

The Elks

Magazine

APRIL, 1924
20 CENTS A COPY



Among the Many Good Features This Month, Be Sure to Read: "Whooping Up the Brothers," by Courtney Ryley Cooper, and "Joshua L. Bragg, U. S. A.," by Harris Dickson



At the Sign of the “A and Eagle”

Our trade-mark, the “A and Eagle,” now seen within the covers of your official publication, recalls traditions of long standing—

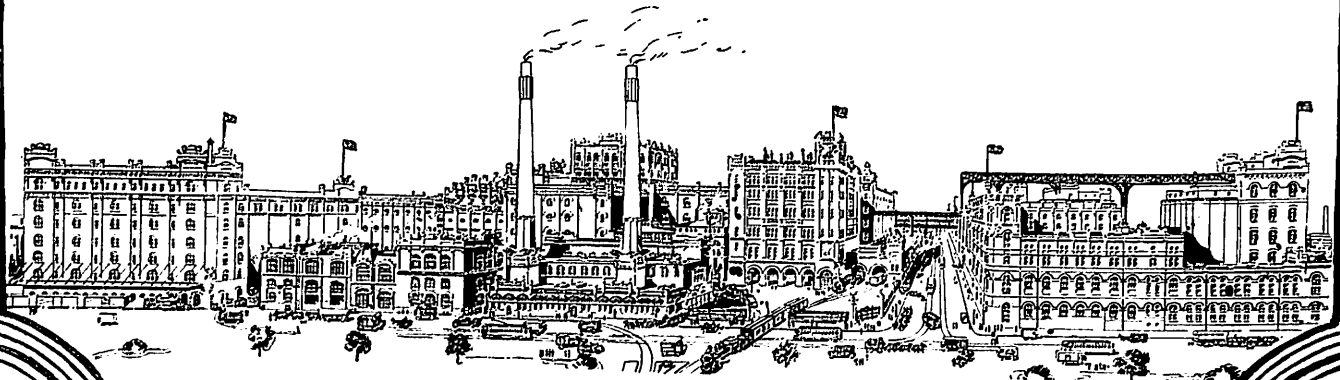
- ideals upheld through sixty-seven years of public service,
- nearly three-quarters of a century devoted to the manufacture of quality products,
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Famed far and wide are the fourteen different products manufactured and distributed by Anheuser-Busch—among them BUDWEISER and A-B GINGER ALE.

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A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF OUR PLANT

Those Evening Hours That Decide Your Future

—will you use them for success or failure?

AFTER business hours, at home tonight, thousands of men all over the land will begