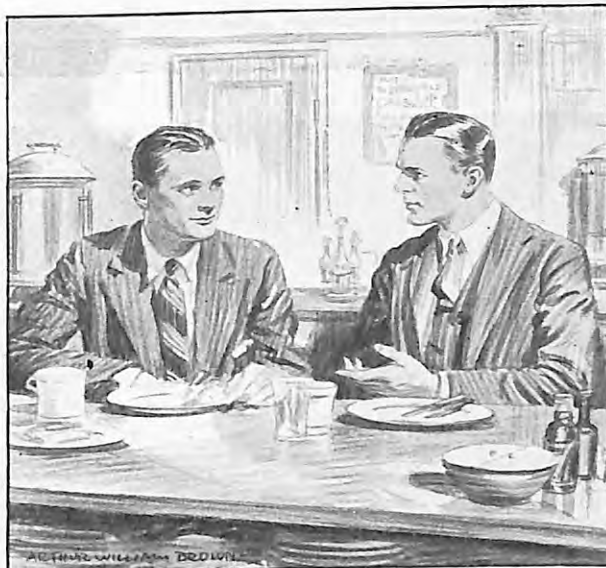
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The story of two men who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru the public schools together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theater Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

Then, along in their fourth business year, there came a change. One said: "After all, this business game is pretty tough. It's a fight. I wonder what I can do about it."

He insured himself against failure

He found in the Alexander Hamilton Institute a definite plan of business reading which gave him a new impulse and new self-confi-

dence. As an extra locomotive, hitched to a train, makes its power felt from the first moment, he was conscious *immediately* that a new, fresh force was at work for his business and financial progress.

He talked to his friend about it, and the friend was interested. "Probably a good thing," he said, in his easy-going way. But the matter never went further, and gradually the two found that their interests were diverging. Both were working harder than ever. But one was thinking; and in the office the executives watched them both and saw that one of them *did* think.

So one man began to forge ahead

Ten years passed, and somewhat to their surprise they found themselves at the threshold of middle age. One of them has arrived. He has experienced the big satisfaction of succeeding while he is still young. The other still works and wonders, and does not quite understand.

Ten years look long, but they pass with almost unbelievable rapidity. Will you, in justice to yourself, spend fifteen minutes with the question: "Where will I

be in business ten years from now?" May we send you a little book called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—an interesting book of facts and letters?

This book is yours for the asking

When you have read it quietly, without pressure or haste, you may decide that the Institute has something of value to offer you. This may be true if you are president of a corporation (more than 27,000 presidents and business heads have followed the Course and are enthusiastic about it). It may be equally true if you are at the very beginning of your career, for among the 200,000 men enrolled are some whose business position and salary were precisely like yours.

But whether you decide to go further or not depends entirely on yourself. The facts will come without obligation or cost. Simply fill in the coupon—but do it *today!*

Alexander Hamilton Institute

31 Astor Place New York City

Send me the book, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation



Name..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

In Canada—C. P. R. Building, Toronto
In Australia—42 Hunter Street, Sydney

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Basil Manly Allen

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

NEWS of the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen at his home in Birmingham, Ala., was received with deep sorrow by his many friends throughout the Order.

Basil Manly Allen was born in Caroline County, Virginia, December 20, 1853. He was graduated from the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College—now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute—in 1876. A few years later he began the practice of law in Birmingham, Ala., which was to remain his home throughout life. He was a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge, No. 79, which was instituted in March, 1883. He occupied this chair for two terms, and was again elected to that office later on in the history of the Lodge. From the time of his entrance into the Grand

Lodge in 1883, he became active in its affairs, serving on many important committees. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1894 and again in 1895; and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1896 and reelected in 1897. In 1898 he became a Grand Trustee, and, in the following year, at St. Louis, Mo., he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. He was the first member from the South to fill that office. Up to the time of his death he played a vital part in the affairs of the Order and was a familiar figure at all Grand Lodge meetings. In deference to the wishes of his family the funeral was private, with no fraternal ceremonies.

The passing of Judge Allen is a real loss to the Order for he was a true and tireless champion of its ideals.

An Offer That May Never Be Made Again

Why we have been willing to lose money on this introductory offer—and why it must soon be withdrawn

HERE is one of those rare bargains you are offered only once in months.

And this may be the last time it will ever be offered.

We have been willing to lose money on it, for the very interesting reason explained below. Our loss, however, is your gain.

On this offer you are given a pair of Abraham Lincoln Book-Ends, ABSOLUTELY FREE. These book-ends are made of heavy bronzed metal, with Lincoln's head in bas-relief. They are an adornment to any library table. They would cost, if obtainable in stores, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Yet they are given free—in order to introduce the NEW set of thirty Little Leather Library world's masterpieces.

We know what has happened in the past on our previous sets after they were introduced—orders poured in by the thousands.

The wisest thing we could do, therefore, was to introduce this NEW set QUICKLY into representative homes. We know what will happen after this is done. Every set will become a "silent salesman," more powerful than any other form of advertising we could do.

That is the reason—the only reason—we have been willing to lose money on this offer.

This NEW set is, in many respects, the finest we have ever published. It includes



the best works, each one complete, of such famous authors as:

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

These thirty volumes, without the book-ends, have been valued (by hundreds of people who were asked to guess) at from five to fifteen times their price. Each volume is complete. The binding is a

beautiful limp Croftcott, handsomely embossed, and tinted an antique copper and green, so that even experts have mistaken it for hand-tooled leather. The paper is actually the same quality as that used in books that sell regularly for \$2.00 apiece. Yet the price, for all thirty volumes, is only \$2.98.

How can thirty such books be sold for only \$2.98? Simply by printing in editions of at least one million books at a time, relying on the good taste of the public to keep the enterprise self-sustaining. Quantity production—that is the whole secret.

Surely, sooner or later, you will want to obtain this wonderful set—at least a year's good reading for the price of a theater ticket!

Why, then, not obtain it at once, taking advantage of the exceptional "premium" now offered for introductory purposes only?

Sent for 30 Days' Examination

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

NOTE: When the present supply of book-ends is gone this offer will be withdrawn. It is made for introductory purposes only. If you want to take advantage of it, it is advisable NOT TO DELAY. Mail coupon or letter at once.

Little Leather Library Corporation
Dept. 953, 218 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



Little Leather Library Corp.,
Dept. 953
218 West 40th Street,
New York City:

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 pay 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. If the books do not in every way come up to my expectation, I reserve the right to return them any time within thirty days and you agree to return my money.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(Outside of U. S., \$3.50 cash with order)

Where It Counts

By Berton Braley

WE'RE all of us fond of a generous spender
Who loosens up, once in a while,
And throws away cash with a gesture of splendor
And splurges in liberal style.
But nix on the man who is free with his dollars
Wherever he happens to roam
But who is closefisted, a tight-wad who hollers
At spending a nickel at home.

✻

WE LIKE a Good Fellow, a genial sinner,
Whose manner is merry and bright,
Who shines in a club room and glows at a dinner
Whose jokes fill the gang with delight;
But nix on the Johnny whose humorous jabber
Is all for the People Down Town,
But who, in his home is a Grouch and a Crabber
Who wears a perpetual frown.

✻

WE ALL like a Spender, a Royal Good Fellow,
Who knows how to mix with the bunch,
Who's pleasant and hearty and jolly and mellow,
But I have a pretty good hunch
That liberal spending and joyous hilarity,
Laughter that's lighter than foam,
And Royal Goodfellowship, should be, like charity,
Practiced, at first, in the Home!



Mr. Bennett was thinking: "I'll be late for supper," when he came face to face with the portrait of a man. Paderewski. Tonight. Eight-Thirty

The Fingers of a Great Musician Change a Plain Man's Life **Paderewski—Tonight**

By Mildred Cram

Illustrated by Louis Fancher

THE house looked worse than usual. Mr. Bennett closed his umbrella and scraped his feet on the wire matting before the door. Rain, in a country where it seldom rains, is a calamity. Mud drained across the grass patch. The street was a river of grayish yellow liquid, 'dobe, a lava-flow pitted and tracked from curb to curb. Hawthorne Street wasn't paved. Mr. Bennett wondered whether it ever would be. Not, he supposed, while he continued to live in Hawthorne Street. Bad luck. . . . He was tired. He felt very little and spidery and dried-up, like one of those comic men in the movies. Only that there was nothing comic about being the head of a family, and a failure.

"Got the paper?"

A feminine shriek from the kitchen, where Margaret was setting the table: "Pop! Got the paper?"

He did not answer. For the first time in his life, he did not answer. He could not, somehow, manage his usual cheerful: "Latest edition! Hot off the press!" He hung his overcoat and hat on the rack in the hall and went into the sitting-room. The light wasn't lighted, to save electricity, and a grayish-yellow twilight, like the mud, flowed between the curtains and seemed to choke up the room. Every piece of furniture, every ornament, every rug in that room was a reproach; he felt as if they pointed fingers at him.

He stood, uncertain, folding and unfolding the paper. How should he tell? How should he begin? What excuse could he give? What would Momma and Margaret say?

"Did you hear me? Pop?"

"It's here!" he answered. "I've got it."

"Oh."

Margaret's sharp face appeared at the door. She stretched out a hand for the paper. "Have they found out who killed that girl? Served her right for running around at night with men! Haven't women any sense? I hope they'll get him. I hope they'll hang him."

"Margaret!" Mr. Bennett said in a gentle voice.

She closed the kitchen door upon herself and the newspaper, and Mr. Bennett sat down. He had never been so frightened or so puzzled. An impulse had taken possession of him on the way home, and he had done as extravagant a thing, in its essence, as that young girl, who ran around at night with men, had done—and perhaps, in its essence, as innocent. He tried to recall his emotions, so that he might better understand the temptation and the yielding. . . . It had been raining when he left the store; thick gray rain splashed and turned yellow in the gutters. People huddled in shop doors; ran, in clusters, for street cars; scattered and scurried; the young ones enjoyed it; the old ones, like himself, shrank beneath their umbrellas.

And then a particularly hard shower had driven him to cover beneath the glass and iron canopy of the Stockles Theatre. He closed his umbrella, shook it, and wandered back into the lobby, a sort of arcade, with shop windows on one side and the box office on the other. Mr. Bennett was thinking: "I'll be late for supper," when he came face to face with the portrait of a man. *Paderewski. Tonight. Eight-Thirty.*

That explained the crowd lock-stepping before the grilled window of the box office. Mr. Bennett, with a feeling of envy, a wistful longing, watched them, one by one, speak through the grill; watched the man within pause, consider, reach, produce a ticket; watched the rapid exchange of money; watched the lucky purchaser hurry away. . . .

An idea took possession of him. He wanted to hear Paderewski play.

It was so absurd, so preposterous a desire that he felt faint; the pit of his stomach behaved as it always did in an earth-tremor or a wind or one of the rare thunder-storms that snapped down from the mountains in summer. He told himself that not once in a lifetime did Paderewski play in a city as

small as this. He might never come again. But now, at this very moment, he was in town; in three hours he would begin to play! It was outrageous, but Mr. Bennett wanted to be there when he began; he wanted to look at Paderewski in the flesh, to hear with his own ears. . . . Later, he thought vaguely, he would be able to tell people about it: "Yes, I heard him." If Margaret ever married and he should have a grandchild. . . .

Paderewski couldn't be so young. If Mr. Bennett hesitated, he might lose forever. . . .

He slipped suddenly, adroitly, into the waiting line, feeling very breathless and happy. Something was going to happen, glorious, different, tremendous—to him. It all seemed reasonable, right. He had his weekly twenty-five dollars in his pocket. Surely the tickets would not cost more than a dollar. . . . He was in no hurry. The lobby was dry and bright and groups of people chatted and laughed—lucky, lucky people, like himself, who were going to hear Paderewski play. . . .

BUT when his turn came and he found himself facing the pale, sharp-eyed man behind the bronze grill, he stammered: "A ticket, please, for tonight," and forgot to ask the price. A ticket was thrust at him, and the man said: "You're lucky. Just turned in. Five-fifty, with tax. Last seat in the house." He stammered again: "There's nothing cheaper?"

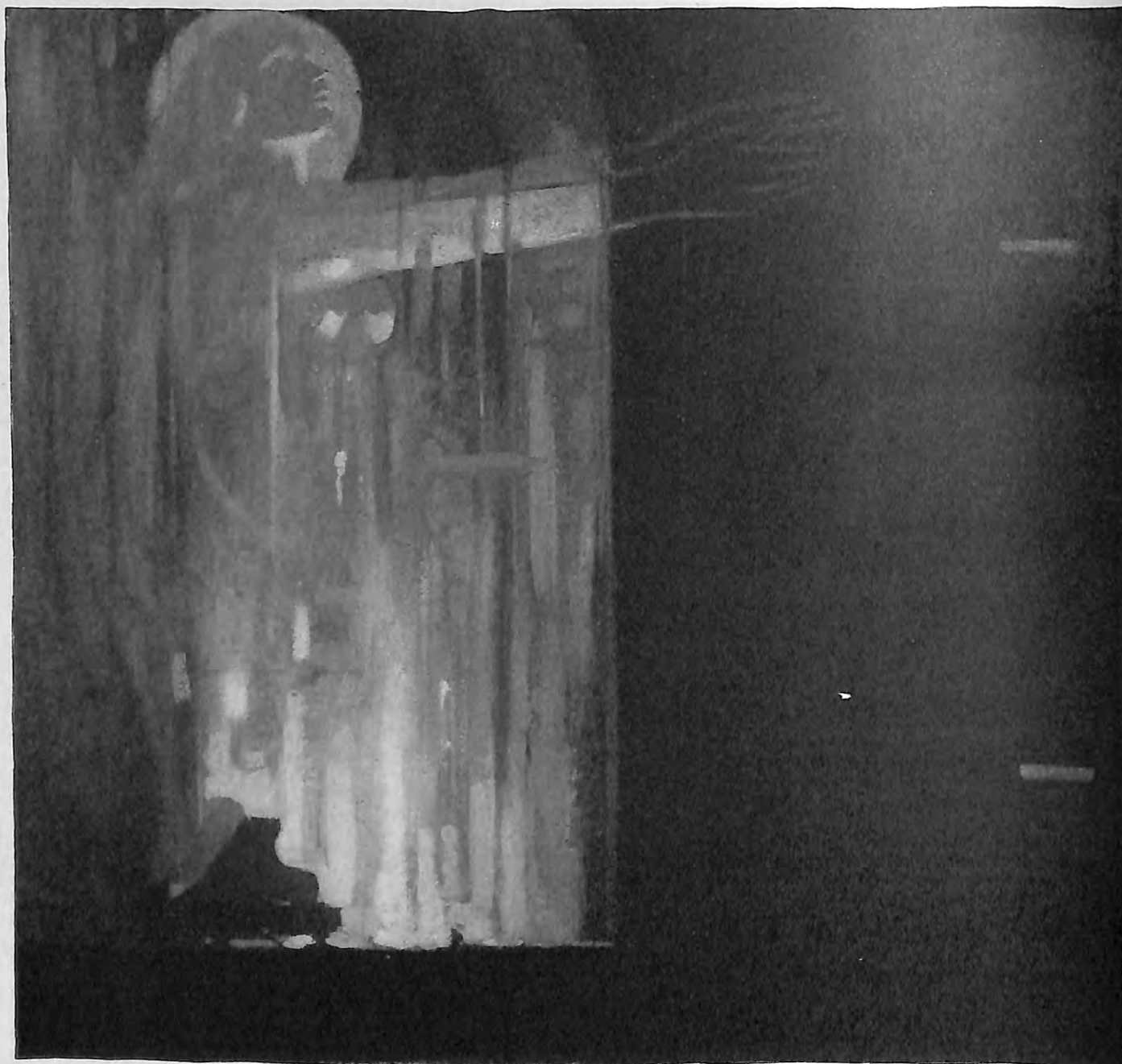
The man snatched the ticket back again. "Sold out!"

"Give it to me!"

One of the ten dollar bills had to be broken. But he had the ticket!

And he was afraid. All the glory and excitement of the adventure were gone, leaving him with that sick feeling of shame at the pit of his stomach. What would Momma think? What would Margaret say? The rain, everything, had been in conspiracy against him.

Now, sitting in the sulphurish twilight, he actually shivered; he clasped his little, dried-up hands together, tight, tight, to keep them from shaking visibly. And deep



down in himself, in his heart, some part of him, a stranger, but intimate, close, his soul, perhaps, cried. He felt that he was crying like a woman, in that distraught, bitter way women have of crying when something very terrible has happened. . . . Like everything else on earth he had wanted, he could not have this. He had done wrong to take five dollars and fifty cents out of a salary that was barely enough to keep them alive. Having done it, he could not go to the concert. Momma must go. . . . He reminded himself that she had nothing, and the thought seared a place in his mind that was already raw. . . . If not Momma, Margaret, because . . . In the fading light, he scrutinized the ticket. Yes, to-night. . . . The Eighth A.B.C.D. Fourth row, center.

"Pop!"

He started, got to his feet, thrusting the ticket into his pocket as if it burned his fingers.

"Pop! Supper!"

"I'm coming."

The table was spread in the kitchen. Mrs. Bennett, wearing a house dress of blue gingham, a boudoir cap and "sneakers," was reading the paper. "Mrs. Stockles is giving a bridge—no, that new Chinese game. What'll they do next?"

Mr. Bennett took his place very quietly. Momma looked up. "Well?"

She had a way of saying "Well?" that seemed to slip into his consciousness like a sharp-bladed knife. He winced inwardly, removed the knife and said: "The usual thing, my dear."

THEN an inspiration opened the difficult way to explanation. "Not quite usual, my dear!" he cried. "I have a surprise for you. A surprise. A wonderful——"

He brandished the ticket.

"What's that?"

"A ticket!" He smiled. He set his teeth. He braced himself. "For the Paderewski concert, to-night!"

"Who gave it to you?"

Margaret closed the oven door with a bang.

"I bought it."

Suddenly, he wanted to throw it away. Instead, he offered it to Mrs. Bennett. But she would not have it. Her eyes grew round, fixed and shining; her mouth gathered; her cheeks began to quiver. He could sense the rising tide of rebuke and complaint gathering within her tense body; nothing, nothing could stop it, had ever stopped it. He felt smaller than usual and a strange, frighten-

Half-way to the exit, he was stopped by a through an encore. His attitude was that unaware of the crowd, he sank again into

ing sensation flashed across his consciousness—he saw himself, a tiny, dried up, spidery being, drowned in a rush of words, floundering, kicking out . . .

"How much?"

"Now, does it matter, Momma? I bought it for you. It may be your last chance to hear Paderewski play."

Margaret looked at her mother, with something excited and avaricious rising in her eyes. "The Wheelan girls are going. I saw Bessie Wheelan this afternoon, and she told me. They're going in the Miller's box. . . . Oh, Momma!"

The food lay untouched between them. Slowly, Momma held out her hand and took the ticket from Mr. Bennett. She scrutinized it. "Five dollars and fifty cents. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Edward Bennett."

"Momma!"

"Yes. Ashamed. It's just like you! You're selfish and extravagant. . . . God knows, we have nothing. A ticket for Paderewski, when I need shoes. I've told you every day for a month that I need shoes,



chord, held spell-bound and breathless of a devotee. Head back, eyes closed, that mood of pity and comprehension

and you pay no more attention than as if I hadn't spoken. There isn't a man in the city whose wife and daughter look the way Margaret and I do. . . . That Italian grocer's wife has a Ford sedan."

Mr. Bennett became jovial. "But you're not a grocer's wife, Momma."

"No! I'm a household drudge. Where would we be, I'd like to know, if it hadn't been for my poor dear father's life insurance? We wouldn't have had a roof over our heads."

"I know all that, my dear."

"And now, this!"

She threw the ticket on the table, covered her face with her hands and wept. Margaret flew to her. "Now, Momma!" Mr. Bennett hated them, very much as an animal hates its pursuers; he looked around for a way of escape, but there was none.

Instead, he watched them, his enemies, wondering why they did not know what was in his heart. Always, always, they had tormented him, as if they couldn't help themselves; nag, nag, nag, until he wanted to die, to hide, to scream out: "Enough." Some-

times he sulked; sometimes he was jolly; sometimes he fought; more often, he was indifferent, to spare himself. And there were moments, like tonight, when he both hated and pitied them.

Margaret's sharp face was puckered with some obscure emotion. Momma was tear-blurred; everything he had loved in her was erased, blotted out, as you wipe a slate with a sponge.

Suddenly, he said in an indifferent voice; "It's seven o'clock."

Momma's sobs trailed off into a single, deep-drawn, shuddering breath. She glanced down at the ticket, her hands suspended, quivering, above it. "I haven't a thing to wear."

"The black silk, Momma."

"WITH these shoes?" The sneakers were thrust forward at Momma's shriek.

"You can wear mine."

"A size and a half too large."

"No one will notice. You've got to go. The Wheelans are always sneering at us because we don't go anywhere. Only today they told me they were going to hear Paderewski play, because they knew it would hurt me." She pressed her hand against her heart and glanced at Mr. Bennett.

He smiled. Mr. Bennett could still smile

But he was thinking of the theater; the people gathering; the air of expectancy; the hush; Paderewski appearing and bowing—Momma rose. "I'll dress," she gasped.

MR. BENNETT did not raise his eyes to watch her progress out of the room. Instead, with a sense of triumph, he began to eat. He heard the creak of ascending footsteps, excited running to and fro upstairs, and a high, feminine controversy. The two voices floated down, strained, querulous.

"Hurry! Get the black hat, the one I wore to the picnic."

"The dress looks real nice, Momma."

Then: "Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, Momma, it's got a split under the arm. I'll mend it! Haven't you got any black sewing silk?"

"Not a bit. . . . I can't go."

"Yes, you can. I'll sew it with white, and then ink it over. It will never show in the world. You go ahead and fix your hair."

"These shoes are awful big. I'll lose them stepping onto the car."

"The Wheelans are going in a taxi!"

(Continued on page 50)

Who Shall Choose Our Immigrants?

A Survey of the Problem and a Suggested Solution

By Oswald Ryan

WHAT are we going to do about the immigration problem?

This question is being asked by more Americans to-day than ever before in our history. And Americans are by no means unanimous in their answer. Some see the problem through the dark glasses of racial and national prejudices; they have pronounced convictions about what should be done. Others view the problem from those sentimental heights where America is seen as a Heavenly appointed refuge for the less fortunate among mankind. Typical of the thinking of this group is the position of the National Industrial Board which, in a recent report, printed in a New York newspaper, says that we should in framing our immigration policy, "assign proper importance to the needs of Europe." "How many of Europe's difficulties can be removed by immigration? Can there be permanent prosperity in Europe if the population of certain countries continues to keep ahead of economic resources?" This school of thinkers believes that the primary object of an immigration should be to take care of the needs of Europe.

Still others glimpse the problem from the vantage point of certain industries that desire cheaper labor.

And, finally, there is an increasing number of Americans who believe that however praiseworthy may be the motive to take care of particular industries or the needs of the rest of the world, our primary duty is to take care of the United States. This conception of immigration which analyzes it in terms of American welfare has not been given the consideration it deserved at the hands of those who in the past have had the most to do with framing immigration laws.

There is no problem, however, which is more intimately bound with the life and destiny of the republic than immigration. No question of public policy touches more deeply the vital welfare of every man, woman and child in this nation. It would be unworthy of any American to wish this issue settled from any other point of view than that of the well-being of the one hundred and fifteen millions of living Americans and their children yet to come.

To the problem every loyal American will bring the deep solemnity and thought which it deserves. Indeed, this is already happening. This attitude of mind characterizes the loyal foreign-born citizen as well as the native-born. This is eminently true of the foreign-born members of the Order of Elks. I have recently addressed Elk audiences in communities in which the foreign-born overwhelmingly predominate. The reaction of these foreign-born members to the plea for a sensible immigration policy was as soundly American as that of our native-born members. This did not surprise me. These men would not have found their way into a distinctly American fraternal and patriotic order had they not been spiritually as well as legally American, accustomed to thinking about national problems exclusively from the standpoint of American welfare.

Of course, you will find foreign-born citizens of the United States who reason about immigration with an eye to European needs. But you will also find a group of

native-born Americans whose ideas on immigration are fashioned solely to their desire for industrial profits through a cheap labor system. Those so-called Americans would sell their birthright in a nation for a mess of industrial pottage.

I have no fear about the position of our loyal citizens of foreign-birth on this immigration problem. The most thoughtful

***THE** writer of this article, who is a member of Anderson, Indiana, Lodge No. 209, was formerly a member of the National Executive Committee of the American Legion, in which office he became identified with the movement for a constructive immigration policy. He has recently returned from Europe, where he investigated immigration conditions for the United States Government, accompanying Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor.*

On this tour personal conferences were held with the leaders of various European governments on the immigration question.

and courageously American articles on immigration I have read were written by an American born in southern Europe. The Secretary of Labor, exponent of a sane immigration policy, is himself an immigrant from northern Europe.

Undoubtedly the thing that has brought the immigration problem to its present acute stage was the change which occurred about thirty years ago in the source and character of our immigration stream. For a generation we have been getting large numbers of immigrants from races and nations whose institutions and culture were basically different from the institutions and culture that form the background of American civilization. They came in such large numbers that they very naturally developed a mass resistance to American ideas and culture, forming important, unassimilated groups in the large cities and oftentimes in the smaller communities. The fact that they were not from closely allied racial stocks and that they had no historical connection with the roots of American civilization made their absorption perplexingly difficult.

Large numbers of those who came were in quality distinctly below the level of their native people. Many came from places which for generations have been the scene of much of the world's discord and strife; lands where the tragedy of war has bred disrespect for all law and disregard for all established institutions. They fill the ranks of the communists, the anarchists and similar trouble-makers who have been the source of much political and social disturbance in late years.

No informed person any longer doubts the

truth of the statement that we have been getting for a generation less than our share of the better class of European peoples. The Army mental tests disclosed the startling fact that about eight millions have been admitted to the country who were of a mentality below normal. The extraordinarily large per centum of alien-stock inmates in our public charitable, insane and penal institutions is further proof of the influx of weak mentality and tainted blood which constitutes one of the fruits of a reckless immigration policy.

By our leave, certain European governments have for a generation made a business of unloading their undesirables upon the United States. I am not taking the word of American restrictionists for this. The record of one European Parliament will show the adoption of a resolution offering pardons to criminals who set sail for America. We found in one European city a few months ago a definite plan under consideration for relieving congestion in their public institutions through emigration to the United States.

I have had governmental leaders in Europe admit their desire and their policy to part only with their undesirables. The President of one European republic recently said privately in my presence: "We are willing to let you have the old and infirm and what you call the rubbish!" Two days later the ex-Prime Minister and one of the outstanding leaders of another country said to us: "Gentlemen, remember we do not intend to let you have any of our good peasants. You may have our political malcontents!"

Who will deny that an immigration policy which permits this country to be made the dumping ground for European undesirables and degenerates is an outrage against the Republic? Every thinking foreign-born citizen of the United States wants this thing stopped because he knows that the presence here of an undesirable from his native land is apt to prejudice him in the minds of un-discriminating Americans who may forget that every nation has its weak as well as its strong elements.

OUR present immigration laws, it is true, are intended to bar undesirables, defectives and illiterates. But do they?

It is no reflection upon our immigration authorities that these provisions of the law have failed to accomplish their purpose. It is a human impossibility for our officials, no matter how able and conscientious they may be, to make an adequate examination of incoming aliens who crowd through the gates by the thousands. Probably only 5% of the mentally deficient and 25% of those who will become insane have been detected according to the experts of the United States Public Health Service. No physical, mental or moral diagnosis can be adequate under the congested conditions that crowd about our ports of entry.

American immigration officials have been subjected to much unjust criticism by reason of their earnest efforts to exclude undesirables. While we were stopping in a European capital recently the newspapers were filled with sensational stories about our cruel detentions at Ellis Island. One of these

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The Pony Express rider starting on his long and hazardous journey, from a mural painting in the First National Bank Building at St. Joseph, Mo.

The Romance of the Pony Express

By George Creel

HOW many Americans have more than a hazy knowledge of the Pony Express, the wild relay race over prairie, mountain and desert, through the heart of the Indian country, that once carried mails from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast? Epic in every detail, rich in historic significance and inspirational in its stark courage, school books mention the heroic enterprise only casually, if at all. But for California's annual celebration of her admission into the Union, it might have vanished entirely from memory, leaving still more room for the unimportant and non-essential. Some alert mind, hunting for stunts, happened to think of the Pony Express, and as a result, this last September saw selected riders covering the 2,100 miles between St. Joseph and San Francisco.

About the whole picturesque revival was the same flavor of antiquity that marks the Norman pageants of a modern English village—a distinct sense of digging deep into a long-forgotten past—and yet it was scarce more than sixty years ago that the Pony Express made history. Only sixty years—the span of an average life—and yet it marks the difference between savagery and civilization, between the frontier struggles of a nation and its rise to world power. Few things are more illustrative of the swift transitions that mark America's growth or more stirring in their reminder of great days when life was a hand-to-hand grapple.

When the daring riders of 1860 raced across half the continent, Salt Lake was the one settlement of size between St. Joseph and Sacramento. Omaha, Cheyenne and Ogden were not, and Denver was a huddle of cabins and Indian tepees from which gold hunters set out with pick and spade and pack mule for the high ranges where nuggets were supposed to strew the ground. Take any map of the United States printed in those days, and where now is Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, there was then a blank expanse labeled "Great American Desert." The railroad stopped at Atchison with definite intent to go no further,

for engineers deemed it physically impossible to combat the vast stretches of alkali plain and seemingly impenetrable mountain barriers. There were no telegraph lines nor telephones, not an acre had yet felt the plough, and every mile was heavy with menace from the savage Indian tribes massed for their last stand against the white man. The boys—for none was over twenty-one—galloped straight into the face of death on every ride, for in addition to the redskins, there were the perils of treacherous rivers, avalanches, snowslides, quicksands, "road agents" and sudden windstorms that froze the marrow before shelter could be gained.

When the Californians followed the ancient trail in September, they sped through one continuous succession of towns and cities, past farmhouses, tilled fields and orchards—telegraph and telephone wires gleamed above their heads, and every step of the way followed the steel rails of transcontinental railroads. Instead of countless buffalo herds, antelope, wolves and the incessant flight of prairie chicken, white-faced Herefords or dairy herds lifted wondering heads from green alfalfa fields. The riders of the Pony Express rode in loneliness and

danger, and any human movement caught by their keen eyes was either Sioux, Piute, Snake or Shoshone. Over the Californians whirled aeroplanes, at their side raced hundreds of automobiles, and radio equipment recorded their progress.

All in sixty years! Telegraph, telephone, railroads, automobiles and aeroplanes—the disappearance of buffalo, antelope and Indian—the transformation of the Great American Desert into the world's granary. It was the Pony Express that paved the way for the railroad and telegraph, demonstrating their possibility, and as a still further claim upon remembrance, the venture played no small part in saving the Union. As a matter of truth, patriotism, rather than profit, was the compelling motive behind the dramatic enterprise that bankrupted its organizers.

WHILE Fort Sumter was not fired on until a year later, the early months of 1860 saw North and South facing each other like giant wrestlers feinting for advantage. California, more than any other part of the country, figured vitally in the calculations of both sides on account of its resources and strategic importance. If the Pacific Coast could be won by the South, it meant control of the gold-fields, direct contact with Texas, mastery of Pacific and Gulf ports, and most of all, chance for an offensive and defensive alliance with France, for Napoleon III was even then planning to put a European prince on a Mexican throne. Of the half million people scattered over California, Oregon and Nevada, fully five-eighths sympathized with the Union, but the Southern element had the advantage of aggressiveness, and far-sighted men in Washington realized that unless the Pacific Coast could be brought into quick communication with the Atlantic seaboard, California might pass over to the South.

At the time, the principal mail route was by ship from New York to Panama by portage across the Isthmus, and by water again to San Francisco, an expensive semi-monthly service that the



The Pike's Peak stables at St. Joseph which housed some of the fastest horses in the country in the days of the Pony Express



On the left Colonel Cody as the veteran Buffalo Bill; and below as a young man at the time he was just beginning to win fame as an express rider and Indian fighter



government subsidized at an annual loss of \$500,000. There were also two stage routes, John Butterfield and William G. Fargo operating from St. Louis to San Francisco by way of the Indian territory to El Paso and on through Tucson, Los Angeles and the San Joaquin Valley; and Russell, Majors and Waddell working from Fort Leavenworth to Denver, over the mountains to Salt Lake, and on through to California. All were slow, a letter taking twenty-two days to get from New York to San Francisco by way of Panama, while the stage journey from St. Louis to the Coast was twenty-five days. The Central route, though seven days shorter, was in regular operation only from Leavenworth to Salt Lake, for beyond this point physical difficulties limited the service to one very uncertain round trip a month.

IN THE early days of 1860, Mr. William Russell happened to be in Washington and the administration leaders consulted with him as to the possibility of quicker communication. As it happened, the idea of relay riders had long been in Russell's head, and he proposed the "Pony Express." On his return to Fort Leavenworth, however, he found that Majors and Waddell were not at all in favor of the project, owing to its expense, and there is something at once old-fashioned and splendid in the way by which he won them to support. "Gentlemen," said Russell, in the large manner that has disappeared since the coming of Bankrupt Sales and Going-Out-of-Business Bargains, "I will not attempt to deny the weight of your arguments. All I can say, sirs, is that my word has been passed, and that my honor is involved."

To those who believe that organization and efficiency are purely modern inventions, there is recommended the study of the swift, sure methods by which Russell, Majors and Waddell proceeded with the giant task assigned them. Already resources were strained to the utmost, for in their stage and freighting operations were em-

ployed fully 5,000 men, 50,000 oxen and mules and 5,000 wagons, but calling upon personal resources to the last cent, they raised the \$100,000 necessary for the Pony Express. Assuredly was the essence of the undertaking, Denver was put to one side in favor of a more direct flight through Nebraska and Wyoming, and this necessitated station rearrangements east of the Rockies. Westward from Salt Lake, the problem was even more difficult, for it was virtually a virgin field. The mountains had to be searched for the most practicable passes, streams explored for fords; willows, cut in creek bottoms, were dragged long distances to bridge bogholes and quicksands, and stations, corrals and stockades were built of sod or adobe, according to the country. Men trod the clay with their bare feet, and the alkali content inflamed them to twice their size.

Within two months, however, a chain of 190 stations were ready for operation and 80 riders and 400 stock tenders, the pick of the west, had been engaged, despite the gloomy opinion of the Eastern press that it was "simply inviting the slaughter of the foolhardy young men who had been engaged as riders." Although the pay only ranged from \$50 to \$150 a month, there were ten applications for every position. Skilled frontier men as they were, Russell, Majors and Waddell knew that life depended on speed entirely, for it was idle to suppose that a rider, even though courageous and resourceful beyond the average, could hold his own against an Indian war party. The West, therefore, was scoured for horses of proved swiftness and endurance, and the average price paid for the 500 mounts was \$200. Thin, wiry lads, weighing as close to 120

pounds as possible, were given preference in the selections, and heavy rifles were rejected in favor of revolver and knife.

Ingenuity was also brought to bear upon the load itself. Mail pouches, fitting closely to the saddle horn, were made of the finest, lightest leather; it was demanded that all letters should be written on thinnest paper, and the wrappings were of oil silk. The New York newspapers, interestingly enough, printed special editions on tissue for the Pony Express. Twenty pounds was the maximum carriage, and although the rate of \$5 a half-ounce does not appear to have been excessive, even this was subsequently reduced to \$1.50. The British Government used the Pony Express for its communication with Asia and an interesting item on the old books is a charge of \$135 for services on the English Admiral's report of his activities

in Chinese waters. At the peak of operations, an average "carry" was 350 letters.

It was on April 3, 1860, that the mail was put on a steamer at San Francisco for Sacramento, while at the same minute a rider started from St. Joseph. Dressed in buckskin, and backing a black mustang that had a Kentucky thoroughbred for father, "Little Johnnie" Frey dashed out of the Pike's Peak Livery Stable amid cheers, cannon firing and horn tooting, and was off on the first leg of the long journey. The way led through the northeast corner of Kansas, passing the Kickapoo Indian reservation entered Nebraska and shot straight West for

the sod houses of Fort Kearney, 267 miles distant. From this point the trail followed the Platte to the junction of its North and South branches and on to Julesburg, a collection of doggeries sustained by "bad men," casual immigrants and vagrant Indians. Here the South Platte was forded, then over the border into Wyoming and along river bottoms and across wind-swept mesas to the rude stockades of Fort Laramie, some score miles distant from the present town. Now the real climb commenced, the trail mounting higher and higher until it wound at last through the tortuous defiles of South Pass, and dropping down again in a series of wild tumbles to Fort Bridger, but a little while before the trading station of old "Jim" Bridger, the famous scout, guide and Indian fighter. Entering the country as far back as 1824, he was the first white man to put a boat on the Great Salt Lake and for thirty years lived on the banks of a tributary of the Green River, as aboriginal as any painted savage, until the gold rush reclaimed him to civilization in some degree to view the green fields of Salt Lake City, where Brigham Young and his Mormons were rapidly turning the desert into orchards. Peaceful enough now, and splitting the air with cheers for the Pony Express, yet it was only three years before that General Albert Sydney Johnston and 5,000 soldiers had been needed to force submission to the law of the land. The great Temple was just commencing to be built, and there was only one business street, but

it was a garden spot, the only place between the Missouri and the Pacific where vegetables or fruits were grown.

Up to now there had been the winding reaches of the Platte, and the sparkling waters of the Laramie—willow-lined creeks, and broad stretches of grassy prairie thick with buffalo, antelope and deer. The trail ran plain, for it had been tramped by the Mormons in 1847, when they fled from Missouri, and had been beaten hard by the gold seekers of 1849 and by Johnston's army in 1857. Now, in 1860, it was being deepened again by eager treasure hunters lured by the tale of incredible riches in the Colorado Rockies. As the Pony Expressmen raced the way, they passed countless wagons placarded "Pike's Peak or Bust," some poor devils actually pushing hand-carts, and the trail was thick with the graves of the very old and the very young.

ALL this ended at Salt Lake City. Beyond the irrigation ditches were long miles of desert, an endless expanse of alkali plain that took terrible toll of men and ponies, and the favorite haunt of the war-like Piutes. The Sink of the Humboldt and the Sink of the Carson—great depressions where the rivers tunneled through the desert floor—called for superhuman endurance, and Carson City, a collection of shanties, was the one settlement. At the California line commenced the Sierras, their snowdrifts thirty feet deep even in spring, and every stream a millrace. As the rider sped past the Truckee Meadows and Lake Tahoe, he skirted Donner Lake where eighty immigrants perished a decade before, the few survivors owing their lives to cannibalism. At Sacramento the mail went on a waiting steamer and went down the river to San Francisco, where the red-shirted argonauts gave a week to wild celebration.

Each man rode seventy-five miles, changing horses every ten or twelve miles, and less than ten seconds were consumed in leaping from saddle to saddle or in hurling the mailbag from one rider to the other. As a station was neared, wild yells gave the stocktenders time to lead out a fresh mount, and with one swift inquiry as to conditions ahead, the change was made and the journey continued. The first run from St. Joseph to Sacramento was made in nine days and twenty-three

An express rider eating up the road, his saddle bags filled with mail collected from the little green Pony Express letter boxes such as the one shown below



BROWN BROS.



hours, but as the service improved, greater speed was obtained. Buchanan's last mes-

sage was carried in seven days and nineteen hours, while Lincoln's inaugural was delivered in seven days and seventeen hours.

The Californians were jubilant when they beat the best Pony Express time by 42 hours, but a comparison of conditions leaves all advantage with the early riders. They raced with death on every side—Indians, snow-packed canyons, slipping mountain sides and swollen streams where one misstep threw them into the grip of a whirlpool or quicksand. The Californians traveled broad highways and asphalt streets; every river had its bridge, and at night a hundred automobile headlights made the way secure. Racing machines acted as "pace-makers," others bore experts to coach and advise, and motor trucks carried food, extra horses, saddles and equipment.

EVEN so, the best average time east of the Sierras was about sixteen miles an hour. Against this, Jim Moore, a Pony Express rider, made a continuous ride of 280 miles in fourteen hours, forty-six minutes, an average speed of eighteen miles an hour. After making his "run" of 140 miles, Moore found that his successor had been killed the day before, and without even stopping for food, started on the return trip. The time was even better than recorded, for Moore met Indian war parties at various points, and had to make long detours to save his scalp. In carrying the Lincoln message, "Pony Bob" Haslam galloped 120 miles over the desert in better than fifteen miles an hour, and this in face of the fact that he found one station burned, thus compelling him to ride one mount for a full twenty-five miles.

There was never a trip that could not have furnished material for a book of wild adventure and hairbreadth escapes. This same "Pony Bob" once reached the end of a seventy-five-mile stint at Fort Churchill to find no successor, and kept right on for another 135 miles, the worst run of them all, for it lay through the desolate Sink of the Carson. After nine hours of sleep, he took the mail pouch from the West and started back, although warned that the Piutes were "sure to get him." Thirty miles out, at Cold Springs,

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Robert Lee Shepherd crossing the Missouri River at St. Joseph on the first lap of the modern revival of the Pony Express race staged last year

A Daughter of Ambition

The Shadow of a Struggle Between Love and Art Begins to Darken the Singer's Newly Opened Path to Success

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

Part II

BARSET entered the club with an even firmer expression than usual on his strong face . . . a grim expression . . . he seemed to have slipped, after the years of settled habit, out of character . . . he could, then, be swept off his feet, like an emotional boy . . . he was shaken.

He was sternly fighting back an impulse to hurry up to the private dining-room. It was now eight-thirty-five. He had insisted that the Governors assemble at seven. What would they think? . . . Hurry was weakness, of course. He was brusque with the coat-room boy; brusque in nodding to the group of friends who stood chatting on the landing. He walked firmly up the stairs. He could still be firm, even if he had found himself, since five-thirty, falling crazily in love with a girl. He asked himself again, this strong-appearing man marching deliberately up to that gathering of strong-headed men who would have been waiting since seven, what love might be? Like a fever, certainly. The pulse and temperature mounted unaccountably. Reason fled. For the first time in his orderly life he had rushed wholly without thought into a difficult problem. His business might suffer, his very name. He might fail these old friends of the club. Failure . . . there was a disturbing new thought! He had never failed. It was emotional men that failed. But he was an emotional man now, it seemed, "Seems, Madam, nay it is" . . . he mentally phrased that; then smiled bitterly, fitfully; and then quickly sobered. This was on the landing. He was tingling in every nerve. His pulse was racing again. Amazingly, without warning of the mood, he felt himself on the point of grinning. The thing was an unnerving ecstasy. He half closed his eyes, caught at the railing and for a moment stood there, visualizing her exquisite features, her round neck, her amber hair and mournful amber-brown eyes. . . . This wouldn't do. He marched on up, firmly again. Had any one noticed him? Could they read him, this blaze within his breast? Doubtless not. And he wasn't a college youth! . . . He shouldn't have made love to her. That outraged his strong ethical sense. He had, of course; in every look, in every tone; holding her hands, kissing them! Like any philanderer! Come to think of it, his course was monstrous. He was winning her, that naïve, really helpless little beaten down thing, by pouring out on her what she must think of as vast wealth, making her dearest dream come true, and this not kindly but selfishly. Making love to her at the very moment of convincing her that marriage was out of the question! And it was; he had told the truth then and she knew it; no home and babies and smothering detail for a fighting young prima donna; she must be hard, hard; some sort of marriage later, perhaps, when she had found herself, but not now . . . he passed his hands across his eyes . . . the men who did that sort of thing. . . . He hesitated

again, at the door of the private dining-room, touched by a wholly new sense of horror. The word is not too strong. Why had she accepted his advances unquestioningly? Could she be the wrong sort? Though why not, at that? Evidently he himself was. Or had the poor child lost her ethical perspective in this realm of beautiful music? Or had the jazzing post-war world simply gone off its head, dragging such as her and him with it? There were so many stories nowadays about the girls . . . he blanched. That she might have been as yielding with other men (and she must have known men) was the most unnerving thought yet. It stirred to life a savage creature within his breast.

He could hear their voices in the room. Bill Brandywine's and Ted Wing's, in argument; then the round bass of Harold MacLeish, the architect; then the dry, incisive tones of Henry Oldberg. . . . The room was blue with cigar smoke. Coffee cups had been pushed aside. Harold MacLeish was sketching plans on the back of a menu card. They questioned him, in humorous impatience; but he wouldn't explain. That much of his normal balance appeared to be left to him. Clearly they awaited his firm leadership. Well, they should have it. He took hold. His character hadn't wholly left him within three hours. It couldn't, of course. He proposed first that Harold should draw plans for the two buildings and prepare estimates, following which the full Board could discuss the problem from the financial angle and a committee could be appointed to work out a pamphlet presenting the idea comprehensively to the club.

It was simple enough, when you came down to it. He refused to permit the Board to take over his option. That new dark little thought of possible failure was weaving through his brain. No telling what he might do now! The loss, if any, must be his. Another faintly gratifying evidence of character!

He walked over to the Wellesley in some relief. It would take two or three weeks to prepare the plans. That should give him time to get hold of himself. He'd have to do that, of course. Amazingly he had taken over the support of a girl and her mother. It came right down to that. Their most intimate problems were now to become his problems. He had given his word, and in bewilderment would keep it. It would be necessary to work out a plan for making the payments. He wouldn't do it through the office. Perhaps the best plan would be simply and frankly to open an account at a branch bank uptown there; arrange to have a certain sum placed to Mrs. Hansen's credit each month. They'd have to work out what this sum should be. He determined to be very businesslike about this. They might get into him for any amount. They didn't seem that sort, but you never could tell what people might take it into their heads to do with a little money in their hands. He'd have to trust the mother's judgment, and he hadn't so much as seen her! . . .

He had for the first time surrendered something of his independence. That was another upsetting thought. He would be at their mercy, really. Two women! As for them, their position would be . . . well, unthinkable. He tried to work out how he might put the thing at the branch bank. In the end, of course, he'd have to brazen it through and let them think their own thoughts. After all, he needn't mind so much; every sort of dubious arrangement was familiar enough in New York nowadays. There really weren't standards any more. At that, he might be able, himself, by sheer force of character, to give the transaction a decent tone. He fell to thinking then of the puzzled look on Fred Halling's face, back there at the meeting. But Fred had asked no questions.

6

ISABEL HALLING called up the next day, just before noon, and asked if he was free for luncheon. She had never before called him at the office. It appeared that she was shopping in the neighborhood and would like him to meet her at Voisin's. Somewhat resentfully, he went.

She was waiting in the dim entrance hall. How like her to choose for the rendezvous a place where the lighting was not strong. It was a sunny Autumn day, and she had laid aside her mink coat for a smart walking suit. That odd little gold-headed stick she carried, of course. . . . Barsset asked himself why he and Isabel Halling should be meeting at a quiet French restaurant. It might be like her, but it was not like him. She doubtless knew from Fred that he had been more than an hour and a half late last evening; he who always kept appointments on the minute. They would have talked him over. Husbands and wives, whatever their personal reservations, talked their friends over. . . . She seemed smaller even than usual. She was very pretty and gracious. What did she want of him, with that sure brooding look in her eyes?

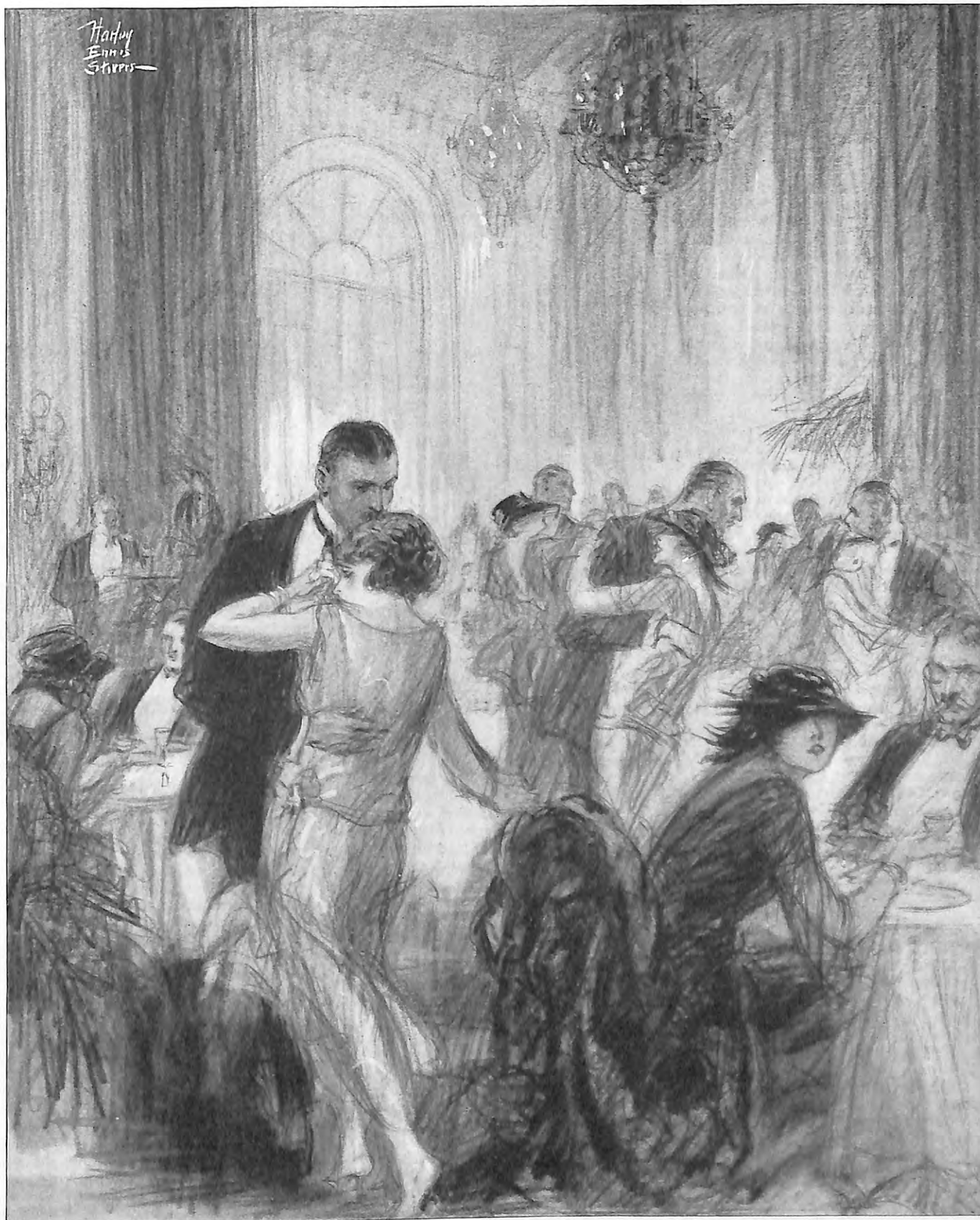
She chose an alcove in a side room. Here they could talk. She said she wasn't hungry. Isabel never forgot her dainty figure. She managed that, as she managed everything about her.

"I simply had to have your verdict on Hedda, Gorry. What do you think? Is she really a singer?"

He contrived to give out an air of considering the matter. It was necessary to frame an attitude. In all his contacts from now on his frightened judgment would demand an attitude. He had let himself in so deep! He decided now on a manner of businesslike frankness. That would be most like his real self as he had hitherto assumed it to be. But he was again unnerved. He felt like a crook; an eager crook who has glimpsed an unbelievable treasure.

"Yes, Isabel," said he, simply and gravely enough. "I believe she is."

"I'm so glad, Gorry. But tell me, what can we do? Did you have a real talk with her?"



He inclined his head. "I've never seen a more deserving case, Isabel."

"I know. It simply breaks your heart. We can't let that child go back to Minnesota . . . beaten. I've been beating my brains." She seemed as casual as he; but all the time her brooding eyes were closely on him. She would never be at ease until she had put the story together, whatever story might grow there, and could grasp it and manage it. So he thought. She went on. "I've wondered if we couldn't get a group of the men we know to put up some money . . . perhaps I was just a little disingenuous about

Her hand tightened on his coat and he heard a faint sound. The child was sobbing. . . . Very gently he bent his head and asked softly, "Shall we keep on dancing, Hedda?"

yesterday. I was so hoping to interest you. If there ever was a case that called for just your gift of leading and organizing it's this one, Gorry."

Her voice was softly flattering. Her eyes with a nearly hidden smoldering light in them were fixed on him. She always, lately, had that air of being absorbed with him. It couldn't be that she intended a flirtation,

for in that event she would never have thrust Hedda at him. So he thought. And quickly, as his mind ran here and there over and around the situation, he decided to be frank. Well, pretty frank. She would get it out of the naïve little Hedda anyway.

"That won't be necessary, Isabel."

"You don't mean that you . . ."

"I've taken hold of it."

"Wonderful, Gorry!"

"I'm meeting Mrs. Hansen to-night to go over the whole business. I've never before taken up a job of this sort, but of course somebody has to help gifted young artists.

In a way, I suppose, if you get pleasure out of music . . . as I do, always have . . . and if you have a little spare money, why it is something of a duty. This child has everything . . . voice, beauty, personality, taste, musical understanding. I don't see how she can fail. She seems not to have any nonsense about her. I asked her pretty bluntly if her emotional energy was likely to be divided. . . ."

"Oh, you did?" purred Isabel; and that smouldering light blazed up a very little.

"Yes. She seems thoroughly sensible. She understands that it's a fight, and that for years . . . these early years of it . . . she must center on the one thing. I had to make that clear. I couldn't put in a year or two building her career only to find her marrying and leaving it in the lurch."

"Naturally." Isabel was delighted with the situation.

"That's really what struck me most forcibly. She knows what the struggle is. . . ."

"She ought to, poor child!"

" . . . and I believe she'll go through."

"Then she'll have a recital this Fall?"

BARSET nodded. "I got in touch with the Aeolian Hall people this morning. There's a late October date that looks promising. Alexander Watson is going over the situation to see what we'll conflict with."

"Alexander Watson? Really!"

"Yes. He's going to manage her."

"Gorry, I could kiss you!"

"It's really absurdly easy. All that seems to be necessary is a little money. And Heaven knows I've spent enough on myself."

"It does take money."

"Apparently, Isabel, a singer has to spend money for years before she can hope to show a profit. It takes quite a little courage and a driving ambition to stand the gaff."

"I know, Gorry, but think of what the rewards mount up to when they do begin rolling in. And nowadays, with the machine records and probably the radio and all. People like McCormack and Caruso and Schumann-Heink make real fortunes. Look at Galli Curci . . . over night, really! And Garden and Farrar! And Jeritza!"

"All those," said he, musingly, "are personalities as well as singers."

"So is Hedda. She's an inescapable little person. When she sings she's simply an angel."

"I'm counting somewhat on that."

"People are likely to talk a little, Gorry. Do you mind?" She studied him.

He hesitated. "You can't control that sort of thing, of course."

"I don't know about that. There's no object in laying one's private affairs before the public. Probably I can help. I won't talk. And you two can meet at my place when you have things to go over. You won't want her running into your office. And you won't want the mother on your heels all the time. From what Hedda has said I gather that their apartment is quite impossible."

He slightly compressed his lips. She wasn't to know from him that he had already been in that apartment. Her voice went smoothly on.

"Tell you what I can do, Gorry. I'll take hold and educate her a little . . . you know, guide her. After all, a little plain sense isn't going to hurt anybody. Oh, I'm so glad . . . so glad!"

In the dim hall, where for a moment they were alone, she caught his arm.

"Gorry, you're a thrilling person. . . ."

"Oh no!"

"You do big things so simply and easily. I'm crazy about you. For goodness sake get me out of here before I hug you!"

He marched her out. She said she would take a taxi down home. He opened the door. She hesitated then, with one pretty foot on the running-board, and looked up at him with pursed lips. The chauffeur, who had leaned over for the address, drew discreetly back into his seat.

"Gorry," said she, quietly and soberly, yet with an undernote of emotional tension that communicated itself disturbingly to him . . . "do you know what that child needs more than anything else? She needs the element of love in her life. At least, . . . she held her cane by its gold top and watched it slowly swing, "at least, that's how I read her. If she's to grow into a great artist, she must be brought into full flower during these next few years. Certainly no marrying; but love . . . yes."

She looked up again, smiled faintly, then stepped up into the cab. He slammed the door shut, gave the man her number, and stiffly lifted his hat as she, with a wave of her little hand, disappeared.

7

HE FELT like a truant boy as he pressed a button under the scribbled name "Hansen" in that narrow uptown hallway. There seemed even something absurd in his being there. At the whistle of the speaking tube he started; not for years had he heard that sound. But the musical voice at his ear, explaining eagerly that they would be down directly, brought him a partial sense of reality. He went out and down the steps then and waited by the taxi. He had thought of taking them to the Ritz, but at the first glimpse of the alert little woman descending the steps at Hedda's side he changed his



mind. That woman wouldn't feel comfortable at the Ritz. Despite the spark of vitality in her bright eyes and her quick movements she had no smartness. Her woolen outer coat with collar and wristbands of gray fur and the undistinguished little hat suggested Minnesota . . . too many years in a small town. And she looked tired. He told the chauffeur to drive to a restaurant on upper Broadway. It seemed wiser, at that. No one that knew him would be there.

They sat, very quiet, crowded within the cab. Mrs. Hansen, greatly constrained, mentioned the weather. She had nervously insisted on riding backward on one of the folding seats. It seemed to all three of them that New York had never been so crowded as this Fall. And the enormous number of taxicabs made the streets unsafe for life and limb. There were a surprising lot of good plays in town; the amateur invasions of Broadway had certainly done much to shake the old-time theater out of its ruts. Music, now, hadn't changed greatly. In opera the foreign crowd at the Metropolitan firmly kept their grip. On this topic Mrs. Hansen, escaping from her restraint, became momentarily eloquent. An American had simply no chance. Oh, if she first built up a success in Italy, Germany or France; they might consent to listen to her then! Hedda, while her mother held forth, glanced up now and then at the man beside her. Once their eyes met and she shyly smiled. Then she looked at his big fur collar. The pleasantly impish thought came that it would be nice to lay her cheek against it.



*"You two must
have a lot to
talk over and
I'll leave you.
No one will dis-
turb you here"*

He was most courteously attentive to Mrs. Hansen. He had dignity; he was a gentleman. Though Hedda herself was struggling with a sense of unreality more disturbing than any he in his mature knowledge of life could even know. She wasn't sure that she hadn't dreamed his amazing offer during a tossing white night. He had, she believed now, kissed her hands. Perhaps, if it hadn't been a dream, he would now explain that he couldn't quite undertake all he had promised. That was the commonest of experiences. Again and again her demure eyes glanced up at him; and her color came and went. She hardly dared speak. Her hands were caught tightly together in her lap, and her toes curled tightly within her little shoes. She was all tension. She tried repeatedly to relax, but found it impossible. Yet she stepped quietly out of the taxi, and walked into the restaurant with a grace and charm of which she was utterly unconscious; she only knew how her heart was thumping.

HE WAS wonderful; so sure and easy in all he did. He ordered a splendid dinner; and when he remarked, pleasantly grave, that little girls always liked big steaks, she broke out into a rippling laugh that had to be checked quickly. She loved big steaks. And then, when the waiter had gone, he lit a cigarette and came directly to the subject.

"We have so much ground to get over," said he, "that we'd better begin." His smile put Hedda almost at her ease; and the mother, who was still dwelling on that foreign problem at the Metropolitan, listened

wide-eyed. "Your daughter, of course, has told you of our talk last evening, Mrs. Hansen."

"Oh yes, and I can't tell you how much I . . ."

"Now my suggestion is that we consider the problem sensibly and practicably. She has a great talent. . . ."

"You're sure of that, Mr. Barset?"

"Quite. We can build a career there. My position . . . I perhaps should state it . . . is simply this; I love music. I am not a poor man. Those of us who find the arts important in our lives should do what we can for them. Up to now I've done nothing. Mrs. Halling has pointed out to me how important it is that something be done for your daughter. . . ."

"It is very important to us," breathed Mrs. Hansen. She was twisting and untwisting her fingers on the table before her. Hedda, watching this, sat very still with her hands in her lap.

"Well," Mr. Barset went quietly on, "since we have a real talent here, every necessary gift, why . . . let's do it."

It was real. Hedda felt the color surging hotly into her cheeks, and her eyes filled. This was confusing, but she couldn't help it. She had to use her handkerchief. Mr. Barset's voice trailed off into silence. He was moved, too. Mrs. Hansen, still twisting and untwisting her fingers, looked away. You could see that she hardly dared breathe.

"I want you" . . . he was speaking again, very kindly; he was a gentleman . . . "to look at this altogether impersonally, as I do. We've got to develop this talent. If the arts were to die in this money-juggling

age, what kind of a civilization would we have?" Hedda's moist wide eyes were on him; she had never thought of that. "Miss Hansen can't be left alone here to fight it out. Fortunately you are with her. My suggestion . . . and if you can be brought to see it as I do we will plan accordingly . . . is that you both stay on just as you are. I will set aside a sum of money . . . not a very great sum, but enough, I think . . . and have so much a month paid you for living expenses, lessons, accompanying and such matters. We will plan the public appearances and expenses of the manager as a separate account. I'll handle that myself." This was letting himself into the tangle with a vengeance. He glanced at Hedda and smiled reassuringly. He hurried on with, "I think you will have to continue living very simply."

"Oh, of course," breathed Mrs. Hansen.

"I UNDERSTAND that we can hardly hope to turn our corner right away. The thing will call for patience and courage. I'm not a rich man, certainly not as things go here in New York, and we'll have to be thrifty about it."

Fortunately the music struck up then. He felt a clumsiness from which he couldn't seem to extricate himself. The pair of them were so helplessly in his hands. He was confusedly happy. It occurred to him . . . never before had he seen it in this great light . . . that happiness is important.

Mrs. Hansen said she didn't dance any more. But Hedda stepped out to the floor with him. Silently she gave herself to his arm and they glided away. He was glad, exultantly glad, that he danced well. Perhaps he wouldn't seem so old to her. She moved exquisitely. Once he thought she was trying to speak, and glanced down; but her face was hidden against his shoulder. Slowly, easily, they moved along. Then her hand tightened on his coat and he heard a faint sound. The child was sobbing. . . . Of course, come to think of it, the worry they had had to live through had shaken her; and now the abrupt and complete relief was too much for her. Already she took him naïvely for granted. Very gently he bent his head and asked, "Shall we keep on dancing, Hedda?" . . . She nodded, still hiding her face in his coat, and clung to him. He welcomed the fact that many others were dancing. It was easy to guide her about the farther end of the floor where her mother could observe nothing of this intimate moment.

A little later she whispered, "You'll think I'm just a baby."

He smiled and tightened his arm about her. She glanced up then and caught the last of that smile. When they swung back toward their table she was nearly herself. Or she hoped so. For that matter, mother was excited enough on her own account. Hurriedly she took her seat and went at the steak. That would help a little. And Mr. Barset helped more by saying amusing little things. He was wonderful.

Again and again they danced. Only for a moment, during the ice cream . . . he ordered that for her . . . did the money business come up again. Then he asked Mrs. Hansen if four hundred dollars a month would cover their living expenses and the lessons. And suddenly Hedda knew, as if a light blazed in her tired brain, that everything was settled. They had never had as much as that. It did seem strange, when you tried to think it out, that from now on he would be buying the very clothes she would wear. That brought her color up again. . . . And he was the kind

that would carry it clear through. He wouldn't weaken.

In the cab, on the ride home, they sat squeezed up together in the back seat. She couldn't resist slipping her hand into his. Mother didn't see. In some small way she had to show her feelings. She thought him reserved, like the splendid men in the Victorian novels. He didn't express his feelings frankly, without self-consciousness, like the people of nowadays. It had been really quaint, his kissing her hands; but strangely, beautifully moving. And he had been wonderful out there on the dance floor when she cried.

She asked him up as a matter of course. It was still early in the evening, as New York evenings go. Austerly, she thought, he accepted, and very soberly mounted the stairs. She had to struggle with an odd lack of breath in asking him to take off his coat. He sat in the morris chair. Mrs. Hansen slipped into another room; as if it were a matter of course (he thought) leaving them together. And he knit his brows. It was so many years since he had been left alone with a young girl in this matter-of-fact way, in this oddly American way, that his spirit seemed to float confusedly back over the years into the youth he had had, really, so little of. . . . It occurred to him that he hadn't spoken her first name within the hearing of her mother. They were building a little secret. It wouldn't do. Back in the civilization he had really known best, before the war and before this devastating Younger Generation was dreamed of . . . far, far back in that orderly Victorian time . . . it had been the man's creed that girls were to be protected. To-day had no creed, of course. . . . She seemed to him radiant. She didn't sit, but moved, faintly smiling, to the window and then to the piano and looked through the music that was heaped on top of it.

"Sing to me," he said. He hadn't meant to speak in that caressing tone; he hadn't even meant to lower his voice. It was, however, tacit that they were to speak for no third person. . . . The disarming element in the situation was her look of breathless happiness. He felt, tried to tell himself, that all this was anything but sane. . . . And then, as she slipped down on the piano stool and struck the keys lightly, he saw the title of the song there on the rack . . . La Chevalure. . . . She opened it; laughed softly, beautifully; said, with that suggestion of delightful impishness in her voice, "I suppose I really oughtn't to sing this." . . . He found himself rising and moving to her side. Her slim little fingers were moving slowly over the keys. He looked at them, struggling with a dryness in his throat. She glanced up, then down; he saw the red color in the ear-lobe that peeped out from beneath the amber hair. . . . Her fingers stopped. He saw that she was looking up at the song. . . . A thought huskily she said, "The whole thing is so wonderful I simply can't think. I hardly know what I'm saying or doing. . . ." Then, in an uprush of emotion that was confused with guilt and a kind of fright, he took her in his arms. Her head fell back within the hollow of his arm. Her lips met his. Her arms slipped about his neck and held him.

In the next room a drawer slid shut and Mrs. Hansen moved about. Quickly they drew apart. Hedda smoothed her hair and played softly a few chords of the song.

"I'll go," whispered Baret, in a nervous state so nearly balanced between ecstasy

and misery that he couldn't have said more. She inclined her head. He saw that her face was flaming. He marched straight to the little hall and put on his coat. She slipped out there after him, and with a sensation that the thing was inevitable, a feeling almost of resignation, he took her in his arms again. . . . Finally she pushed him away, whispering, "You must go! Please!"

He ran down the two flights like a boy. He felt that his face was flaming, too. Sober citizens mustn't see him like this. That



Baret
leaned on
the piano.
"Sing to me,
Hedda."

thought of a monstrous element in the situation intruded again. He couldn't have spoken even to a taxi-man. He walked, striding swiftly, over toward the subway. It was difficult to keep from laughing. He must, of course, positively get the business in hand. It wouldn't do. It *wouldn't*! Everything he had done, everything he had said, put him in that monstrous light. How could he face that dear girl's mother again? He had rushed off without so much as speaking to her. What would she think of him? He knew well enough what he himself would think of such a person. The fresh difficulty now was to keep from dancing along the walk. He even caught himself singing softly . . . La Chevalure. He saw a florist shop across Broadway; hurried there; bought two dozen splendid red roses and ordered them delivered at once. He decided to walk down Broadway. He couldn't sit anywhere. The thing was to walk, walk, walk; fight it out; get hold of himself. Then he stopped short; considered going back and telling them to send those flowers to a hospital. Her mother would have to see them. Hedda might find them embarrassing. They began to seem like nails driven into the coffin of his old upright self. But he strode on. The worst of it was that the child couldn't conceivably be regarded as in love with him. He had taken ad-

vantage of a moment in which she was swept off her feet. It was only the gratitude of an emotional, tempestuous little heart. He was a scoundrel. He laughed aloud.

8

THE night was restless. The day brought a mental disorder that was distressing to him. His brain barely functioned. Miss Pierce, his secretary, plainly wondered as she sat motionless waiting for him to fumble along through his mail. All through that endless forenoon he seemed to be awaiting something . . . some message from Hedda; a word even from Isabel who was, with all said and done, the only human link between them. Though Isabel had been shrewdly right in pointing out that the girl mustn't be running into the office. He found himself actually hoping for a letter from Hedda in that heap of mail. He had to explain to himself there couldn't be one unless she had written it toward midnight and run out to the corner with it. . . . The profoundly confusing chain of thought was that he couldn't state their present relation in any terms compatible with either his emotional or his ethical experience. What *were* their relations? And what were they to become? The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning he had debated that and was still de-

bating it. The tension of it shook him, even irritated him. At eleven he deliberately quit his office and set out on her business. He had got as far as the outer door when Miss Baker, the switchboard girl, called him back. He picked up the instrument that stood on the switchboard. Of all voices it was Isabel's . . . with little Miss Baker's eyes right on him.

"Could you drop in at the apartment for a bite of lunch, Gorry? Hedda is coming. Fred's over in Philadelphia today." The last sentence was perfectly Isabel . . . prettily said, intimate, touched with a gently furtive brush. . . . What was Isabel up to, anyway? She was simply driving him and the girl together. But why? Could it be merely her shrewdness, getting him so deeply committed that he couldn't quit? She ought to know him better than that. He'd never have gone back on his word. Or could it be nothing more than her curious interest in the love affairs of her friends; or just her managing instinct. Something puzzling about it.

He said, "All right, Isabel. I'll look in before one." And went on out to talk with Alexander Watson. It came out, during this talk, that Hedda's most dangerous rival among the younger group was Henrietta Dilton, for Dilton had that rare quality of charm that could be communicated from platform to audience. Her voice was less than Hedda's, despite the fortune that had been lavished on it and despite all that De Reszke and Marianna Brandt and Sembrich and Yvette Guilbert had been able to do for it; but she had a savagely irresistible mother, a woman with a serpent's tongue who would storm any obstacle. Dilton's Aeolian concert was set for November third; Watson believed he could get the hall for October thirty-first. There were several weeks in which to turn around. He was inclined to propose spending an extra thousand or two in advertising and publicity. "It really comes down," said he, "to whether we want to put the girl across with a bang or just play half-heartedly at it. . . ."

(Continued on page 52)



*The Story of a Great Love that
Was Brave Enough to Conquer Pride*

The Man Who Didn't Come Back

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Illustrated by Ray C. Strang

UNTIL she got the news at Red Spruce, Ann Gregory hadn't realized how she had lived for it. The pounding of her horse's feet and the pounding of her heart beat it out for her: "He's coming home! He's coming home—to me!"

Her tough little Western horse swept over the Crest Road, up one long, easy slope and down another. She knew it better now than Fifth Avenue or Broadway. It ran along the backbone of the earth, in the Colorado Rockies, high above the muck and din of men.

The smoke from a little narrow-gauge train that looked like a toy down in the cañon made a fading stain on the snowy sides of the Elephant. An eagle was slowly circling the great brown rocks of the Giant's Head. Dry snow trailed off in the wind in league-long, gauzy banners from the Big Chief's granite top. It glittered in the sun and stung her cheeks. She breathed it in with the good strong smell of spruce and pine.

It was *her* country now—hers and Pete Bryce's. There was a memory of him in every tree and stream and rock, in every little bridge she thundered over, in every twist and turn of the way—and he was coming home to it at last!

She pulled the horse back into its wise, accustomed gait, that commonplace jog which looks so slow and piles up the miles so astonishingly, and it was breathing naturally again when they rounded the base of the Big Burn and came out facing a low, brown cabin set back among friendly pines and Balm of Gilead trees on the other side of the gulch.

It was a stout little house, built of heavy hewn spruce logs, time-stained to a mahogany black. It had a knowing gaze, an amusing lack of eyebrows, and plenty of firm but pleasant human qualities. Nothing could have equalled its air of establishment. It stood there among the trees and tumbled gray rocks as if it meant to outstay them. It was as indigene as the kinnikinnick and the juniper and the silvery mountain sage that

preserves a little fragrant life so long under the snow.

The horse went down with the dip of the road and up again, and stopped with a spurt of pebbles and snow at the cabin steps. She threw the reins over its head and sprang down.

"Got some news for you, Jim. Pete's coming home!" She whipped it out like the song of a meadow lark in the spring.

A tall slim young man with Ann's eyes pulled himself erect in a sort of improvised chaise longue in a corner of the porch.

"Letter?"

"No, it's here in the paper." She tossed him a bundle of mail, and came over to the edge of the porch with a New York newspaper in her hand. "It's an A. P. dispatch from London, dated the twenty-eighth." She pulled off her gauntlets, unfolded the paper and read it aloud:

"Capt. Peter Bryce and Sergeant Joe Brink, veterans of the World War, arrived here to-day from Helsingfors on their way back to the United States after eleven months' service as special representatives of the United States Government in Soviet Russia. The nature of their mission has not been revealed, but it was learned at the American Embassy that Captain Bryce has been the means of relieving the Administration at Washington of the gravest anxiety and placing in its hands information of almost incalculable value. Captain Bryce and Sergeant Brink expect to sail for New York on the tenth of next month." She gave Jim the paper. "That ought to put 'em into New York along about the sixteenth and back here some time after the nineteenth, depending on how many Broadway plays he wants to see and how many questions his Uncle Samuel asks him in Washington. He's sure to have to go there, don't you think?"

"Yes, I'd think so. And he'll be lucky if they don't keep him a month." Jim Gregory kicked himself free of his fur robes. When he stood, you noticed his stoop. "If I know Pete, he'll be getting back here as quick as he can. He'll be wanting to breathe thin air again and smell a spruce tree."

Ann nodded. "I'd go in if I were you. The wind's got an edge. I'll come, too, as soon as I take the horse to Uncle Henry."

She ran down the steps, slipped her arm through the bridle rein, and went off around the house, the pony nuzzling her shoulder. She had none of the look of an Eastern importation. The swing of the stride of her mud-stained elk-hide boots might have been native to the cañon. Wind and sun of the Rockies had burned her cheeks a deep, clear brown, and she had generally the forthright hardy air of an outdoor Westerner.

SHE was twenty-six and tall, with a kind of rangy grace of carriage, that spoke now, after her three mountain years, of a deep reserve of physical strength. Her live, brown hair, parted at the side, was gathered firmly under a small corduroy hat, but the coarse ends of it escaped and curled about her face. Sometimes they gave her the look of a boy. She had a good head, with brains in it. Her mouth was mobile and strong and sensitive, but she had been holding it straight too long and there was just a touch too much of determination in its girlish corners that one who loved her might have wished away. And her eyes were gray, as steady as a hawk's, maturer than the rest of her, and serious. They had looked pretty straight at serious things, and they hadn't had the chance to forget, for which, being young, they longed.

Out by the barn Uncle Henry was feeding turnips to his three cows. There were turnips in his hands behind his back and turnips in both pockets of his coat, and the cows, according to a well-established custom, rummaged for them while the old man dodged and turned and twisted. An opinionated



collie walked slowly around them and barked its vigorous disapproval. The one vital emotion that lingered in its fat, useless and lazy body was jealousy. It hated Uncle Henry's three cows. The cows got all the turnips, and followed sniffing after him as he came to meet Ann.

He must have been pressing seventy. His eyes were the color of anemones the third day after they have been gathered. Much of him seemed dead, and nothing very keenly alive except his spry old legs. But he had a way of brightening like a prairie under rain at the mention of something that interested him. They had rented him along with the place.

"Did I hear ye say that Pete'n Joe was

She knew he loved her. . . . With the sure proof of her woman's instinct, she wondered if there was anything else she knew half so well

comin' home?" he asked as he took the bridle rein.

"Yes. Some time next month, I guess."

He cocked his head judicially. "This here cañon *could* get along without Joe. Fact is, we tried to run him out onct. But Pete Bryce's—well, kind o' necessary. They've kep' us on the quivy-quivy a long time, ain't they?" And he trotted off toward the barn, leading the horse.

Ann smiled and went in to Jim where he sprawled luxuriously, half-buried in newspapers, beside a log fire.

"Tea, Jim?"

"Sure," he said absently from the depths of his paper.

The room was austere, like the mountains, and long and low, like the house. Its unceiled gable roof, heavily beamed and raftered, gave it an air of spaciousness. It was dark with smoke and time. The heavy boards of the floor had been worn by the feet of years until the nails stood up like studs. The furnishings were plain and old. There were no pictures on the walls. Ann had hung a few and taken them down. Ranged with the pictures set in all the cabin's window-frames, they seemed artificial. The sturdy, simple old place, over-looking all that grandeur of form and

splendor of color, didn't lend itself to decoration. As well have hung her prints on the rocky brown sides of the Elephant, or spread her Chinese embroideries over the Big Chief's granite ribs. Except for some cushions, a few Indian rugs, books, and tea-things, the house was much as it had been when she and Jim came West and took it three years ago.

Three years ago she hadn't known Pete Bryce was in the world! Now, as she began to make tea with the news of his home-coming beating in her blood, it seemed to her that there could be no world at all without him.

She looked at Jim. There was only a trace, at the edges of his coat of tan, of the pallor that had overspread his face when they came. And the old luster was coming back to his hair and the old ring to his voice. For so long the vigor of his spirit had shown itself only in his plucky gray eyes. The cañon had done this for her, and brought her Pete. It was no wonder she loved it.

She had won her way to that love, as Jim had won his way to health. Just a little weakening, she told herself, and disease and those gaunt and frigid peaks would have had them by the throats. Since Pete had gone she had seen that it was his strong, happy, trail-blazing spirit that had shown her how to meet it upstanding, how to oppose its strength with strength of her own, to give it blow for blow, and master it.

SHE wondered if she could have found in a soft, luxuriant prospect the help that lay in the jagged line of peaks that cut the sky out there. They were as familiar to her as the faces of her friends. She never saw them without a stirring of the heart. Remote, austere, eternal, something in them had stayed her soul through the lonely years when she and Jim had fought for Jim's life, and won it.

"I'll go over after a while and tell Emily Brink Joe's coming," she said, as she broke the seals on a little green basket of orange pekoe.

"I would," said Jim. Then he laid down his paper and added soberly: "If you think he is."

"You don't mean that you think—"

"It's a chance for a clean break, if he wants to take it."

"Drinking Joe Brink" wasn't much good until Pete and the war took hold of him. He was a drifter. He worked a little when he had to; punched cattle here and there; swung a sporadic pick in the mines; prospected in a half-hearted sort of way; pretended for a space that he was a lumber-jack. But mostly he shot his own food or caught it out of the mountain streams and spent all his money for whisky and let the world go by. His real name had been Vassia Kuznetzofs. He was a Russian. The real Joe Brink had been a prospector. One night they found him dead in his cabin up on the edge of the Big Burn: too much hope deferred and exposure and not enough food—he'd "just kind of petered out," the coroner decided. After they buried him, nobody else wanted his cabin and Vassia Kuznetzofs moved in. After that everybody called him "the fellow over at Joe Brink's." Nobody could pronounce Kuznetzofs anyway, and nobody had ever tried to. In time they gave him the dead man's name without any qualifications and forgot he had ever had another. When the forest ranger caught him hunting without a license and told him he had to be a citizen to get

one, he invested five dollars of his whisky money in naturalization and got the judge who admitted him to change his name during the process to Joseph Brink.

When the war came along, he and Pete Bryce, neighbors for years and acquaintances, found themselves in the same company, Pete as captain and Joe as a private. Chance threw them into Russia, and Joe became Vassia Kuznetzofs again, and invaluable. He was the gateway into a new world for his captain, who came back after the armistice speaking the language, capable of passing for a Russian anywhere, and pledged to return to Russia if his country needed him. And, sure enough, after a while it did, and he went back, as he had promised, taking Joe Brink with him.

But in the meantime Pete had taken hold of Joe, forced him to marry Emily, cured him of the drink, and showed him how to make money raising potatoes on Pete's land on shares. After they were married in Pete's parlor and went to live in a cabin Pete owned back in the timber, no one saw much of them except Pete and Ann. They hadn't been there very long before Pete and Joe went back to Russia. Perhaps it wasn't long enough to judge him by, but Ann remembered a timid look in his eyes when he went away that asked you to believe in him, and—possibly because the magnificent certainty of her own love spread a glow even over Joe and Emily—

"He'll come back," she said, as she gave Jim his tea. "You'll see."

"Lord knows, I hope so. She's a good sort, Emily. It all depends on whether he really cares about her."

"I've a letter over there from Cuyler," he said presently. "He wants to know when you're coming back to New York and the Star!"

Jim was always trying to find out whether she missed the old life she had given up for him.



"I'm not going back at all. I don't care if I never see the inside of a newspaper office again."

HE LOOKED at her searchingly. As she sat by the hearth drinking her tea her cheeks still held the touch of the wind. Her hair was rumpled and pushed boyishly to one side. She had thrown one leg over the other and was swinging it rhythmically. The folds of her brown corduroy riding skirt took on the color of the flames.

"Honest, Jimmy!" She laughed. "I've forgotten I ever played the game."

"It's a pity. You had begun to play it uncommonly well."

He was older than she, and, in her estimation, very much wiser. It was pleasant to have him say things like that.

"Had I, really?" She set down her cup, and leaned on her elbow, and stared in the fire.

"You know you had. Cuyler says the column is dying of anemia, and that if you have any natural maternal instincts you'll come back and save your offspring."

She shook her head. "I haven't. I'll never go back."

And she reiterated it as she went down the Dawson Trail a little later to Emily Brink's. "Never, never. It's the West for me always."

The trail led her into the cañon, and along the narrow-gauge railroad track that followed the serpentine course of Roaring River. The Brinks' cabin was on the other side, and you crossed at Dawson's Lake. Though all the people in that part of the cañon took the train there, it was nothing but a flag station, as lonely as any other spot along the way, except when it burst into brief life at ice-shipping time.

She loved the place, but she hadn't come because of the charm of the two little frozen lakes bordered with orange-colored clumps of leafless willows and set whitely in somber forests of stiff spruce trees, nor to see again the range, on the other side of the river, mounting in one superb sweep after another to the lonely granite cone of the great old Big Chief himself.

To mark Dawson's Lake as a stopping-place for the little coffee-pot of an engine with its pair of diminutive coaches that every day struggled desperately up and slipped nonchalantly down the cañon, there was a long high platform for loading ice, and she had come to stand beside a rough spruce post that held up one corner of it.

Though she hadn't known it, she saw now that she had meant to come there ever since she got the news. There Pete had told her good-by.

The ice harvesters had left an empty wooden box. She drew it over and sat down and leaned her cheek against the post, and let herself slip deliciously into the memories she had been holding back.

She and Jim and Emily had come there to see Pete and Joe off. A letter had come the week before "from the Government"—Pete had not been permitted to be more explicit, even to her and Jim—reminding Pete of his promise and asking him if he could go to Russia immediately "upon an errand of the gravest danger and the utmost importance," the details of which would be communicated to him in Washington. He had telegraphed his acceptance and received telegraphic permission to take Joe with him; had found a superintendent for the ranch during his absence;

(Continued on page 46)

The Sun Parlor

A Cold Weather Compliment

THE nose is red,
The lips are blue,
My ears are cold,
And so are YOU.

Discarding from Weakness

A Tragedy of the Barnyard

"HAVE you heard," the old, black Rooster said,
"What happened to Mrs. Rhode Island Red?"
Well, it seems, poor dear, that a week ago,
That day that it turned so warm, you know,
She thought it was Spring, so she gave a squawk
And started out on a long, long walk.
The sun was warm for an hour or so
And then, you remember, it started to snow.
She lost her way and wandered around
And slipped and fell on the icy ground
And got home finally, dazed and weak,
And so numb with cold she could hardly speak,
Climbed to her nest with never a word
And . . . this is the worst I've ever heard . . .
Crouching down on her poor, cramped legs,
She laid one dozen cold-storage eggs.

—George S. Chappell.

When There's a Boy in the Family



Pop: Sandy, if you'll throw away that chewing-gum, I'll give you a penny.

Drawn by P. L. Crosby

The Party Wire

NO radio do I require,
Nor station XYZ;
The plain, old-fashioned party wire
Is good enough for me.
Its scope is narrow, I admit,
Which but intensifies
The chummy, chatty charm of it,
So precious in my eyes.

Each night before I go bye-bye,
I gently lift the hook
And get the inside dope on why
The Jones' can't keep a cook.
I learn the latest local ills,
The last domestic jar,
And that the Smiths can't pay
their bills
And yet have bought a car.

The merry tale I hear go 'round
About the garbage man,
And of the awful thing he found
In Mrs. Thompson's can.
And when the stork's extended wings
Are sighted from afar,
Believe me, I am wise to things
Before the child's own Pa.

And sometimes, as the voices speak,
My own fair name I hear,
And how I came home late last week
And crawled up stairs, my dear.
And when a purring, feline voice
Says: "Are you sure that's so?"
I press my lips against the phone
And murmur: "Meow," and
"No."

—Rollo Shepard.

Dare-Devil Daly

Or Scouting in the Bush Leagues

Editor's Note: After several years' surreptitious reading of Wild West literature, and several years' attendance upon movies "where men are men," Willie, aged 9, forms the following idea of the life of a professional baseball "Scout."

CROUCHING low in the shelter of some thick underbrush, Dare-Devil Daly watched the unsuspecting bushleaguers with a keen and appraising eye. One especially attracted his attention, a lithe young native who handled himself like a combination of Ty Cobb and Rogers Hornsby in the making.

"There is my man," the old scout said in a guttural whisper. "Now—now for the capture!"

With the swiftness of a cat, the silence of a panther and the strength of a tiger of the jungle, Dare-Devil Daly was upon his victim.

"Ha, proud beauty!" he shrieked, grabbing his 180-pound prize as easily as a terrier grips a rat. "Once in the saddle, the shouts of your comrades will avail you naught. Take a last look at your lumpy bushleague diamond. You'll play in the Big Show this year!"

Tossing his captive up before him, Dare-Devil leaped into the saddle, and horse and scout bounded as one over the prairie.

Horse yells followed—and were those pistol shots?

Dare-Devil looked back.

"Pursuit!" he cried. "Pursuit, or I'm a Greaser. They are the baffled scouts of the Giants, the Yankees, and the White Sox.

"Distanced, distanced!" he chuckled. "The bushleague bird has flown. On, my trusty steed! We'll outstrip them yet."

An instant later—crack! Dare-Devil's six-shooter spoke a single sharp word and the foremost horseman, the scout of the Chicago White Sox, fell lunging from his mustang.

—Arthur H. Folwell.

With Best Wishes, I Am —

To Fond Parents

I am thrilled to hear you're parents now;
But with this thought I'm struck:
If the heir looks like his papa—Wow!
The kid is out of luck.

To a Departed Guest

We've missed you dreadfully since you left,
And if you're a snappy guesser,
You must surmise we've missed the clock
That stood on the guest room dresser.

Thanks for a Gift

I'd call your birthday gift a bird;
How nice to have one's friends remember,
But still I should have much preferred
The ten you borrowed last September.

To an Engaged Gentleman

So Cupid's plugged you! Oh, you Sheik!
I knew he would sometime or other,
But why attach a she-antique
Who's old enough to be your mother?

To an Ex-Hostess

To visit you is a muddled pleasure,
(I speak in sorrow not in wrath)
For it somehow dwarfs one's nobler feelings
To wait two hours for a luke-warm bath.

To a Successful Man

Congratulations! Gee! Some class!
Astonished? Not a bit, old hoss,
For any one with your nerve and brass
Could put most anything across.

To a Prospective Bride

I hear a fiancé you've hooked,
You bet we're all impressed;
For we feared your cedar box was booked
To be a hopeless chest.

—Dorothy DeJagers.

A Night at the Opera

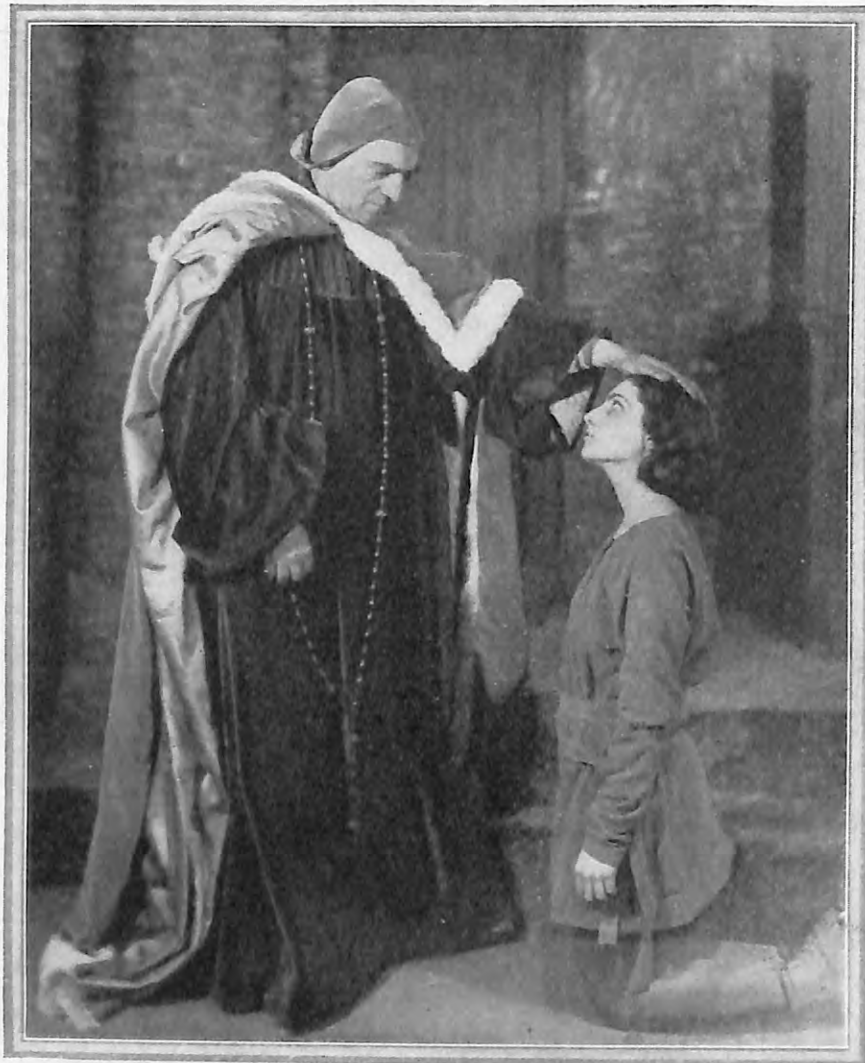
DON'T you just love the Opera? Isn't it about the most uplifting thing you know of outside a visit to the Municipal Abattoirs? Gosh! It's wonderful. A friend of my wife's who felt she owed us something (I guess it was a grudge), took us to the Metropolitan last night to see "Quanta Costa," the new Italian Opera by Grossabelli, in which Beccafichi made her debut as the Banana-vendor's daughter. She was immense. So was Palpo, the tenor. So was the chorus. In fact everybody was immense. I guess singing gets you that way. Well, anyhow it certainly was a large evening and I enjoyed it thoroughly—particularly the murders. My, how those Mussolini boys and girls do love a little blood-letting. Baritones, tenors, basses and sopranos were bowled over right and left during every one of the nine acts—or was it three?—until at the Grand Finale (finale is Italian for finish, you know) the chorus was the only thing left standing and as each member of that vociferous body must have scaled at least 285 pounds bedside, the reason they were all left alone is obvious. But no one else escaped. It was just grand. They pulled off an abduction, one poisoning, a little arson, four bits of first-class stiletto work, one shooting and a dandy piece of sacrilegious burglary. In fact what they did at the Metropolitan last night in the name of high Art would have got the whole crew pinched a block or two farther down. The plot got me even more than the way the singers worked their larynx muscles. It opens in a swell Cafeteria in the underworld of Naples and in comes Beppo, leader of an East-side gang of gunmen. He's looking for Gino and trouble. As it's only noon and no one is up yet, Beppo has the whole place to himself. So he plunks himself on a stool right in front of where the prompter's dugout is secreted and sings a gay song about Love, Stiletto and the disposal of the Body. It was a grand little ditty and when he came to the part where

(Continued on page 58)



Lady Diana Manners
in
"The Miracle"

WHITE
EXTRAORDINARY beauty of setting and spectacular originality in the handling of mob scenes distinguish this pageant-pantomime. And if it is a form of dramatic art which strikes many as a trifle cold and unconvincing, still they must recognize in this legendary story a beautifully wrought illusion of reality and a deep sense of great masses in dramatic movement. It is a triumph for Max Reinhardt, who conceived it; Norman-Bel Geddes, who designed it; and Morris Gest, its producer



Winifred Lenihan as Joan of Arc and Albert Bruning as the Archbishop of Rheims. Probably no one among our living dramatists could weave the story of a saint in the making with such homely humanness and brilliant imagination as Bernard Shaw has done in his "Saint Joan." His players are no mere historical lay figures, but people who illuminate and make credible their time. The play is superlatively well acted

Mistinguett is one of the latest captures from the Parisian stage. She arrived with a reputation for having the most beautiful pair of legs to be found along the boulevards, but she has not a great deal of opportunity to display them in "Innocent Eyes," a revue which presents her chiefly as a fashion plate with bits of acting and singing. Miss Vannessi, Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield are the chief luminaries of the show



ABBE

Cissie Loftus, in the regalia of Mrs. Fiske in her last play. When the responsibility for the success of a program is found to rest on the shoulders of one entertainer, it is fairly certain that she possesses unusual gifts as well as courage. Cissie Loftus, who has recently given a number of such Sunday night recitals, amply justifies this expectation. She has come back to our stage after a long retirement, warmly mature and a trifle more buxom, but with all her old genius for uncanny imitation of her fellow craftsmen. Mr. Ziegfeld, who has a flair for capturing good acts, has now installed Miss Loftus for the season as a main-prop in his Follies



NICHOLAS MURRAY

A salesman who admits he's good writing an order he would like to take for the Dandy Dobbin Novelty Company; otherwise Mary Hay and Hal Skelley doing their efficient bit to make "Mary Jane McKane" the sort of musical play you want to recommend. William Cary Duncan and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd have written the book and lyrics; Herbert Stothart and Vincent Youmans the music for this comedy



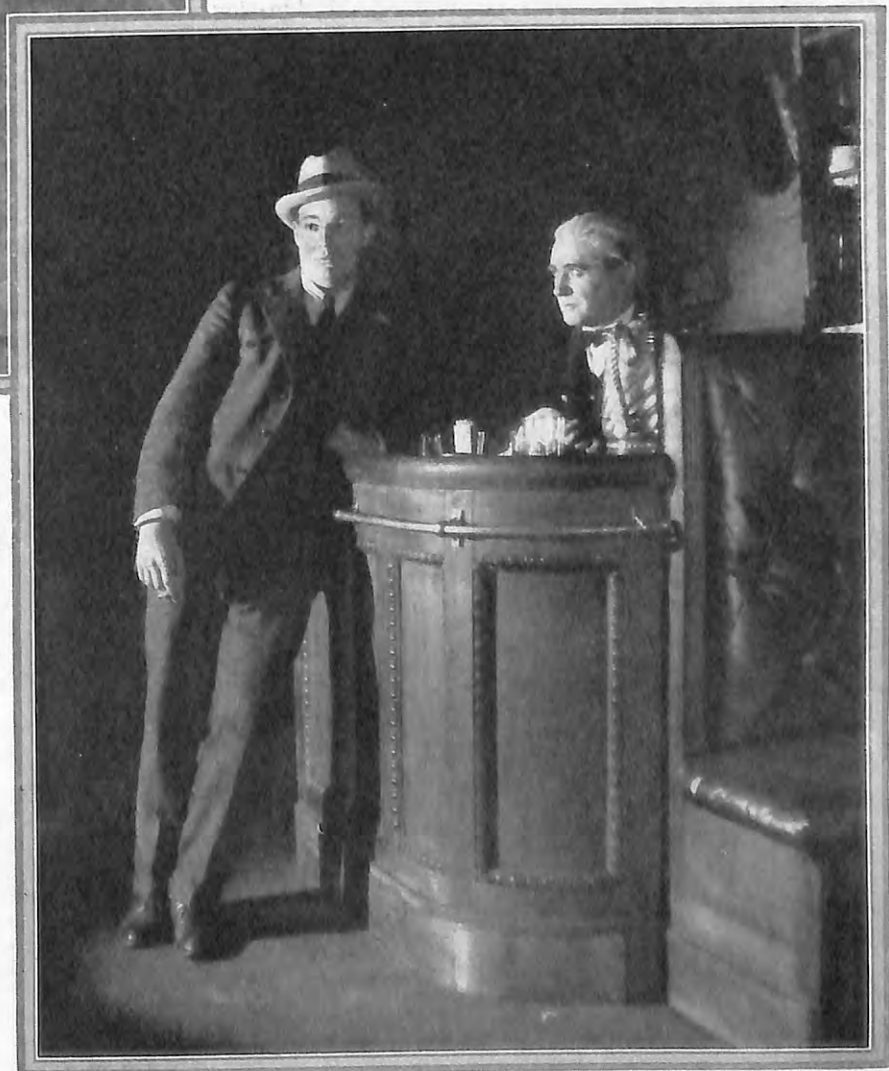
NICHOLAS MURAY

The same play that presents Eddie Cantor as a riotously successful star in a musical comedy all his own, gives Mary Eaton her first job as a leading lady. She dances through the mazes of "Kid Boots," a Florida golfing yarn with appropriately luxurious setting, with true fairy lightness and grace, and she has discovered the possession of a voice which serves to put across several songs of the unmistakable "hit" variety with ease and charm

Sutton Vane, author of "Outward Bound," is reaping the reward of those who contribute a new thought to the theater. His scene is laid aboard a mysterious ship bound for the hereafter. Gradually the passengers realize that they are dead and on their way to judgment. There is both tragedy and comedy in the development of the situation, and a great abundance of good acting. Alfred Lunt as Mr. Prior is especially fine



NICHOLAS MURAY



RICHARD DUKE

The Sporting Angle

The Babe's Bath and Other Harbingers of the Baseball Season

By W. O. McGeehan

Sketches by Sam Brown.

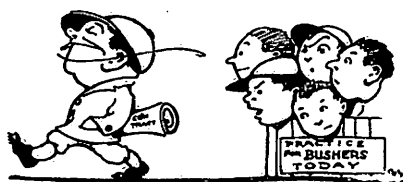
JUST about this time of the year the robins are scheduled to start North and the players of the big leagues start South. The flight of the athletes is concentrated upon the State of Florida this year. No less than nine of the big league clubs will do their spring training in that state. This may or may not be upon the recommendation of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the baseball arbiter, who has advocated the concentration of the clubs for their spring training.

To the layman who is a practical business man the reason for these spring training trips always has been a mystery. Ostensibly the trips are made to get the players in condition for the season's work. The practical business man then asks, "Why then do not the owners insist that these highly expensive athletes get themselves in condition without this extra expense to the clubs?"

Ah, but the real purpose of the spring training trip is the advance ballyhoo for the season. The baseball correspondents accompany the teams and the potential customers for the season that is to come have their curiosity whetted by the advance tales from the training camps.

Taking a team South for the training trips is expensive. Edward Barrow, secretary of the New York Yankees, more familiarly known as Cousin Egbert, in a moment of loquacity admitted that the Yankees spent \$40,000 on one of their training trips. Of course this was made up by the gate receipts of exhibition games. Still many clubs do their training at a loss and will continue to do so because of the vital need of that advance ballyhoo.

The necessity for continuous publicity for the National Pastime was brought home very clearly to the club owners when the pressmen's strike tied up all of the New York newspapers. A very crucial series was being played at the time but the attendance registered a very decided slump. Baseball followers knew that it was on, but the suggestion to go to the ball park was lacking with the non-appearance of the story of the game of the day before. They knew that Babe Ruth might hit one of those historic home runs, but lacking the information of what he did at bat on the previous day this matter rather slipped their minds. It was a very plain demonstration of the fact that even the National Pastime needs its insistent and persistent ballyhoo.



Old Soupbones and New

TRAINING camp tales rarely mean much. Wonderful feats are performed by the new recruits but ninety per cent. of those recruits who perform them are sent back for more experience or passed upon as not having the big time stuff. The youngster always looks better than the veteran

in the spring because the veteran takes his time about working into condition. He takes no chances on strained tendons. Baseball players are the most brittle athletes in the world and they know it.

Recruit pitchers show their stuff early while the old timers nurse their soupbones or arms with great tenderness. The veteran has his contract and is not supposed to show what he has. The recruit has only to lose his chance and he will not get the chance unless he takes the chance of putting the strain on his soupbone.

Year by year the training camps become more like a serious drill. This is because the baseball player has lost the notion almost altogether that baseball is play. It has become more and more a business. The pranks they used to play are things of the past, the "badger fight," the "snipe hunt" and the other forms of hazing they used to practice on the newcomer. The Busher is treated with all kindness unless he happens to be a very cocky Busher inviting trouble for himself.

John J. McGraw of the Giants, in particular, has banned the hazing of the Busher, and McGraw used to delight in the watching of a "badger fight" or in helping to arrange the details of a "snipe hunt." His aversion to hazing was heightened last spring when a good-looking recruit actually was frightened away from the clubhouse at the training camp by tales of what the regulars did to a Busher. That is, he was said to be a good-looking recruit. But a recruit with the stuff to make a big leaguer hardly could have been that sensitive.



The Babe's in His Tub

ONE of the surest signs of impending spring is the boiling of Babe Ruth, who starts the season for training in a tub at Hot Springs, Ark. If the robins flitting northward want a really joyous and appropriate spring song they might try this on their saxaphones:

"Rub-a-dub-dub.

The Babe's in his tub."

When the Babe begins to boil the baseball season is starting to simmer. You may bank on that. Also at boiling time the Babe starts to play his left-handed game of golf. Such is the quaint custom of the highest paid ball player in the game.

I accompanied the Babe on his journey to the distant bath-tub last season. The winter before had been the winter of the Babe's discontent. He had been the "bust" of the previous world's series and decidedly the most vehement bust of the season.

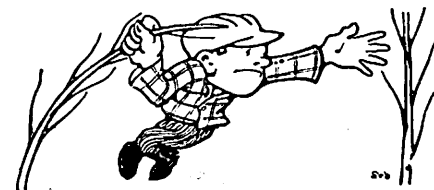
Now it always has seemed to me that the real reason why baseball is distinctly the national game is the one that never is given. To my mind it is most truly American because it creates popular idols, raises them to great heights and then drops them into a

ditch to the accompaniment of loud and raucous laughter. The American people do this to idols in other games. One might ask, "Where are the popular idols of yesteryear?" Look back and check up on a few.

On this trip the Babe was brooding over the fact that he was very close to being a fallen idol. Toward the end of the season the same sort of fans that were shouting, "Oh you Babe," the season before, were shouting, "Ya big bum, ya."

The simple brain of the Babe could not grasp the idea. He was hurt. He was cowed. In the winter just before he retired to his farm he called the New York sport writers to him and said in effect, "I ain't done right by the fans. But I am turning over a new leaf. Honest."

Ninety per cent. of those who heard him were skeptical.



"Rock-a-Bye-Babe in the Tree-Tops"

RIDING in a drawing-room from New York to Hot Springs I could get a fairly good close-up of the Babe. If ever there was a person in earnest it was this same George Herman Ruth.

"I am twenty-nine years old," he announced. "I've got nothing but I'm going to get something and I'm going to keep it. Of course I do not mean that I am going to be a serious guy all the time. There is no use of living if a guy gets too serious. But, you know, twenty-nine years means that a fellow is getting along and ought to be looking at the future."

To the average man the mature age of twenty-nine might mean a laugh. But the Babe was right. Twenty-nine is quite an advanced age for a professional athlete.

The Babe was a most affable person. He played an atrocious game of poker though, and lost as high as eleven dollars at a sitting—the game was penny ante. To this writer the Babe said suddenly, "I wish I had your luck and I wouldn't be playing baseball."

To which the writer retorted in the language which the Babe could understand, "Luck, you big stiff. You are twenty-nine and paid for playing the game you like best. You have all the luck in the world and do not know it."

"Well, I guess that's right," the Babe agreed.

There is something decidedly simian about the Babe. I noticed it when he insisted that the draft from the little Pullman window on the roof of the car would give me a cold. He took it upon himself to close it. He did not use his feet in the climb. He lifted his arms and holding with one hand to the roof of the car closed the window with the other.

Later the talk passed to hunting and the North Woods. There was an eager light in the eyes of the Babe.

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It would have been easier had she stormed. Her mute acceptance of the thing as inevitable was like a padded blow on the skull, jarring and numbing him

The Other Doctor

By Harold Titus

Illustrated by Kenneth Camp

THERE was no suggestion of tragedy in word, look or gesture, but tragedy was there, bursting their hearts. A smaller misfortune might have prompted lifted voices, irritated movements, or have struck fire in their eyes, but the disaster had overwhelmed the spirit necessary for those items. The Ellicotts were beaten.

The man wiped his unshaven chin and looked across the small table at his wife. She fussed with the food on her plate absently.

"We'll come through all right," he said flatly. He could not abandon the habit of hope at once; to be more precise, he could not give up suddenly the appearance of hoping.

His wife did not reply, but listlessly brushed the brown hair back from a temple, and turned her deep eyes on him with a look that, had it not been for the well of hopelessness behind it, would have been idle. Now, it was only dumb.

"I'll give him another year at the outside," Ellicott went on, rolling his napkin and reaching for the battered silver ring. "He's done pretty well, but there's plenty room here for two doctors and after a while folks'll realize that he's mostly front. These glib, swell-dressing young fellows don't last long. It's solid worth that counts in medicine, like in everything else . . ."

His voice trailed off on that for some of the idleness in his wife's eyes was replaced by a light that indicated pain. Like what else? he asked himself and was silent a moment; then, rallying the token of hope:

"I think you're a little oversensitive, Susy, letting the way Mrs. Barton patronized you get under your skin. You wouldn't have done that when you came here."

She shrugged and replied with significant dryness:

"That was ten years ago."

He forced himself: "Years don't make the difference. It's the point of view."

"Of course," she assented.

She began gathering the dishes mechanically and he waited in his chair until she had returned from the kitchen. Then he rose and rubbed with his fingers a spot that a bit of dropped food had left on his vest.

"Don't do that, Don."

Her habitual maternalism—as patently hollow, now, as his voicing of hope—made him catch his breath. He held his coat apart while she ministered to the spot with a damp cloth. He watched her fingers, reddened and a bit coarser than he had noticed they were before, and saw the fine wrinkles under her jaw-bone. Susy was not as young as she had been—ten years ago . . .

"Look here!" He wrapped his arms about her and trembled as he held her close. His dispassion was gone and his gray eyes bored into hers. "Don't you worry, old fellow!" he went on, voice a bit thick. "I'm no world beater. I'm pretty weak on collec-

tions and front, but he won't get *all* my practise, not by a long shot, and in six months I'll have a lot of it back that's listened to his tongue . . . and his wife's . . . Susy! . . . We've each other?"

She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him.

"Of course," she said again, but her smile, just before she kissed him perfunctorily, was more like a grimace of distress. Each other! And what were they . . . to each other? Rather, what was he to her? . . .

He might have said more, bringing the tragedy in their hearts to words: a scene might have followed, but the telephone bell whirled and Ellicott turned to it . . . relieved, for his heart at her kiss had dropped like a plummet and he had no good answer to the doubts which rose to mock his empty assertion.

"Lo."

"It's Barton, Ellicott," a voice said. "Just rang to tell you Mrs. Gunderson called me for the boy this morning. . . ." Pause. Then the voice added: "Guess she's a nervous woman."

ELLICOTT heard himself reply. "Yeah. She's fussy. Kid's all right. Gave him a second twenty last night."

"Good. He's over the hill, that's sure. . . . Well, good-bye, doctor."

Over the hill. Yes. Ellicott had driven back the diphtheria; he had won a rather stiff fight, but . . . the patient was no longer his.

His wife, brushing crumbs from the table, said stiffly:

"Barton?"

Her good guess was like a knife thrust.

"Yes. M's. Gunderson. She flew the coop. Oh, well, I brought the kid through."

It would have been easier had she stormed. Her mute acceptance of the thing as inevitable was like a padded blow on the skull, jarring and numbing him.

"Dan'll bring a load of wood this afternoon," he said. "Tell him to chuck it in the west window, will you?"

"I don't know what we'd do without Dan and his wood."

Her voice was changed, had some life in it, and Ellicott knew she had seized on the commonplace hungrily. One could talk about warmth and food without choking back the real things that wanted to come. In other matters . . . one spoke in overtones. . . .

He kissed her again before he left the house: another habit. She turned to the kitchen while he buttoned his sheep-skin jacket close. The February wind, leaping in from ice-crammed Lake Michigan, bathed his face like a restorative, drove away the numbness. That was pleasant, but when it brought the pain of clearer realization, he hated the clean wind. . . .

"That was ten years ago," she had said.

TEN years. Ten years the wife of a country doctor. Then, she had been twenty-two and Ellicott not yet thirty; then her brown eyes had been full of adoration and quick enthusiasms; then he had been alone in Indian Springs with a big stretch of north country depending on him, the doctor. . . . The Doctor. (Surely, in those days, the words had deserved the distinction of capitals!) Now, he was the other doctor. . . . Only that. The baby had come and gone and they knew that there would be no more. They had each other, only. . . . They had not prospered. He had grown a bit seedy. For months at a time, now, he did not open his medical journals. He did not carry himself with that bluff assurance which had once been characteristic. Practise was less a hardship, less . . . picturesque; in summer his car covered the county briskly where his horse had been wearied by townships; telephones went everywhere, people knew more about caring for themselves. His work had become routine, unpunctuated by big moments . . . like the time when Susy went with him into the cedar camp to fight smallpox, six weeks after their wedding. . . . This epidemic of diphtheria was characteristic. Ten years ago he would have stood between the community and death and panic. To-day, antitoxin and easy communication assured people; groups no longer feared disease. A doctor was necessary, but he was like electric lights: a commonplace. It took a man who was not commonplace to hold the position Ellicott had once held. . . .

And now young Barton had come to detract from what importance the changing conditions had left the older man. Barton's father had money. His office was a veritable display room of appurtenances; his wife wore a Hudson seal. They entertained. . . . A pusher, young Barton. . . .

He clumped up the stairway to his dingy office and, finding it empty, turned back to the street.

For a long time, he knew, he had been disregarding an alarming symptom. It was not poverty that had taken the animation, the high song of living, from Sue. Little Bert would have helped, but the boy had not lived and there would

be no more children. Once, vaguely fearing some such situation perhaps, he had talked adoption and Susy had considered it; but she had wanted to wait until certain that she would have no more babies of her own, and while she waited this other thing slunk in between them. The children would have helped . . . perhaps but little. Nor was the change due to the fact that Barton, in less than two years, had become The Doctor, and Ellicott was relegated to the position of the other doctor. Barton's success was only the reverse side of the shield. He, Ellicott, had not measured up to his wife's ideals, and because of it their life had become like her kiss: listless, habitual. She was accepting her tragedy of failure that way. . . .

SUSY was a romantic, he decided, as he struggled to diagnose the fundamental difficulty. She was so much a romantic that poverty, childlessness, the loss of a high position, none of these could have dampened her spirit alone; wealth, position, children, might, of course, have acted as palliatives, but the trouble was that a woman like Susy who is thrown on a man for her contentment must find in him something to idealize, to dramatize. For spiritual sustenance she must find in her husband something heroic, something of distinction. . . .

"Times have changed," a cowardly voice said in his heart. "The things that pleased her once were the easy, the obvious, the cheap things." He choked back the voice. Times had changed, but he had changed, too. There was the trouble.

He had felt all this more or less vaguely, but he had never thought it through. The flat despair in her words, "That was ten years ago"—the inferred yielding, the acknowledgment of failure, had stung him to pursue the reasonable process to its conclusion. . . . This was it: He had failed ingloriously in the one thing that his wife needed, his gentle wife, who had never quite grown up, whom he had loved so tenderly . . . yes, so romantically, through these years of failure. He detected an impulse to get away, to make a fresh start; but that would be retreat and Susy was not the kind to run and retain her self-respect. Besides, running away to any haven would not help. Something had gone wrong in him; he had grown stale and flat. He was, he decided, much less the romantic himself than he had been ten years ago.



All this as he walked a short block, stopping before the post-office to look at the thermometer, talking casually with a man in the cigar store, watching a boy struggle with a balky horse. . . .

He caught a reflection of himself in a mirror: worn fur cap, Mackinaw collar turned up untidily on one side, shoulders humped, pants flapping about his shanks . . . a commonplace failure. Commonplace. With no touch of glory. In medicine he was good enough yet despite his contrast with young Barton, but otherwise. . . . He had let go a hold on the self that Susy loved. . . .

It was that self which had pleased Susy, which had whetted her taste for life and it was in Susy's response to him that that self had found its own nourishment.

He knew that, now, beyond any argument, he had taken the thing from his wife which had kept his own self sensate, and every energy, every impulse to sustain the gesture of keeping on seemed to drain from him.

A man's sense of futility *can* come like that, in a flash; it came to Ellicott. One can analyze and argue with himself and wonder and hope, but when the end is reached it can come in the snap of a thumb. He was no good to himself because he was of so little use to Susy and that was all that mattered: Susy. He wanted to quit.

ELLICOTT usually played a fair game of chess but that afternoon behind the prescription case in Popple's drug store Nat Holliday the liveryman beat him badly. Ellicott made openly disastrous moves, but he did not care. He talked about the game, but it was as though another's voice made the comments. He, Ellicott, had died; this body was his, the house in which he had failed was intact. Its tenant had gone. Autointoxication will bring on that detachment but this was no mild toxemia; this was another thing. He *was* dead . . . he *was* gone. . . .

Barton came in while Holliday was debating a move, bustling importantly behind the showcases. He never played chess; he never loafed. Popple addressed Barton, not as a comrade as he used to talk to Ellicott, but as though the young man were an important superior. Holliday even left off debating a move to ask a question about the young doctor's horse, a question designed to attract attention, not to elicit information. . . .

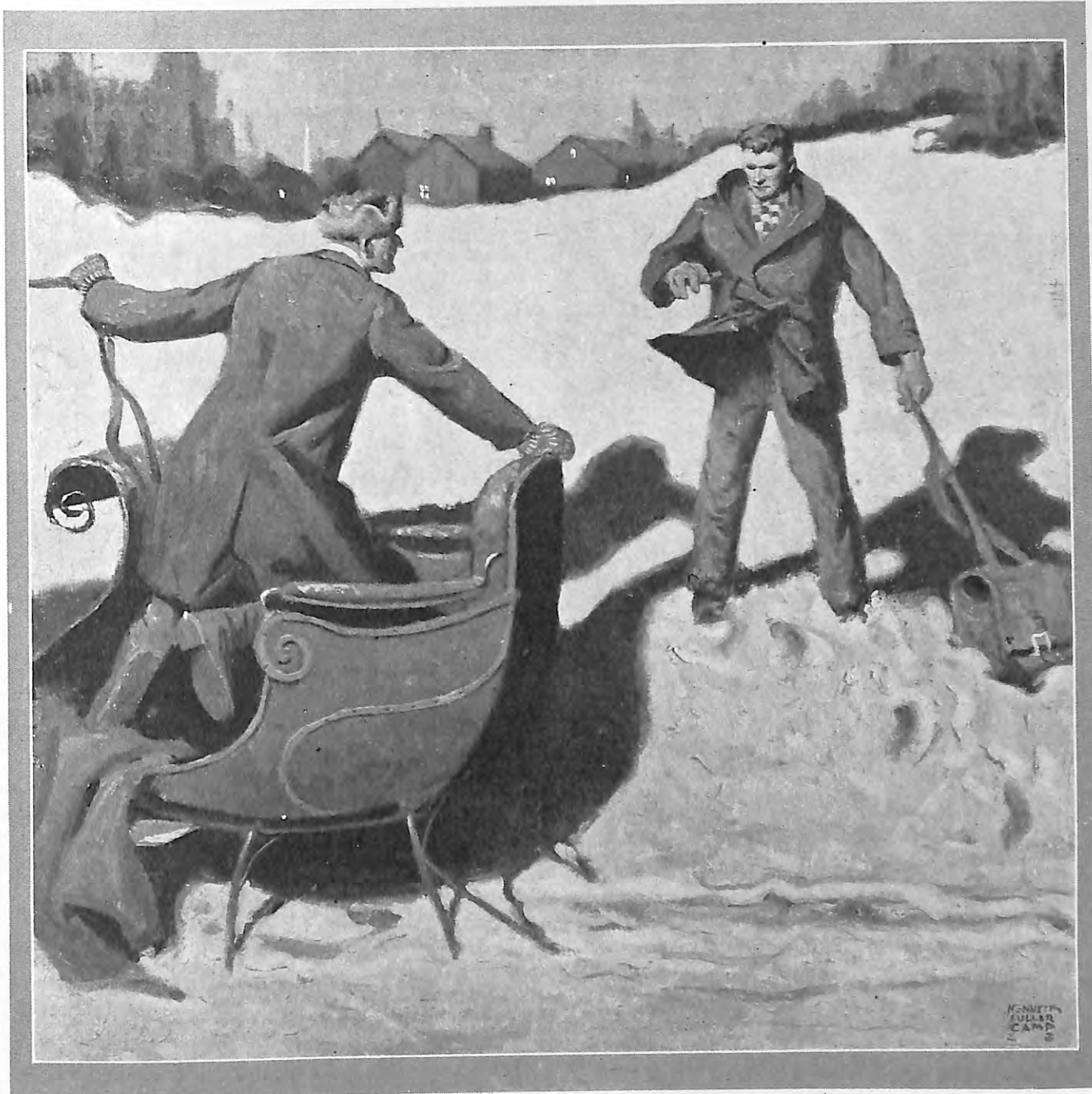
"Plenty anti-toxin?" Barton asked and Popple opened a cabinet, showing great quantities of the serum. . . .

"Check your queen," said Holliday with a grin.

Queens and knights, and pawns. . . . Queens, with knights jousting for them! Romantic queens, praying for their knights. Queens, safe in castles, awaiting the return of their knights from the wars. . . . And pawns. . . . Yes, pawns! Pawns sacrificing themselves ignominiously; so undramatic, usually, in their progress, their steps so short, the directions of their moves so limited; their triumphs were mostly petty. . . . And the nimble knights, jumping valiantly. . . . To go to death like a pawn, a failure. . . .

That was the thought which formed itself in the other doctor's mind: death. He had failed. He had nothing to give his Sue; he could not bring her even petty things, let alone giving her the illusion of something heroic in himself which she needed, which alone would lift her from that listlessness. . . .

"Checkmate!"



Holliday took his triumph heavily and grew garrulous as he rearranged the men.

Popple, at the telephone, was waving a grimy hand toward them for silence. He lifted his voice: "Hello, St. James! . . . Yes; Indian Springs . . . I hear you. . . ."

For an interval the wail of the wind was the only sound in the store. Then the druggist began to talk. He talked of ice and shook his head; he asked questions about the coast-guard, about the mail-carriers; he was excited.

He hung up the receiver and turned to the chess players.

"The Beavers," he said, "are rotten with diphtheria."

A moment of dramatic silence followed.

"Fact?" asked Holliday in a hushed voice.

Ellicott gave a low whistle; habit again. . . . Disease, practise, human misery; none of these concerned him. Beaver Island out yonder in the lake, cut off from the world except for the coast-guard's telephone cable, with drifting ice between it and mainland which no man could cross, through which boats could not make their way, was in the grip of epidemic and without doctors. However, that did not stir Ellicott.

A cutter approached and the driver stopped his horse with a sharp word. "Who are you?" the priest said. "I'm a doctor," a hoarse voice replied. "Who's the sickest?"

"Three kids died yesterday," the druggist said, "and a dozen more are sick. They're phoning all up and down the lake, trying to find a place to get help across and there ain't any. Why, doc, that's hell!"

"Isn't it?" said Ellicott's voice. . . .

"Even the mail-carriers have been on this side for three weeks waiting to get across," said Holliday. "Say they are in a fix!"

The other two were looking at Ellicott . . . a doctor, and yet there was no hope in their faces. . . . Why should they hope? The ice was impassable and. . . . He stopped that! No one really looked to him for hope, now; not even Susy; her hope was dead. . . .

"That's tough," he heard himself say. "This wind's keeping the ice in motion."

Barton came back after a trifle and listened to the story.

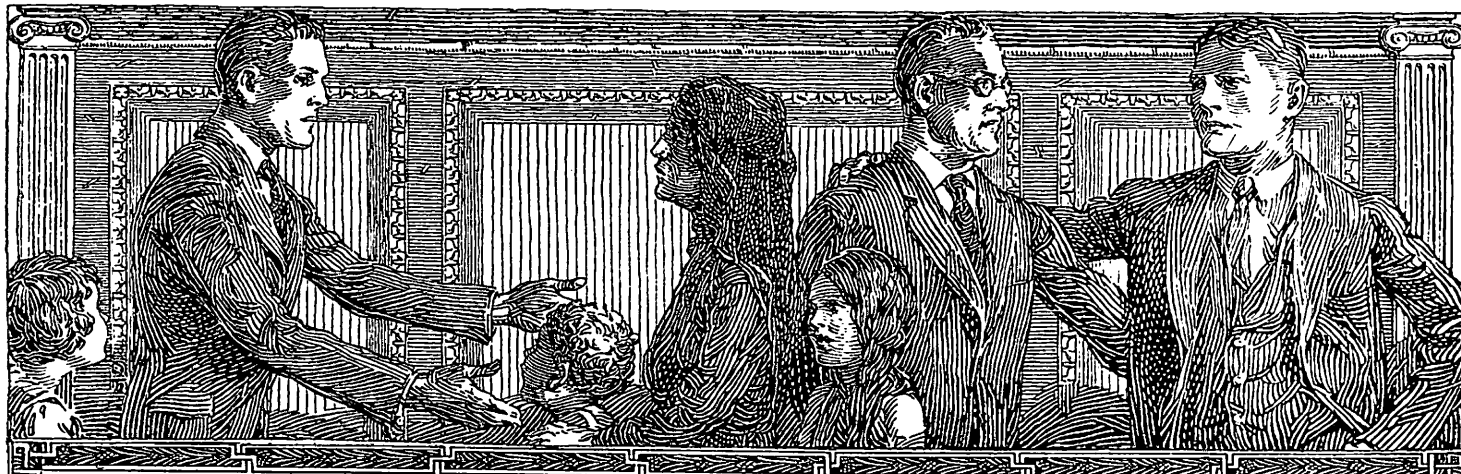
"And nobody can get across?" he demanded. No one could. Popple and Holliday agreed. "Let me call 'em then," Barton said importantly. "Maybe they can check its spreading. . . ."

He talked imperiously to the telephone operator.

Mechanically Ellicott made a call, returned to his office and sat heavily down in a creaking chair. An old man, a chronic dyspeptic, came in. Ellicott prescribed and the other went away. Ellicott knew he had been a patient of Barton's for months. He never paid. Probably Barton had chucked him out. He was getting the meaningless scraps of practice as Susy was getting the meaningless scraps of life. . . .

HE STOOD by his window in the dusk, watching the snow swirls out on the lake. He thought dully of the people on Beaver Island, five hundred of them, at the least; and the little school, where the disease likely found hold. Diphtheria ravaging them; anti-toxin here, doctors here; neither there. If he had not died he might have roused to the occasion. One life, gambled against many . . . and a doctor's job. He wondered that Barton hadn't wanted to try the ice: a terrific, hopeless gesture. . . . Traditions of the north . . . men of vigor . . . jousting knights. Such thoughts wove themselves slowly through his mind. . . .

(Continued on page 42)



EDITORIAL

LAPSATIONS

THE reports of the Subordinate Lodges during the past two years, while showing a substantial increase in the total membership of the Order, also disclose a large percentage of members who have demitted or been dropped from the rolls.

It was to have been anticipated that the many intensive campaigns for new members conducted by the various Lodges, and attended by big classes of initiates with unique celebrations and special features, would appeal to many who merely desired to have a part in a spectacular occasion. Some of these might naturally be expected soon to lose interest and to drop away; and it is probable that a large proportion of the lapsations reported is made up of this class of newer members. But the fact remains that the number of lapsations has been regrettably large and, it is believed, unnecessarily so.

Whatever may be the motives which prompt an acceptable applicant to join the Order of Elks, there is so much involved in membership that is desirable and appealing to right thinking men, that a voluntary surrender of that membership by anyone invites suspicion of failure in fraternal duty on the part of his brothers.

A new member should not be neglected after his initiation and left to his own devices. His name upon the rolls and the payment of his dues is not all that is desired from him or expected from him. But, conversely, his investiture with the privileges of membership is not all that he has a right to expect from the Lodge and its members. He should be led to realize the value and pleasure of those privileges; he should be encouraged in the fraternal associations of membership; his interest should be aroused and maintained by proffered opportunities to participate in the activities of the Lodge. He should be given something worth while to do, and assisted in the doing of it, so that the service may be not only effective but agreeable. No better guaranty of the maintenance of Lodge membership can be suggested.

But there should also be a definite effort to prevent the final loss of those who remain, or become, inactive. There is potential strength and substantial fraternal value in every member in good standing; and the Lapsation Committee of each

Lodge is specially charged with the duty of definite effort to preserve that strength and value to the fullest extent possible. Where that Committee has been really alert and active, membership losses have been reduced to a minimum.

In the great majority of cases where a member contemplates withdrawal, or is in danger of being dropped from the rolls, a personal visit from the Committee and a properly presented fraternal appeal, will prove effective. But, unfortunately, the Lapsation Committees are too often entirely neglectful, or content themselves with mailing formal notices which wholly lack that personal, fraternal contact which is requisite in such cases.

A member whose application is worthy of approval and acceptance, is a member worth an effort to retain. And it is hoped that the incoming Exalted Rulers of the Subordinate Lodges will select their Lapsation Committees with special care, appointing thereon only those who are able and willing to render the valuable service required, and who recognize the importance of that service to the Lodge and to the Order.

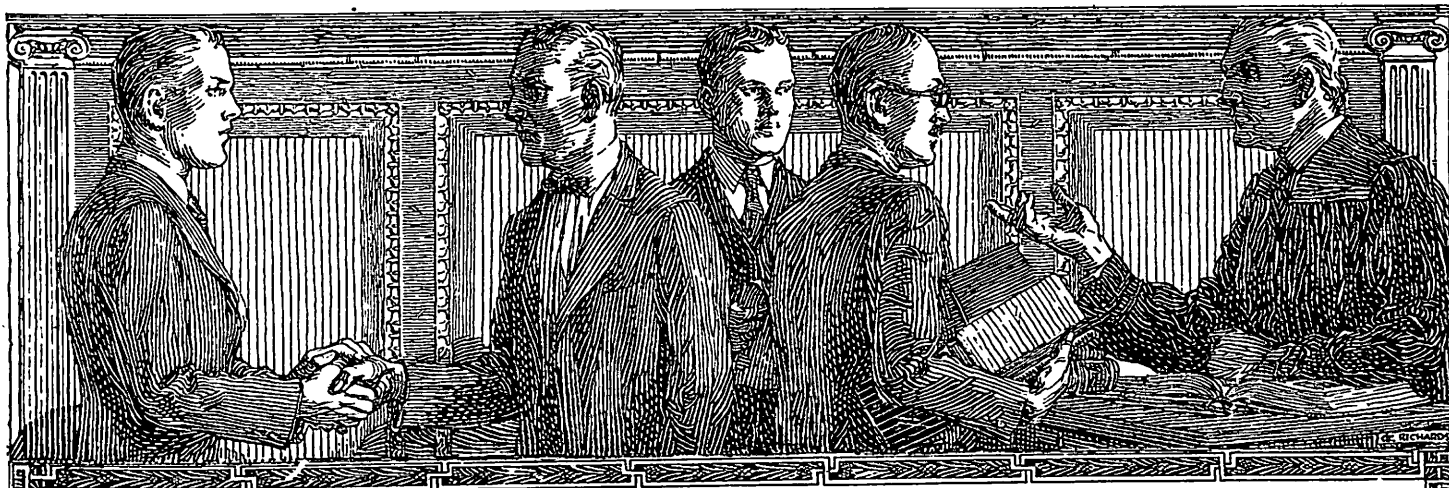
If this suggestion be adopted and the Committees will seriously endeavor effectively to perform the duty assigned to them, the results are sure to be reflected gratifyingly in the next annual reports.

BROTHER, THIS IS FOR YOU

THE right of franchise in the Order of Elks involves obligation as well as privilege; and the primary obligation is to exercise the privilege.

Under Grand Lodge Statutes the Subordinate Lodges will, during the current month, elect the officers who are to administer their affairs during the ensuing year. The importance of this matter and the duty with reference to it which rests upon each member cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The officers of a Lodge are, by virtue of their official positions, the leaders and directors of Lodge activities. It is inevitable that the effectiveness with which those activities will be conducted will have direct relation to the ability, character, loyalty, enthusiasm, diplomacy and personal interest of those leaders. It is but the statement of a fact proved by experience to say that each Subordinate Lodge is very largely dependent upon its officers for the impression it



will make upon its community life during the year, and for the service it will render to the Order as a whole and to humanity.

It follows that every Elk has a very definite interest in the approaching elections and a very definite duty with regard to that in his own Lodge—the duty to take an intelligent part in it. It is neither wise nor fair that the destinies of the Subordinate Lodges, and hence the destiny of the Order, as affected by the annual elections, should be left in the hands of the small percentage of members who attend the meetings and thus control those elections.

This is in no sense a criticism of that faithful minority. On the contrary, they are entitled to every commendation and praise. The Order is under lasting obligation to them because of their steadfast loyalty and interest. But it is an appeal to the great majority to recognize the fact that the Order is entitled to the active participation of all its members in the selection of those officers upon whom its well-being so directly depends.

It is earnestly hoped that each Elk who reads this will accept, as addressed individually to him, the suggestion that this is an opportune time for him to display his fraternal loyalty and his sense of obligation, by attending the meeting of his Lodge on election night and casting his ballot, with intelligence and discrimination, for those who, in his judgment, will best administer its affairs. It is also hoped that when this is done, the interest thus displayed will be followed up by a loyal support of the officers selected, which alone can insure that degree of success in the conduct of the business of the Lodge and its fraternal activities which is naturally desired by every member.

A BUDGET OF FRATERNAL EVENTS

EVERY well-administered organization, for whatever purpose it may be conducted, operates upon one of two financial plans, depending upon its control over its revenues. It either prepares a budget of its anticipated expenditures and then provides a revenue to take care of them; or, if its revenues be fixed, it plans the application thereof to such activities as will best carry forward its main purpose within this fixed limitation.

In a few weeks the Subordinate Lodges of the Order will enter upon a new fiscal year and will face the necessity of planning their respective financial programs. It is deemed timely, therefore,

to suggest that at the same time, they prepare a Budget of Fraternal Events for the lodge year. To some extent this is, of necessity, involved in the financial budget; but the suggestion here made looks beyond that and is independent of it.

It is unfortunate, but true, that in a large number of the Subordinate Lodges, plans and preparations for fraternal activities, particularly as they are expressed in formal ceremonial occasions, are frequently postponed until they become exigent; and are then conducted with such haste and precipitancy that the results are sometimes disappointing. A proper Budget of Fraternal Events would avoid this and provide that reasonable consideration and preparation that would insure a mobilization of all those agencies and influences that are essential to real success.

The officers of each Lodge will know best how to adapt this suggestion to its own peculiar condition; but the following plan is submitted as a general guide that will be found helpful:—

The newly elected Exalted Ruler should call his associate officers into conference and determine, subject to approval by the Lodge, what specific events should be observed, and what definite activities undertaken, during the year. The annual programs will vary, of course, as local conditions may require. But the following list should be specifically considered, and adopted in its entirety where possible: Mothers Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, Old Timers Night, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Charity, Memorial Day, Christmas Charity Roll Call Meeting, The Order's Birthday, Crippled Kiddies Day.

A calendar of meeting nights should be made up; and, for each meeting held upon a suitable date prior to each particular occasion to be observed, far enough in advance for ample preparation, a memorandum should be made that the Order of Business is to include a discussion of plans for the approaching event, and appropriate action in preparation therefor. The secretary should preserve this calendar and at the stated meetings the matters should be called to the attention of the Lodge.

The simplicity of the plan is obvious even though merely outlined. Of course exigencies may arise and events may transpire that require readjustments and changes; but it is believed that the adoption of the suggestion by the Subordinate Lodges will insure a more effective administration of their fraternal activities.

Our Federal Prisoners

The Betterment of Their Condition Is One of Our Most Urgent Reforms

By Julia K. Jaffray

Chairman, Committee on Institutional Relations, General Federation of Women's Clubs

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs at the meeting of its Council in Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1923, approved the establishment of an institution for Federal women prisoners and a reformatory for young men, first offenders.

In September we called a Conference at which the representatives of some twenty-two national organizations were present, together with as many persons experienced in the care and training of delinquent women.

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General, and Mr. Heber Votaw, Superintendent of Federal Prisons, presented the facts in regard to these proposals and also the pressing need for securing adequate employment for all Federal prisoners. The conference approved all three proposals and those present agreed to endeavor to enlist the support of the organizations they represented.

In December the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor called a second conference to secure support for the measures. Twelve additional organizations were represented, including the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, whose representative was Hon. Rush L. Holland, Assistant United States Attorney-General. Again the proposals received enthusiastic support from those present.

What are the facts? Let me illustrate.

John Green, standing before the Parole Board in the warden's office at the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, was a tragic figure. His face, a network of fine lines; his blue eyes, haunted and full of fear, his stooping shoulders and twitching hands, told their tale. Three years before he had been a tired, careworn, young-old engraver, trying to meet the instalments on his little home in the suburbs of a middle-western city, to keep shoes on his small son and daughter and to pay the doctor for the care his wife required since the birth of their third child two years earlier. Three years before that the "Own Your Own Home" advertisements had drawn a happy young workman and his wife to this little red-brick house. They bought and furnished it on the instalment plan, tempted by the high wages prevailing during the war. Part-time employment followed the war boom and payments fell behind. The baby, a frail little girl, took the mother's strength and she lay, month after month, unable to care for her home and children. John found himself deeper and deeper in debt. Fear possessed him—would not the loss of their home mean the loss of his wife?

Desperate, he used his skill to make the money he so sorely needed. He was detected, convicted and sent to Leavenworth. His wife lived on a weary year, the home gone and the few hundreds saved from the wreck exhausted. Then she slipped away and the little children were separated and boarded round by the Children's Aid Society. The father loafed in Leavenworth. The taxpayers of the United States supported him—charity, his motherless children.

Simeon Skinner in the Atlanta penitentiary had a very different story. Long, lean, lanky hillsman, he had worked his "one-mule" farm and won from it the corn and hogs required for his wife and eight lean, lanky children—clothes, they had a few. Perhaps he sold \$10 worth of produce a week—some of this cash was squandered at the corner store in card games with his cronies—

whisky took some more—two to three dollars a week went in supplies for the home. One night his "still" was raided and he found his way to Atlanta penitentiary. He had a wife and children, so was set to work in the duck mill. His wages were only \$2.50 per week, for the policy of the Department is to give all the men with families a chance to make part-time in this mill, the only industry in which wage can be paid. Simeon, however, turned back to his family the \$2.50 a week. Their few luxuries were cut off, no more visits to the movies were possible, but the home held together and the family lived on much as usual.

The contrast between John Green, idle in Leavenworth, and Simeon Skinner, working for a wage in Atlanta, is not to the credit of our Government. Inequality of punishment is not justice. Simeon's treatment was far from what it should have been; he should have worked his full eight hours a day—but John's idleness was damnable. As he expressed it to the Parole Board:

"For me, it isn't so bad—I've a good bed, it's clean and comfortable, my food's all right, I can go to the movies and play tennis in the yard. I can stand it—but the kids—for God's sake let me go back to them and I'll work my fingers to the bone to make up to Uncle Sam for what I did. I counterfeited his money and I'll pay for it, but God, those kids are paying, not me."

The Federal Prison Department is fully awake to this situation and is demanding work and wage for every able-bodied, mentally capable man and woman under its control.

Mr. Votaw, Superintendent of Federal Prisons, discussing the matter before the Joint Congressional Committee to determine what employment might be furnished Federal prisoners, in November, 1923, stated:

"Other than routine institutional duties and seasonal employment on the farms there is no employment for these prisoners except at Atlanta, where a duck mill, established in 1919, furnishes work to some 650. Adding to this last number 800 necessary for institutional routine duties and subtracting the total of 1,450 from the grand total of 5,510, there remains 4,060 available for employment. Estimating the value of each man's labor at the very low rate of \$1 per day, allowing 300 working days per year, we have \$1,218,000 worth of labor annually going to waste, an inexcusable economic waste. If viewed from no other standpoint, this would constitute a vital reason for providing some profitable employment for the inmates, but it should not be considered from that ground alone. It must also be viewed from the humanitarian standpoint. By giving these prisoners employment and compensating them for their labor the destitution of many families, on whom quite often falls nearly the whole burden of suffering, will be relieved. It is well known that idleness is vicious. Especially is this so in prison. Employment for the prisoners will solve most of the disciplinary problems.

A bill is now before Congress empowering the Federal Department of Prisons to establish industries in the Federal Prisons adequate to afford employment to all prisoners under its care.

On behalf of the wives and children of the men in our Federal Prisons, on behalf of the prisoners themselves that they may be built up through honest work, we urge support for this bill from every citizen who stands for justice and fair play.

William Dutton was only seventeen—a vigorous, young plumber. With three other boys he celebrated a victory for the local baseball team. One of the boys secured a flask and the crowd, "merry" as the result, possessed themselves of a car, owners unknown to them, and dashed away at breakneck speed. The night air and long ride gradually sobered them. Then they realized that they had crossed the State line and one of them knew their danger. He knew that interstate transportation of stolen automobiles was a criminal offense punishable by sentence to a Federal prison. They dared not take the car back. They tossed a coin and William was the victim. He was to sell the stolen car. He did not sell that car, however, but was given eighteen months in Leavenworth, as the reward for his night's outing.

THE prisoners in Leavenworth have many liberties. They mingle freely in the halls and at their meals. There is no means for separating young and old. William was thrown daily in the company of a famous highwayman. The stories of the open road, the romance, the thrill, fascinated him. True, Bill, the highwayman, had been caught, but that need not have been but for the treachery of a supposed "pal." The lure of Bill's lawless life obsessed William. He left Leavenworth, knowing well the ways of the underworld, with his back turned on the path of right-living.

This happens again and again. Fully 30 per cent. of the inmates of our Federal prisons are under thirty years of age—many, like William, not out of their teens. They learn the ways of the hardened criminal. Boys who enlisted and fought in the trenches overseas are among these young prisoners—not a scattered few, but many. Probably one-third of the younger prisoners fought for our Flag. What is our reward to them? Lessons in crime; the permanent destruction of their manhood.

There are only three Federal prisons, all of the penitentiary class—Atlanta, Leavenworth, McNeil Island. At the present time the normal capacity of these institutions has been exceeded by over 500 and the limit has been reached at which physicians say the men can be cared for without endangering their health.

A new institution must be established immediately, or within the next few years the Federal Government will be without a place in which to confine its prisoners.

The Federal Department of Prisons urges that this new institution be a reformatory for young men, first offenders. An institution of this type would protect William from the old highwayman; it would build up the ex-service man who has gone wrong. All the progressive States are caring in this way for first offenders. Our Federal Government has been the laggard. Now the Federal Department of Prisons is demanding the opportunity to rehabilitate its young charges—a responsibility we, as citizens,

(Continued on page 68)

How Your Magazine Is Made

A Glimpse Into the Inner Workings of a Unique Million-Dollar Publishing Enterprise

By John Chapman Hilder

MOST people know how automobiles are made, they have read the story a dozen times. You, yourself, have surely heard all about "progressive assembling," that wonderfully ingenious system of car building, in which the bare frame of an automobile is started on a journey at one end of a moving track, is added to all along the line as it travels toward the other end and emerges, finally, a complete car, ready to run. The automobile industry has been described so often that it is now an old story.

You probably know, too, how the movies are made, how cloth is woven, how silver foxes are raised, how eggs are hatched by electricity, what makes airplanes rise, and the secrets of many other inventions and businesses. But of all the familiar articles that come into your home, the one that has been most shrouded in mystery, the one that has been the least explained, is the magazine.

A magazine looks very simple. As it comes to you, fresh and crisp from the presses, a few sheaves of paper covered with type and pictures, and bound in an attractive cover, it seems so natural a thing, and it costs you so little, that it probably doesn't occur to you to wonder how much thought, how much work, how much mechanical ingenuity and how much money went into its production. An editor, a printer, a handful of stories and articles, some advertisements—and there you are! It does seem simple, and that's a fact.

Yet, as you have probably discovered, very few things are actually as simple as they seem offhand. You go to the theater and see a play. Characters walk on and off the stage. There is a lot of smooth talk. The actors and actresses wear expensive clothes and receive—according to rumor—enormous salaries for a few hours' work a night; work that, to you, seems easy. The theater is packed with folks who paid real money to get in. The producer has a Rolls-Royce outside the entrance. The playwright, you hear, is enjoying himself in Bermuda, wallowing in the income from his royalties. Why not write a play yourself and do likewise. It's a cinch. Any one can write a play.

It is peculiar, but true, that every one does think he can write a successful play and, for similar reasons, every one thinks he can run a magazine. The general impression is that there is nothing to it. But just as there are thousands of disillusionized amateur playwrights, so are there many men and women, intelligent persons, who have lost their own money and that of their friends merely through thinking that running a magazine would be child's play. The vital statistics of the publishing business show a tremendous mortality rate among magazines. Of the hundreds published to-day not more

than half a dozen are more than fifty years old. And of this half-dozen each one has been at some stage of its career within an ace of extinction. Far from being easy, the magazine business is more difficult from the standpoint of wringing a fortune out of it than almost any other business you could mention.

It has been demonstrated that an alert storekeeper can, by following certain well-defined rules, be virtually sure of success. In a store or factory you are dealing with tangible elements: merchandise, raw materials, labor costs, equipment, turnover and the like. In magazine publishing you have to consider all the factors that enter into manufacturing and selling—the known factors, as they might be called. But in addition to these known factors, you have to consider that intangible and constantly changing quantity: the public taste. A publisher may buy the finest paper and employ the most expert printers; but if the things he prints, the stories, articles and illustrations, do not catch and hold his public, neither his paper nor his printing will save him.

THE purpose of this article is to show you what goes on in a magazine office and in the engraving and printing shops allied with it, so that you may form some idea of what it means to put together and mail out a monthly publication for nearly a million subscribers. Many of the general statements to follow may be applied with accuracy to any magazine. It should be understood, however, that it is specifically the making of THE ELKS MAGAZINE which is being described.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE—and every other—is produced by an organization composed of five departments: administration, editorial, advertising, production and circulation.

The function of the first-named, the department of administration, is to exercise control over the other four, in order that they may all operate in harmony and without duplication of effort. This department—made up, in this case, of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission—is responsible for the editorial and business policies of the magazine and for the handling of funds received and disbursed by it—aggregating over a million dollars a year. The position of the department of administration is akin to that of the captain of a great ocean liner charting a course for his vessel and controlling her movements by issuing orders for sub-officers, engineers and crew to carry out.

THE editorial department secures the material, the reading matter and illustrations, for the magazine, and prepares them for the engraver and printer.

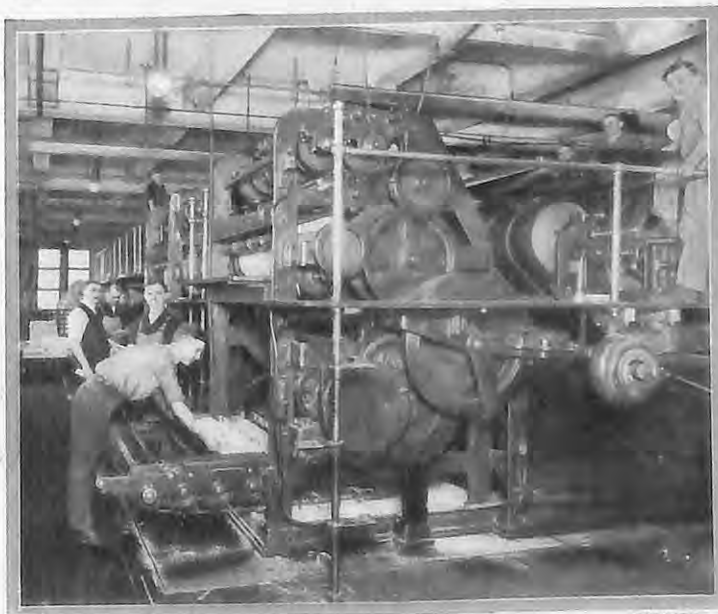
The advertising department sells advertising space, thereby producing the added revenue which every large publication must have if it is to exist. The revenue from subscriptions alone is not enough to defray the expense of publishing magazines of the size and quality of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The production department of this magazine is made up of the paper maker, the engravers and the printer. Some publications own their own paper mills, engraving and printing shops and binderies. Unless a publisher issues two or more magazines, so that his men and his machines are busy all the time, the cost of maintaining a plant of his own will be out of all proportion to the saving of the outside printer's profit. THE ELKS MAGAZINE is printed under contract by an organization which specializes in manufacturing "large run" periodicals and can therefore do the work better and cheaper than the magazine could if it were to own its plant outright.

The circulation department is charged with the duty of addressing and mailing each month's edition of magazines as it is delivered by the printer.

This, in brief, is the organization. Before going on to look closer into the work of the various departments, let us analyze the magazine field to see just what position in that field THE ELKS MAGAZINE occupies.

Magazines may be divided into three broad groups as follows: "class" publications, "trade" publications and "general" publications. The first group caters frankly to a certain class of readers, segregated from the bulk of the population because of special interests, modes of living, or the like. Among these may be mentioned as examples the magazines of relatively small circulation devoted to advanced and extreme fashions for women, or radio, or country estates, or society. Trade publications are what



A view of a small battery of the high speed rotary presses which print The Elks Magazine. Note "forms" already folded being taken from racks by the men in the foreground

their name implies: journals devoted to chronicling developments in certain businesses and industries and read not for entertainment but as a matter of business education. The third group, the general magazines, are those which aim to secure and hold large groups of readers, men, or women, or both, by an appeal to the wide interests and sympathies of the people at large. To give a big heterogeneous audience what will please it is far more difficult than to edit successfully a magazine made for a limited few who buy it because of their enthusiasm for the particular subject with which it deals. Faced with a select gathering of ardent horticulturists it is not very hard to put together a program that will hold their attention. But asked to entertain, instruct and inspire nearly a million people of all shades of opinion and habits of thought—that's a different order. That requires something more than haphazard selection.

What is THE ELKS MAGAZINE? Is it a "class" publication in the accepted sense? No. Is it a "general" publication in the accepted sense? No. It certainly is not a "trade" publication in any sense at all. If it is not any of these, then what is it?

APPRAISAL of a magazine is best approached by finding out its purpose. The purpose of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as defined in the first issue, is as follows:

"One. To establish a direct contact between the Order and its members—as individuals,

Two. To provide some medium of communication through which each one could be promptly reached, personally and directly;

Three. To bring to each Elk a realization that he is a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, and not merely a member of a Subordinate Lodge;

Four. To furnish to each member a reliable source of information as to the history of the Order, its notable achievements and splendid accomplishments, to which he has, all too unconsciously, contributed;

Five. To keep the rank and file of the membership advised of the community service being rendered all over the country by the Subordinate Lodges of the Order, as an incentive to like activities in other localities;

Six. To provide information as to the proposed activities of the Order in the future, and the reasons therefor, so that individual members may form an intelligent opinion thereon and may have opportunity to express that opinion and make its influence felt;

Seven. To provide a means by which the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers may send directly to each member communications which contain matters of interest to the whole Order;

Eight. Generally to encourage and foster that spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Order and its principles which alone can insure the maintenance of that high place in public esteem which the Order has already attained.

"As a means of accomplishing these ends it was determined that a national journal should be established, to be called THE ELKS MAGAZINE, to be issued monthly and sent to each member of the Order at his home address.

"It was not to be a mere bulletin or calendar of events, but a vigorous, high-class, literary and fraternal journal, of which the contents would render it worthy of a place upon any library table. It was to contain matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household. It was designed to be entertaining as well as instructive; but primarily its purpose was to place in the hands of

every Elk a monthly volume of fraternal information that would insure recognition of the Order's beneficent power, a keen appreciation of its uplifting mission, a deeper pride of membership, and a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater fraternal activity."

The purpose, you see, is twofold. First, to chronicle events and progress in the Order of Elks and to provide a medium through which the Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge officers might reach the entire membership. Second, to be a high class literary magazine designed to interest not alone the members of the Order, but their families as well.

The first part of this purpose would seem to place THE ELKS MAGAZINE in the field of "class" publications. The second tends to make it a "general" magazine. We might, therefore, fuse the two terms and call it "a class publication with a general appeal."

Knowing the aims and the scope of a periodical is the first step in publishing. No magazine has ever succeeded, or ever will, without having a definite purpose. No magazine has ever succeeded that went out of its field or lost sight of this purpose. The old saw about the shoemaker and his last applies very rigidly in the publishing business. The magazine that keeps to its field acquires a definite character which becomes recognizable to its public. The magazine that is constantly being changed in policy never acquires any recognizable character and never takes hold on a large body of readers. The publisher simply must stay inside his boundaries regardless of the fancied attractiveness of pastures which seem greener than his own. The question of purpose once decided on, it then devolves upon the publisher's organization to build a magazine of the character desired.

This is where the editorial department comes into action. Knowing what sort of material to secure in order to produce a certain type of magazine, the editorial department must first ascertain how much money the publisher—the department of administration—can allow, out of the budget, for editorial purchases. Every editor would like to be able to buy the best for his readers, but not every publisher is in a position to pay for the best. (Magazines are issued ranging in editorial cost from a few hundred dollars to thirty and more thousand dollars per number.) When the average monthly appropriation has been fixed, the editors know pretty well which writers and artists they can afford to buy from. They set out, then, to obtain material which will fit in with the

policy and purpose of the magazine, from the best writers they can command.

The modern editor differs somewhat from his forebears of an earlier day who used to sit in their "sanctums" and wait for what the mail brought them. Competition among magazines to-day is too keen to permit any editor to sit and wait for what the mail may bring. When a magazine wants a big feature its editors have to go out "loaded for bear."

SOME ONE who wished to be epigrammatic once said the most important qualification for successful banking was the ability to say "No." This may be put down as a narrow view of the banker's functions, or as a broad view of a narrow banker's functions, according to taste, but its fault as an epigram is that it expresses only a partial truth. It can not be denied that the ability to say "No" is extremely valuable in a banker, but equally valuable and probably more so is a knowledge of the proper time to say "Yes."

Thousands of men and women, hungry to express themselves, or to see their names in print, or to garner a little "easy" money by writing, would very likely define an editor as a person who makes his living by sitting in a swivel chair and saying "No." But just as with the banker there is something wrong with that picture. It is incomplete. The impression that editors always say "No" has grown because, in the nature of things, they have to say "No" more often than "Yes"—about ninety-eight times more often, in fact.

It is absolutely true that every editorial department is eager to find an acceptable manuscript in the mail, a story sent in unsolicited by some new or little-known writer. There is a thrill in thus discovering a new contributor that far surpasses landing the biggest fish in the literary sea by the ordinary method of offering more money than somebody else. But the occasions on which editors experience this thrill are lamentably rare. Two real "finds" in a thousand manuscripts are a high average.

Editors are like bankers in this respect: that their main stock in trade is their judgment. Each must study the trend of conditions, markets, prices, economic, sociological and political developments—and men. Each must mix considerable instinct with his logic and base his decisions on a combination of the two. The editor of a general magazine who depends on logic alone will never achieve a wide appeal with his publication. You can't argue a person into liking a story. It will either strike a responsive chord in your readers or it won't. And that's that.

There is an impression abroad that the way to sell a story to an editor is to take it to him in person and tell him all about it: how the writer felt when he wrote it, why he wrote it, why he thinks it is good, or that the main idea is founded on an actual occurrence in his own life or that of a relative. This is an erroneous impression. The best way to dispose of a story is to send it in with a stamped, self-addressed envelop, and let it sell itself—if it can. If a story can't sell itself, no amount of conversation or correspondence on the part of the author will help in the slightest.

Stories, and by that term is meant fiction, are obtained in three ways. The editors quarry them out of the mail, find them among manuscripts submitted

(Continued on page 69)



Here are the "forms" being gathered in the bindery. This is the way the magazine is assembled before it is stitched



CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building Is Beginning to Take Definite Shape

REPRODUCED above is the first of a series of photographs which will appear from time to time in the magazine, showing how work is progressing on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, in course of construction at Chicago. Plainly discernible already is the distinctive circular shape of the great memorial hall which will be

the outstanding architectural feature of the edifice. At the left is a wing that will contain offices. This picture, taken from the rear of the building site, shows the extent of the property's frontage—393 feet—on Lake View Avenue and gives one an idea of the splendid location of the structure, facing Lincoln Park and affording a view over Lake Michigan

Historic Boston for Visiting Elks

A Brief Description of Some of Its Interesting Landmarks

By James B. Connolly

Boston (Mass.) Lodge No. 10

JUST around the corner from the home of the Boston Lodge is the Massachusetts State House, too modern a structure itself to share in the historic interest which everywhere invests old Boston, but worthy of mention here because Channing Cox, loyal member of Boston Lodge, happens to be Massachusetts' Governor right now and will be there to welcome all visiting brothers during the Annual Convention next July.

Our State House overlooks Boston Common, which we of Boston think glory enough for any building. One minute down Tremont Street from the Common is the Granary Burying Ground, where three signers of the Declaration of Independence (among them John Hancock, he of the bold signature topside of the immortal document), and nine early governors of the old Commonwealth are laid away. The aged caretaker will proudly point out these graves to the curious ones; he will also point out the grave

of John Hull, that colonial plutocrat who gave his daughter her weight in pine-tree shillings on her wedding day. It may be that he will tell the story of the western advertising man who leaned reverently above the grave of Hull and said: "Her weight in silver? Let's see. Say she was a buxom lass and weighed 150 pounds. That's—lemme see? Say three thousand dollars. Three thousand bucks!—and they're visiting his grave after a couple of centuries! what publicity, what publicity! The times I've paid more than that for one newspaper page and people leaving it for the sporting page after one peek! What genius for publicity that bird had!"

Boston is full of these old cemeteries. In some big cities they would be dug up and the site used for profitable commercial buildings, but Boston has ancient ideas about such things. Two minutes further along on Tremont Street is King's Chapel Burying

Ground. Here the best remembered of all the Puritan governors, John Winthrop, is buried, as is also the Rev. John Cotton, that eminent divine who had more to say in the affairs of the colony than any governor. Mary Chilton, the young girl who leaped ashore first of the Mayflower's passengers, is also laid away here. Curiously enough—perhaps it is not so curious—visitors warm up more quickly to the memory of Mary Chilton, than to the more useful and important ones.

Bordering one side of King's Chapel is our City Hall, not much to look at, but mentioned here for the same reason that we mentioned the State House: James M. Curley, loyal member of Boston Lodge, happens to be Mayor of Boston right now and he will also be on deck to welcome all visiting Elks during the Convention next July.

Another two minutes walk further on is

the Old State House. Here is where Boston was born. Here her early town meetings were held, here the Declaration of Independence was first publicly read. Doughty John Hancock, the first governor of a free Commonwealth, was here solemnly inaugurated. From under the little balcony which decorates its seaward end, a body of insurgent citizenry went out to face the British soldiery and were shot down for their temerity. The Boston Massacre that occasion came to be called, first blood of the Revolution. A special design in the granite paving marks the spot and on Boston Common there is a monument to their memory.

A lion and unicorn rampant still surmount the yellow brick walls of the old State House; every now and then some passionate patriot rises to demand that these most hateful emblems of tyrannic rule be removed from the sacred walls; but when he does some equally indignant citizen moves to demand that they be left as they are, eternal reminders of the courage of a free people who threw off the tyrant's yoke. The lion and unicorn rampant still decorate (or desecrate) the old walls.

FIVE minutes easy walking from the Old State House is Atlantic Avenue, the water-front thoroughfare. Two minutes westerly brings us to a tablet commemorating the Boston Tea Party. It was on a cool December night that a body of staid citizens marched down to where an English tea-ship lay tied up to Griffith's Wharf. They boarded the ship, opened up her hatches, hoisted the tea-chests on deck, ripped them open and dumped them into the harbor. "No taxation without representation," they chanted, and went on back home according to school history, though local gossip has it that they went back to Johnnie Dugan's bar and celebrated the occasion with foaming beakers of good English ale.

To back-track a bit: Two blocks northerly from the Old State House is Faneuil Hall, the revered "Cradle of Liberty." It is a public market downstairs now, but upstairs is the same old hall of liberty, likewise the armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The Ancients are still with us, glory be. They still parade in their various uniforms. If a retired general of the army joins the corps he continues to wear his general's uniform; an admiral of the navy will hang on to his full regalia; likewise a navy bos'n.

Such groups, marching sedately side by side, add color to the proceedings. Why not? They still hold their drum-head election on Boston Common every June and their tour of duty every fall.

The Ancients have had a lot of stuff written about them. They are actually a pretty fair representation of Boston, men of all ages and from all walks of life, a decent, likeable crowd with a good percentage of Elks among them. If they turn out for the

THIS is the first of a series by Mr. Connolly, describing interesting features of Boston and its environs.

Elks' Military Day next July, our visiting brothers will see a most colorful outfit.

The foregoing is a little tour which a moderately active person can begin and end within the hour. Scattered in between the before-named landmarks are scores of other historic spots, some marked by tablets and quickly to be found, some only to be discovered through the aid of guide-books.

If the visitor has time and inclination to explore further there is enough to keep him busy for the whole week, and yet remain within a short radius of our Boston home. Half a mile away is Old North Church, where hung the signal lanterns

... one if by land, two if by sea

which started Paul Revere on his night ride to warn the countryside that the British soldiery were approaching.

Fifteen minutes by foot and subway will bring the visitor to the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. Don't ask your Boston host what it looks like up top, because it is ten to one he has never been up top. Living where he can peek out the window and see it any minute of the day he naturally doesn't go near it, but he is proud as can be for all that about it. He may tell you that the monument is not the same spot whereon the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, but that little detail does not matter; the actual spot is close by and you got to have a high spot d' y' see to stick a real monument on.

Twenty minutes away in a trolley is Dorchester Heights, actually in South Boston. Here Washington stood behind his battery of guns and saw the British forces evacuate

Boston Harbor: a cheerful sight which South Boston, a most patriotic section, celebrates on the anniversary of the day. Evacuation Day they call it; but South Boston being also very Irish and Evacuation Day being also Saint Patrick's Day, she makes a double-header of it. Distinguished guests who have been invited to take part have been known to go back home declaring that they were not quite sure whether it was the evacuation of the British navy or the advent of the Ancient Order of Hibernians that they had been celebrating.

A half hour's run by train or motor car brings us to where at Lexington

... the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world.

Or

... to the rude bridge that arched the flood

or at least to the site of it out Concord way.

The citizens of Boston have been charged with taking its historic aspect too seriously. Perhaps we do. As an actual fact we do not spend much time discussing Boston's history among ourselves, but we do think that Boston has a right to be proud of the part she had taken in the nation's affairs, especially in those affairs which made an independent country of this our land.

THAT thought brings on another one.

The Elks are above all else an American organization. They have always eagerly seized every chance to prove their patriotism. In these days when the forces against law and order and the lawful rule of the majority are so active, members of the Boston Lodge feel that they can contribute a really patriotic service by calling the attention of our visitors next July to these what we might call historic shrines of Boston, and that they can do so without exalting our old city at the expense of such other fine cities as our guests may hail from.

We are reckoning on 100,000 visiting Elks here next July—Elks and families and relations. Among that 100,000 there will surely be quite a few eager to visit historic sites. At any rate believing that there will be quite a few, Boston Lodge is preparing to see to it that all such will be put in the way of seeing them without too much cost of time and money. Members of the Lodge, highly charged with all the needful historic dope, will be on hand to serve as guides.

Woodrow Wilson

IN THE death of Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States, a truly great man has passed away; one who not only affected and controlled the current of affairs during his life but who has left an influence that will reflect itself in events which history will record for years yet to come.

A man of brilliant intellect, a scholar of culture and learning, an official of forceful character and aggressive leadership, in a position of commanding authority during a great world crisis, it was inevitable that he should become an outstanding international figure. But he was more than that. Because of his exalted idealism, his broad vision, his matchless power of expression, and his masterful personality, he led for a time the thought of the world.

He was a true martyr to the cause he so loyally espoused; and he was, perhaps, never more truly great than during the years of his retirement, when he endured his affliction with patient resignation and awaited with calm dignity the vindication of which he felt so confidently assured.

It is but natural that there should be many of his countrymen who differed with him as to the wisdom of some of his policies. But there are none who question his loyal patriotism or the sincerity of his devotion to his ideals.

The members of the Order of Elks share in the universal mourning for the great War President and in the common acclaim of him as one of America's greatest sons.



Decorations by Israel Doskow

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of the Lodges Throughout the Order



Last month almost every Lodge throughout the Order observed "Past Exalted Rulers Night" and many reports have come in to us of these meetings in which the "Old Timers" again occupied the chairs and were the guests of their Lodges at special banquets and entertainments given in their honor. As much as we would like to do so, it is obviously impractical for THE ELKS MAGAZINE to carry an account of each of these interesting sessions. We can not, however, let this opportunity pass without commenting upon the significance and value of "Past Exalted Rulers Night." When it is considered that there are about 18,000 living Past Exalted Rulers, the importance to the Order of this experienced and loyal body of men can not be overestimated. That once a year a night should be set aside for them in which they assume their old leadership in their Lodges is highly commendable. Looked at in a larger way, however, these meetings should become symbols of a closer, cooperation between the "Old Timers" and the "Youngsters"—not for one night only, but for the entire year and in the whole field of the Lodge's activities.

New Home for Detroit (Mich.) Lodge. Membership Goal 10,000

One of the finest Homes and club-houses in the United States, an eight-story building of modern construction, to cost, exclusive of the site, over one million dollars, will be erected by Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, on the northwest corner of Cass Avenue and Lafayette Boulevard. The site, which is across Lafayette Boulevard from the present club-house, is 150 x 130 feet. The present home which stands on property 134 x 130 feet, and which was completed only seven years ago, has already been outgrown. Among the features of the new Home will be a large auditorium, a gymnasium, swimming pool, dining-room, handball and squash courts, library, lounge rooms, writing rooms and possibly dormitories. A portion of the ground floor will be occupied by stores. The building will be of fireproof construction. Both Detroit and outside architects have been invited to submit plans for the new

club-house. The best plan will be selected by a committee of the Elks' building association.

In connection with this gigantic undertaking Detroit Lodge has launched a membership drive whereby it hopes to have 10,000 names on its roster by the time the Grand Lodge meets at Boston in July.

Property of Balboa (C. Z.) Lodge Totally Destroyed by Fire

Balboa (C. Z.) Lodge, No. 1414, has been the victim of a disastrous fire which destroyed all its Lodge property. This unfortunate occurrence came a few weeks after the members of Balboa Lodge held a most successful "Night of Frolic." This event was staged in the old Lincoln House built a generation ago by the Canal Commission. It is doubtful whether any other building except the Lincoln House with its enormous hall could have taken care of the large crowds that participated in the "Frolic." An excellent program including vaudeville sketches and musical numbers entertained the guests. The evening wound up with a supper and dance, the Navy Orchestra furnishing the music.

Prescott (Ariz.) Lodge Greets Grand Exalted Ruler on Train

When the Santa Fe train carrying Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred Robinson east from their California pilgrimage reached Prescott (Ariz.) at midnight, there were 200 members of Prescott (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 330, at the depot to greet them with the Elks Band. Before the train continued on its journey, both Mr. McFarland and Mr. Robinson expressed their appreciation of the unexpected demonstration and commended the Lodge for its fine spirit.

Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge to Exchange Visits with Other Orders

Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, has appointed a new committee to be known as the Fraternal Committee. The object and work of this latest addition to the large number of progressive committees now

functioning in the Lodge, is to encourage and to foster closer relations with all the fraternal orders and lodges in Jersey City, so as to bring about an exchange of ideas and promote the true spirit of brotherly love. The committee is arranging for an exchange of social sessions in which delegations from Jersey City Lodge will, at various times, journey to the Homes of the Masons, Knights of Columbus, Odd Fellows, etc., and entertain them, and in which representatives from these Orders will visit Jersey City Lodge in turn.

Benton (Ill.) Lodge Prospers. New Home a Possibility

Benton (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1234, is in a most prosperous condition and shows a healthy growth in membership. The sentiment is crystallizing among the members that Benton Lodge should build its own Home and there are indications that in the near future the Lodge will take definite steps to bring this about.

Braddock (Pa.) Lodge Will Sponsor Crack Baseball Team

It was decided at a recent meeting of Braddock (Pa.) Lodge, No. 883, to have the Lodge represented this season with a first class semi-professional baseball team. Judging by the enthusiasm already manifested the team will be the best not only in Braddock and vicinity but throughout Western Pennsylvania as well. The Exalted Ruler has appointed an Athletic Board which is already at work on the preliminary plans.

Albany (N. Y.) Lodge Looks Ahead Toward Million Dollar Home



Mayor Hackett of Albany, N. Y., in a recent interview, gave out the information that Albany (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 49, is now preparing in a financial way to build a new Home to cost over a million dollars. "Speaking as a member of the Board of Trustees of Albany Lodge," he continued, "I will say

this: That within four or five years the Lodge will be one of the richest bodies in the country. The property of Albany Lodge on State Street is increasing in value \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year. The Trustees are marking time for the day when we will be able financially to do the big thing we are looking forward to."

Alexandria (Va.) Lodge Conducts Big Bazaar



A great parade which included a delegation of 300 members of Washington (D. C.) Lodge, No. 15, their band and drill team, preceded the opening of the Bazaar recently conducted under the auspices of Alexandria (Va.) Lodge, No. 758. There were twenty booths scattered throughout the big auditorium of Alexandria Lodge, and many other fraternal organizations of the city assisted in making the affair highly successful. In addition to the attractions at the various booths, there were many good vaudeville acts, music, and contests to enliven the Bazaar.

Gary (Ind.) Lodge Building \$350,000 Home

Gary (Ind.) Lodge, No. 1152, has started work on one of the most beautiful structures in the State. The new Home will be situated on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Broadway, one of the principal corners in Gary. It will have five stores on the ground floor, while the second and third floors will be for the exclusive use of the Lodge. The cost of the new building when completed will be approximately \$350,000. This is the second Home to be built by Gary Lodge. Its present Home, sold recently to the I.O.O.F., was the first to be erected by any fraternal order in the city.

Parkersburg (W. Va.) Lodge to Give Medals for Best Essay

Parkersburg (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 198, has appropriated funds to purchase three medals which will be presented to three school children of the city for the best essays on the general subject of Americanism. The Parkersburg Post of the American Legion will also give three medals for the same purpose and a local civic club will give another set of medals. The children will be divided into three classes and three awards will be given in each class. The subject to be written on will be selected by a committee composed of the Superintendent of Public Schools, a member of the Board of Education, and the head of the local parochial schools. This committee will also have charge of grouping the children and of the awarding of the prizes.

Nashua (N. H.) Lodge to Have Mammoth Charity Ball

The Annual Charity Ball which Nashua (N.H.) Lodge, No. 720, will hold on March 3rd in the City Auditorium, promises to be one of the most enjoyable as well as the most brilliant events of its kind ever held in the city. Special music and a score of professional entertainers are to be imported from Boston for the occasion, and everything in connection with the affair is being arranged to take care of a large gathering. Demands during the past year upon the Charity Fund of the Lodge have been greater than ever before as its work has broadened and become more beneficial and effective. The

profits from the Ball will give Nashua Lodge additional funds with which to carry on its good work among the needy.

New Home Proposals Recently Approved by the Grand Lodge

The Grand Lodge has recently approved plans submitted to it by the following Lodges for the purchase and furnishing of new Homes:

Berlin (N.H.) Lodge, No. 618. Purchase of Home, \$25,000; furnishings \$1,000.

Pontiac (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1019. Purchase of Home, \$20,000; furnishings, \$3,500.

Provo (Utah) Lodge, No. 849. Purchase of Home and repairs, \$45,000.

Kendallville (Ind.) Lodge No. 1194. Building of New Home, \$52,000. (Site valued at \$10,000 paid for.)

Batavia (N. Y.) Lodge Looks After Welfare of City's Children

Batavia (N.Y.) Lodge, No. 950, is doing some fine charity work in the care of crippled children. The Lodge is taking a particular interest in those who are threatened with blindness and by providing expert medical service, paying the costs of necessary operations and furnishing eye-glasses, it has been of great help to many an unfortunate child. In line with this policy of looking after the young of the community, Batavia Lodge is also doing some excellent work with juvenile delinquents who are paroled to it by the city courts. A special committee has charge of this activity and many good results have been achieved.

Harry A. Greene, Past Exalted Ruler Of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lodge, Dies



The Order mourns the loss of Harry A. Greene, who was a Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn (N.Y.) Lodge, No. 22, and at the time of his death, Treasurer of the Lodge. Mr. Greene was also a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of New York Southeast. He was one of the most active, best-known and beloved members in the district. His passing is a definite loss to Brooklyn Lodge and to the Order at large. The funeral services held at Brooklyn Lodge were attended by hundreds of his friends among whom were many distinguished members of the Grand Lodge, officers of the New York State Elks' Association and representatives of the Lodges throughout the district.

Spacious New Quarters Occupied By Platteville (Wis.) Lodge

Platteville (Wis.) Lodge, No. 1460, has recently moved into spacious new quarters which provide the Lodge with a large lounge, reading and game rooms, kitchen, secretary's room, regalia room and a good sized Lodge room. Platteville Lodge, instituted April 2, 1923, with a charter class of 53, now has a membership list rapidly approaching the 200 mark, and has assumed a leading part in the welfare activities of the city.

Jules Bertero Again Elected President of Italian Club

Jules Bertero, Past Exalted Ruler of St. Louis (Mo.) Lodge, No. 9, and for many years Secretary of the Lodge, was recently re-elected president of the famous Italian Club of the city for the third consecutive

term. Mr. Bertero was formally installed, with the other officers of the club, at a meeting held in the Home of St. Louis Lodge.

Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge Members Wear "Get Acquainted" Buttons

To promote goodfellowship among its members, Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, is putting into effect a plan whereby each member in attendance at a Lodge meeting wears on his coat lapel a button, upon which is printed his Christian name in large letters, and his surname, in smaller letters. These "Get Acquainted" buttons are supplied to the members at a nominal cost and kept by them in a case in the Ante Room. On Lodge nights each member takes his own button, affixing it to the lapel of his coat, where it remains until time to disperse when it is returned to the Ante Room. The plan is working wonders and has been a means of bringing about a real brotherly feeling by prompting the members to address each other by their first names.

Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge Opens New Gymnasium

Members of Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1186, have at last realized their ambition to have a gymnasium in their Home. The equipment with which the new gymnasium was recently opened includes volley ball, indoor baseball, hand ball, punching bag, boxing gloves, exercises, chest weights and shower baths. With this start the Lodge has the base to which more equipment may be added from time to time as it seems fit. The plans include lockers which are to be installed in the Spring and which will be rented at a nominal cost to the members.

Santa Monica (Calif.) Conducts Impressive "Community Night"

The interesting series of "Community Nights" held this winter under the auspices of Santa Monica (Calif.) Lodge, No. 906, in which each town within the jurisdiction of the Lodge was allotted an evening, was brought to a brilliant close by a "Santa Monica Night." This occasion will be long remembered by the members of the Lodge by virtue of the dedication of a new Memorial Tablet. This tablet is in the form of a shaft, patterned after the Washington Monument, having a 2½ foot mahogany base upon which rests a 7 foot monument bronze frame. Into each of the four sides panels of ornamental glass have been inserted on which the names will be inscribed. The Star of Fidelity rests upon the peak of the shaft. After the dedication of the tablet, a highly satisfactory entertainment was furnished, including the singing of many original songs. Another feature of the evening was the presence of a large number of charter members and visiting members from almost every section of the United States including Alaska and Honolulu.

Film of Children's Outing Being Shown in France



Newark (N.J.) Lodge, No. 21, heard recently that the film taken by the Western Electric Company of the outing given by the Lodge's Welfare Committee at Camp Newark, Avon-by-the-Sea, to 200 crippled and poor children of the city, is being shown in France as an educational picture. The film shows graphically

how a great American city and Lodge take care of their afflicted children. The picture was recently shown at the Exposition de Physique in Paris, and arrangements have been made for a series of presentations in the principal cities of France.

Cumberland (Md.) Lodge Acquires Site for New Home

Cumberland (Md.) Lodge, No. 63, has recently purchased, through its Building Committee, a site for a new Home. The property is located in a very desirable downtown section of the city. It is the purpose of the Committee to get immediate action in the matter of the new Home and preliminary plans already have been prepared and submitted to the membership. A Home-site purchased several years ago will be sold and the proceeds applied to this more desirable property.

Bay City (Mich.) Lodge Pays Neighbor Fraternal Visit

Bay City (Mich.) Lodge, No. 88, recently paid a fraternal visit to Saginaw (Mich.) Lodge, No. 47, over 80 members making the trip in two specially chartered cars and a number of automobiles. The Lodge session, at which a large class was initiated by the visiting officers, was preceded by a dinner at the Antler Club with a splendid program including musical and vaudeville numbers. An address on "History as Taught in the Schools" by the principal of the Arthur Hill High School was enjoyed by the gathering. A fine spirit of fellowship pervaded the evening, and plans were made by the guests to give Saginaw members an equally hearty welcome on the occasion of their visit to Bay City Lodge.

Georgia State Elks Association Planning Big Convention

A very enthusiastic meeting of the Executive Board of the Georgia State Elks Association was held recently in Macon, Ga., the purpose of which was to formulate plans for the annual meeting and convention to be held in Augusta next May. A wonderful program is being arranged, including a grand barbecue. Indications are that the 1924 convention will be the best attended gathering in the history of the Association.

Plans for New Home Being Made By Oelwein (Iowa) Lodge

Oelwein (Iowa) Lodge, No. 741, is making plans to build a permanent Home at a cost of about \$40,000. The Lodge already owns a lot 50 x 100 feet, which is situated near the best hotel and on the principal business thoroughfare of the city. Oelwein Lodge is a leader in the welfare work of the community. It provided for many families at Thanksgiving and Christmas, it contributed to the Japanese Relief Fund and has aided the Boy Scouts substantially. When the city of Oelwein recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, the Lodge contributed \$100 toward the observance and entered a beautiful float in the big parade.

Kansas City ("Wyandotte" Kans.) Lodge Gives Boy Scouts Large Camp

Kansas City ("Wyandotte" Kans.) Lodge, No. 440, has given the Boy Scouts of the city a beautiful camp located about four and a half miles outside the town. The camp embraces about 10 acres. It is easily reached by motor-car, and lies two miles from one

interurban car line, and one mile from another. The terrain is ideal for such purposes. Through the camp runs a brook of considerable size, and arrangements are being made to construct a dam which will afford a pool of clean, wholesome water for bathing purposes. The tract embraces some very rough land, and a sufficient quantity of perfectly level, smooth land for playgrounds, for football, baseball and the like. The

To California Lodges

TO TRAVEL 2,000 miles up, down and across the sunny State of California and to meet directly with the representative membership of all but four of subordinate Elk Lodges in that great and rapidly growing commonwealth is at once a delightful and unusual privilege, a somewhat strenuous undertaking and a marvelous revelation of accomplishment of the past, of greater promise for the future of the Order. We are deeply grateful to the committees and lodges for the perfect arrangements and delightful execution of plans which made possible this most interesting and profitable period of the first 23 days of the new year.

The Elks in California are real leaders in community endeavor, and, after all, that is the one sure test of lodge success. The State membership of 59,000 and more is high class and most active. The erection of new and proposed Homes is proceeding so rapidly that it seems almost unbelievable. Magnificent temples are being built in the larger cities, and the best buildings in the smaller towns are the newly constructed Elk Homes. Just as we traveled from the Salt Sea—212 feet below sea-level to mountains more than a mile high—even so, California has its outstanding peaks of Elkdom and the usual, local problems of concern; but the grand average of standard in good work done and of assured growth and progress is so high and great that our Brothers of other States may do well to speak with pride of this Western phalanx and look to California for inspiration in the great work we have to do.

To know California friendlywise—to feel so completely at home that you are for the time being a real Californian—is to realize the underlying cause for the selection of three great past chiefs of our Order from this Pacific sun-land, and the adoption of such a Home by two other of our beloved leaders.

Congratulations and sincere appreciation of the Grand Lodge and of our Order are extended to the lovable, earnest and enthusiastic Elks of California!

JAMES G. McFARLAND,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

rough land and the valley along the brook are heavily timbered with a large variety of forest trees, affording ample opportunity for studies in that direction, and in the summer the valley is replete with hundreds of varieties of plant life. The Scout Executive in charge of the troops has prepared and had supervised by other officials in the scout movement, a complete set of plans and detailed specifications for the permanent improvement of the tract to the end that every bit of work which is done there in the building of structures will be a part of a well-considered plan. The Wyandotte Council of the Boy Scouts named the camp "B. P. O. Elk 440's Elkhorn Ranch for Boy Scouts." This name was selected for two reasons—one in compliment to Wyandotte Lodge, which made it possible for them to own this camp, and second in respect to the memory of Colonel Roosevelt, whose ranch in Dakota

was known as the Elkhorn Ranch. The scouts have called it a ranch rather than a camp, thus distinguishing it from their summer place in the Ozark Mountains. The gift of Wyandotte Lodge is a 365-day camp, and it is locally known as the Boy Scouts Elkhorn Ranch. Upon it are being erected at this time by the scouts themselves, without the employment of outside labor, suitable buildings, and a lodge is being constructed substantially like the lodge of Colonel Roosevelt on his Elkhorn Ranch. It is contemplated by Wyandotte Lodge that the benefit of this camp will be reciprocal—for not only has it given the Boy Scouts the benefit of association with the members of the Lodge, but it is giving the members of the Lodge the benefit of association with the boys. It has been a matter of some comment and considerable surprise to observe how willingly and gladly some of the members, who have heretofore found their only happiness in life in an easy chair, have taken a new lease on life and are becoming boys again.

Leominster (Mass.) and Clinton (Mass.) Lodges Hold Sports Tournament



A sports tournament has been arranged between Clinton (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1306, and Leominster (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1237. It will consist of competitions in auction bridge, bid whist, pitch, "45," cribbage, checkers, pool, billiards and bowling. Two of the meetings will be held at Clinton and two at Leominster, the last meeting being on March 10. After each session the home lodge will provide a luncheon and entertainment for the contestants. Keen interest is manifested in the rival camps and every indication points to a close and interesting contest in each event of the tournament.

High School Students and Faculty Entertained by Minot (N. D.) Lodge

Minot (N. D.) Lodge, No. 1089, was recently host to the students and faculty of the Minot High School and arranged a most enjoyable dance for the occasion. The unquestioned success of the affair and the pleasure reported by the guests make it practically assured that the event will be made an annual feature of the Lodge's program of community entertainment. A somewhat similar party is planned in April, when the Minot Normal School faculty and students will be entertained. The acting of the Lodge as host to the younger folk of the city is a commendable and successful effort to acquaint the future citizens of Minot with the ideals and principles on which the Order is founded.

New Orleans (La.) Lodge to Spend Over \$250,000 Rebuilding Home

The program for rebuilding the burned section of New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, calls for an expenditure of more than \$250,000. Actual work has already been started and the new structure will be finished sometime in August or September. This building program provides New Orleans Lodge with one of the most modern and up-to-date Homes in the Order.

Charity Fund Endowed by Member Of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge

In memory of his wife, Mary Frances Dunlap, who died recently, Dr. William

Dunlap, a member of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, has created a trust fund in favor of Detroit Lodge, the interest from which is to be paid into the charity fund of the Lodge for the purpose of aiding the poor and distressed of the city.

Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge to Have New Home Soon

Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1458, is planning to build a beautiful new Home to cost, including the site, over \$125,000. The bond issue necessary to finance the project has not been underwritten by bankers, but is being offered in its entirety to the membership, every one of which will have opportunity in this way to become part owners in the Home.

Brilliant Banquet Given by Washington (Pa.) Lodge



A testimonial banquet in honor of William D. Hancher, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Pennsylvania Southwest, was recently given by Washington (Pa.) Lodge, No. 776. The banquet was held in the George Washington Hotel and was attended by 365 delegates from the 11 Lodges comprising the district. Gen. Edward Martin, Past Exalted Ruler of Waynesburg (Pa.) Lodge, No. 757, acted as toastmaster. The principal address of the evening was made by Hon. John G. Price, of Columbus, Ohio, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. Other interesting addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters, Harry I. Koch, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks' Association; John W. Carr, Past Exalted Ruler of Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge, No. 11; and James L. Quinn, President of the Pennsylvania Elks' Southwestern Association.

Toy Shop of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge To Be Opened Year Round

The Elks Toy Shop of Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92, which served such a fine purpose during the Christmas holidays, will remain open the year round. A custodian, who is a cabinetmaker able to keep toys in repair, will be placed in charge and toys will be distributed throughout the year to children on their birthdays and at other appropriate times. As one of the members of the Community and Social Welfare Committee expressed it, Christmas is not the only time that children crave playthings. In various ways it is expected that the toy shop will distribute sunshine in many homes, and when next Christmas rolls around it will be a going concern, equipped and ready to function more effectively than would be possible were entire reorganization required.

Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

"American Legion Night" recently held by Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge, No. 839, packed every available space in the Lodge's big auditorium. Several vaudeville acts from Keith's Theater in Boston, cartoonists from Boston newspapers and the Hyde Park Legion Band entertained the guests. The feature of the evening was the presentation by Cambridge Lodge of a beautiful Legion flag to Cambridge Post, No. 27.

Cambridge Lodge also played host recently to more than 100 Chelsea Naval Hospital Veterans, staging a gala evening for their

entertainment. The veterans were served a fine dinner and enjoyed a program that included monologues and musical numbers by several theatrical performers from Boston. Members of the Lodge provided a fleet of closed automobiles that transported the veterans from the hospital to the club house.

The Lodge has established a fund, not to exceed \$1,000 nor less than \$500, to be used to relieve any suffering among school children. The fund is administered by a special committee working with the Superintendent of Schools. It was found that a number of children were obliged to leave school in order to support their families, and it is the intention of the Lodge to provide out of this fund the means for them to continue their education. In addition, Cambridge Lodge provides eye-glasses, medical treatment, clothing, etc., for those children whose parents are unable to properly care for them.

Big Addition to Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge Nearly Completed

The big addition to the Home of Defiance (Ohio) Lodge, No. 147, is fast nearing completion, and when finished will be one of the finest and most modern buildings of its kind in that part of the State. The addition is built on to the old home in such a way as to make it as one structure. The entire building as it now stands is modern in every respect. The old part contains parlors, rest rooms, music room, kitchen, game and billiard rooms. The addition is two stories above the basement, and is of modern architecture. The basement is 125 x 66 feet and will be equipped with bowling alleys, boiler and fan rooms. The first floor is 125 x 66 feet, with dance floor, dining-room, balcony in front and large stage in rear. The second floor contains a Lodge room 69 x 52 feet, paraphernalia room, candidates' reception room and a fully equipped gymnasium 31 x 63 feet.

Defiance Elks are planning many festivities when they get located in the new Home this spring, and extend a cordial welcome to all members coming to the city to make themselves at home.

Cleveland (Ohio) Lodge Soon to Occupy New Quarters



Cleveland (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1438, is making elaborate plans for celebrating the occupancy of its new Home. One of the features of the program will be the initiation of the largest class of candidates in the history of the Lodge. The new quarters are much larger and better equipped than those now used by the Lodge and will afford greater facilities for the increasing activities of the membership.

Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge Makes Success of "Purple Bubble" Ball

Even though it had been heralded for weeks as the "biggest social event Bellingham has ever known," and was expected, naturally, to be a gala affair, the Purple Bubble Ball given by Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge, No. 194, at the local armory was lauded by the many hundreds who attended it as being even more wonderful than they had anticipated. Decorated with American flags interspersed with streaming banners of purple and white—the dancers carrying purple balloons—the great armory was transformed into a colorful fairyland. As a

result of the Ball's success, over \$2,000 was added to a fund for the entertainment of the delegates to the Washington State Elks Association Convention which will be held in Bellingham.

Michigan Lodges to Merge Drill Squads For Grand Lodge Convention



Forty-two of the 46 Lodges in Michigan were recently represented at a meeting at the Home of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, to discuss the proposal made by Exalted Ruler James Bonar to form all the drill squads of the State into one regiment organized along the plans of the National Guard unit. The proposal met with ready response from the other Lodges and the Michigan delegation to the Grand Lodge convention in Boston in July will present a spectacle such as never has been seen before at a national convention of the Order. The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 42 Lodges who attended the meeting were unanimous in declaring the idea the best ever put forward to enhance interest in the convention. The design for the uniform has been adopted and a solid regiment will represent all of Michigan, united as never before. William W. Mountain, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and Judge Clarence M. Browne, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, were present, and brought word from the Grand Lodge that its officers were in favor of the regiment and were watching the development of the idea with great interest.

Roanoke (Va.) Lodge Doubles Its Membership in Two Years

When all candidates now awaiting initiation have been taken into the Order, Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197, will have a membership of about 1,360, in all probability the largest in the State. The Lodge has reason to be proud of its marvelous growth in the past two years, as it had only 635 members on April 1, 1922. By the end of the present Lodge year, Roanoke Lodge will have doubled its membership.

New Haven (Conn.) Lodge Wins Praise Of District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Coe of Torrington (Conn.) Lodge, No. 372, on the occasion of his official visit to New Haven (Conn.) Lodge, No. 25, was very much impressed by conditions existing in the Lodge and by the initiation which was put on in honor of his presence. A class of 22 candidates was taken into New Haven Lodge and the work was performed in excellent fashion by the officers. Exalted Ruler Franklin Coeller called on all the candidates for their first impressions of the Order and some very fine addresses were made in this connection.

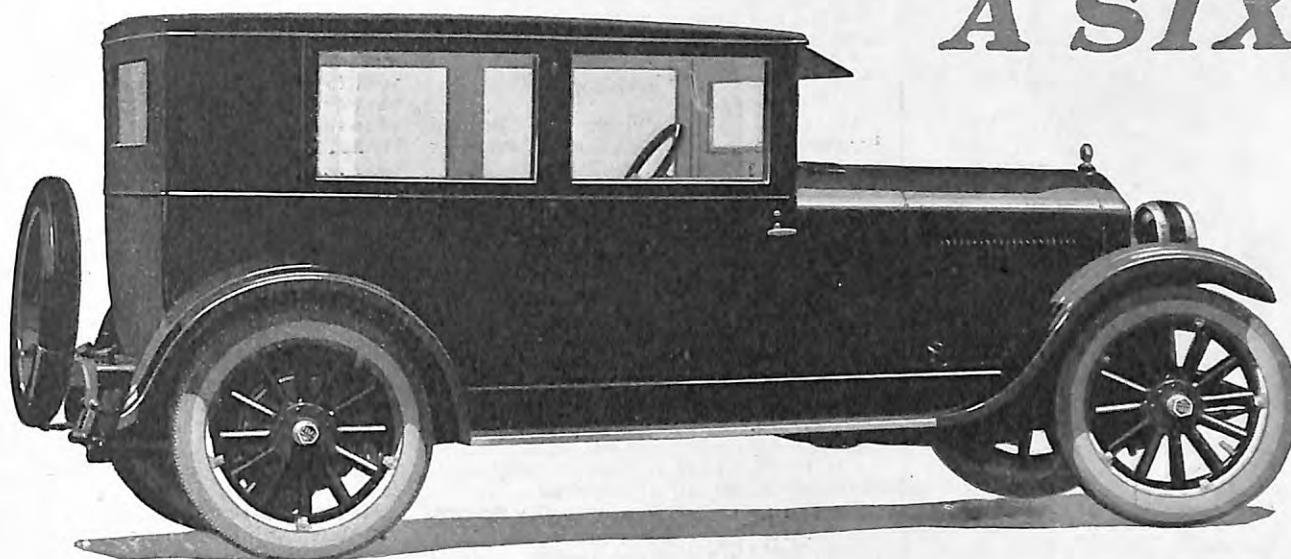
Battle Creek (Mich.) Lodge Entertains 300 Newsboys

Battle Creek (Mich.) Lodge, No. 131, with a long list of laudable charity activities to its credit, continues to play a leading rôle in the welfare work being done in its city. One of the most successful events in this field was the Lodge's annual dinner to over 300 newsboys. The youngsters were served with a real turkey banquet and given a high-class vaudeville entertainment between the courses. The enthusiastic way in which the

(Continued on page 58)

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Simple to keep in first class condition. Requires little attention. Lubrication for the most part is done with an oil can. Mileage on fuel, oil and tires is exceptional.

No car we ever announced has met with such a reception. You must be impressed as everyone has. You too will say: "the new Essex provides ideal transportation."

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Other Doctor

(Continued from page 29)



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THERE'S a cap on Williams that can't get lost. It's hinged on. That's a whale of an improvement, isn't it?

The shave Williams gives is a whale of an improvement, too.

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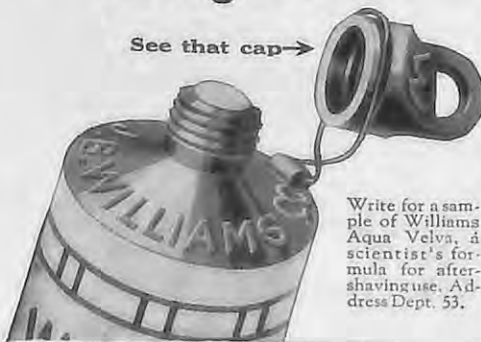
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Williams

Shaving Cream

See that cap→



He rubbed his unshaven chin. The stubble would be a help, in a bitter wind. . . .

It was nearly midnight when Nat Holliday stopped the horse within the first humps of drift ice abreast of Middle Village.

Ellicott stepped from the cutter, lifting the pack-sack carefully and backing to his companion while the man adjusted the straps to his shoulders. The pack was bulky, yet light. His worn bag and a million units of anti-toxin were in there.

"Compass, doc?"

"Yeah. Put on my hunting shirt."

"All right, now?"

"O. K. . . . Much obliged, Nat. Remember about the missus. What women don't know won't hurt 'em."

He began walking away, to the north and westward. Holliday called out: "Oh, doc!" and Ellicott turned. "Don't take too many chances. If it's as bad as they say it is, better head back."

"Don't fret about me."

HE WENT on. He wanted no one to fret about him. That was why he had talked cautiously to Popple; that was why he had merely told Susy he had a drive to Middle Village. He could not tell her this: that he was trying the ice which every man knew was impassable; and yet keeping her mind at peace was only habit. Worry would stir her; why do that? . . .

He had no chance of making the Beavers. Every one had said that, who knew ice. Well. . . . It would be a good exit, anyhow. Perhaps that would help Susy. He had died but he had come to life long enough to give her this: this empty piece of heroics. She need never know it was empty. . . .

He left the tumbled heaps of shore ice behind and entered a vast area of flat white. His feet bit into the firm crust of snow and he walked rapidly. It was a good twenty-five miles from where Holliday had turned back across the channel to St. James, the village on Beaver, and he knew that that distance would be doubled by twistings and turnings. There would be pressure cracks and open leads. He would be forced to detour and double to find a safe way. . . .

He laughed shortly. To find a safe way!

There was no safe way, as any man could tell Susy, but it was a good gesture. She had translated little, ordinary things, into matters of wide proportions. Why, as late as a half-dozen years ago her eyes would have shone when she kissed him before he left for a drive to Middle Village through extreme weather. To-night she had merely hastened the meal and talked about the wood put in their basement that day. . . . Not a word of query about the case, and that was fortunate. He did not want to see that old response awakened . . . not by a ruse, like this. He wanted to rouse her once more. Yes . . . but not to see. . . .

He did not think beyond her response. . . . Later, some other man might come. Susy was not old in years; it was her spirit which was old. . . .

A clammy grip seemed to be on his throat strangling him and he shook his head. The illusion had come from the frost gathered on his collar and melting against his skin. The night was bitter, zero, at least. . . . If the end came from exposure, it would not be painful. . . . If from water . . . well, that was not so bad, either, for a man who was reconciled. He hoped Susy could read some glory in his passing. . . . True to the traditions of his profession and the environment!

In such a manner he dwelt on the points of the situation which gave him comfort, skipping the others, willing to forget the fraud he practised. . . .

The ice whined from the cold. He came to rough going at the end of the first hour and picked his way over bad footing without conscious thought. He was remembering his wife: how she used to wait for his return at night and make him talk over the case that had kept him out. How her face lighted, then; how she had idealized his simplest service!

The wind was almost due west, holding the pack against the mainland. That was to a man's advantage, should he want to get back, but it

meant trouble for one who wanted to gain the islands. Open water would be ahead, surely. . . .

Ellicott could walk his four miles an hour in good going. He estimated that he had come nine miles before he reached the first serious difficulty. The pressure ridge reared itself nearly as high as his head in places and at the point where he encountered it water was spreading over the snow and upended ice cakes grated as they shifted under the strain. He struck to the southwestward, tried once to cross, felt the ice yield to his weight, sprang back to safety and went on. He wondered, vaguely, why he had done that. . . . It was too soon, he decided. He had not done all that a regular hero could do. . . .

He did cross in a half-hour and made his way over a rough field. There was fine snow in the air, now, borne on a stiffening wind. It obscured the stars and he stopped to consult his compass. He had been swinging off his course. . . .

He was glad he had not shaved, for the beard stubble helped protect his face, and he needed protection. He held a glove over his nose to temper its chill and then beat the hand briskly to start blood in the fingers. The going was bad, for young ice had broken up and been welded again by the cold. Upturned panes of ice, the thickness of plate glass, made footing precarious. . . .

He ran on the next good stretch, for the cold was attacking his thighs even through the thick woolens. He went for a mile, perhaps, at a jog trot. Oh, the house he had lived in was good enough! With a competent tenant it might be kept going vigorously for twenty years. His lungs and muscles were strong, his heart sound and fine. . . . His actual heart, though, the heart of his spirit. . . . That, of course, was different. . . .

He ate a sandwich as he walked, a characterless restaurant sandwich. He had not asked Susy to put up a lunch because he wanted it to come all at once. Better so. He would be gone, with a rather magnificent valedictory. . . . Susy would have that to remember, and it might help the average of her memories. . . .

He had been walking bent low against the wind and stopped short when the new sound came to him: the quick slap of wavelets. Dark water spread beyond. He could not see across the lead because of the flying snow but it could not be very wide, for the waves were only just large enough to gather savage little crowns of white. . . .

He swung to the right and followed the lead. It took him back toward the mainland and that was annoying. Three kids died yesterday, others were down at noon. In how many of those shingle-thatched houses, now, were men and women watching helplessly over fevered children? He thought of little Bert who had never had a chance at virulent infection. . . . And of Susy. . . . How, in that other phase, she would have worked with him in a thing like this, glorying in it, radiant with the thought that she was helping him. . . . That is, if he had been out here for an honest purpose and not for a gesture. . . .

The lead petered out and he skirted its ominous finger judiciously on new, smooth ice. He was again making toward Beaver Island and was, perhaps, five miles north of where Holliday had dropped him.

He encountered more open water and, taking a chance, swung to the southward, which course took him back directly to the first lane. He had uselessly tramped down a triangular point of the field, to find no crossing. That was as it had been with him: running into blind-alleys. Only, in this case, there was a way back.

He was traveling toward the mainland when dawn came. He walked like a man in a daze, trying to extricate himself from the position in which the ice had put him. He had not been thinking for some time, he realized; had just gone on . . . That was what Sue had done for years; just kept on, hopelessly, numbly. . . . For how long? He did not know. He had not seen that light in her eyes, that ring in her voice for an age. . . .

"That was ten years ago."

Her words came back to him. It had been, yesterday, as though she spoke of the death of hopes that had been dead for long; in a matter-of-fact way, too, as though too beaten even for mourning. . . .

He mounted a huge jumble of ice-floes that had been windrowed on some shoals and then gone adrift and were now locked in mid-channel again. Ten years ago, scrambling over them, he would have thought youthfully of Alpine monks, bent on some hardy errand of mercy. No more! He was a pawn, moved for an end not his own. . . . He took to good footing again with a sense of deep weariness. . . .

Occasionally the sun broke through the drift, but it shone for brief intervals only. All about him was a draped wall of swirling white, thinning, thickening, hiding what lay beyond. He could see no land. Toward noon he caught a glimpse of the chaste shaft of Skillagiee lighthouse rising from its shingle, and was impelled to seek shelter and rest there, but he did not. He had been walking in that cold for eight hours, now. . . .

His nose frosted and he held snow against it. One cheek was swelling from the cold, too. He stooped to tighten a pack lace, and when he rose he was stiff. He was worn, too, but it would not pay to stop for rest, because that stiffness was waiting to lay hold and hamper him. . . .

When the blizzard lifted for a brief moment he saw the open lake to the westward leering at him through its tattered mask. They had been right; no man could cross to the islands. His was a hopeless undertaking, but he laughed as he hunched the pack higher on his shoulders. . . . They did not know why he had come!

For a long time he went on mechanically working eastward, then to the north, finding more open water, more difficult ridges, strangely undisturbed by the obstacles which appeared in his way. Those things did not matter. Nothing mattered. Not even keeping on would have mattered, had it not been for the stiffness waiting to make his joints helpless. But why should even that matter? he asked himself. . . . Why keep on? Twelve hours of this gave the gesture full measure of backing. . . .

It became necessary for him to think about the detailed movements of walking: raise the thigh, let the foot swing forward, bending the knee-joint; put his weight on the foot; raise the other thigh, let that foot swing, shift the weight. Over again, trying for speed, but speed was difficult to attain because his mind worked slowly and the taking of a step necessitated so many separate thought processes. . . .

He kept on through an endless period of time; it seemed as though he had died and been condemned to an eternity of walking for his sins. Oh, yes, he had died, well enough. . . . He heard himself laughing again. . . . He had died. The Doctor was gone; this was the other doctor in The Doctor's body, just walking, making motions . . . gestures. . . . He could not even remember why he had come. . . .

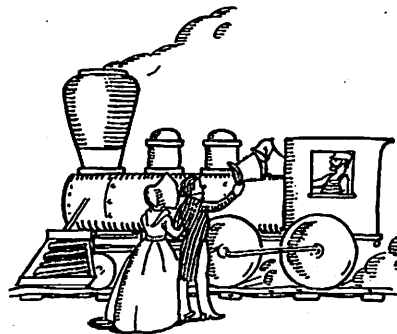
HE WAS stopped, at last; completely stopped. He had a hazy notion that he had been watching the compass and the ice intelligently, and now he had come to this last lane, stretching in both directions as far as he could see in the clear air. . . . The snow was gone. Over the lane was a thin veneer of young ice. There was no way across in sight, and he could walk no more . . . aimlessly. Were there something to go on for, it would be different . . . another thing. . . . Behind him was Hog Island, uninhabited. Yonder, to the south and westward, black against the silver of a clear sunset, lay the foot of Beaver Island. . . . No man could make it, they had told him. Perhaps not. . . . But it had been necessary to make this finale of his convincing. . . .

He knelt, and the change cost a great effort. His joints would scarcely function, now. He got down on his knees finally and remained there, arms at his sides limply like the convert of some curious cult worshipping a frigid diety. But he was only trying to remember . . . to remember what he had knelt for . . .

Yes . . . Oh, yes. . . . He leaned forward, resting his weight on one hand planted on the old ice. At his glove-tips was the black lacquer which had formed since the wind dropped . . . a half hour ago. . . . He raised the other hand doubled into a fist and

(Continued on page 44)

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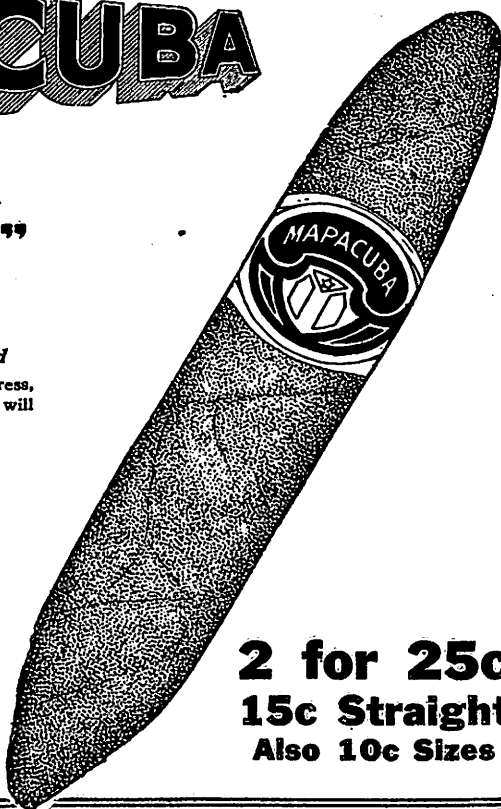
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The Other Doctor

(Continued from page 43)

struck the ice a blow. The impact sent terrific pain up the chilled arm, but a score of white lines, like the filaments of a spider's web, spread away from the white bruise he had made on the ice. . . . He stared at the mark and said flatly: "Quarter inch . . ."

Of course they had been right! No man could get across. That quarter of an inch would be an inch in time, but there was no time. . . .

He tried to rise, and the failure of that effort was answer enough to any silly hope his numbed mind might have held out. He slumped back to one hip as daylight faded, and remained there, a lone blot in that cold and quiet. . . .

HE COULD not have lain there for long and lived to hear the thing, and yet it seemed as though he had been motionless for years. In fact, it seemed a certain number of years; ten years, to be exact, for the influence that roused him was a voice in his ear, Susy's voice, flat and listless, saying:

"That was ten years ago."

He opened his eyes with a start. Mars hung in the West, blazing red.

"That was ten years ago."

He looked stiffly about because it seemed certain that the words had been spoken in his ear, there on the lake, with the ice protesting loudly against the cold. . . . He raised a hand slowly and brushed it across his eyes.

Ten years ago? Ten years since he had lain down? Ten years since he had quit, given up some task? Given up . . . Given up what? . . . Himself? He looked about and recognized the islands. The crushing weight on his shoulders was not the weight of failure. . . . It was something else. . . . And kids were dying yonder, for lack of that weight. . . .

His first movement sent exquisite pain through his body, and a savage resentment went with the pain. . . . Resentment . . . against the ice? The cold? No. . . . Not these. . . . Against himself? . . . Against the other doctor? . . . Senses were coming alive at the heat of that resentment; his faculties were growing alert. . . . What was that nonsense he'd been stuffing into himself . . . about making gestures? What treasonable impulse had led him on to cheat his Sue with a spurious act? Would that give her happiness? An empty gesture? . . . Before Heaven, she deserved something with body to it, with heart to it, with courage in it!

Through? Not yet! Beaten? Not while he could move. . . . The other doctor? Perhaps. . . . A failure so far, but life was coming back, and he did not care where people might rate him. . . . He was a doctor, with tools for his craft on his back, and yonder were kids in need of him . . . depending on him, who, an hour ago, had been a romantic fool and a weakling, letting himself be beaten!

He got to his wide-spread feet and looked about gloweringly, as a drunken, infuriated man will search the faces of a group of adversaries. He moved his feet closer together and shuffled to the edge of the black ice. He drove a heel against it and the blow scarcely scarred the jet. It was making thickness every minute. In a half hour it would hold him. . . . In a half hour. . . . He would rest until then. . . .

He was half way down again before the white-hot warning burned through his mind. . . . To wait? In that temperature? There could be no waiting; ice would make as fast in his blood, now, as in that water. . . .

A breath of breeze came out of the south. It seemed warmer, but, even so, it could not help him. The temperature could not moderate fast enough to be of help. And a change in wind, anyhow, meant that the ice would move and the thin bridge there would be shattered by the first stirring. . . .

He had come to the narrowest point of what had been an open water lane. Rough, solid ice was perhaps fifty feet away on the far side. . . . He struggled out of the pack, heart pounding until his hands stung with the fresh flow of blood. He stood with the sack, the sack filled with the hope of life for kids, dangling in his stinging hands. He swung it to and fro in a widening arc; then, with a hissing breath of pain, whirled it about his head, let it go and saw it fly and fall and skid across the burnished surface. The

buckles of the straps, dragging on the thin ice, tinkled hollowly like the ringing of tiny bells; the sound grew faint; stopped abruptly. His pack had crossed; had lodged on the other side against a hoary hummock. . . .

He began to move. He pranced. He leaped up and down feebly. He lifted his knees high as he circled in a weird dance against death. He threshed his arms until his fingers felt like bursting. He ran stumblingly back across the solid field. He faced about and braced his feet and crouched, like a sprinter waiting for the starting pistol. He began to run forward slowly, increasing his speed. His head tilted backward, his stiff cheek seemed to crack with the grimace of effort. He clenched his burning hands and his breath made sobbing sounds. He took off from the sharp line which divided old ice from the new. He launched himself forward on his belly, like a base runner sliding desperately for the plate. . . .

The ice creaked beneath him. A great mass of fine white cracks ran in all directions. He sped forward, carried by his own impetus. He felt the stuff sag and bend beneath him. The ice bent . . . it bent . . . He seemed to be sliding up hill. Black water came through in his wake and swept in pursuit. He felt the ice give suddenly and a spurt of water doused his chin. He threw himself over as his speed slackened and rolled, kicking, clawing at the slippery surface. He came up panting against the floe on which his pack had lodged. He looked back and saw water spreading over the ice he had crossed. A stiff breath of wind from the southward made quick armor of the water that had drenched him. . . . Armor!

An hour later a lone man floundered through the drifts in the forest and emerged into the one street of St. James. The houses spread themselves about the harbor front in a long arc and yellow window eyes stared at him. He carried a pack-sack slung over one shoulder and even when out of the deep snow he staggered weakly.

A cutter approached and the driver stopped his horse with a sharp word.

"Who are you?" the priest said.

"I'm a doctor," a hoarse voice replied. "Who's the sickest?"

IT WAS evening of the second day. In the house on Watch Hill the priest, who was also government weather observer and had a telephone in his house in consequence, stood at the instrument, talking sharply to the operator on the mainland.

"I can't call him," he insisted. "He's gone without sleep until this noon. He's worked like a mad-man. Tell that newspaper reporter that I told him all there was to tell this morning and that I don't care if he did come all the way from Chicago. He knows what Dr. Ellicott has been through and he should let him rest."

The girl's voice broke in.

"It's another call, father. It's Mrs. Ellicott again."

"Well . . . I don't know . . ."

The priest turned at a sound and looked at the figure in the doorway. A man stood there in ungainly woolen underclothes, hair tousled, a five-day's growth of beard on his frost-blackened, sleep-drugged face.

"For me?" Ellicott asked.

"Yes, it's your wife. She's tried twice to-day."

The doctor advanced with a yawn and took the receiver.

"Lo," he said and waited. "Lo, Susy! That you? Yeah. . . . Didn't have time to call. Knew you'd know. . . ."

He waited.

He heard her voice very distinctly, a miniature of sound but faithful to its self.

"Don!" Her voice broke on the word. "Oh, Don!"

The man drew a deep breath and blinked his eyes rapidly. Ten years ago her voice had sounded like that. . . . Ten years ago, when he had borne the colors of her romantic ambition. . . .

"That all you got to say?" he asked with a grin. "How are you? How's the wood holding out?"

(Continued on page 46)

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It can't be schooling—

Otherwise only college graduates would hold the records—and men like Schwab wouldn't have a chance in the world.

It can't be any special GIFT which they inherit—

For there's many a salesman straight from the land where the tall corn grows—his father a farmer and his father's father before him—who fairly astonishes the "boss" at the way he brings in the business.

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The Other Doctor

(Continued from page 44)

He knew just what she was doing; he knew exactly how she looked as she stood there, dumb now that she had the chance of talking to him. He waited, knowing she would rally quickly.

"There's wood enough," she said. . . . "Don . . . I'm so proud."—and on the last her voice was almost as casual as it had been when she spoke of wood. . . . Almost. . . . The tremor of restraint was there; that was the only difference.

Ellicott laughed lightly, boyishly, as he had not laughed, it seemed, in years.

"You're a romanticist, Susy! . . . Say"—scratching his stomach through the undershirt—"guess I better hang out here three-four more days. I've got the back-fire going but some of 'em are pretty sick. Got a kid with a hard belly, too, and going to operate to-night. . . . Tell Barton that M's. Gunther'll be due before I get back, unless the ice tightens up again. Ask him to look after her will you?"

"All right. . . . Yeah. . . . If you run out of wood call Dan. Take care of yourself, old fellow. . . . Call you to-morrow. . . . Bye. . . ."

He turned away and stared through the window at the lights of the village, still scratching himself. Despite the badly fitting underwear he looked very straight and tall in the room; very competent, and assured, a well-poised man, but his shadow on the wall was curiously bulky and, topped by a lock of his tumbled hair, it was like nothing so much in the world as a plumed and armored figure. . . .

The priest spoke.

"Confinement at home?"

"Yup."

"Anybody there to look after the woman?"

Ellicott yawned again and stretched luxuriously.

"Lord, that sleep tasted good! Look after her? . . . Sure; the other doctor."

The Man Who Didn't Come Back

(Continued from page 27)

and five days later was standing beside the ice-loading platform at Dawson's Lake waiting for the train. It would be thirteen months ago to-morrow night at nine o'clock. She wondered if any one in all the world had counted the time as carefully as she had. It was her life that was slipping away while she waited.

When you are young and well and keenly alive and very ready to be happy, not even pain is so hard to bear as waiting. At every sunset she looked off across the cañon to the rigid blue line against the broad band of orange sky and felt that another golden coin of her youth had slipped unspent into oblivion.

She had walked confusedly through life, wondering what it was all about, until that night when Pete Bryce kissed her, there by the rough spruce post, and then she knew. She knew why God made the world, and why men and women are as they are; and suddenly the stars and the wind and the little rushing river and Joe Brink and a coyote howling off in the hills—all things living and inanimate—seemed parts of one great symphony in which she too had a part to play.

The snow had been heavy up in the Spaniard's Pass, and the train was late, as usual. They stood about and made conversation. Emily held tight to Joe's arm and gave him directions for preventing colds. She and Pete took to walking up and down. They talked of trivial things. Their loitering brought them to the old spruce post. They stopped there. Not far away the river had broken through its roof of ice and built itself a little fall, and the noise of it shut in their words.

"It will be stranger than Russia, even, to have whole long days without you in them," Pete said. "I'm afraid I'm going to miss you more than—I've got any right to. We—we've grown pretty close together, haven't we, Ann?"

If she hadn't sobbed, probably they wouldn't have known. At the sound of it something sprang into being, there in the dark, that told them they loved each other, and Pete took her gently into his arms and held her close against him, and kissed her on the lips, and she clung to him, suddenly delirious with young love's intoxication, and whispered: "Oh, Pete, Pete, how can I let you go?" and thought with keener anguish because her joy was so new, "If he never comes back!"

And the little train came screaming down the cañon, the snow banked on its snow-plow, and stood puffing for a moment while the two men climbed aboard and the conductor swung his lantern, and then was gone into the night, leaving her a memory of Pete leaning from the platform between two green lights, and the tingle of his kiss on her lips, and the love of him beating through her body.

And that was all of it for thirteen months.

Sitting there where he had kissed her, she watched six little half-wild burros—the tramps of the cañon—cross one of the frozen lakes in single file, and remembered how she had gone back to the cabin that seemed so strange to her

when she thought how long it would be empty of Pete's laugh—like the cañon, she thought, when winter hushed the little river that tumbled through it happily all summer long—and, with her heart singing the oldest and most beautiful song in the world, had waited for his letter.

JUST at first it was all joy to her. She wouldn't have been so sure if Pete hadn't been—Pete. He was as light-hearted and gay as the summer wind, but straight through the fiber of him ran a fine steady sobriety. He might die lightly if he wanted to, but he couldn't kiss lightly. His kiss had told her what she wanted to know as clearly as she cared to have it said. She knew him as she knew the sky-line of the range at sunset—every peak and mesa, every nick and indentation—and she knew that he loved her.

And so just at first she didn't look beyond the letter that would set a seal of exquisite perfection upon her happiness with the "I love you" that there had been no time for Pete to say with his lips. The pain came afterward.

The letter arrived almost immediately. There wasn't a word of love in it. In her deep humiliation she read as much of it as she could, with a lump in her throat and a dull, growing ache in her side that seemed wholly physical. Then she tossed it over casually to Jim, stumbled out into the blinding sunlight, and took the short steep trail straight up the Elephant.

She climbed stupidly until she came to a little rock-rimmed hollow, sun-drenched and sheltered from the sharp wind. She threw herself down on the thick carpet of kinnikinnick. For a while she wept like a child without thinking. The sun, beating on her shoulders, comforted her with its warmth, and drew a pleasant odor from the little, smooth, glossy leaves of the kinnikinnick. She could hear a great swishing of the wind in the trees high up on the mountain's top, and nothing else except now and then the keen hunting call of a sparrow-hawk.

Gradually she began to think. After a long time she sat up suddenly. Pete had written her like that to spare her pain. She caught her breath at the idea. She turned it over and over, examining it. Carefully she corroborated and tested until she was sure it was true. He thought it would be easier for her not to feel that she was bound to a man who might never come back. She had forgotten how the danger of his mission changed everything and he had not reminded her. How could he? He had simply told her in his letter that he had found everything pretty much as he expected, and then had written of things that couldn't alarm her. But finding everything pretty much as he expected meant—well, that he mightn't come back! The terms in which the expedition had been suggested to him had made that clear. He'd never tell her of dangers until they were over. Not Pete.

Yes, she knew he loved her. Adding a thousand little bits of confirmatory evidence to the sure proof of her woman's instinct, she wondered if there was anything else she knew half so well. And she saw now that he had told himself that

he could not exact a life's fidelity for a kiss, and that, with the grim chances that were against her, maybe a kiss was all she'd ever get out of it. She was amazed that she hadn't thought of this before. Pete, too, had asked himself: What if he never came back?

Well, if he never came back, he would take her love on with him wherever he went, and some day, please God, she'd join him there. He should not go forlorn into danger if the passionate proclamation of her love could cheer him. She wrote that night, spilling out her heart to him, sitting at her desk until the morning lit the Big Chief's towering cone like a candle above the night-filled cañon.

But in the sober light of afternoon, after she had slept deeply and peacefully, she sat by the fire in the little stove in her room and read her letter. To send him that was to mark him hers; to load him inexorably with her fate. Let him travel as light as might be, and unshackled. He'd have need for his strength. She would be sure forever that he loved her. Maybe love had come to him differently and brought him only joy. She would not cloud it with her pain.

She thrust her letter into the stove. A chill stole over her. She saw clearly the long, empty road she had to travel. She would go over it with her head up, for Pete.

And now she had come to the end! She sprang up so suddenly that all the burros stopped and looked at her and turned their big soft ears in her direction.

She crossed the bridge and took the trail to Emily Brink's. He would be home in a fortnight, and at last she could show the love she had been hiding, and say: "Here it is. It has been yours ever since you went away. It will always be yours. If you hadn't come back, it would have been yours just the same."

And he would say at last the things she had lived to hear—a thousand times she had tried to imagine the look that would come to his face and the tones of his voice—and she would wear his love proudly, like a coronal, through all her days.

From the first lift in the trail she could see his tall pine tree keeping watch over his waiting house. She threw out her hands to it.

"Hurry, Pete, hurry!" she cried aloud, and looked about quickly to see if any one could have heard. But besides the burros that were going soberly on their way, silhouetted against the snow-covered ice, there were only two jays that flew out of a silver spruce and went chattering off with a flash of vivid blue wings.

SHE knocked on the cabin door and went in. Emily Brink sat by a western window reading. The clean, bare cabin was warm and sweet with the odor of spruce boughs in a brown jug by the hearth. A cat lay in a cushioned chair before the fire. Its yellow coat and the blue cushion and Emily Brink's fair hair and faded blue gown made the only spots of color in the room.

She pulled up a chair for Ann, and came, with her finger between the pages of her book, and stood by the hearth. She was a little creature with milky white skin and smooth bright hair and a long slender throat, with great hollows at the base of it. There was a happy brightness about her eyes, that were blue and wide and sick.

The world had been too hard for her. When she was very young she had come to Red Spruce from a village farther up in the mountains, to teach the little school. When she wasn't teaching she was studying for the degree that would take her away to a better school and more pay. For her father was incurably ill in the county hospital at Gray Done, and she wanted to get him into a little home of their own. So the light in the shack where she lived alone rarely went out until nearly morning, and every month she managed with a little less food and added a little larger sum to her savings, and grew a little paler, and—so the village said—a little queerer.

But the queerness showed less in the school-room than anywhere else, so they let her go on teaching after it was generally admitted that she wasn't quite right. The village felt responsible for her.

Then her father died in the county hospital. She stopped studying and took to reading books—incessantly, impartially, as an anodyne—any books that she could find. She read the same ones twice sometimes without knowing it. Her queerness increased.

(Continued on page 48)



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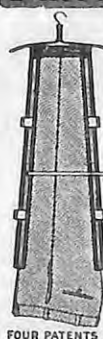
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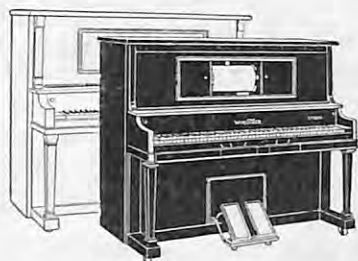
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The Man Who Didn't Come Back

(Continued from page 47)

They couldn't support her nor allow her to starve, so when they had to take the school away from her they brought her plain sewing to do. She had always been clever with her needle and "as clean as silver." But she rarely touched it. She piled the gingham or the muslin or the flannelette on a chair and went on with her reading, or, when the weather was warm, wandered off into the gulches after columbines or Mariposa lilies, or picked trilliums by the river, or "bloody nose" in the meadows. And on these days she met Joe Brink and talked with him, and thought he was kind to her. They lived in a sort of limbo of their own, there in the forests of aspens and spruce and pine, up near the Big Burn, and it may be that shy, unguessed things in both of them came to life and showed themselves at these meetings.

The village agreed that she could never be any better as long as she "stayed shut up with all those books." So it carried them out one day when she was away and burned them.

That night she took her clothes and went up to Joe Brink's cabin on the edge of the Big Burn, and stood, whimpering, on his doorstep until he took her in. The town would have been kinder if it had burned her with her books.

Or so it seemed until Pete made Joe stop drinking and marry her. Things were better after that. She grew less queer. But the world was still a little blurred to her. Groping in it, she encountered the sharp edges of things—customs, traditions, prejudices, judgments. She moved among them, puzzled, trying to remember, and never quite succeeding. But not bothering much when she had something to read.

She stood, in her faded gown, against the smoky black of the old chimney-place and stared at Ann after she had told her that Joe was coming home. She gave no sign of pleasure or surprise.

She had learned not to hope or expect, but rather to wait, and mostly she had waited, Ann thought, as she was waiting now, with her back against the wall.

"How do you know?" she asked. "If there's any doubt, I don't want to begin to think about it."

"It's here in the papers. It seems very sure." "Nothing's sure," Emily said, and lifted the cat and sat down and took it on her lap. "I won't think about it. After the war there were women everywhere waiting for men who didn't come back. They weren't dead, either. They just didn't want to come back. Joe cared about me when he went off with Captain Bryce, but maybe he's got over it. I'd rather not think about it."

And that night in the kitchen Uncle Henery said the same thing. He had washed the dishes and set everything to rights, and he stood with his big round reading glasses magnifying his mild old eyes terrifically, his newspapers in his hand, his lighted lantern awaiting him on the clean, polished zinc table-top, and his fat collie seated near him on the floor, reminding him with clumsy, plethoric pats of its forefoot that it was time to be off to their own life in their own little cabin outside.

"... never wuz much of a hand to stay put nohow, that feller Brink. An' when a wumman comes an' th'ows herself into his lap like Em'ly done. . . . No-o-o"—wagging his grizzled old head wisely—"it wouldn't surprise me none of he never come home."

But he did, just the same, when spring was pushing her way shyly up from the plains with the first anemones. But Pete wasn't with him.

"Pete stopped for a bit in London," said Jim as he brought his sister the news from the telephone. "Had some things to do there before he came over. Joe's got a letter from him for you. Says he'll bring it down as soon as he's had something to eat. Pete's all right, he says."

She tried to wait, but she couldn't. Again she took the Dawson Trail and crossed the river at the two little lakes and mounted to Joe Brink's cabin. Joe and Emily came to meet her with the letter, and she stuck it in her pocket and clutched it tightly with her hand and tried to keep the beating of her heart from drowning everything else while she stayed for a minute or two to talk to Joe.

"I'd have sent a telegram if I'd have known

Emily was a worryin'," he said. "She didn't used to worry; but she's so much better now. Ain't ye, Emily?" He laid his arm about her shoulders and looked down at her shyly, as if he had just found her, as, in a way, he had.

She smiled a little stiff-lipped smile at Ann. "I told you I wouldn't let myself think about his coming, but I couldn't help it. I used to help thinking, but I can't any more."

Joe's big brown hand closed over her shoulder. Above her little yellow head that came scarcely to his breast he looked at Ann.

"She don't have to help thinkin' no more. She's agoin' to have nice things to think about. Things she ain't never had before."

No, she didn't have to help thinking any more. And Ann wouldn't either after she had read her letter. She swung off down the mountain-side with strong, swift steps. A few months now, and she and Pete would be together in the little house down there under the tall pine-trees and all this wretchedness of waiting as gone and forgotten as the Trojan war.

At the first crook in the trail she stopped in the shelter of some squaw berry bushes and tore her letter open and shuffled its pages with avid fingers, and the gist of it leapt out at her: *he wasn't coming back at all.*

After that, though there was a drench of sunlight all around her and she saw clearly, the words had no meaning. She read them standing as stiff and still as the squaw berry bushes.

It was a long, intimate and affectionate letter, but when she had finished, the fact that he wasn't coming seemed burned on her mind with branding-irons, and for the rest she had only a vague impression of an offer of some kind in London, plans he had for disposing of the ranch, and something about always missing her and Jim and the mountains.

She stood numbed with pain, and very still. She tried to think; to face the sudden emptiness of the world; to steady herself for the immediate future. But she could not.

It was as if she had stopped living, without being dead. Emily's old cur dog came cruising down the mountainside, throwing its feet out in the funny way it had, and greeted her with a friendly bark. She moved forward stiffly and went slowly home.

ANN stopped writing and looked out of her office window in the Star Building at the crowd in the square below.

A fat, seedy man, with a cast in his eye and a mournful countenance, was phlegmatically blowing merry trills on little metal birds, and now and then selling one for a quarter. A neat old foreign-looking woman, with bowed head and the meek air of a large mouse stood between the short iron posts that stopped the flow of vehicles from the street into the square, and mutely offered papers for sale. The human tides of the world were sucked up and disgorged by the huge buildings that surrounded her; they flowed swiftly past her; but for the iron posts they would have swept her away; but only a few people in them like Ann ever saw her and bought her papers. Because there were sturdy, raucous, half-grown boys—half a dozen of them—standing, Colossus-like, along the sidewalk, squarely in the middle of the stream of people, bellowing forth their papers with lungs of brass, and selling them, New York fashion, to New Yorkers. Each had his arms full of the best sellers, and at his feet overlapping piles of all the others, weighted with rocks to hold them fast against the tearing river wind.

Ann leaned on her elbow, absorbed in watching it all. That was life that swirled along down there—turbulent, hugger-mugger, fine-and-coarse, achieving-and-failing, hoping-and-despairing, strong, weak, broken, dying, sordid, splendid, immortal human life. And she too was alive again, and a part of it.

She got up and stretched out her arms in a wide, free gesture. It was so good to find herself in step again! And suddenly she said in surprise: "It's gone!" and drew a long, deep breath, carefully, as though she was afraid of starting an old quiescent pain.

But she was right: the ache that had come with Pete's letter seemed to have gone at last. She had eased her heart of it with work and life.

It was incredible to be alive again, *everywhere*—heart and soul and body. To have no numb spots left; none that quivered and throbbed and would not be forgotten. Her blood ran quickly, her brain was clear, there was a good sharp tingle all over her body. She had never been so keen for the game.

As she stood there listening to the rise and fall of the roar from that turbulent, hurtling human sea, she thought of how many women there were in her, and of how different this woman who rejoiced in her success in the pounding New York newspaper race was from the one who had felt that there could be no happiness apart from one man, their children, and a log house half a continent away from "life," in a quiet cañon in the Rockies.

When she had first understood that Pete wasn't coming back she had tried fighting it out in the mountains, and had lost all along the line. And then she had begun to think of New York and presently to long for a tonic, bracing dip in that great pulsating river of life that sweeps always through it.

AND she supposed Jim had seen it, for he had got himself asked to Estes Park for an indefinite visit to an old friend under exceptionally pleasant circumstances, and had found a tenant for the cabin.

She had come on to New York and thrown herself into it headlong, striving with all her intellect and all her emotions to swim with the others, to outdistance them and win her own place by her own strength. And now the result lay on her desk in tangible form, awaiting her signature: a three years' contract with the *Star* at double her old salary.

She had played the game for all she was worth, and won it. And, as a startling reward, this new self had arisen, and the mountain girl was gone—as really as Emily and Joe Brink and Uncle Henry—yes, and Pete.

Her clear, balancing mind scorned to depreciate the happiness that would have been hers as Pete Bryce's wife, if he had loved her. But that—since he had not loved her—concerned her now no more than the love affairs of another woman. She knew that the soul distills its subtlest poison from self-pity and dreams of what might have been. She put such things far away from her, and her pain became the alloy that stiffened the gold of her feelings and her thoughts until now she had out of it all a residuum of usable wisdom.

A part of it was the knowledge, unguessed out there in the cañon, that there is a distinct kind of happiness for each self; for Pete Bryce was still in London, the thick o' the world between them, and the old Ann Gregory was gone in the wind, and the new Ann was happy.

It rather took her breath away to think of it. How many selves were there, ready to rise like moon on moon above her life's horizon?

Thank God, she was not a helpless bit of femininity, dumb and static until some man gave her the right to speak and do! It was *her* world, as well as Pete's, and hers in her own right, independently of Pete or any man. Give it what it wanted and it welcomed you, and not a whit less cordially because you were a woman. She felt herself part of a marching army of women everywhere who were just finding that out.

A boy brought in her letters. She settled comfortably into her chair and read Jim's first. A deeper note was added to her content. He was happier, stronger than he had been since that desolate day they had started West together. When she had finished his letter she let herself dream a little of the future, idly shuffling the other unopened envelopes; until she was aware of one postmarked at Red Spruce.

Even without the return address, she thought that she would have guessed from the prim, delicate hand that it came from Emily Brink. She remembered afterward with what serenity of mood she had opened it—casually thinking with mild interest of Emily's placid life, hoping that all was well with her.

But the letter began with a name that scattered her serene thoughts like dead leaves before an autumn wind: a pivotal name, about which the other words seemed to swirl. She tried to steady them, and then to shut them out; but they continued to swirl and sway behind her closed eyelids.

(Continued on page 50)

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The Man Who Didn't Come Back

(Continued from page 49)

Then suddenly the hot tears came, her head went down on her outstretched arms and sobs shook her whole body. Far off and slow and calm, the Metropolitan chimes struck the hour. And then the quarter.

She stood up and brushed away the last of her tears and held out her arms and laughed a broken, happy laugh, and whispered, a little foolishly, as a woman sometimes does over a man or a baby.

And then she washed her face and powdered it, put on her hat, set her desk to rights, and stopped at the door with her contract in her hand and looked all around her little office.

Then she closed the door behind her and went down the hall to Anthony Cuyler's room. "I'm going out to send a cablegram," she said, with the light of heaven in her eyes, so beautiful that Cuyler wondered if he had ever really

looked at her before. "And I've brought back the contract. I can't sign it. All the money the Star makes wouldn't tempt me. I'm going to be married. I'm going to marry a man who had both his feet frozen off in Russia in the service of his country, and who didn't come back because he was afraid I loved him just a little and would marry him for pity. He never dreamed that the best in me was starving to death for the love of him. The only person who knew the truth about him is the man who went to Russia with him, and he made him promise not to tell. But the man's wife is my friend, and she guessed it and finally made him tell, and she's just written me about it. And if you want to help me, look up sailings to London. I'm going to him on the first boat. And then—then we're going anywhere on earth that he wants to go, and begin to live!"

Paderewski—Tonight

(Continued from page 9)

"If your father had been Mr. Wheelan . . ." The voice trailed off. Then, from a splash of water, it emerged again: "He might have been. Tod Wheelan was fond of me. But I guess I was too slow. Ethel Bedell got him."

"She's dead now."

"I wish I was!"

"Momma!"

"I do. I've never had anything. We wouldn't have had a roof over our heads if I hadn't bought this house. Your father was one of those sweet men—sweet as molasses—but he hadn't any sour in him. He couldn't get ahead. Look where we are today."

"The Wheelan girls have had a chance."

MR. BENNETT put the fork down and pushed his plate away. He felt faint. Strange, that they never thought of him—his lost dreams, his lost youth. Lost! Lost! Before he had lived it. He jerked his head back and listened, struck by a familiar phrase.

"If father would sell the farm."

He covered his ears with the palms of his hands. He would not listen! They couldn't make him sell the farm.

He let himself go in a flood of memories, let himself float away, carried here, there. He forced his mind away from that querulous conversation to sounds and sights that were dear to him and that were his own, cherished, secret. Back in the hills, in a little valley lush with alfalfa, he owned five acres of ground and a house. Won from the meagre savings of his youth, he clung to this possession in his old age. It was his refuge, his home, his hope. "A haberdashery clerk can't go on forever, Momma. They'll never pension me. And I'm sixty. When I drop out, I'm going to the farm."

Other farms encroached upon his acres; he could have sold them, had he wanted, for twice what he paid for them. "A thousand dollars, cash." But he shook his head.

A thin, white stream threaded the fields in the spring, treasure horde of winter rains and melting snows. Then the cattle waded knee deep in emerald grass. And Mr. Bennett, on his two weeks' vacation, sat on the unstable porch of his house and stared off at his "property," sniffing the air like an old hound-dog, hugging himself. There was an orange tree in the yard, bedecked, for his yearly coming, with bridal wreaths and waxen, perfumed clusters. A palm, his own, grew taller and taller, folding down its sharp bladed leaves upon its trunk, one by one, until it wore a cloak of them, while upon its head the green plumes stirred against the sky. Bees were busy in the grass, where small, vivid flowers bloomed briefly. . . . His own. All of it. A thousand dollars cash would not pay for the wild flowers, would not buy the furry little bees, so busy and golden. . . .

He heard, through the pressure of his palms over his ears, an outrageous noise. He raised his head again to listen. Momma was having hysterics.

"I can't go! I can't go!"

"If you hadn't breathed so hard—"

"I didn't! The dress is rotten—it's gone all over. Here! here! here!"

"Hold still! I'll sew it."

"Sew it?" Momma's voice reached a dangerous pitch, taut, metallic.

Then Margaret, with a hopeful lift: "Somebody's got to use the ticket, Momma. . . ."

"You go. I've never had anything, anyway. Your father throwing every cent away on a worthless farm. . . . While a dago woman has a sedan."

"Can I wear your hat, Momma, with my blue dress?"

"Yes."

"Don't cry. I'll tell you all about it. Maybe the Wheelans will bring me home in their taxi."

Mr. Bennett got up and went into the sitting-room to press his nose against the window pane and stare out. The rain had not stopped; it poured as if it intended to wash Hawthorne Street into the Bay; a row of eucalyptus trees lashed this way and that, like bedraggled women. But out in the valley, fifty miles away, the earth was storing up this moisture for the hungry plants, the greedy trees, the thirsty wild-flowers. The little stream was foaming, yellow, quite mad and eager. . . . How he hated the city, with its rows of sign-boards, its gasoline stations, its houses set one next to the other like people in a crowded street-car. Why, with all that space behind the mountains, did men choose to live like ants? He had heard that Paderewski owned a great ranch, somewhere in the north, beyond Los Angeles; a place big enough to give his soul the freedom it needed. . . . And Mr. Bennett laughed to himself, to think that there was kinship between himself and the master.

An ominous silence had fallen up-stairs. Momma's sobs were hushed. She was coming down. She came heavily, slowly, like a dreaded fate.

"Poppa!"

"I'm in here."

He jerked at his collar nervously and turned to meet her. Fat, disheveled, in a printed crepe wrapper and stocking feet, her face still blotted, blurred with tears, she advanced through the room. And he wondered suddenly whether he had ever loved her or whether he had dreamed those first days when to kiss her had been an ecstasy. He recalled, with a sort of deep shame, how they had spent their honeymoon locked in each other's arms. She shouldn't have changed so!

"Margaret's going."

"I'm sorry. I wanted you to go."

"I can't. My dress split to ribbons. It's ten years old. I can't go in a gingham. If you'd sell the farm—"

"No!"

"Why not?" she shrieked at him, her whole face twisted. "Why not? What good does it do? I won't live there. Margaret's got to have a chance. If she had some decent clothes; a car like the other girls—she's thirty. You're cheating her."

Out of his bitterness, he said: "She won't work."

"You beast. Selfish—she's sick. She can't work. Her spine's bad. And you know it."

Yes, he knew it.
 "I guess I'll go out," he began.
 "You wait for Margaret! The least you can do is to take her to the theater."
 He stayed.
 "We ought not to talk like this to each other, Momma. You remember the day we promised never to say anything we'd regret? The second day we were married. When we knelt down by the bed—"
 "I'd be ashamed to talk about such things, if I were you."
 "You were so pretty."
 She snapped back: "You aren't young any more, yourself!"
 "I know. But I can remember."
 "So can I."

A SILENCE fell. They could not look at each other. Mr. Bennett had another distressing mental image, that left him wondering whether he was, perhaps, going mad. He saw himself, enormous, Momma, monstrous, tramping on the little figures of a boy and a girl who knelt by the side of a bed. . . .
 A wail up-stairs destroyed the vision. "Momma! There're no gloves! I can't go without gloves!"

She came down, half-dressed. "The sleeves are above the elbow. I haven't a coat. A night like this, in a street car, with bare arms—"

Suddenly she flung herself face down on the sofa. Her body, long and thin, shook with sobs.

"I'll get you a pair of gloves. I'll go to town," Mr. Bennett said.

"At this time of night?"
 "You can wear my overcoat. It's raining. No one will notice."

"The Wheelans—" Margaret struggled to her feet again, beating the air with both arms. "I can't—go—and make—a fool of—myself." And she rushed up-stairs.

"I'll go," Mr. Bennett said.
 This is what he had hoped from the beginning. But he tried to keep his exultation out of his face. He tried to make it appear that he was doing them a great favor. "I'll turn the ticket in," he lied. "Give it to me."

"You'll turn it in? You mean you'll get your money back?"
 "I'll try."

When he reached the corner, he broke into a run. It was a quarter past eight and the eighteen trolley from Ocean Beach was pounding down the hill.

He made it. With his umbrella cautiously folded between his knees, he scrutinized the ticket again. Yes, tonight. Eight-thirty. Row D. 8.

He entered the theatre at a quarter to nine. "He's playing. You'll have to wait a minute." Mr. Bennett whispered: "Certainly." And, tip-toeing, he slipped through the door and waited in a silence threaded with clear, rushing notes, like water in a brook.

People stood along the railing. An usher with a little light, like a fire-fly, guarded the aisle. The theatre was dimly lighted save for an arch of amber globes above the proscenium, and Mr. Bennett felt himself invisible. He was shivering, all down his arms, as if he had a chill. . . . Here he was. He had lied to Momma. He was happy. He was having something he wanted. . . . Someone whispered: "Mr. Bennett," and he became aware of young Henneberry, the cashier, and a pretty girl. "Wonderful, ain't it?"
 "I've just come."

The notes sprayed upward, like a fountain, splashed. . . . In the confusion of the applause, that followed, Mr. Bennett rushed at the usher. "D. 8," he explained.

At last he was there, looking up.

Paderewski was seated at the piano, the biggest, longest, blackest piano Mr. Bennett had ever seen, his hands rested on his knees and he glanced sideways at the audience, as if waiting for late comers to be seated. Mr. Bennett had an acute feeling of embarrassment, to be looking at Paderewski himself; he felt that he ought to glance away, to spare Paderewski. But he could not help looking. Paderewski wasn't old at all. He was exactly like the pictures. He was getting ready to play. . . .

Mr. Bennett's heart pounded in his ears. It was as if Paderewski made a very personal thing of it; put himself out to play for a little spider who was a failure; gave of all that knowledge

and richness, for Mr. Bennett! Mr. Bennett bent his head and listened. He did not look again at Paderewski.

He stared in confusion at the program

"*Fantasia Opus 16 Schumann*"

How long had he been playing?

It didn't matter. Mr. Bennett did not know the difference between a mazurka and a scherzo; he had never heard of Ludwig von Beethoven; but he knew, in some instinctive, inexplicable way, the difference between good music and mediocre music. He responded to the sweeping clarity of Paderewski's playing instantly. His reaction was primitive; he thrilled to this beauty as he thrilled to the brief rush of that little stream in the spring of the year, quivering inwardly as if his heart were a harp brushed by invisible fingers.

LITTLE by little he relaxed, until he sat with sagging shoulders and bent head, his hands loosely clasped together. The program had fallen to the floor. . . . He became conscious of the great audience, tier upon tier of faces, people in boxes—the black of men's coats, a woman in a vivid dress; two blonde children. Then he lost them again, and was alone. He did not applaud when the others did, nor was he aware that Paderewski rose and bowed and smiled and rose again.

Mr. Bennett was very tired. He was glad to be in this warm, brilliant place, safe from Momma and Margaret. They could not follow him, here.

During the intermission, he put the thought of them out of his mind. He had to make a great effort of will, because Momma's blurred face and Margaret's distraught, hysterical gesture remained, indelible, fixed, as if forever. Recovering the program, he read and re-read the curious words: *Durchaus fantastisch und leidenschaftlich. Au bord d'une source.*

Then Paderewski returned breasting a gale of applause. That music, flawless, began again, contemplative, now, benign, with a sort of gentleness.

Mr. Bennett thought of Momma, only she was not ugly, she was pathetic—his. Poor Momma. He saw, in rapid, irresistible recollection, her life. Poor Momma. *Nocturne Opus 37 Number 2 Chopin.* He might have made it so much easier for her—if he hadn't been stubborn. A thousand, cash, would buy her a new dress, a hat, shoes, perhaps a sedan. He had had his farm for twenty years, and Momma hadn't had anything. No wonder she hated him. *Mazurka B flat Minor Chopin.* . . . They might have been so much happier. Perhaps it was his fault if they weren't like other people; perhaps he didn't try hard enough. And he thought of all the little things he had left undone and unsaid. The reasons for not saying them, for not doing them, were forgotten. . . . The times when Momma cried and he could not, for the life of him, touch her hair or comfort her. The times when she was tired and querulous, when her back ached. If he'd pitied her—

With that music going on, it seemed reasonable and right to suppose that he would succeed. Things were going to be different. He was going to do things for Momma and Margaret. Other men had come back, at sixty. . . . He saw himself, no longer gray and spidery, but neat and active, manager of the department at two hundred a month. He saw himself snapping out decisions, receiving important customers, buyers, salesmen, retiring to an office of his own overlooking Fifth Street. . . . The idea trailed off. . . . Happiness was like anything else. It required working at. Perhaps he'd given in too easily. . . . And suddenly he smiled at the thought that if Paderewski had played for him every day, life might have been different. Courage ran through his veins like new blood. His tired, sick nerves, nerves that sent false messages to his brain, had become quiescent and for the first time in years he saw things—himself, Momma, Margaret—as they were.

He felt pity, love.

He closed his eyes.

It seemed to him that he would never falter again. If only Momma and Margaret could feel what he was feeling! If they could forget the ugliness of the past, all the quarrels, the mistakes, the failures, and begin again, cleansed, renewed, reanimated. How simple! Not to go back but to start a new life. . . .

The certainty of success almost brought Mr. Bennett back to the theater.

(Continued on page 52)



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Paderewski—Tonight

(Continued from page 51)

Bennett to his feet. A roar of applause, like an explosion, seemed a public recognition of his rightness, and he looked around, beaming, nodding his head.

The concert was over. Paderewski bowed, left the stage, returned, while the audience moved reluctantly toward the exits. But Mr. Bennett was in a hurry. Clutching his hat and overcoat and umbrella he ploughed his way up the aisle. "Excuse me, please. Beg your pardon."

Half way, he was stopped by a chord, held spell-bound and breathless through an encore. His attitude was that of a devotee. Head back, eyes closed, unaware of the crowd, he sank again into that mood of pity and comprehension.

He walked all the way home. Somehow, walking seemed to get him there faster; he could swing his arms and push his legs and breast the wind and rain. Now he ran. He could see the lamp at the corner of Hawthorne Street and the big eucalyptus trees writhing and tossing their ragged sleeves.

A taxi stood before the Wheelan's door, but he scarcely noticed it as he fumbled for his key and let himself into the house.

Margaret was sitting by the parlor table. She wore a challie wrapper and her thin, boney feet, bare, were thrust into felt slippers.

Mr. Bennett went toward her, still dazzled by the brightness of his vision. "Margaret," he began, "I wish you could have been there."

"Oh, do you?" Her face twisted into a curious grimace and her eyes, sharp, black, swept him from head to foot. "Well, I wasn't."

"I'm sorry." He stumbled ahead, seeking for words with which to enlighten her. "It made me see—the music—how many mistakes—what I might have done—"

She shrugged her shoulders. With venom, she thrust at him: "It's too late to be talking about what you might have done. . . . Were the Wheelans there?"

"I don't know."

She had waited up to ask him this!

He turned away, sagging, body, spirit. His

feet dragged as he climbed the stairs. . . . He must tell Momma. . . . He must make Momma understand that nothing was the same, never would be the same again. . . .

She was lying on her back in their bed; the faint and unsteady glow of a street light falling through the rain-splashed window showed him the bulky outline of her body, supine, relaxed, enormous. He stood by the bed, still wearing his overcoat, and stared down at her. . . . The terrible idea came to him that if he spoke to her she would not hear. Awake or asleep, she would not hear. To him, she was dead. . . . She breathed quietly, and he stooped down to stare at her face, seeking the Momma who would have understood, who would have loved and pitied him, but who was dead.

Suddenly she opened her eyes.

"Poppa."

He whispered quickly, quickly: "Momma, I'm going to sell the farm."

She did not move. Her eyes were very wide and steady.

"No," she said.

He stooped lower, vehement, beyond himself.

"Yes! You mustn't stop me. It's for you and Margaret."

She put up her hand, slowly, and touched his face. "You're all wet, Poppa. It's raining."

"Do you hear what I say, Momma? I'm going to sell the farm."

She shook her head. "No."

She raised herself on her elbow. In this half-light, in these wavering leaf shadows, her face was strange, different. There was something gentle about her. "No, Poppa. I won't let you. All the time you were gone, I was thinking. Thinking about you. What you've missed. Because of me and Margaret. I'm tired. When the time comes, I'll go out there with you." She smiled. Something lovely about her in this light. "I wish you'd kneel down," she said.

He knelt down, with a sob, and strained forward and put his head against her.

"I'm tired, Poppa."

"So am I," He said.

A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 18)

"We'll put her across!" said Barset, crisply enough as to the outer man, but out of a high heart. It seemed important to have good news for Hedda.

"You see," observed Watson, "Dilton will fight. Or her mother will. And the thing for us to do is to attack first."

"Just what can she do in the way of fighting?"

"I can't say. But she's a resourceful woman. You see, Mr. Barset, the problem of the singers is not the same as that of the painters and the writers. The competition is keener. There's less room at the top. Mere ability isn't enough. A skilful manager maneuvers for the best positions. The town may go wild over one singer in a season, but there's hardly a chance it will go wild over two. The thing is to try to make sure of being that one. Now we have strong opposition among the native singers. Dilton is particularly dangerous because there's plenty of money back of her. I understand they've spent at least fifty thousand on her already."

Alexander Watson raised his chin a little and under lowered lids studied the substantial gentleman before him. Would he flinch? . . . Apparently not. He merely knit his strong brows.

"Another thing. . . ." Watson was quietly talking on. . . . "that's altogether against us. Miss Hansen is an American. If she were only Russian or Irish or even German or Italian, with her voice and her beauty, it would be comparatively easy. It is possible, of course, that we might capitalize her Norwegian name. And exploit her too as a protegee of Fremstadt. I've thought of having her work up a group of Scandinavian folk things. There's time for that. I don't think she's well enough known so far as an American for a new foreign emphasis to raise any question in the public mind. Take Shamus O'Rourke. He sings well, but his career was built wholly on Irish sentiment. His real name is Durkee. They could never have put him over

as Durkee. In fact, he'd been singing around here for years before they hit on that Shamus O'Rourke business. It made him. And of course you know that the great Pierre Loupere is a Californian named Smith."

"I didn't know. It begins to look as if a musical career has to be built on publicity and artifice."

"It does, nowadays. Just that. Mere good singing gets you nowhere. It's a fight. You must be able to plan a real campaign, seize every strategic opening, time every move exactly right, and then push it through. Even then some unforeseen little upset may wreck your campaign."

"But the thing can be done?"

"Indeed it can. I like your idea of building up for November and December a series of four or five important concerts. Work toward a climax. One excellent move will be to get an appearance for her with the National Symphony Orchestra."

"Fine! Splendid!"

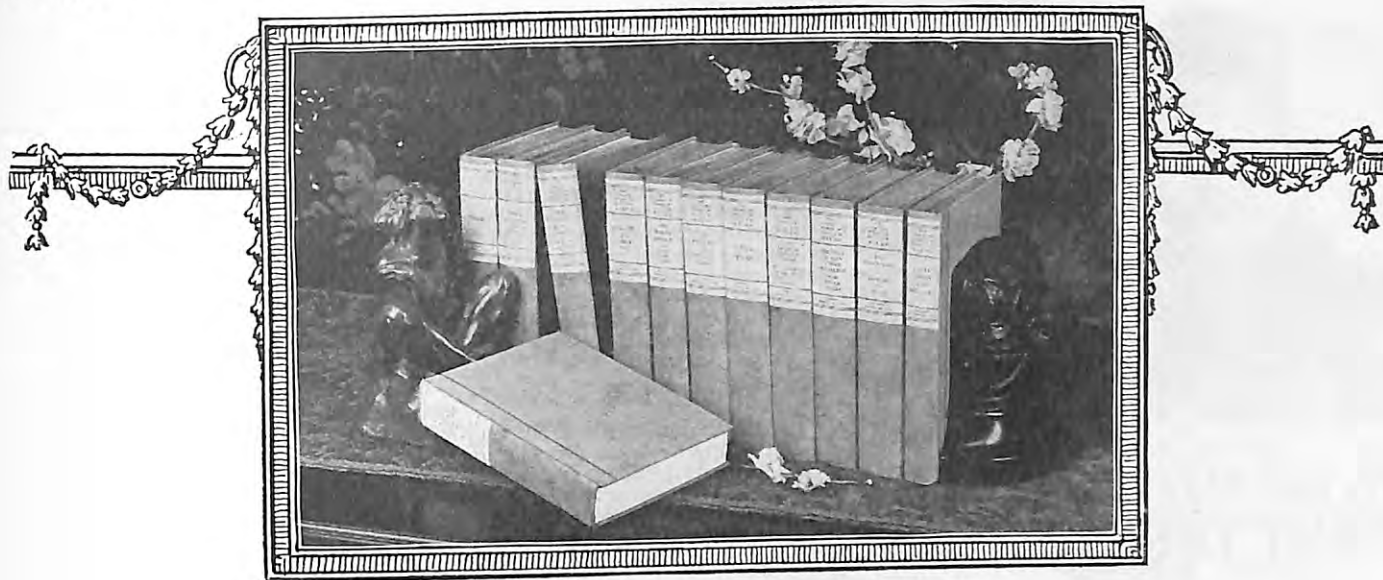
"They're right at the top now. And Max Koerstner is really a first-rate conductor. I spoke to him yesterday. You see, he heard Miss Hansen sing at a tea at Mrs. Bedford's, and was quite enthusiastic."

"Would he consider it?"

"He said he'd do it. Book her for December third and fifth. Seimann the violinist was to play then, but the dates hadn't been announced and Koerstner will put him off until he comes back here from the West in February. He usually gets four thousand from an unknown, but he liked her so much he said he'd take her for twenty-five hundred. Then there are other transactions between him and me that he was glad to take into account."

"You mean we'd have to pay twenty-five hundred dollars for that appearance?"

(Continued on page 54)



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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 52)

Watson nodded, and again raised his chin and lowered his lids.

"Is it customary to buy appearances on that scale?"

"Not only customary . . . necessary. . . . The National Symphony has enormous prestige to sell. I really feel that it is worth the price."

Reflecting ironically that this was a somewhat different code of ethics from that obtaining in the publishing business, as he had always known it, Barset gave himself only a moment for thought. "All right," he said . . . "go ahead."

"NONE of the other appearances will cost anything like so much. We may even get a little back. You see, everybody understands that the Aeolian Hall recital is our own party. We put that up to attract attention to our singer. But by settling this National Symphony business now I shall be in a position to trade. The Symphony will announce her. I can get that out, I believe, before the Aeolian Hall concert. And I'll see that the critics know of it. They're bound to prick up their ears when they learn what Max Koerstner thinks of the new girl. And the lesser managers will be impressed. Some of them will be glad to have an appearance from her in advance of the Symphony dates. So you see, we're sitting pretty."

"I suppose," said Barset, "that a time will come, if our campaign works out, when Miss Hansen will really be paid for her work, instead of buying her way."

"Oh, yes! Look at McCormick!" Watson ran a lean hand through his graying hair and smiled.

This was unanswerable. Barset recalled reading in a newspaper the amount the great Irish tenor had paid in to the Federal government the year before as income tax. Anything, any degree of success, was possible. And while he felt, as he hailed a taxi and sped down to Isabel's, wildly felt, that he had burned every bridge behind him, yet his heart glowed and his pulse beat high. Nothing could be too much for that wonderful girl. He wanted to be lavish and then more lavish. If he had changed . . . over night . . . if lifelong habits were to slip off as easily as an old coat . . . why, he had changed, that was all. Friends would note the change. He knew that you can not hide atmospheres. But let them notice! Let them whisper that he had, as the phrase ran, blown up! He had heard older men say, "Look out for forty-five!" Perhaps his forty-five was merely earlier by a few years. Since it had come, bringing with it a ripe human thrill and a divine recklessness, what could he do but accept the fact? For that matter, what could he do but accept it anyway; for it was upon him, already every old mooring was swept away. He was afloat on new and stirring seas. . . . He seemed not to care about going to the club. That was part of the other man, the man who had died when Hedda first stood up quietly with her little hands clasped before her and belled her lips out slightly and sang. It wouldn't do to forget altogether that club business. But it was going to take two or three weeks for the architects to get anywhere. Time enough then to take hold. He would take hold, too. He'd do something. Something. The scheme was sound. Of course he mustn't plan to run out many days like this during working hours. Mustn't let himself really be demoralized. To-day was special. A thrilling, distracting, costly, quite mad, utterly beautiful Monday following the Sunday evening when Hedda had first kissed him. . . .

Alexander Watson, when he had gone, opened a desk drawer, took an expensive cigar from a new full box, lighted it, rested his feet on the partly open drawer and tipped far back in his chair. For a time he puffed contentedly. Then he held up the cigar, turned it slowly in his fingers, and smiled dreamily as he considered the weaving smoke.

"Funny about these quiet birds," he reflected. "Who'd have thought it of Gorham Barset! He certainly is crazy over that kid. But I must say he's a regular fellow. Got his nerve right with him."

Barset, meanwhile, sitting all aglow in the taxi, abruptly . . . with a momentary sense of depression, indeed . . . recalled certain other

remarks of Watson's; remarks that were not recorded above because at the moment Barset was intent on the main line of the campaign and hardly heard them. But now he heard them.

"One matter, Mr. Barset," he had said, with that keen expression about his eyes, "is this of Miss Hansen herself, her health, her nerves. She is young, and really pretty inexperienced. She has never had any such demands made on her as we are going to make during the next three months. It's important that nothing shall come up to worry her or over-excite her. Certainly, until this first big effort is safely over with, she must be protected and encouraged in every way. Let her get a little overwrought and you can't tell what she might do. I've seen girls lose their nerve . . . hysterically, you know . . . and walk out on the platform too weak and sick to get anywhere. This girl, particularly, might prove difficult. She's delicately organized . . . she's no husky European peasant . . . we must keep even disturbing thoughts away from her. We ought to watch over her food and exercise and sleep. I don't know how much judgment her mother's got. I guess we'll both of us have to stand by ready to advise and help. The girl must have every ounce of her vitality ready for use at the moment she needs it. You see, we're completely at her mercy, once we begin."

It had sounded impersonal enough at the time. But it had registered oddly in his mind. The words rang there now. And, as if their surface were the merest cloak, they seemed to be crying out at him, warningly, "Let her alone! Let her alone!"

9

SHE was waiting, sitting by the fire; and again Barset felt her as sunlight in the dimly charming room. Isabel, he noted, wore a street suit. He found himself, after a constrained greeting, at a pleasant luncheon table. Isabel's softly off-hand "Fred's over in Philadelphia to-day" came to mind. He felt a little guilty about Fred; and more than a little guilty in considering that here he had addressed Hedda as "Miss Hansen." The girl's eyes had rested flutteringly on his for a brief, self-conscious moment after he spoke. And Isabel had seemed good-humoredly to be watching. She was watching now. It began to seem rather absurd to leave her so smoothly in command of the situation; in command . . . this was his momentary fantastic thought . . . of their two lives. He decided to take hold.

"We've got our little campaign pretty well in hand, Watson and I." At the sound of his firm voice Hedda's eyes lifted for a moment. "The Aeolian recital is fixed for October thirty-first, three days ahead of Henrietta Dilton's." He saw the color creeping into Hedda's cheeks; and went on with a ring in his voice, "Watson is going to talk with you, Miss Hansen, about working up a group of Scandinavian folk songs. A good idea, I think. Don't you?"

"Oh yes!" She was breathless.

Now for his climax! "You'll have some other appearances during November. And early in December, the third and fifth, you're to sing with the National Symphony."

That quick color left her face. Her hands sank into her lap. She looked up again, then down; and sat very still. Isabel gave him a warm little nod of approval.

"Oh. . ." Hedda breathed . . . "do you think I . . . can I. . . ."

"Certainly. It's all settled."

"But the National Symphony. . . ." He sensed from her quick glance that she knew something of Max Koerstner's charges.

He smiled. "Certainly you can."

"Mr. Koerstner heard me at Mrs. Bedford's. But he didn't say much."

"He said a good deal to Watson. The plain truth is, he liked you so much that he is glad to make a special arrangement to get you on that program. He is even putting Seimann off until February."

Hedda could only stare helplessly at him. Finally she said, with a little laugh of sheer nervousness, "I don't think I realized that things could happen so fast. It's so long that we've been . . . I don't quite seem able to believe . . . it will mean awfully hard work

... but I will work." This last came more firmly, with a set of her chin.

"That's the talk," said he. "You're perfectly able to do it. Remember that there is time. You aren't appearing to-morrow. Just take things in order and we'll put it through beautifully. Get the best coaching, and plenty of it. I would suggest lessons every day, if that is wise. And work every day with the accompanist who will appear with you. Our attitude must be that we're going to make a big success of it. For we are, you know. No half-way measures. Stop at nothing."

He knew well enough that to the subtly observing Isabel his voice and manner must be betraying him. But he didn't care. Not if she could look into his very heart. What was her little game, anyway? What could she be up to? Hedda was coloring again. The child was quite overwhelmed. There wasn't much of the impersonal about the situation now. But he didn't care! Isabel was bound to know, anyway. Well... let her. He seemed to himself to be glorying in the odd little exposure, even through the confusion that was, in a measure, upon him.

After luncheon Isabel said, "I have some errands up the Avenue. You two must have a lot to talk over, and I'll leave you. No one will disturb you here. I'll tell Lucille to say no one is in if the phone rings." Then, adroitly enough, she got Barset away and out by the door.

"Just a frank word, Gorry. Understand, first, I don't blame you in the least. She's adorable. But you know you're not any too experienced with women. And, Gorry, bless your heart! you're not subtle. Do be a little careful not to tell the world all you feel. You can always count on me. You'll probably have to talk to somebody, and it had better be me, especially during these next few weeks when Hedda is busy. Call me up any time. Good-by now. You're perfectly splendid, Gorry!"

He saw her out; and stood a moment with knit brows. Then he heard a few soft chords and a velvety humming voice. Left alone, Hedda always drifted to the piano. Aware again, helplessly, of that unnerving confusion, he went in there. She glanced up, not smiling, her color high. He leaned on the instrument.

"Sing to me, Hedda."

She inclined her head, but seemed to find it difficult to begin.

"You know..." his voice... "last night I wanted you to sing, but you..."

"We were..."

"Oh, Hedda, we were so confused we didn't know what we were doing."

She bowed over the keyboard, and her fingers wandered there. He moved nearer. With that unnerving sense of something strange and monstrous within him, he rested a hand on her shoulder. For a moment she played vaguely on; then, with a start, drew away, murmuring unhappily, "Oh, please... don't!"

He straightened up. He could hear those masked words of Alexander Watson's... "Let her alone! Let her alone!"

"I'll go," he said.

"Please! I can't bear to have you think I don't appreciate all the wonderful things you're... it's so wonderful I simply can't think... but..."

He moved blindly to the door. He must, somehow, get hold of himself. He felt the situation as incredible. And he must speak, however unsteady his voice.

"Please understand, dear child, if I am moved beyond my strength, if I seem... you are so adorable, I... really, I'm sorry, but I can't talk or think, except to say that I shall never be happy until I see you a great artist, successful, established. It is a privilege to help. Nothing that I may feel about you can alter that. It is the greatest privilege of my life. Please try to forget this... this side."

He couldn't stumble on further. He caught up his coat and hat and rushed out, crushed, feeling that he failed utterly to express the finer sense that surely hadn't altogether left him, even if he had quite lost himself; rushed out, guilty, bewildered, like a hurt boy, unaware that he had moved her beyond her understanding. Even the moisture in her eyes he hadn't seen.

TO

Somehow he got through the afternoon at the office. At no time was his brain the sure sensitive engine it had been until he first saw Hedda. He

thought Miss Pierce was watching him, more than a little puzzled. He couldn't make even small decisions, but put them over until to-morrow. Plainly enough he couldn't permit this appalling fever to run its full course. The office force would within a week reflect his personal loss in morale. He thought again of possible failure... The thing to do was to fight his way back into the old habit of life. He telephoned his sister that he would dine at the club. That would help a little. Lately he had kept away. Really, yes, he had run away. He had pledged his energy to the club. They had every reason to count on him. They must be wondering, the old crowd; Bill Brandywine, Ted Wing and the others. Perhaps Fred Halling wondered less. The thought stung him. It would require some mental effort merely to enter the old building. He couldn't shake off the nervous feeling that they would sense the change in him. There was a profound change; even though for Hedda's sake and his own he might be able to control the thing...

But he walked firmly down there. After all, he had never before been beaten. He had never been afraid, never dodged. The plain old building stood calmly there. It never changed. Individuals might come and go, but the club didn't change. He reflected now that to many men, strongly emotional men, the genial masculinity of the place had offered a kind of sanctuary; men with broken families, men in the tangles of love affairs. The thought brought a degree of relief. Such matters were understood down here, were, in a sense, taken for granted. What still hurt, in a puzzling way, was that they would look for no such weakness in him. He had been among the steady ones.

HIS heart warmed even toward the old doorman. From the entrance hall, as he got out of his overcoat, he could see the crowd down in the pool room. They were chatting and laughing. The air was close and blue with smoke. He went down there; greatly reserved, wondering sensitively if they could read him, greeted this one and that. Bill Brandywine... huge, ruddy, sucking his pipe in one of the high chairs near the pool-table... beckoned him over. Bill always walked over from his studio when the afternoon light failed; he never played, but quietly enjoyed looking on.

"Where on earth have you been?" he asked, in a low voice. "This whole business hangs on you, old man. We've been wondering."

"Been busy," Barset replied, as quietly. It was reassuring to find that he was speaking quite like himself. "We can't move until the plans are ready." He knew, as he said this, that he meant to take hold again. Of course. It was the way out of his torment. They should have all his energy. After all, he wasn't an adolescent boy, but an adult, a trained adult. He couldn't for long lose himself. He would plunge right in, busy himself, let that dear little girl alone... What men called love was a burning selfishness. It wouldn't do. The child needed help, kindness, not these wretched confusions. From moment to moment the warm old atmosphere of the place enveloped his spirit. He nearly dared believe that he was finding himself. He even took his own cue from the rack and joined in the game.

An hour later he strolled out into the grill room. The actors were beginning to leave. They had to eat early, those fellows, and hurry to their dressing rooms for the inexorable routine of making up. It was a picturesque life; not careless and loose, as the public liked to think, but as exacting as the army... Henry Chalfonte sat alone at a corner table, eating, his evening paper propped against a water bottle. He glanced up and smiled. Barset's pulse quickened slightly as he dropped into the chair opposite. Here was the man of all in the club who understood the dramatic struggles of musical New York. Henry had been a violinist and a conductor of some small note. He now held the post of critic on the most dignified of the morning papers. He was a friend. He could help. Often, through the years, they had sat together talking music.

Barset gradually brought the chat around to the problems of the young singers.

"It's a mean game," said Henry, in his crustily good-humored way.

"I'm learning that, Henry. Lately I've

(Continued on page 56)



"No 'Spring Tonic' —Just Sauerkraut"

"I'm sorry the children haven't been feeling well."

"Just sort of listless and tired, eh? Why don't you give them some sauerkraut?"

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"Well, I hope so. Let them have all they want—and they'll want a lot. Goodbye."

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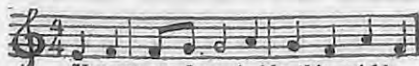
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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 55)

become interested in one. A protege of Isabel Halling's. An interesting case."

"They're all interesting to themselves, Gorry. But God, if you had to sit and listen to them year after year, the hundreds and thousands of them. Do you know what it costs to put a singer over?"

"A good deal, I imagine."

"I mean a real singer. Some one who's been abroad and had the necessary operatic experience. After they've been really trained . . . say forty to fifty thousand dollars worth . . . a completely equipped singer, with everything in her favor. I'm speaking of the job not of educating her but of putting her over here in New York. About fifty to seventy-five thousand. And it takes at least two or three years. Even then she's got to have everything, beauty and luck included."

"THIS girl has everything, I think. She is not only beautiful, she has extraordinary charm as well. And she can sing."

Henry's eyes studied him for a moment, with an expression as shrewd as Alexander Watson's. Barset determined then not to let that earnest ring creep again into his voice. It must have got in. Here in the club men usually kept their heads.

"I hope you're not getting drawn into it, Gorry. Not in a money way. Isabel is rather given to enthusiasms, you know. It's an awful game. Not one in two thousand of these promising singers ever really gets anywhere."

Henry Chalfonte went on, gloomily. "No, they don't get anywhere, Gorry. They're always popping up, these girls, thousands of them. Every one has a story back of her, of an ambitious family and excited friends. Every one represents either a family running into debt and going to pot or else she has dug into some rich old fool to the tune of a young fortune. Even the few that do get anywhere, the very few successes, have a long trail of wreckage behind them. It's always a heart-breaking story." Henry was warming up to it. He was beginning to worry a little over Gorry Barset; that oddly intent look in his eyes, the ring in his voice. It was sure that if staid old Gorry ever did fall he'd fall hard. "The fact is, there isn't hardly a chance for one of them. They go on buying recitals. They fill their scrapbooks with pretty little press notices. They struggle and fight and worry and push themselves. The managers live off them. The men that own the halls, the printers, the musical magazines absorb their money. Oh, it's a vain thing. And all the while time is passing and they're losing their looks. Really, Gorry, before you get drawn into that wretched game harken to the words of a hardboiled old looker-on. Do you know how many concerts are given every year in New York? Twelve to fourteen hundred! Not eight per cent. of them represent any real profit, and what little profit there is goes to the foreigners. The only chance an American has is to get into the Metropolitan! Or perhaps the Chicago Opera. There's nothing else. And how much room is there in those two organizations for fifty to a hundred thousand ambitious amateurs. Both are controlled by the foreign crowd. A girl would have to have five or ten years of European routine and a lot of Continental pull before they'd give her the smallest chance. And even then she'd find all the good roles controlled by the established foreign singers. No, she hasn't a look-in . . . ! There isn't a cent in this recital business and cheap little road tours with the managers and the dressmakers and the railways and the hotels grabbing away more than she can begin to earn. The whole game is a bundle of tragic stories. You've no idea. Most of the good ones, the ones that can really sing, settle back, at a big net loss, into church jobs and an occasional oratorio appearance. Some drift into operetta or musical comedy and wear themselves out there. The rough life gets 'em then, and the road work. And in that game they've got to be trained dancers and actresses to get anywhere. . . . Take Lucille Baring! That woman can sing! Damn it, man, she can sing! But they won't listen to her at the Metropolitan, and what's the result. She goes out with the Aborns or with the San Carlo Company

for a few months now and then. Once in a while she picks up a job in some musical show where for some strange reason they want a real voice. We all praise her. And she's working about a quarter of the time! I'll warrant she's never got back a tenth of the money that's been spent on her. And she must be thirty-five. . . . I'll tell you flatly, Gorry, I'd rather a daughter of mine married a shipping clerk. At least, then, she'd have something in the way of home life and babies and self-respect. She'd be an honest woman!"

A boy, at his elbow, said, "Telephone, Mr. Barset."

It was a woman's voice, guarded, strange to him at first. It wasn't Hedda. His own. "Yes, this is Mr. Barset," too, was guarded. Women never called him here at the club.

"I'm glad to find you there," the woman said . . . he thought now he had somewhere heard the voice . . . who was it? . . . she was speaking too near the transmitter, for one thing . . . "I thought perhaps you'd rather not have me call your apartment. It's Mrs. Hansen. I'm sorry to disturb you, but if I could possibly arrange to talk with you for a few moments. . . ."

The tone of it was furtive, distinctly. He hadn't before thought of the pathos in Mrs. Hansen's position. For her to take this attitude was distressing. . . . There hadn't been an opportunity to think of anything. The thing had been, really, a madness. That was over, now. Strangely begun, strangely ended. Of course he couldn't be wrenched for more than a few crazy days from the strong old habits and atmospheres. He couldn't forget his settled friendships and obligations. He couldn't run out of the building problem he had himself precipitated. Certainly he couldn't neglect his business to pursue a girl. . . . This, again, was sanity. He couldn't explain to himself, standing there in the booth, how it could have deserted him. It had deserted him, no doubt about that. . . . He had, however, during the madness, assumed this astounding burden. He asked, kindly, "Where are you, Mrs. Hansen?"

"I ran out to the drug store. I had to wait until Hedda was quieter."

This was odd.

She went on, "I can't tell you how I hate to disturb you. But I'm at my wit's end. I'd come downtown if. . . ."

"No," said he, after a brief moment of thought, "I'll come up on the subway. If you'll go down to the Bretton Hall Hotel I'll be there in about twenty minutes. In the main lobby."

He walked back through the grill room almost excitedly grateful for the club and for men. Women couldn't get in here . . .

"I've got to run away, Henry," he said gravely. "All I'll say about this girl is that I want your judgment on her. She sings at Aeolian Hall October thirty-first. Will you come?"

Chalfonte nodded.

"The name is Hansen . . . Hedda Hansen. Here, I'll write it, with the date, on my card. Don't forget. You can at least tell me if I'm on a wrong trail."

He had, there, driven a nail for Hedda. Than Chalfonte there was no more important critic in New York. And he would come in person. Mother and daughter would rejoice over the news. Henry was gloomy enough over this business of the young singer. But he hadn't seen or heard Hedda. After all, a few did arrive. A very few even succeeded in fighting their way into that shabby old brick barn at Broadway at Fortieth Street where opera in America (if not American opera) touched the heights. Why not Hedda! Of course it meant a fight. Now that he seemed to have regained some part of the sanity that until just lately had controlled his existence he began to see it as a very pretty fight. Of course there were dangers. And there would be opposition. Without those you couldn't have a fight. Henry Chalfonte was, at bottom, a disappointed performer and a tired critic. All critics got tired. He was glad he had put in that little appeal to Henry's judgment. That ought to disarm him somewhat. All critics, whether personal friends or not, were touchy; sensitive about being coerced in any way.

(To be continued)

Who Shall Choose Our Immigrants?

(Continued from page 10)

concerned a man who had been detained and finally sent back to his native country. The affair provoked the bitterest criticism of the American government. On investigation we learned that the man was an embezzler who had been privately warned by the United States Consul at the port of departure not to attempt entry into the United States, but who had persisted until turned back at Ellis Island. The facts in this case were never printed by the newspapers who had heaped unmerited criticism upon the authorities at Ellis Island.

Unquestionably the economic motives have set in motion more energies working for a liberal immigration policy than have the impulses of idealistic altruism. An altruistic sentimentalism has played a part in our immigration story; but quite generally its energies have been well under the control of practical economic forces. Exploiters of immigrant labor and certain profit-seeking steamship companies deserve a larger space in our immigration annals than the sentimentalists who dreamed of America as the haven of the oppressed.

Some nations have a mania for war and conquest; others a mania for production. We belong to this latter group. There early grew up in this country a feeling that we must exploit our natural resources to the uttermost. We must develop more coal mines, more oil fields, more irrigation systems; we must build larger factories, longer railroads, higher buildings. We must cultivate every acre of our land and make the arid desert contribute to the volume of production. Unless we excel the world in the number of automobiles we assemble, in the number of farm implements we make, we shall not merit the good opinion of mankind. All this requires manpower for its accomplishment and, since mothers living in the United States can not provide us with the number of citizens we need at once to develop every acre, exploit every mine and speed up every factory, it follows as night the day that we must let mothers living in other parts of the world provide us with workers to take care of the human shortage. We must call upon Europe to man our railroads, till our farms and mine our coal.

So argued those who in the past were most interested—and most influential—in formulating our immigration policy. The rearing of a nobler commonwealth which had been the dream of the founders of the Republic, had given way to the supposed necessities of a great industrial machine.

Only recently have we come to question the wisdom of our policy. Not until lately have we had our faith shaken in the ideal of bigness in material development, production and transportation and to wonder whether the quality of our national life is not more important. The immigrant worker is coming into significance as a member of society.

Why all this hurry in the matter of production? Is this the thing that makes a nation great? By inviting the assistance of alien hands, we may be able to achieve a phenomenal industrial output that will dazzle the imagination of the world. But what shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?

IT IS extremely doubtful if a permanent policy of restricted immigration would produce the labor shortage which is predicted by the prophets of gloom among employers, contractors and steamship companies. In the first place there is a fictitious element about this labor shortage. Two years ago six million American wage-earners were walking the streets of American cities, victims of involuntary unemployment. The Department of Labor reports that, measured in terms of continuous employment, the equivalent of one and one-half million men and women workers are without employment under normal conditions in the United States. It would seem to be a policy of common sense to correct this unemployment at home before we undertake to add millions from abroad to our labor supply. If we devote ourselves seriously to the task of placing our own economic house in order, solving the problem of labor distribution, putting an end to the enormous waste of workers which is revealed in our extraordinary labor turnover, we shall be able to find a sufficient

number of American wage-earners to fill American jobs.

If there is any industry in America that cannot live without cheap imported labor, America will find it profitable to get along without that industry. For socially and economically the cheap labor of Europe and Asia will be the most expensive to the United States. "The most expensive labor on earth is slave labor," writes E. J. Henning, Assistant Secretary of Labor. Our own history speaks to us on this subject.

There is an interesting inconsistency in the attitude of certain industrial advocates of open immigration. Free trade in commodities they hold to be destructive of American labor standards. They embrace quite freely, however, the doctrine of free trade in labor with its destructive effects upon American labor standards. One may wonder whether immigration restriction, which would exclude the lowest forms of labor life, is not as essential to the country's welfare as a tariff wall which would exclude cheap foreign goods.

Open immigration is often urged in the name of American agriculture which is suffering from a shortage of "hands." No person acquainted with the facts of immigration will see any hope for the farmer through immigration. The bulk of our immigrants do not go to the farms. They find their way to the congested cities where they join their compatriots and preserve the customs and habits of their native land. All attempts toward distributing immigrants to the rural localities have failed. They can be distributed but they will not stay distributed.

The fundamental weakness in our policy thus far is that we permitted foreign governments through the passport system to select our immigrants for us. If we are going to accept immigrants into the United States, we should insist upon the right to make the selection.

IT IS equally essential that the selection should take place before the immigrant leaves home. This thought is back of Secretary Davis's proposal to establish a selective machinery in connection with the Consular service in foreign lands. The fitness of the immigrant can best be determined in his native habitat. Any one acquainted with the splendid personnel of our Consular staffs abroad will not doubt that if the tests for admission are left to them only the most worthy will be able to sail for the United States.

The examination of the immigrants before they leave for America would constitute a kindness to the emigrants themselves. One of the pathetic incidents of our present immigration has been the exclusion of immigrants upon their arrival at the American port by reason of their failure to meet the requirements of inspection, thus making necessary their return to their native land. Often the savings of a lifetime are thus squandered upon a profitless ocean voyage and the unfortunate emigrant finds himself back at the port of departure, disappointed and destitute. I have come upon tragic examples of such misfortune in eastern and southeastern Europe. Considerations of humanity call for a system by which emigrants will be able to know before leaving home whether they will be admitted into the United States.

The objection has been advanced against the policies of exclusion and selection that such proposals run counter to our treaty obligations. It is difficult to understand how our treaty obligations could become involved. The treaty clauses bearing on this general subject by which the United States is bound, provide that citizens or subjects of each party to the treaty shall be given the same consideration by the other which it extends to subjects of the most favored nations. The treaty with China contains an exception with reference to laborers of the Chinese race and the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan is interpreted to make the same exception. Even if we close our door to all nations and races with reference to immigrants who come for permanent residence, we would not be violating any treaty obligation since we would be treating all nations alike. We could only violate our treaty obligations by treating one nation differently from others.

(Continued on page 58)



"A wicked burning desire that they would kiss me."

"Battling Against Shadow Sirens!"

What was this mysterious thing that made monsters out of innocent young girls—that made every mother clutch her baby to her breast in nameless terror? What was it that drew strong men trembling into the realm of the Un-dead—those pitiful creatures who no longer live, but who are deprived of even the kindness of death?

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Who Shall Choose Our Immigrants?

(Continued from page 57)

The proposal to provide for the selection of our immigrants before their departure from home would call for the establishment of selective machinery upon foreign soil. While we have the right to say who may enter our gates, since this is one of the highest attributes of sovereignty, we would not have the right to go into some other country and say who may leave that country even though destined to our own country for permanent residence. The establishment of such a system of selection on foreign soil would require the permission of the other countries. There is a way to the adoption of such a plan. Unquestionably we can say to all the rest of the world, by an Act of Congress,

that we will not receive any immigrants from any country. We may add the proviso however that we will receive immigrants from a country which will permit us to select them by such a system as we may advise, the selection to be made by our officials before they start on their way to this country. Under such a plan we would in effect be accepting the immigrants of those countries which invited us to do so.

UNDER the present passport system foreign countries select their emigrants who are to be the future citizens of America; under the new plan the United States would select its future citizens of alien birth.

The Sun Parlor

(Continued from page 22)

he says that if ever he catches Lena even thinking of Gino he'll throw vitriol in her face and knock her for a mile of spaghetti, he had the house rocking. Those opera boys surely know how to woo, I'll say. Just as he's hanging on for dear life to the final high C, in comes Lena and as soon as she sees Beppo they clinch, kiss, break away and then burst out into a wild duo (duo is Italian for whenever two of them howl at each other) in which each vows that their love is something terrible for the other and that they'd better watch out. When the duo ends she says to him that if he really does care for her he'll do her a little favor. Beppo asks her at once to give him the name of any one she wants shot. No it's not that, she says, it's something else, but like a modest maid she hardly likes to mention what the trifle is. At last after a lot of kidding to and fro, pro and con and *ad lib.* he coaxes her girlish secret out of her. All she wants him to do is to break into the biggest Cathedral in Naples and steal the jewels and gold plate that's been collecting there for centuries. Beppo thinks she's joshing at first but when she tells him she won't meet him at Joe's place any more unless he thus proves his love, he says all right, he'll do it and he picks up his gear and beats it while Lena rubs her hands, flashes her eyes and registers a cat-swallowing-a-canary smile of glee. And then, in comes Gino full of 14% anti-Volstead pickle-juice. He's in an affectionate mood too, and tells Lena how he loves her and that he's willing to cut up his old mother any time to make room for her in his house if she'll only say the word. Lena can't resist

this sort of flattery so she settles down at a table with a plate of frog's legs and a mug of *chianti* while Gino throws his fruity baritone into the welkin accompanied by a gentle lyric breathing of the joys of love, garlic and mayhem.

I was so excited I could hardly wait till Act 2 started but after what seemed a lifetime to my music-loving soul, it at last began, revealing a lovely scene depicting a street corner near the old Fusaro sewer at midnight. Lena, so heavily veiled that no one knows who she is except the entire audience, steals on, and there, behind a big packing case she meets Beppo. He's carrying a steamer trunk which he proceeds to open and before you can say cat's meow he tosses out a peck of sparkling jewels which he offers to Lena. When she gets her orbs on all that glittering loot, she screams and turns from Beppo, calling him all kinds of names for his sacrilegious theft and declaring that she could never have any truck with a guy tough enough to rob a church. Then the fireworks began. Gino enters and throws a fit when he sees the jewels and naturally accuses Lena of being a loose character who accepts presents from gentlemen. Before she has time to say "Is that so?" Beppo stabs Gino as he pulls his gun but the shot goes wild and kills Michaela who has just entered with Sclerosis's lunch. At that it ceases to be a private affair and everyone takes a hand or a foot or an eye or whatever's nearest and the fight is at its best when the *carabinieri* (Italian for men from the third precinct) come in and count the dead.

—PERCY WAXMAN

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

boys voiced their pleasure was a concrete testimonial of the way this event was appreciated by them. Another act of kindness recently performed by Battle Creek Lodge was to create a fund from which it will outfit, furnish and maintain a room in the Old Ladies' Home which is now being built in the city.

Splendid New Hotel Built by Efforts Of Huron (S. Dak.) Lodge

Service to the community is exemplified by Huron (S. Dak.) Lodge, No. 444, in the construction of the splendid new Marvin Hughitt Hotel, thus filling a long-felt civic need. Through its own efforts the Lodge raised the \$600,000 necessary to build and equip the beautiful eight-story building, which is already widely known as one of the finest hostleries in the Northwest. Huron, with a population of 10,000, has now, by the efforts of Huron Lodge, what is considered the largest hotel in the country in proportion to the size of the city. The entire second floor of the building is occupied by Huron Lodge which extends a hearty welcome to all members of the Order who visit the city.

Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge Has Active Welfare Committee

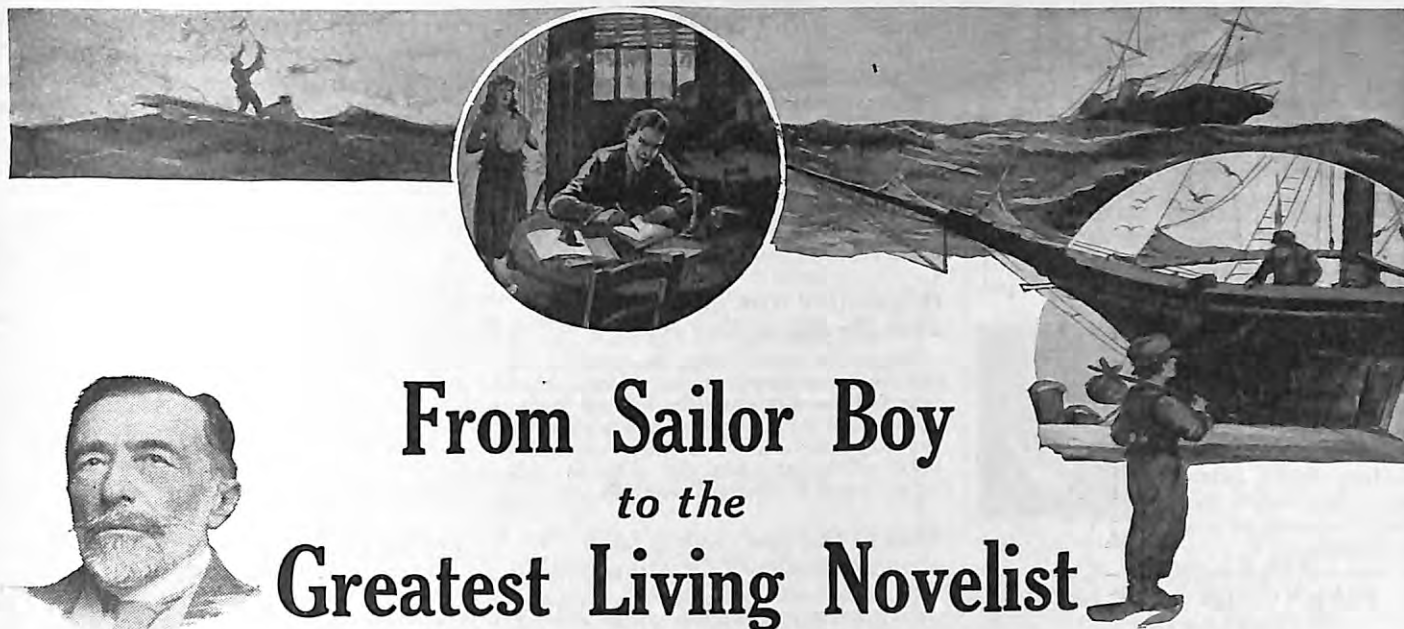
Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 28, has a Social and Community Welfare Committee which

believes in carrying out Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland's motto "Let's Do." Among the many worthwhile activities being actually accomplished by the Lodge in this field are the establishment of the first one hundred per cent "Elk Playground" in the State, the installation of an electric American flag on the club house at a cost of \$500, and the organization and financing of two troops of Boy Scouts known as the American Legion and the Elks Troop which will have as Scoutmasters members of Wheeling Lodge and the American Legion and which will be recruited chiefly from the sons of the city's aliens.

Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge Entertains Mayor. District Deputy Visits Lodge

Hon. William Laughlin, Mayor of Niagara Falls, N. Y., who assumed office on January 1, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 346, on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday. The dinner was in the nature of a testimonial of good-fellowship and esteem on the part of the Lodge for the Mayor, who is a member. Many distinguished visitors were present and joined with the Lodge in expressing their confidence in the new Mayor. A feature of the evening was the presentation of an Elk's ring to Mr. Laughlin by the Exalted Ruler on behalf of the membership.

(Continued on page 60)



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Who shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has over-
flowed its banks
I would like to go
I laid down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one
Between you and I
2. How do you say—
evening
ascertain
hospitable
abdomen
mayorality
amenable
acclimate
profound
beneficiary
culinary
3. Do you spell—
calendar
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories

or I have done it already
or Whom shall I call
or It's just like I said
or The river has over-
flowed its banks
or I should like to go
or I lay down to rest
or Divide it between
the three
or The wind blows cold
or You will only find one
or Between you and me

ev-en-ing
as-cer-tain
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-do-men
may-or-al-ty
a-me-na-ble
ac-cli-mate
pro-found
ben-e-fi-sh-ary
cul-i-na-ry

or eve-n-ing
or as-cer-tain
or hos-pi-ta-ble
or ab-do-men
or may-or-al-ty
or a-men-able
or ac-cli-mate
or pro-found
or ben-e-fi-sh-ary
or cu-li-na-ry

or repetition
or separate
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Answers

1
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has over-
flowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the
three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one
Between you and me

2
eve-n-ing
as-cer-tain
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-do-men
may-or-al-ty
a-me-na-ble
ac-cli-mate
pro-found
ben-e-fi-sh-ary
cu-li-na-ry

3
calendar
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
accessible

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 58)

On the occasion of the recent official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. William Daly, Niagara Falls Lodge initiated a class of eighteen candidates and conducted a program of unusual entertainment. Mr. Daly congratulated the Lodge on its fine record and was especially enthusiastic about the excellent showing made in the initiatory work.

Oregon City (Ore.) Lodge Holds First Meeting in New Home

Oregon City (Ore.) Lodge, No. 1189, recently held its first meeting in its new Home—just one year and five days after the old building was destroyed by fire. The new Home is a concrete, two-story structure, well constructed and beautifully furnished at a total cost of \$45,000. The lot it occupies is considered worth \$6,500.

Plan of Oakland (Calif.) Lodge Assures Quality of New Membership

Oakland (Calif.) Lodge, No. 171, has adopted an interesting and effective system which has been of great value in connection with its membership campaigns. Recently the Lodge set out to acquire 500 new members and insisted upon the quality of the candidates. The entire membership of the Lodge was classified and units were made of each classification: architects, doctors, dentists, railroad men, bankers, lawyers, merchants etc.—fifteen in all. Each unit called a meeting, elected a chairman and went to work on its own kind. For instance, the doctor's committee was made up of 35 members and they examined the list of 375 doctors in the city, selected the best ones, interviewed and invited them to become members. If a layman presented the name of a doctor, it was referred to this doctor's committee. All applications were then sent to the General Committee consisting of one from each unit. From the General Committee application went to the Lodge and from there to the Advisory Board and then back for ballot. Of the total number of applications received, 530 were passed upon in this way and initiated. They included the leading bankers, physicians, lawyers, judges, business men, etc. of the city. Because Oakland Lodge is about to erect a new million dollar Home, another selective membership campaign along these lines is being launched.

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, on the occasion of his recent trip through California, was much impressed by the splendid growth and enterprise of No. 171 and the reception accorded him by the members. During his visit there, Mr. McFarland, accompanied by Dr. Howard B. Kirtland, President of the California State Elks Association and James M. Shanly, Past Exalted Ruler of Oakland Lodge, visited the Grand Lodge's Monument erected to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin and placed a wreath on the tomb.

New York (N. Y.) Lodge Visited by District Deputy Hallinan

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, accompanied by a delegation of over 200 of his fellow members from Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, recently paid his official visit to New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1. Mr. Hallinan delivered an eloquent, forceful and helpful address and complimented the officers of No. 1 in the highest terms for their exemplification of the Ritual. J. E. Steinmeier, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, accompanied by a delegation from Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 871, was also a guest of No. 1 on this occasion. Mr. Steinmeier conveyed the compliments of the Association to New York Lodge and dwelt particularly upon the value of a well trained drill team to the initiatory service. The Home of New York Lodge will also be the scene of the celebration planned by Queens Borough Lodge for the Homecoming of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan on March 18. New York Lodge offered Queens Borough Lodge the use of its quarters when it learned that, pending the completion of its new Home, No. 878 could not accommodate the attendance expected.

Haverstraw (N. Y.) Lodge Presents Hon. James A. Farley For President Of New York State Elks Association

Haverstraw (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 877, has announced the candidacy of Hon. James A. Farley for the office of President of the New York State Elks Association to be filled at the next annual convention of that body to be held in June, 1924, at Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Farley, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York Southeast, has played a conspicuous part in the activities of the Order. At present Mr. Farley is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the New York State Elks Association. His recent appointment by Governor Alfred E. Smith to the New York State Athletic Commission is an indication of the general favor in which Mr. Farley is held throughout the State.

Franklin (Pa.) Lodge Will Observe Thirty-fifth Anniversary

On March 21 Franklin (Pa.) Lodge, No. 110, will celebrate its thirty-fifth anniversary. Plans are being perfected whereby the Lodge will initiate a large class of candidates on March 10th, this to be followed by a banquet on March 20 and a special program of some kind on March 21. Franklin Lodge has had a very active year and hopes to close it in a manner that will inspire the members to continued activity, increase the present prestige of the Lodge and enable it to render still greater service in the community. Franklin Lodge, among other recent worthwhile activities, has organized a prize contest among the local school children for the best essay on Benjamin Franklin; contributed to a fund to cover the expense of showing moving pictures at the National Home at Bedford, Va.; sponsored a Boy Scout troop; authorized funds for the complete refurnishing of the Elks' Room in the Franklin Hospital; co-operated with the Franklin Rotary Club in its crippled children campaign and contributed sums to the Red Cross, District Nurse Fund and the Pennsylvania Tuberculosis Society.

Walla Walla (Wash.) Lodge Has Active Welfare Committee

This lodge year, the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Walla Walla (Wash.) Lodge, No. 287, was the best ever attempted. Over 100 families were taken care of by gifts of food and clothing, and nearly 500 children were looked after and given toys, candy, mittens and stockings. The total amount spent by the committee, including cash donations, was well over the \$1,200 mark.

Rome (N. Y.) Lodge Looking Forward To a New Home

Rome (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1268, recently appointed a Building Committee to look up sites and to investigate desirable property in order that definite plans for a new Home can be presented to the membership at an early date. The Lodge's building fund which has been growing for some time was increased very substantially by profits derived from the Bazaar conducted recently by the Lodge. Over \$7,000 was realized by this event.

Big Bond Issue of Denver (Colo.) Lodge Subscribed in Fast Time

Denver (Colo.) Lodge, No. 17, can well be proud of the way in which its New Home bond issue of \$185,000 was subscribed. These bonds were on the market less than two weeks, yet the subscription list was full before they were issued—that is before January 1, 1924, the date of the bonds. This is a remarkable financial transaction and the members of No. 17 have good reason to be pleased with the achievement.

Harrisburg (Pa.) Lodge Conducts Series of "Nationality Nights"

Harrisburg (Pa.) Lodge, No. 12, has instituted a series of entertainments known as "Nationality Nights" which are a source of considerable

amusement to the members. The first of these was "Irish Night" and the second, "Jewish and Yiddish Night." In March "German and Dutch Night" will be observed and in April a grand finish will be staged with "American and Mongrel Night." In each case a special committee personally qualified to understand the characteristics of the various nationalities conducts the evening's entertainment.

Carthage (Mo.) Lodge Raises Sum for City's Poor

Carthage (Mo.) Lodge, No. 529, working with the Altrurian Literary Society of the Carthage High School, recently organized a benefit tag-day drive and raised nearly \$700 for the poor and sick of the city. Considering the success of the drive, Carthage Lodge has decided to make this an annual event on its charity program.

New Home Recently Acquired By Niles (Ohio) Lodge

Niles (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1411, one of the youngest Lodges in the State, recently purchased a new Home. It is a two-story structure with a frontage of 75 feet and a depth of 100 feet, located on one of the principal business streets of the city. The first floor has been rented to various business establishments, and the second floor embodies the billiard and pool rooms, Lodge room, lounge, kitchen, reading room and secretary's room. All the rooms are splendidly equipped and contain the latest improvements. No. 1411 is proud of its new possession and extends a hearty invitation to all to accept its hospitality.

The "Elks Follies," a musical comedy, with a cast composed of talent from Niles Lodge and Warren (Ohio) Lodge, No. 295, was one of the most unique events ever staged in the vicinity. It was the first affair of the kind to be put on by Niles Lodge.

Secretary of Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge Honored on His 76th Birthday

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge, No. 48, recently paid tribute to its Secretary, George D. ("Dixie") Bostock, by initiating a class of 100 candidates bearing his name, and by making him guest of honor at the banquet which followed the ceremony. The "Dixie" Bostock Class was to have been initiated by the officers and degree team from Battle Creek (Mich.) Lodge, No. 131, but as transportation was at a standstill on account of a severe snowstorm, the work was performed by the officers of No. 48. "Dixie" is serving his 31st year as Secretary of Grand Rapids Lodge, and as a testimonial of appreciation of his faithful service, Past Exalted Ruler John Buys, in behalf of Grand Rapids Lodge, presented him with an honorary life membership. Following the presentation the entire Lodge joined in the song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," which is "Dixie's" favorite. His capability and courtesy were the marked characteristics of his personality which were repeatedly referred to in the banquet speeches.

George D. Bostock came by the sobriquet of "Dixie" away back in Civil War days when the song "Dixie" appeared. It was at first taboo in the north, but "Dixie" whistled it anyway, because he liked the tune. So his friends named him after the song, just as his fellow-Elks named the class after him, recognizing as they did so, that age cannot wither nor custom stale the popularity of either.

Increased Activities and Growth Mark Occupancy of New Home

St. Petersburg (Fla.) Lodge, No. 1224, is enjoying the fruits of its labor in the occupancy of its beautiful new Home. A wideawake entertainment committee is providing an unusual and varied program of lodge and social functions in which many visiting members take part. With the opening of its new Home, St. Petersburg Lodge has also shown a very substantial growth, its membership now being close to 750.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland has granted dispensations for the following new Lodges: Concord (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1479, Breckenridge (Texas) Lodge, No. 1480

Asheville (N. C.) Lodge a Leader in the Life of the Community

Asheville (N. C.) Lodge, No. 1401, is closing the lodge year with an excellent record of increased activities and the consciousness that it has played a big part in the life of its community. Among other things, it has cooperated with the Salvation Army in relief work, has taken care of the poor at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and has been a leader in all the patriotic celebrations held in the city. As an instance of its success in this latter field, the membership is proud of the fact that the Lodge's float won first prize in the Armistice Day parade. Over 35 floats were entered in this event but the prize—\$50.00 in gold—went to No. 1401.

A hearty welcome and a generous hospitality are assured all members of the Order who visit this lively southern lodge.

Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge Supports Excellent Glee Club

In the growth of Rochester, N. Y., as a musical center, Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 24, has not fallen short in providing its share toward the development. The Lodge is the sponsor of one of the best Glee Clubs in the State. This musical organization which is a popular feature at the various conventions and lodge events, is made up of approximately 30 members of No. 24. The Glee Club has given several public concerts in different Lodges and has at present a few open dates. Any Lodge interested in securing the services of this unusually fine organization should communicate with John T. McGuire, Chairman of the Club.

Boy Scouts Show Their Appreciation of Hampton (Va.) Lodge

The Hampton (Va.) troop of Boy Scouts recently gave an exhibition and demonstration before the membership of Hampton (Va.) Lodge, No. 366. The exhibition, given in the Lodge room, was an expression of the boys' appreciation for the use of the Lodge's gymnasium throughout the year. The Scout Master, speaking on behalf of the boys, warmly thanked the members for their aid and encouragement. Following the exhibition ice cream and cake were served in the gymnasium to the Scouts.

Union Hill (N. J.) Lodge Shows Big Growth in Membership

Union Hill (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1357, is showing a healthy increase in membership. At the beginning of the present Lodge year on April 1 it had 2680 names on its roster. The membership is now over 3,000 with every indication that the selective membership campaign being conducted by the Lodge will bring the figure up to 4,000 by the beginning of next month.

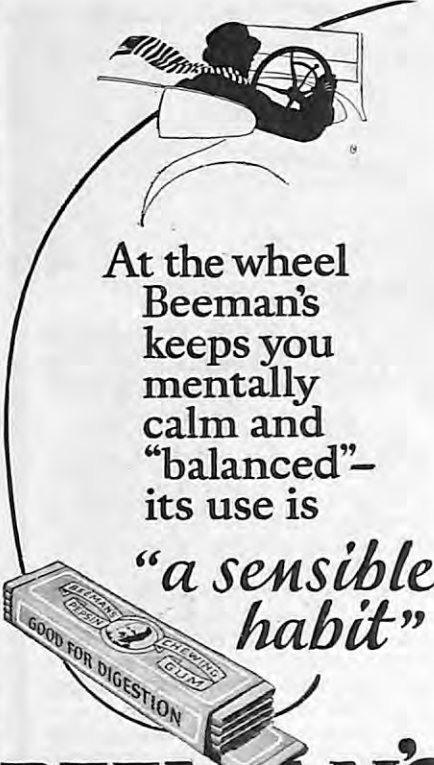
Curio Club to Exchange Badges And Souvenirs Formed

An Elks Curio Club has been organized throughout the country. The Club is exchanging souvenirs, badges, clippings, pictures, etc. and will preserve anything relating in an historical way to the Order of Elks. None but members are eligible to join and no expenses are attached to the Club. The following are among the charter members: H. W. English, Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge, No. 79; Vanse W. Marshall, Frostburg (Md.) Lodge, No. 470; Dave Levy, Mobile (Ala.) Lodge, No. 108; Bert G. Covell, Honolulu (H. I.) Lodge, No. 616.

Valparaiso (Ind.) Lodge Building Destroyed, Work on New Home Started

The Home of Valparaiso (Ind.) Lodge, No. 500, was recently entirely destroyed by fire and all paraphernalia and other property of the Lodge was lost. It had been the intention of Valparaiso Lodge to erect a new home, so the disaster will serve to hasten its plans. Exalted Ruler R. L. Felton announces that work will commence immediately on a new four-story building which will occupy the site of the burned structure. The new building which will cost \$100,000 will have three entire floors devoted to Lodge and Club activities and one floor to offices.

(Continued on page 62)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

Louisville (Ky.) Lodge Organizing Boy Scout Troop

Acting upon the recommendation of its Civic Committee, Louisville (Ky.) Lodge, No. 8, has voted to stand sponsor for a Boy Scout Troop. This will be composed of the sons and nephews of members of the Lodge, with prospects that it will become one of the largest of these organizations in the city. The local Boy Scout Council will cooperate in organizing the troop and in the selection of a scout master. It is the present plan to give the troop the use of the lodge hall one or more afternoons or evenings each week for meetings and drills. Later on, when Louisville Lodge occupies its new Home, the troop will be provided with regular quarters, use of the gymnasium, swimming pool and other facilities, to the end that the Elk Boy Scouts shall have the best conditions possible for development.

Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge Greets District Deputy Strachan

Over 1,000 members of the Order, representing many Lodges in New England—the greatest gathering ever assembled in the Home of Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1078—greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick T. Strachan on the occasion of his official visit. Among the distinguished visitors accompanying Mr. Strachan were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. The ritualistic work in the initiation of a class of eighteen candidates won the praise of all who witnessed it. Following the meeting a banquet was served to over 800 of the guests by Winthrop Lodge. Later, a vaudeville show was put on in the big hall for the entertainment of the visitors. A pleasing part of the evening were the presentations that were made by the Lodge to Mr. Strachan: a beautiful armchair, and a gold pendant to be given Mrs. Strachan.

Findlay (Ohio) Lodge Observes Anniversary of Home Dedication

Findlay (Ohio) Lodge, No. 75, recently celebrated the seventh anniversary of the dedication of its present Home with a "Home Coming" for its membership. The program opened in the morning with a reception to the members of No. 75 and to the many distinguished visitors. Among those present were Hon. John G. Price, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Snyder, Dr. J. C. Tritch and Dr. W. C. Neibling, the first and second Exalted Rulers respectively of Findlay Lodge, and visiting Ohio members of the Order from Lodges at Lima, Toledo, Bowling Green, Fostoria and Fremont. Lunch, served at noon, was followed by a Lodge session at which a class of seventy-five candidates was initiated. Over 500 attended the evening banquet after which there were speeches by District Deputy Snyder and Mr. Price, and a well-chosen program of vaudeville acts.

Interesting News Items From Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge

Buffalo Lodge is laying plans for the coming meeting of the New York State Elks Association to be held in its city on June 1-4.

The Annual Ball of Buffalo (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 23, was recently given at Elmwood Music Hall. A feature of the decorations which caused much favorable comment was the stage. This was built to represent a facsimile of the Robert E. Lee Homestead, while the sixty-six boxes around it portrayed the gardens of the estate.

The Lodge has equipped and maintains a room in the Memorial Hospital of that city for the exclusive use of Elks. While this room is absolutely free to indigent members of the Lodge, an appropriate charge is asked of occupants who are financially able to pay.

Flag Day Essay Contest Announced By Danville (Va.) Lodge

Cooperating with the Superintendent of Public Schools, Danville (Va.) Lodge, No. 227,

has offered two handsome prizes to the students who submit the two best essays on "The Origin, History and Significance of the American Flag." The first award will be a silk American flag and the second prize a set of 28 volumes of a well known history of this country. Any white public school student will be eligible to compete for the prizes. It is planned that the two winning essays be read by their authors at the public Flag Day celebration on June 14th held under the auspices of Danville Lodge.

Lebanon (Ind.) Lodge to Build On Recently Purchased Site

Lebanon (Ind.) Lodge, No. 635, is contemplating razing the building standing on its recently purchased property and erecting a new Home on the site. Plans under consideration call for a structure to cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000. The new building will have all the conveniences of a modern Elks Club House and Home and will be one of the most attractive structures of its kind in the district.

Fine Program Broadcasted by Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge

Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, which has the distinction of being the first lodge on the Pacific Coast to broadcast, sent another interesting program through the air recently from KHJ, the Los Angeles Times Radio Station. The program included numbers by many talented artists, music by the Lodge's Band and Glee Club and a brief address by the Exalted Ruler of Pasadena Lodge. Many telegrams and letters were received from all over the country complimenting the Lodge on its fine program.

Loveland (Colo.) Lodge Supports Famous Boy Band

Loveland (Colo.) Lodge, No. 1051, has recently purchased 60 uniforms for the Loveland Boy Band. This organization was formed some four years ago by one of the members of this Lodge. At first they did not receive a great deal of recognition, but through the untiring efforts of the Lodge, the boys are to-day one of the greatest musical organizations of their kind in the west. Their need of uniforms was recently called to the attention of the Lodge and a "County Fair" conducted under its auspices was the means of raising a fund of over \$1,500. The boys have the use of the Lodge room on Saturday evenings. The Band will accompany Loveland Lodge to the State Convention this summer.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Albuquerque (N. M.) Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. A smoker and special entertainment were features of the event at which nine of the living charter members were present.

Baraboo (Wis.) Lodge recently put on a splendid minstrel show and musical comedy, "The Follies of 1924," for its charity fund. It was very well attended, about \$600 being realized.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William D. Thomas recently paid an official visit to his home Lodge, Hoosick Falls (N. Y.), No. 178. The Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York Northeast which held a meeting on the same day joined in the welcome accorded Mr. Thomas.

Bayonne (N. J.) Lodge has organized a band of twenty-five pieces.

Nearly 200 poor children of the city were recently given a fine dinner and treated to a movie show by Benton Harbor (Mich.) Lodge.

Greenville (S. C.) Lodge recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary with the largest entertainment of its kind ever held in the city.

The three-day festival conducted by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rochester (N. H.) Lodge was a brilliant success from every point of view.

Easton (Pa.) Lodge is organizing a band, a Glee Club and a crack Drill Team.

The fourteenth Annual Minstrel Show of Newark (Ohio) Lodge played to packed houses netting the Lodge a tidy sum.

Naugatuck (Conn.) Lodge is planning to hold a big celebration on St. Patrick's Night. Indications are that it will be even more successful than the affair staged by the Lodge on New Year's Eve.

Lyons (N. Y.) Lodge is having a large increase in membership. Every town in its jurisdiction is represented by the new members. Nearly 700 names are now on the roster of the Lodge.

Two large classes of candidates were recently initiated in Ashland (Wis.) Lodge. A special banquet and entertainment preceded the ceremony in each case.

Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge is planning the organization of a Glee Club.

Hagerstown (Md.) Lodge has given memberships in the Y. M. C. A. to twenty-five young men who were unable to join on account of lack of funds.

Kingston (N. Y.) Lodge recently entertained the 250 children from the West Park Orphanage with a five-reel motion picture performance.

Green Bay (Wis.) Lodge has organized a thirty-piece band.

Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, which will entertain the New Jersey State Elks Association June 6-7, will spend between \$25,000 and \$30,000 on Amusement features for visitors to the Convention.

Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge has undertaken the management of the Salt Lake Symphony Orchestra which is composed of some of the best musical talent in the country.

The Minstrel Show put on by Eau Claire (Wis.) Lodge added a good sum to the Building Fund.

An indoor circus, probably the biggest of its kind ever staged in the city, was recently put on by Montgomery (Ala.) Lodge.

Muskegon (Mich.) Lodge recently celebrated its thirtieth anniversary.

Manhattan (Kans.) Lodge recently staged a rabbit hunt in which teams made up of city and country members competed. The city team won by a narrow margin. The rabbits afforded a fine dinner for the entire membership.

El Paso (Tex.) Lodge is working out a plan for taking care of the undernourished school children of the city.

Bound Brook (N. J.) Lodge is formulating plans for a new Home.

Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge joined hands with the Kiwanis and produced the "E-K 1924" Review which added a tidy sum to the Treasury of the Lodge.

A Charity Ball for the benefit of its Crippled Kiddies Fund was given at the local Armory by Orange (N. J.) Lodge.

The net proceeds of the Winter Festival conducted by McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge were over \$10,000.

Lockport (N. Y.) Lodge is contemplating the organization of a Drill Team.

Uniontown (Pa.) Lodge celebrated its silver anniversary with a large charity minstrel show.

The Washington State Elks Association held a most satisfactory mid-winter session. Bremerton Lodge was host to the delegates and saw to it that they were well taken care of and given a most enjoyable time.

Childress (Texas) Lodge put on a successful minstrel show recently which added a neat sum to the Lodge's charity fund.

Wilmington (Del.) Lodge is completing plans for a new \$250,000 Home, which will include an auditorium seating 750.

Bristol (Pa.) Lodge is giving a series of entertainments, the proceeds of which will go to the Bristol Free Library. This Library owes its existence more to Bristol Lodge than to any other influence in the Community.

Monrovia (Calif.) Lodge hopes to break ground for a fine new Home before the year is out.

Haverhill (Mass.) Lodge is preparing to hold a big Charity Fair.

Macon (Mo.) Lodge gives free use of its club rooms to committee meetings by the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis Club, Parent-Teacher Association and other organizations that tend toward the upbuilding of the community.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Clifton Mayhall was recently the guest of honor at a banquet given by Mannington (W. Va.) Lodge.

Raton (N. M.) Lodge is planning to organize an Elks Band and to put a baseball team in the field.

Renovo (Pa.) Lodge expects to start building its new Home around the first of April.

If you are a sportsman and like to fish or hunt, Forrest City (Ark.) Lodge, which keeps its latch string out for all visiting members, will entertain you in royal style. The Secretary of Forrest City Lodge is also Secretary-Manager of the Chamber of Commerce and will be pleased to answer any inquiries, or extend any favors to members anywhere.

Winchester (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1445, the "Baby Lodge" of Massachusetts Northeast, is rapidly outgrowing its swaddling clothes. A steady and substantial gain has doubled its membership in the two years of its existence.

Corvallis (Ore.) Lodge has an option on a valuable piece of ground and is making plans to erect a new Home.

At a recent meeting of Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge, substantial donations were voted the Boy Scouts, the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, Associated Charities, and the Newburgh Skating Association.

Olympia (Wash.) Lodge has appointed an Advisory Committee consisting of Past Exalted Rulers. The Committee sits in with the regular Lodge officers at their meetings and much good is expected to result from the plan.

One of the most enjoyable series of functions inaugurated by The Dalles (Ore.) Lodge is the get-together dinners of Past Exalted Rulers at which the various past officers take turns at acting host to the others for one evening.

Various Lodges in Nebraska have organized an Elks Bowling Association. It will be the purpose of this organization to encourage bowling throughout the State, and the next tournament of the Association will be held on the alleys in the new Home of Omaha Lodge during the Fall of 1924.

Madison (N. J.) Lodge recently held its annual Elks Frolic.

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The Meaning of Some Financial Expressions

Part II

(Continued from the February Issue)

By Stephen Jessup

TRANSFER. Usually when stock is bought the certificate is in the name of the seller or of a broker and is duly endorsed. The investor wishing to have his stock put in his own name presents such certificate to the transfer agent of the company, where it is transferred and a new certificate issued. On stock transfers there is a tax of 2 cents per \$100 par value, or \$2 per 100 shares of \$100 par or no par. This is a Federal tax. Some states—New York, for example—have a similar transfer tax of their own. To transfer stock in New York, therefore, costs \$4 per 100 shares of \$100 par or no par.

The transfer tax is paid by the seller and is represented by stamps which are affixed to the certificate before delivery. The tax is payable every time the stock is bought and sold, irrespective of whether or not it is transferred.

DIVIDEND. The profits of a company which are distributed to its shareholders. The usual form of payment is cash. Sometimes dividends are paid in stock, and are then known as "stock dividends." If a company, for instance, declares a 100% stock dividend it means that after the dividend is paid there will be twice as many shares outstanding as there were before, each holder of one share having received an additional share. Stock dividends frequently capitalize a large surplus that has been accumulated. For several reasons—the matter of taxation being an important one—a company that is paying 5% dividend on its stock and has a huge surplus may decide to issue a 100% or even 200% stock dividend and may then continue paying 5% dividend on the new capitalization. Such dividend would be equivalent to 10% or 15% on the old stock had there been no stock dividend. When the market price for a stock has soared to very high figures running into hundreds of dollars per share, the market may become extremely narrow and the high price may discourage much trading in the stock. This situation is often helped by a stock dividend, which brings the market price of the increased number of shares down to a more normal level and one more readily permitting trading in the stock.

Sometimes dividends are paid in scrip, this being a certificate entitling the holder to cash at a future time which may or may not be definite. Such scrip is usually interest-bearing. (The term "scrip" is also applied to fractional parts of a share of stock, such as are issued as a stock dividend when the amount payable is not a multiple of a full share.)

A company sometimes pays a dividend in stock of another company which it has acquired.

Cash dividends are generally sent to the stockholder by check. Stock and scrip dividends are represented by certificates.

EX-DIVIDEND. This means not including the dividend. Dividends accrue to holders of a stock on a fixed date. Up to that date purchases include the dividend. After that date they are without it, or ex-dividend. On the day upon which a stock sells ex-dividend the amount of the dividend is automatically deducted from the price. For instance, a stock at 90 that opens ex-dividend a quarterly dividend of \$1.25 is quoted at 88¾. In an active bull market stocks frequently "make up" their dividends in a single day, i.e. recover the amount that was automatically deducted at the beginning of the day's business.

A stock usually sells ex-dividend on the last day on which it is possible to transfer it before the dividend is paid. This is the case when the office of the company or its transfer agent is in the same city as the market. In the case where the transfer occurs in one city and the market is in another, the stock usually sells ex-dividend sufficiently in advance to allow for transferring.

Some people believe in buying stocks just before the sell ex-dividend, on the theory that if the general market is advancing the dividend—which is usually for a quarter or half a year—

may be recovered shortly after the ex-dividend day, in which case the amount of the dividend constitutes a comparatively quick profit.

Others believe in buying stocks just after they sell ex-dividend, on the theory that they are cheaper to the extent of the dividend and any ensuing rapid recovery constitutes profit.

Leaving aside the movement of the market, which is a matter of speculation after all, there is practically no difference. If you buy your stock one day you are credited with the dividend as soon as it is paid; if you buy your stock ex-dividend you know you will not receive the dividend, but you pay that much less for your stock. It is as broad as it is long.

RIGHTS. In the broad sense of the word, stockholders have a number of rights or privileges. The word "rights," however, usually indicates a specific one, namely the opportunity to buy or subscribe for additional or new stock. This will be discussed first, and the stockholder's general privileges subsequently.

In most States stock can not be regarded as fully paid if it is sold for less than its par value. No State, however, makes it obligatory under any circumstances to sell stock at more than its par value. The stocks of successful companies which maintain stable dividend rates of more than 6% or 7% almost invariably have market prices higher than par. Consequently if additional stock is offered at par the privilege of buying it is a money-saving and valuable one. Frequently the directors of successful companies give the stockholders such a privilege, the main advantage of which lies in the subscription price of the new stock being much lower than the prevailing market price of the existing stock.

For example, stockholders of record of a certain date are offered the "right" to subscribe to a certain number of shares of stock in the ratio of one new share for each five shares held. The subscription price is par, \$100 per share. The market price of the old stock being \$170 per share, the value of the "right" is obvious.

There is an immediate opportunity for profit when a stockholder receives such a privilege. He may do one of two things:

A. Sell his "rights" at the market price. This gives him a quick cash profit.

B. Exercise his privilege and use the "rights" to subscribe for additional shares. His new stock shows him a paper profit. He may convert this into cash, or he may retain the stock for investment, finding the yield upon his money higher than he could otherwise obtain.

The "rights" are represented by a document which is sent by the corporation to the stockholders. It is a formal statement of the number of new shares to which the stockholder has a right to subscribe, the price, and other facts. Such documents may be endorsed and transferred in the same way as stock certificates. A stockholder has as many "rights" as he has shares.

The market price of "rights" usually fluctuates, just as stock prices do. There is a theoretical value to the rights which can be ascertained by a mathematical calculation. It might seem as if this value would be the difference between the market price of the old stock and the price at which the new stock is offered. This, however, is incorrect because it does not take into consideration the change in the value of each share that is brought about by the increase in the number of shares outstanding. Obviously, the new issue increases by so much the amount of stock outstanding. The new stock is issued at less than the market price and therefore does not bring to the company's treasury its proportionate amount of assets. Consequently it is inevitable that the market price of each share after the new stock has been issued should be less than it was before. It follows that the theoretical value of the "rights" will be based upon the market price of the new stock, rather than of the old stock.

Generally speaking, the market price of rights is lower than the theoretical value. Perhaps the chief reason for this is that there is a broader demand for stock than there is for rights to subscribe to stock. Comparatively few people, outside of brokers and those familiar with such matters, understand the subject of rights or know how their value is figured. Most of the buyers of rights are brokers and their immediate followers, who buy for speculation in the hope of making a quick profit, and as they buy with an eye to a bargain it follows that the market price of rights is usually less than it should be theoretically.

Except for the specific meaning of "rights" discussed above, perhaps the most familiar right that a stockholder has is the right to vote.

A stockholder can vote the number of shares standing in his name on the books of the company. He can vote on several matters. The most common is the election of directors of the company. This usually takes place at the annual meeting, notice of which is sent by the secretary of the company to all stockholders of record. Other matters for voting are the question of increase or reduction in the capital stock; changes in the charter powers of the company; changes in the by-laws, including changes in the number of directors; specific issues of bonds or notes or other forms of financing.

He has the right to attend all meetings of stockholders and to approve or disapprove the management of the company. Special meetings of stockholders can usually be called by a certain number of them, the number varying with different companies.

He may vote either in person or by "proxy." A proxy is a document in which he authorizes another to vote for him. In actual practice, especially where stockholders' meetings are held at some distance, few stockholders appear in person, and most of the votes are represented by proxies.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

The Columbia Mortgage Co., 4 East 43rd Street, New York, have just issued four new booklets, "The Verdict of Thirty Bankers," "A Mortgage of New York," "1923-24 Income Tax Tables" and "When Should You Buy Tax-Exempt Bonds?" They will be glad to send you these booklets on request.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital"—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, N. Y. City, will be pleased to send you on request a copy of their interesting publication, entitled "Bond Topics," and also a circular describing the sound method of building up capital. Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

The partial payment method of purchasing good securities in odd lots and full lots on convenient terms is explained in a free booklet issued by an old established New York Stock Exchange House. Write to James M. Leopold & Co., 7 Wall St., N. Y. City, for Booklet E-23.

Adair Realty & Trust Co., 800 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

Geo. M. Forman & Co. of Chicago, have recently issued an interesting booklet entitled "How to Select Safe Bonds." Send for this, mentioning THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



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The Romance of the Pony Express

(Continued from page 13)

he found the station in ruins, and the scalped body of a stock tender, while at the Sink of the Carson, the station men were just beating off an Indian attack. They begged him to stay with them, but disregarding protest, Haslam secured a fresh mount and shot out of the station so swiftly and suddenly that the surprised Indians had only time for one ineffectual volley of arrows. His return to Fort Churchill completed a journey of 380 miles with only a nine-hour lay-off.

At the very time of the start of the Pony Express, blood-thirsty old Winnemucca was leading the Piutes, the Bannocks and Shoshones on the war-path in Nevada and eastern California, burning and killing. Within two months, every post between California and Salt Lake was destroyed and its agents murdered and scalped. Not until Winnemucca surrounded Major Ormsby and fifty soldiers at Pyramid Lake, killing every one, did the government appreciate the necessity of an organized campaign. Even so, it was the wild riders of Russell, Waddell and Majors that really defeated Winnemucca and his braves, scouring mountain and plain with the tenacious ferocity of bloodhounds. The expense of the Piute campaign—including the rebuilding of stations—was \$75,000, and yet the government obstinately refused to make any fair settlement, a course that drove the firm into bankruptcy.

As had been foreseen, superior speed saved the Pony Express boys, for while all ran gauntlets, only one was ever shot from his horse. The Indian *cayuses* were no match for ponies with Kentucky blood in them, and even ambushes failed, for as one chronicler put it, the riders went through thickets and passes "like a bat out of hell." What helped, too, was the belief of many Indians that the Pony Express had direct and personal connection with the Great White Father at Washington, and that any interference with it might well prove "bad medicine," bringing down the wrath of the spirits.

Colonel William F. Cody, the famous "Buffalo Bill," was a rider at seventeen, his run being from Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles. The Sweetwater, a swift, treacherous stream, turned and twisted like a wounded snake, and the North Platte, at the point of the ford, was half a mile wide and full of whirlpools and quicksands. Moreover, it was the heart of the Sioux country, and it was no uncommon thing for the boy to race into a station with arrows sticking in his saddle leather. "Little Bill" Cody, as he was then called, won the honor of making the longest continuous ride, for once, owing to the killing of his reliefs, he did 322 miles without rest, twice outracing Sioux war parties. Another of his famous exploits was beating off three "road agents," killing one and riding down the other two, escaping bullets by swinging down under his pony's neck so that one heel was the only target left.

"ROAD agents" were even more of a menace than Indians, for the country was thick with bands of "badmen"—thieves and murderers that even the rude settlements refused to harbor. Even Ben Holladay, the "Stage King," was held up on one of his spectacular flights across the prairies behind Kentucky thoroughbreds. His money-belt contained \$40,000, but as he had several hundreds in his pockets, search went no further, for the "road agents" doubtless imagined that no one man could have more. Holladay, in an effort to reach his gun, tried to bring down one hand on pretense of "scratching his nose," but the bandit courteously offered to do all the necessary scratching. As he used the muzzle of his sawed-off shotgun to scratch with, Holladay's nose ceased to trouble him almost at once.

A wild lot—the Pony Express bunch—and yet, such was the devotion inspired by Russell, Waddell and Majors, that all signed, and what is more, kept the following pledge:

"I, _____, do hereby swear, before the Great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Waddell and Majors, I will, under no circumstances, use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating

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liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employe of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

"Jack" Slade, one of the most notorious "bad men" that the West ever produced, was a division agent, and throughout his service was an effective force for law and order. Mark Twain, in "Roughing It," gives a delightful pen-picture of Slade, whose mild face and soft voice made it impossible to believe that he had killed twenty-six white men and an uncounted number of Indians. Jules Beni, the rascally French desperado for whom Julesburg was named, once ambushed Slade and left him for dead with a score of buckshot in his body. Jules himself, happening to be caught, was hung to a casual tree, but friends cut him down and brought him back to life. By much the same miracle, Slade recovered and a man-hunt commenced that held the breathless attention of the whole West. At last, however, Slade ran the Frenchman down in his river covert, and after tying him hard and fast to a post, shot off his ears and otherwise gave an exhibition of marksmanship before putting a merciful bullet through the heart. After leaving the Pony Express, Slade took to drink and crime, and was finally lynched by some mountain vigilantes for a peculiarly atrocious murder.

"WILD BILL" HICKOK was another famous character—perhaps the surest shot in all the reckless company whose lives depended upon quick drawing and accurate firing. His ivory-handled guns had the spring of a rattlesnake, and he was never known to miss. Together with "Doc" Brink, a Pony Express rider, he faced the whole McCandless gang in a historic fight that stretched five outlaws dead on the ground, and sent the rest into flight. Marshal for a while, a government scout with Custer, he joined his old friend "Buffalo Bill," in his Wild West show, but soon tired, and went back to his old haunts where an assassin's bullet ended his restless, adventurous life. It was the record of 99 per cent. of the Pony Express men that they "died with their boots on"—some as bandits, some as soldiers, but generally in the fierce, sudden duels that marked the high play in gambling houses.

The end of the Pony Express came in October, 1861, when Edward Creighton strung the last link of the telegraph line that connected Omaha and San Francisco, for even though the ten-word rate from Denver to New York was \$9.00, it was so much faster as to prevent thought of competition. In any event, the venture was on its last legs, for while the revenue from sixteen months of operation was \$500,000, the expenses were \$700,000. Russell, Waddell and Majors had mortgaged their stage lines to meet the deficit, and when the government refused to pay the claims for Indian damages, the great property went under the hammer. All that remained to Russell and his partners was the consolation that they had proved possible the conquest of mountain and plain, and the pride that throughout the whole sixteen months, with its total of 650,000 miles of hard riding, only one mail had ever been lost.

Ben Holladay, who took over the properties, was another of the empire-building breed. As a boy, in 1846, he had ridden with Colonel Doniphan and his Missourians from St. Louis for the conquest of New Mexico, and had followed his giant leader across the Jornada del Muerto to Chihuahua and Saltillo, where "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor threw up his hands at the tale of the terrible march and victories against overwhelming odds. At twenty-eight he had freighted fifty wagons into Salt Lake, where his gay courage won such favor that Brigham Young publicly announced in the Tabernacle that "Brother Holladay has a large stock of goods for sale, and can be treated as an honorable man." Expanding his freighting operations, he organized stage routes, and with the acquirement of the Russell, Waddell and Majors holdings, became the acknowledged transportation king of the West. With the discovery of gold in Idaho and Montana, he threw laterals far and wide until his stage lines covered 3,600 miles—secured immensely profitable mail contracts—thought nothing of an annual feed bill of \$1,000,000—and built sixteen steamers for the Chinese trade. In Washington, his great mansion became famous

(Continued on page 68)

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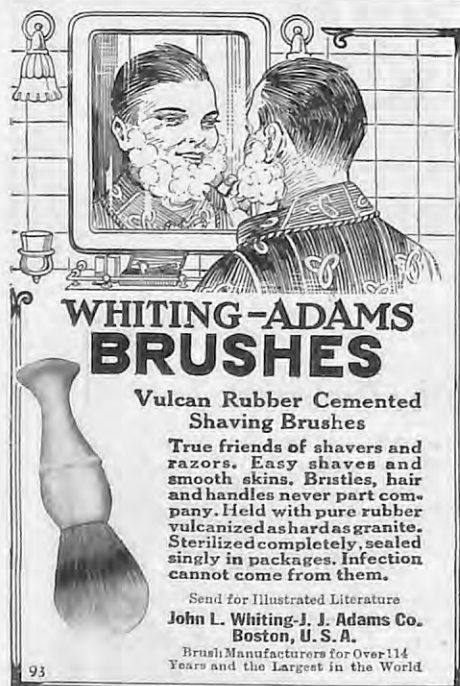
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The Romance of the Pony Express

(Continued from page 67)

for lavish hospitality and Ophir Farm, his 400-acre country place near White Plains (afterwards acquired by Whitelaw Reid), "showed Eastern millionaires a thing or two."

Huge, dominant and courageous, he towered over the West like one of its mountain ranges, and his swift flights across the plains had all the drama of a Roman general's march. Nothing escaped his keen eye, for he was among the first to realize the commercial value of the buffalo bones that whitened the prairies, and commenced the trade that resulted in the shipment of millions of tons to the button factories and fertilizing plants of the East. All the while, however, the railroads were building—cutting down his territory day by day—and Indian depredations cost him hundreds of thousands in burned stations and stolen stock.

In 1866, many and heavy losses forced him to sell out to the new firm of Wells, Fargo and Company, but with the two millions received from the sale, he went to Oregon, wrung great land grants from a quickly subservient legislature, planned railroads and sent ships to Europe for immigrants. It was a gamble in which he stood to win

had luck stayed with him, but the panic of 1873 precipitated a crash that buried him in the ruins. To the last he bulked gigantic and unbeaten, holding fast to all the dramatic gestures, for when the government offered him \$100,000 in settlement of his claims, "Old Ben" waved it aside, shouting that if the United States was too poor to pay its just debts, it could keep its "damned chicken feed."

GIVEN courage by the Pony Express, the railroads had commenced building in 1861, the Union Pacific working from Omaha and the Central Pacific starting at Sacramento. At the peak of operations, 25,000 men and 5,000 teams were employed, and mile by mile steel rails crept across desert and plain, through mountain passes and tunnels bitten in the solid rock. On May 10, 1869, the rail ends met on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, and as Governor Leland Stanford, of California, proudly drove home the last spike—solid gold it was—the defeated hosts of Indians, wild riders and empire builders followed the buffalo and antelope over the horizon and into the dying sunset.

Our Federal Prisoners

(Continued from page 32)

have placed upon it. Can we fail the boys who did not fail us in war time?

Andrew and Barbara had been playmates as children, lovers in their high-school days. Both graduated from a secretarial school and held good clerical positions in the Post-office of a Southern city. They were planning marriage when Andrew slipped. One night he gambled away a week's salary. He loaned himself money from the cash-drawer. Losses and pilferings continued, and finally to clear himself he forged a money-order, Barbara assisting him. Both were arrested, their sentences were equal—two years. Their fate, however, was very different.

Andrew went to Atlanta, was found competent for clerical work and assigned to the office staff. His suit and shoes were white, he had a good bed, clean, wholesome food, recreation and a chance at the night school to study Spanish and Commercial Law. At the end of his two years he was in good shape physically and more competent than before his sentence.

What of Barbara? There is no Atlanta for Federal women prisoners, no Federal institution whatever. She was boarded in a State prison for men, in the corner reserved for women who violate the law. Her companions were four—a negress, a Mexican and two worn-out denizens of the underworld—a murderess, a thief and two panderers of narcotic drugs, all diseased and obscene in their talk. Her cell was old and vermin-infested, its windows whitewashed to prevent her seeing the men at recreation in the yard below. She wore a shapeless garment of "bed-ticking." Her food was served in a rusty tin pan in her cell. No work, no school, nothing to do but "rot." She came out a wreck of her former self, a poor thing no man would marry, not even Andrew—nothing was left for her but to go on down, down to the level of her prison mates. A weak girl, but one who had loved too well and who might have been helped had her sentence been to one of the good reformatories for women.

These good institutions are overcrowded, however, and can no longer receive Federal prisoners. Few, even of the State prisons, can continue to fit them in the corner reserved for women. Daily, the situation grows worse. In December, 1923, twenty women were sen-

tenced for Federal offences and had to be held in the county jails, those hideous pest-holes that infest our land.

This year the Department of Federal Prisons is asking Congress to establish an industrial farm colony for Federal women prisoners. As women, we demand justice for these Federal women prisoners. Barbara must be given as good a chance as Andrew.

President Coolidge, in his recent Message to Congress, supported these three proposals:

- I. Work with wage for every man and woman confined in a Federal prison.
- II. An industrial reformatory for young men, first offenders.
- III. An industrial farm for Federal women prisoners.

Every organization, every citizen of this Republic, has a responsibility in the matter. All can help with publicity and express their interest to those who represent them in Congress. Let us stand firmly behind the Department of Federal Prisons in its effort to meet the responsibility we have imposed upon it.

The Status of the Three Federal Prison Bills at Time of Going to Press

I. A Bill to establish industries at Leavenworth Prison has passed both Houses of Congress. It appropriates \$450,000 for the erection of factories (to be built by prison labor) installation of industries and a rotating fund for their operation.

This Bill will provide work for approximately 1,000 of the idle prisoners.

II. A Bill (Union Calendar No. 24) to establish an industrial reformatory for young men first offenders has been favorably reported by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

III. A Bill (Union Calendar No. 23) to establish an industrial farm for Federal women prisoners has passed the Senate and been favorably reported by the Judiciary Committee of the House. This Bill provides for a Commission to select a site after which an appropriation Bill must be passed before the institution is established.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 26)

"Say, when you were in the woods did you ever swing birches?" he asked.

I admitted absolute ignorance of this outdoor sport and demanded enlightenment.

"Well," began the Babe, "you climb one of the first birches and start it swinging back and forth. When you get it going as far as it

will go you loose your hold and swing over to the next one. If there are plenty of birches you can travel for a long way without ever touching the ground. When I am alone I like to travel through the woods that way just swinging through the air."

This is a new and intimate picture of the

Babe who is visualized only in a baseball uniform standing at the plate, a modern Thor with his hammer or a Hercules with his club, the sort of a picture that would stir men through all the ages. I would sooner see the picture of the primitive Babe at play in the woods swinging through the air in quest of his brother treemen of the dim and misty past.

The Babe is colorful and it is because he is natural that he is so colorful. Also remember that this thing they call color has a commercial value. Others might do the things in baseball that the Babe has done in the matter of achievements for the cold statistics but they would not pack the parks as the Babe has done and will continue to do for some time.

The Managers Bar Golf

SOME of the baseball managers have started this year by issuing orders that their players are not to play golf during the baseball season. This is not because these managers have any prejudices against that very ancient game but because they have become convinced that the ball players become too interested in golf and spend too much time and energy at it.

There was a time when this would have been considered somewhat idiotic, that golf was a strenuous enough game to burn up the energy of a baseball player. But the managers have become convinced that it is so. Considering the matter superficially the managers are justified. The amount of energy which a ball player spends during the course of an ordinary baseball game is not so great. The members of the batteries are the only men who are constantly in action with the rests between the halves of innings. A golf game played with any amount of intensity and enthusiasm will keep men more constantly on the move.

Managers like McGraw and Wilbert Robinson play golf for their own amusement and know something about the game. They are inclined to uphold the dictum that golf must not be allowed to interfere with baseball. The players are paid to play baseball and if their golf interferes in the slightest degree with their efficiency as baseball players they must give up golf, at least during the playing season.

There was a time when the old baseball player regarded golf in a humorous light. But the modern baseball player is of a different type. He frequently is a college man and he has considerable knowledge of sports other than baseball. More than fifty per cent. of the baseball players of to-day like their golf and will complain bitterly when they are deprived of it.

Even at the training camps the players will not be able to escape the regular practice hour by begging off on the ground that they can get into better physical shape by working out on the links.

How Your Magazine Is Made

(Continued from page 34)

by literary agents, or else order them to be written by established writers upon the quality of whose work they can rely. The first two methods entail constant reading in order to keep ahead of the flood of material submitted. Most authors who write for a living entrust their manuscripts to agents. The latter, being in constant touch with the entire magazine market, know where stories of certain types should be submitted first and can thus make quicker sales.

Special articles are handled somewhat differently. Occasionally a writer can sell an article just as he has written it. The most satisfactory way, however, is for the writer to talk over the subject of the article with an editor beforehand. Articles can usually be written from three or four different points of view. By ascertaining in advance whether or not his subject appeals to an editor and from what angle, the writer can shape his material to meet the policies of that particular magazine.

The editorial department's first thought, obviously, is to secure stories and articles. Its next step is to have them illustrated—if they lend themselves to illustration—and this calls for a knowledge of artists and what they can do. Certain stories require a certain sort of pictorial treatment. Certain artists can draw or paint a special kind of character or produce a specific

(Continued on page 70)

billiards

a gentleman's game



BILLIARDS is a clean, healthful, interesting sport that develops patience and perseverance, steadies the nerves and stimulates mentally as well as physically.

Club billiard rooms equipped with BRUNSWICK tables and

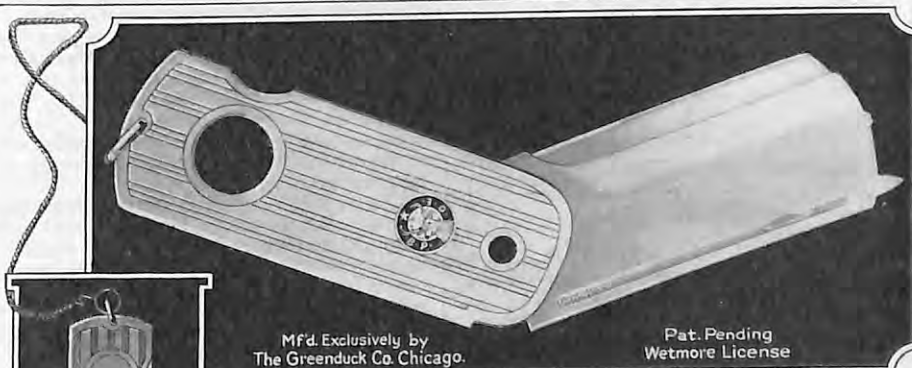
accessories offer the finest opportunities in the world for enjoying this most fascinating game.

Make the most of the excellent facilities that your own club has provided by playing frequently on the club's tables.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities
in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO



Mfd. Exclusively by
The Greenduck Co. Chicago.

Pat. Pending
Wetmore License

For the other end of your chain—

RAZO-NIFE

"NOT A DULL MOMENT"

A knife with a real razor edge—sharper than any pocket knife made—and a blade that can be renewed in a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snaps into place.

USE YOUR CAST-OFF SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

They make new blades, for this handy knife. It will do anything that any pocket knife can be expected to do, and it's always sharp. An efficient serviceable knife for everyone.

It is made of solid jeweler's grade mirror polished nickel-silver with a neat design etched on the handle. Can be had either with or without Elks emblem (or emblem of any other national organization) on the handle. Plain knives have neat panel for engraving initials.

Price without emblem, each \$1.00 Price with emblem, each \$1.50

If your druggist hasn't yet received his stock of Razo-Nives, use the coupon and order direct.

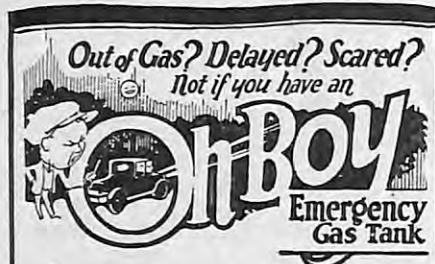
DEALERS—Ask about our retail selling plan and special deal.

THE GREENDUCK COMPANY
Van Buren & Hoyne Avenue Chicago, Illinois

THE GREENDUCK COMPANY,
Van Buren & Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$..... for..... Razo-Nives
Name..... City.....
Street..... State.....
Emblem Wanted.....





REMEMBER the last time you were stalled? In a hurry, after dark, miles from the nearest station? You'd have given a fortune then for one more gallon of gas.

Don't let it happen again. Get an "OH BOY" Emergency Gas Tank and always have an extra gallon along. "OH BOY" slips under the seat or in the back, out of the way until needed. Made of heavy metal, painted red, with extension funnel spout. Will outlast the life of your car.

"OH BOY" solves your most annoying problem at insignificant cost. Shipped direct to you, postage paid, for only one dollar. "Oh Boy," you'll say, "some buy!" Pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail today.

"Oh Boy" Tank Division
St. Louis Tin & Sheet Metal Wkg. Co.
102 Blanke Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.
Patent Applied For



USE THIS COUPON

"OH BOY" Tank Division,
St. Louis Tin & Sheet Metal Wkg. Co.
102 Blanke Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please ship me at once an "OH BOY" Emergency Gas Tank, for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name _____
Address _____

High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

30 Other Courses
American School
Dept. H3-27
Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Dept. H3.27 Chicago © A S 1923

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
|Architect |Lawyer |
|Building Contractor |Machine Shop Practice |
|Automobile Engineer |Photoplay Writer |
|Automobile Repairman |Mechanical Engineer |
|Civil Engineer |Shop Superintendent |
|Structural Engineer |Employment Manager |
|Business Manager |Steam Engineer |
|Cert. Public Accountant |Foremanship |
|Accountant and Auditor |Sanitary Engineer |
|Bookkeeper |Surveyor (and Mapping) |
|Draftsman and Designer |Telephone Engineer |
|Electrical Engineer |Telegraph Engineer |
|Electric Light and Power |High School Graduate |
|General Education |Fire Insurance Expert |
|Vocational Guidance |Wireless Radio |
|Business Law |Undecided |

Name _____
Address _____

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. N. 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

How Your Magazine Is Made

(Continued from page 69)

artistic effect. The object of illustrating a story or article is to attract the reader's attention and to interpret the atmosphere of the author's work in visual form. The illustrations also enhance the appearance of the magazine as a whole, provided they are so proportioned and placed on the pages as to combine with the type to produce compositions pleasing to the eye.

This manipulation of pictures and text is known as "laying out" the magazine and is also the work of the editorial department. The editors make dummy pages on which they indicate exactly which space is to be occupied by pictures, which by text, where the headings and captions are to be, the size and style of type and so on. In the case of THE ELKS MAGAZINE the whole issue is laid out in advance so that no two pages will conflict and so that all illustrations, headings, captions and white spaces shall dovetail into a harmonious pattern from one end of the number to the other. In this way it is possible to make up a balanced magazine.

When the illustrations have been accepted and the editorial department has marked them for size, they are sent to the engraver. Photo-engraving has been brought to the state of a fine art and is a highly interesting and ingenious process. No attempt will be made here to describe it in detail because an exact description would become too technical, but a brief outline of how drawings and photographs are transformed into engravings, or cuts, may be of value.

PRINTING is accomplished by pressing metal letters, covered with ink, against paper. The problem of reproducing pictures is that of putting them into a form that resembles type, so that their lines will make an impress on the paper, just as the lines of the metal letters do. In the old days, this was done by means of woodcuts. The artist drew his picture on a block of wood and then, with chisel and gouge, cut away the wood between the lines of his drawing, so that these lines stood higher than the wood between them. The block of wood, thus cut, when inked and pressed on paper would leave the imprint of the high lines of the drawing, while the spaces between, which had been cut away, and therefore did not touch the paper, showed white in the impression. Wood engraving was a laborious process. The advent of high-speed printing-presses brought the necessity for some swifter means of reproducing pictures. Photo-engraving met the necessity.

The original drawing is set up under arc lights on an easel in front of a big camera and photographed on a wet sensitized plate. This plate is developed—just as your snapshot films are—and the result is a negative. This negative is printed—as your own film negatives are—except that instead of being printed on sensitized paper it is printed on sensitized zinc or copper. The result is a positive. This positive, printed photographically on metal, is treated with chemicals and then immersed in an acid bath. The acid eats away the portions of the picture between the lines—just as the wood-engraver used to cut them away—and, after being touched up by the finisher the engraving, cut, or plate, is ready for the printer.

There are two kinds of photo-engravings: line-cuts and half-tones. Line-cuts are made from drawings in black and white which contain no middle tones or gradations of black. Half-tones, as their name implies, are made from drawings or photographs in which there are many varying tones, ranging from white, through the grays, all the way to black. These middle or graduated tones of gray are obtained by photographing the original "copy" through a special glass screen which is criss-crossed by hundreds of very fine diagonal lines. Refraction of the light passing through this screen causes the image to be broken up on the negative into tiny dots. The dark parts of the original are represented by dots slightly wider in surface than the lighter parts. The acid eats away the metal between the dots, so that it is the latter which form the printing surface. The difference in surface area of the light and dark dots is infinitesimal, but it is sufficient to make a difference in the amount of ink each dot will hold, and also in the distance between dots. If you will examine the pictures in this magazine under a

magnifying glass you will see how the surfaces are broken up and it will be apparent that their reproduction is made up entirely of the impressions left on the paper by these myriad dots of the half-tone plates.

Given the cuts, the story or article, and the page layout, the printer's first task is to set the "copy" in type. It would require many thousand words to tell fully all that could be told about the remarkable machines that have been developed to speed up the every-day business of putting printed words on paper. Some of these machines are so nearly human that one almost expects them to talk. Consider, for instance, the monotype machines which set the bulk of the contents of this magazine. They are dual machines. One part records on paper spools each word in the manuscript, letter by letter, at the touch of the operator's fingers on a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. The other part of the machine automatically casts each word, letter for letter, in fresh, new type, guided, like a pianola, by the holes cut in the paper spools.

When the type is set it is put into place—or made up—with the engravings and locked tightly in a metal frame called a chase, an ink roller is passed over it and proofs are "pulled" from it. These proofs go to readers in the printing-office and also to the editorial department, where they are read several times by members of the staff in order that all errors may be caught and eliminated. After corrections have been made and the proofs are finally O.K.'d, the printer puts the pages on the press. Because of the time required to print and mail the entire edition, the date of the final O.K. must be at least three weeks before the magazine is due to come out.

But no big magazine is printed from the original type from which these proofs are pulled. Neither this type nor the original engravings would stand up under the wear and tear of nearly a million impressions. It is necessary, therefore, to "plate" the original type and cuts. This, in itself, is an interesting process.

The chase, containing a page of type and a cut or two, with a sheet of soft, smooth lead laid over it, is placed on the steel table of a moulding press. This machine squeezes the lead against the type and the cut with a pressure of hundreds of tons. When the sheet of lead is taken out it is an exact mould of the type and the cut—even to the tiny halftone dots—just as melted sealing-wax forms an exact mould of your seal when you press your ring on it. The next step is to obtain from this soft lead mould a metal plate, the size of a page, sufficiently hard to be used on the printing-press. This is done by coating the mould with a thin shell of copper in an electrolytic bath. You have probably read about the way silver-plating is done, through the action of an electric current on a mixture of acid and metallic salts. The same process is used here. In other words, the lead is copper-plated. This plating or sheath of copper fills every indentation of the mould. When it reaches the required thickness, it is stripped off the mould. At last, backed with molten lead, hardened, trimmed to size and curved to fit the cylinders of the press, it is ready for use, an exact duplicate, to the last dot, of the original type and cut as they came from the composing-room. This plate is called an electrotype. Several plates are made of each page, so that a number of presses can be printing the same page at once.

Magazines are printed in "forms." A form is a sheet of paper which folds into four, eight, or sixteen pages. This issue you now hold is composed of five forms: four of sixteen pages each and one of eight pages. (The covers are printed separately.) The grouping of pages into forms is arbitrary. For this reason it is necessary that all the pages of one form be ready for the press simultaneously. Otherwise the press must stand idle until the form is complete. In this issue the eight-page form is made up of pages 17 to 20 and 53 to 56 inclusive. These particular pages were all printed on one sheet of paper. Each group of sixteen pages comprising the other four forms was printed on one sheet of paper, eight pages on one side of the sheet and eight on the other, printed all at once. The presses can print two sixteens, or thirty-two pages at one time, running at the rate of 6000 complete forms an hour.

The paper is fed to these giant presses in huge rolls, each averaging 1,400 pounds in weight. It is drawn through innumerable adjusting rollers, over the rotary type cylinders and emerges at the delivery end of the press folded neatly into forms and counted.

This is not intended to be a statistical article, but it may help you to visualize the magnitude of the enterprise—and of the Order of Elks—to know that every issue of the magazine requires 1647 miles of paper, enough to stretch from Boston, Mass., to New Orleans, La. The entire edition, if piled in a single stack, would make a column rising into the air approximately 14,000 feet, nearly twenty times as high as the Woolworth Building and within a few feet of the summit of Mount Whitney, one of the two highest mountains in the United States. Even the brown paper used in wrapping the copies for mailing would make a strip reaching some 160 miles, or greater than the distance from New York to Albany.

When the printed forms are removed from the racks at the end of the press they are taken to the bindery. Here you see manual dexterity developed to an unusually high degree for this day of mechanical operation. The various forms are laid in piles on long tables before which stand girls who pick them up like lightning, a form in each hand, and insert them in their proper places, slipping them finally into cover pages. The magazines are now assembled. The pages are in place, but they are only loosely assembled. They need wire stitches in their backs and their edges are still ragged. Following the hand operation the magazines are placed on the stitching-machine, a really marvelous mechanism which not alone aligns the forms in the covers and clips two wire stitches through the backs, but automatically throws out any copy which does not contain the requisite number of pages. From the stitcher the magazines are conveyed to the cutting machines, where great knives cleave through thick stacks of them as if they were warm butter, trimming off the rough edges and making them all uniform in size. This is the last operation performed by the printing establishment. The magazines are now ready for the circulation department.

BUT before the magazines were ready for the circulation department, the circulation department had to get ready for their arrival. And this is a story in itself. The work of this branch of a publishing organization is ordinarily more complex than is that of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The job of the average circulation department is to secure new subscriptions, renew expiring ones and to build up newsstand sales, in addition to handling the distribution to present subscribers. The selling of magazines is a very expensive proposition, requiring a sales force and the utilization of every method known to modern merchandising. Newsstands must be visited and displays arranged. Selling campaigns by mail and in other publications must be conducted. Squads of house to house canvassers must be supervised. Sometimes premiums and cut-rates are offered as inducements to new subscribers. None of these sales activities need be called into play in the case of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, but even without them the circulation department has a man-sized job on its hands in the mere distribution of nearly a million magazines a month.

It is simpler now than at the beginning, when the great subscription list had to be built from the ground up. There did not exist a complete roster of the names and addresses of the entire membership of the Order. Each subordinate Lodge being a self-contained unit, it was necessary to obtain from each secretary the names and addresses of all members of his Lodge in good standing. It was then necessary to assemble all these lists, check them over and have them revised to bring them up to date. Nearly a million names and addresses, to be sorted out and verified. Compiling this list in the allotted time—about three months—was in itself a remarkable feat. And in aiding its compilation many Lodges discovered the value of keeping accurate records of their local membership.

The next step was to install a mechanical system by which the wrappers for each month's magazines might be addressed. This was, at the start, a complex task. In the first place a metal stencil had to be cut for each one of the more than eight hundred thousand names, bearing, in

addition to the name, the Lodge number, the street address, the city and state. A machine cuts the stencils, but the machine is operated by hand; imperfect stencils cannot be corrected. They must be made over. It is work requiring great care.

When the stencils were all cut another big task loomed up—that of segregating them according to geographical location. You see, the wrappers are printed from these stencils. All magazines destined for a certain territory must go into a specially tagged mail sack. It would be a hopeless task to print the wrappers haphazard every month and then try to sort them afterwards. The stencils were sorted first—at the very beginning—and now when the wrappers are printed the department knows that a certain pile of them is for magazines to be mailed to a specific part of the country. The stencils are ingeniously made to hook into one another, forming a sort of chain that is wound on spools, something like motion-picture film. Each spool represents a definite geographic locality.

When you send in a notice of change of address, a clerk in the stencil room takes out the spool in which your name is recorded, finds your stencil and removes it. Then she substitutes a new one which has already been cut, or inserts the new one in another spool covering the locality to which you have moved. In this connection please remember that it is impossible for her positively to identify you unless you send in, with your new address, not only your old address but your Lodge number as well. These three items of information must be supplied, or the change cannot be made.

The work of maintaining a subscription-list is endless. It cannot be otherwise, for unless it is kept up to date it is not worth the powder to blow it up.

When the wrappers are taken from the little electric press which prints the addresses on them, they are laid on tables, separated in piles according to destination. At these tables work another group of women unusually quick and skilful with their hands. With stacks of new magazines beside them, these women fold and wrap each copy with incredible rapidity. As each batch is wrapped it is thrown into mail-sacks, slid down a chute into waiting trucks and hurried to the post-office, those for the far West going first and those for the Eastern States last. It takes ten solid eight-hour days, working at top speed, to put the monthly edition into the mails.

In addition to the force required to do the routine work of revising the lists, cutting stencils, printing wrappers and wrapping magazines, it is necessary also to maintain a correspondence division to acknowledge requests for changes of address which, because of the size of the Order, amount to several thousand every month.

We come now to the advertising department. The question has been asked: "Why have any advertising in a publication like THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which has an established revenue from circulation?" The answer to this is twofold. It would not be possible to publish a periodical of the high quality of THE ELKS MAGAZINE without the added revenue from the sale of advertising space. The cost of publication is greater than the circulation revenue. Secondly, the majority of its readers would not like it so well if it contained no advertising. It would not seem like a real magazine. The fact that it is a real magazine and has been one from the start is the factor which has set THE ELKS MAGAZINE in a class by itself among fraternal publications and which has led to its undoubted success. When the magazine arrives at the point where it is able to turn back a surplus into the Grand Lodge treasury for such use as the Grand Lodge may decide upon, it is revenue from advertising that will have made such a condition possible.

Many people have voiced the opinion that it should be easy to sell advertising space in this magazine. "With a circulation as big as yours," they remark, "there ought to be nothing to it." In response to this let it be said that selling advertising space in any publication is hard work, calling for a high type of salesmanship and the patience of Job.

Springing full-fledged into being, with an established circulation of nearly a million, THE ELKS MAGAZINE set a precedent never before equalled in the publishing industry. Experi-

(Continued on page 72)

Only \$10⁰⁰ Down for this Used Burroughs



It will pay for Itself

Think of the errors it will prevent every day! Think of the time it will save in getting the figures you need!

This is a standard Burroughs Machine used in banks, offices and stores everywhere. It has been completely overhauled and worn parts replaced. It is guaranteed for the same period as a new machine.

Take advantage of this remarkable offer today—pay only \$10 down and let the machine pay its way in your business. Total price only \$100.

Other styles and sizes in leading makes of figuring machines.

Mail This Coupon

General Adding Machine Exchange
6548 Second Blvd., Detroit, Michigan

I would like to have more information about your \$100 used Burroughs Adding Machine.

Name _____
Business _____
Address _____

To Every Elk Merchant

You Elk merchants who read this will confer a great favor upon your representatives to whom you have given the responsibility of making this publication a success, by writing us and telling us the names of the national manufacturers whom you represent, and who you think should use its advertising pages.

By advertising in your magazine they are going to assist sales in your territory where the Elks comprise an appreciable percentage of your customers and who will be influenced in favor of the products advertised in the ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Airedale Puppies for Sale
Sired by International Champion Kootenai Chinook, out of a champion bred bitch. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. For particulars address Dr. L. F. Kornmann, Gault's Mills, W. Va.

Correct Your English

WE
HELP
YOU



"Can I take you for lunch somewhere?"
"Sure, but I don't know as I can tell yet. Let's you and I meet at about one."

Attractive? Yes, Until They Spoke!

HOW MANY MISTAKES DO YOU SEE in this brief conversation? There are nine common errors. Does your English embarrass or betray you? Do you know when you make mistakes?

Do you say in 'kwirry for inquir'y, ad'dress for address', cu'pon for cou'pon, conver'sant for con'versant, etc.?

When should you use will or shall, who or whom, sits or sets, laying or lying, etc.?

Can you pronounce well-known foreign names and phrases so as not to evoke an amused smile?

THE MILLER SYSTEM OF CORRECT ENGLISH

1341 Beacon Street, Boston 47, Mass.

for Cultured Speech, Business or Social, will help you. Brief—Simple—Concise—Practical—Entertaining—Inexpensive

SEE THIS COURSE IN YOUR HOME FREE

15 self-correcting lessons for Men and Women of the business, professional or social world, progressive teachers, up-to-date parents, etc., in simplified, applied Grammar, Rhetoric, Vocabulary, Punctuation, Common Errors, Correct Pronunciation of 525 misused English words, of Famous Places, Operas, Musicians, Artists, etc., also of French, Italian, German and Latin Phrases in common use, Good form in Letter Writing and many minor items that contribute to cultured conversation, poise and personality.

E. L. MILLER, Director,
1341 Beacon Street, Boston 47, Mass.

Please send, for my inspection, your 15-lesson COURSE in CORRECT ENGLISH. If I decide to keep the course, I will send you five dollars and receive the SELF-CORRECTING KEY. Otherwise I will return the lessons within five days. Cash with order brings 3 mos. free subscription to Josephine Turck Baker's unique magazine, "Correct English." Offer good for one month.

Name.....
Address.....

WANTED Leaders everywhere to organize classes in clubs, stores, factories and independently. Teachers and clubs should ask for circular "How to Conduct a Money-Making Study Class." Club Rules.

Wild Mellow Drama

To protect Porto Rican cigars and tobacco against fraud and adulteration, a Guarantee Stamp Act was passed by the Island's legislature.

It provides for inspection of all cigars and tobacco leaving the Island and the affixing to the containers thereof Guarantee Stamps certifying to the origin of the product.

White Stamps indicate "All-Porto Rican" tobacco.

Blue Stamps indicate "Porto Rican and Foreign Blended."

Pink Stamps, "All-Foreign."

Look for these stamps when buying Porto Rican cigars.

Let us mail you "The Story of a Porto Rican Cigar."

Government of Porto Rico
TOBACCO GUARANTEE AGENCY
136 Water Street, N. Y.
J. F. Vazquez, Agent



GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself

ten Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish every thing. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 141, East Orange, N. J.

How Your Magazine Is Made

(Continued from page 71)

enced publishers were frankly amazed at the standard set by the very first issue and even doubted that it could be kept up. Advertisers were no less astonished at the quality of the new publication and admitted it. But one horseshoe doesn't make a cavalry troop. Did advertisers form in line to beg for space in future issues? They did not. They had done business fairly satisfactorily for years so far without this periodical. They would continue to struggle along without it until they were convinced that they really needed it. Do you blame them?

Right here it would be well to expose a fallacy which rears its head every little while among the misinformed. This is the idea that THE ELKS MAGAZINE can easily get advertising on a purely fraternal basis from business men who are Elks. It is an absolutely erroneous idea. The publication does not want advertising on that basis, does not solicit advertising on that basis and would not get any business on that basis if it should ask for it. Advertising space in THE ELKS MAGAZINE—as in every other high class publication—is sold on its value as a medium for securing results for the advertiser. This is the only way in which it ever will be sold, or ever can be sold.

There are so many publications nowadays that it is manifestly impossible for any advertiser to use them all. Nor is it good business for him to use space here and there, haphazard. The common practice is to set aside, once or twice a year, a definite financial appropriation to be invested in advertising during the months to come. The advertiser, in consultation with his agent, selects a list of the publications he thinks will help most to promote his sales, and makes a schedule of a certain number of advertisements for each. Magazines that are not placed on the list can secure no advertising from this source until the next list is made up, six months or a year hence. A new publication, in order to find a place on the list, must persuade the advertiser that he would be justified in substituting it for an established competitor. This is usually a lengthy process, involving many interviews, and explains why it is seldom possible to secure large quantities of high class advertising in a short space of time. It is

always easy, of course, to secure questionable advertising. But no self-respecting magazine seeking the confidence of its readers can afford to accept advertising which it cannot guarantee.

What constitutes value in a publication from the advertiser's viewpoint? What is it that advertising men have to sell? Stated in one word, the answer would be "responsiveness." Several stout volumes could be written—and many have been—in discussion of this topic. It is too many-sided to bear elaboration here. And yet it should not be dismissed casually in one word. A magazine must possess many qualifications, in combination, in order to be interesting to an advertiser. Reduced to their lowest terms, these qualifications are:

1. Quantity of circulation.
2. Buying power of readers.
3. Where the readers are located.
4. A fair price for its space.
5. Confidence of its readers.
6. Permanence and financial stability.
7. Stories, articles and pictures that will capture and hold the attention of its readers.

Of these essentials, the last-named should really be placed first. Obviously, a magazine that is not read cannot possibly be a responsive advertising medium.

It would scarcely be in good taste to enumerate here the virtues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE as a merchandising medium. That is the province of the advertising department and the place to do it is in the office of the prospective buyer of space. Any reader who wishes to convince himself, however, may do so by analyzing the publication in the manner suggested by the foregoing table of qualifications.

It has been the aim of this article to set forth in skeleton form the workings of a magazine, that you who see publications only as completed units may have some conception of the problems involved in making them. They look simple. Just a few sheaves of paper, covered with pictures and type. But the good they do, the pleasure they give, the influence they wield, are only in proportion to the judgment, thought, labor and money that go into their creation.

Has The Elks Magazine Your Correct Address?

THE cooperation of subordinate Lodges and all their members is necessary for the maintenance of a correct mailing list for THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

An average of 20,000 changes of address come to us in a single month. About half of them are from postmasters, who are required to forward subscribers' changes of address that come to their notice, to the respective publishers. Publishers, in turn, are required to comply promptly with these postoffice notifications.

Subordinate Lodge Secretaries are notified monthly of all changes of address and cancellations that come to THE ELKS MAGAZINE from outside sources, even though some of them may also have come from a Lodge Secretary. The purpose of this special service is to keep the Secretaries informed of mailing list changes that come to us in this way, and also to invite the assistance and cooperation of the Secretaries in verifying or correcting all such changes.

It is inevitable that errors should occur in this vast number of monthly changes. The fullest cooperation of Secretaries and members is therefore necessary for the maintenance of a correct mailing list.

All additions and corrections for the mailing list should be promptly forwarded to THE ELKS MAGAZINE by Lodge Secretaries.

The home address should be given of new members.

Both the old and the new addresses are absolutely essential in all changes of address—as is also the lodge number.

Lodge Secretaries who desire them can obtain without cost, on request, mailing slips which will facilitate the sending in of corrections. If typewritten lists are sent in on sheets it is important

that the names be arranged in alphabetical order. Where good reason exists, revised membership lists will be received from Lodge Secretaries for use in checking and correcting the mailing list. Revised lists should be typewritten and contain the names of all members in good standing, even if addresses cannot be given in each case. The names should also be arranged in alphabetical order.

By way of suggestion a form for change of address is published below, which subordinate Lodges might print occasionally in their local bulletins, for the convenience of members.

To All Members

If you are not receiving THE ELKS MAGAZINE, or if your copy is wrongly addressed, fill out the following form and mail it to your Lodge Secretary immediately:

Name.....

Address.....

Old address (if change).....

Date..... Lodge No.....

He Starts With "Nice Weather Today" - and Stops !

IT is very important, for social and business reasons, that he impress these people, win their respect and confidence. They can be very helpful to him in his career. They would be very valuable to him as friends.

But somehow he just doesn't seem to "fit in" at this function, the first of its kind he has ever attended. He feels embarrassed and uncomfortable, and he is certain that they must be noticing it. Why can't he be calm, at ease, well-poised—as they are?

He finds a chair near two men whose acquaintance he has recently made in business. But now they seem almost strangers to him. An invisible barrier seems to rise between them. He never dreamed that his business associates would be so different when met on a social basis.

"Nice weather today"—he begins, and stops in embarrassment. He realizes that he has said precisely what people say when they don't know what to talk about. The men nod kindly and courteously, expecting him to continue. But in his self-consciousness he mistakes their smiles. They are mocking him! Perhaps they are sympathizing with him! Well he will show them some day that he is their social equal—that he, too, knows what to do and say, that he, too, can be well-poised and at ease!



Do You Make Friends Easily?

There can be nothing more embarrassing than to feel that one is socially inferior. It is a feeling that robs one of all poise and self-possession, that makes one uncomfortable and ill at ease—that makes one feel alone and out of place in every gathering.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

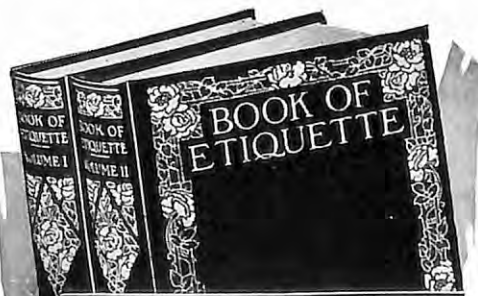
Etiquette is the armor that protects us from embarrassment. It eliminates all doubt and uncertainty. It tells us how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly. It teaches us to mingle with men and women of every degree of cultivation, on a basis of *social equality*. It banishes all embarrassment, gives a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Do You Make Little Impulsive Blunders?

Did you ever find yourself, at a dinner party, dance or entertainment, making little unexpected blunders—conspicuous blunders that caused you embarrassment? Perhaps it was at some fashionable hotel or restaurant. Perhaps it was at an important social function. Perhaps even

in your own home when you entertained visitors.

Why suffer the embarrassment of tell-tale blunders? By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the famous Book of Etiquette will protect you from all discomfort—no matter where or with whom you happen to be.



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If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer. Just mail the coupon. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once in a plain carton with no identifying marks. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1223, Garden City, N. Y.

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I accept your special offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette, in a plain carton, for which I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) on arrival—instead of the regular price of \$3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

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☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98, with same return privilege. (Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., \$3.44 cash with order.)



John B. Frimm, general manager of the "pust" office at Bradley's Corners, and dealer in dry goods, hardware, horehound candy, and tonics for man and beast, allowed that he would rather have a tooth pulled any time than get his photograph taken.

Mr. Frimm made no claims to pulchritudinous preeminence. He was not a man of exquisite tendencies. No one ever caught him wearing spats or gold suspender buckles.

He liked to let it be known that he was "plain and above board," but there was one dark secret in his life. He never explained why he wore that kind of whiskers.

What, if anything, was back of his personal bunch of timothy?

The question need not be pressed, for it is certain that if J. B. Frimm could have lathered with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream his whiskers would have ceased to precede him when he turned a corner.

Colgate's makes shaving so easy that no man, after lathering with it, is willing to prevent one half of his face from finding out what the other half looks like.

This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.



COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

*softens the beard at the base—
where the razor's work is done.*

It makes shaving so much easier and puts so much more comfort into it that you will be surprised at the wonderful difference.

With hot water or cold, soft water or hard, Colgate's quickly nullifies the resistance of the heaviest beard. You will notice, too, that it leaves the face delightfully soothed and velvety.

Ask your fellow Elk, the druggist, for Colgate's today, or let us send you a generous trial tube free. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

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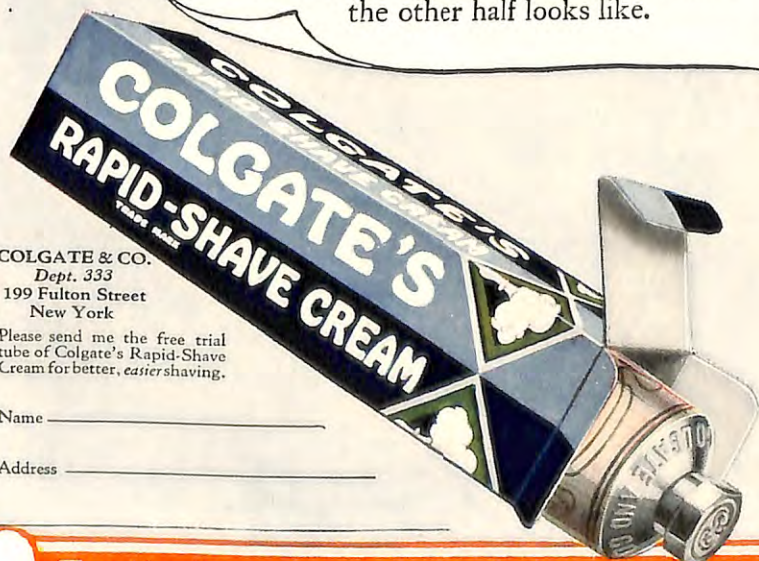
NOTE—Our long experience and great facilities enable us to make marvelous shaving preparations, including cream, powder, and the "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick which is the last word in shaving economy.

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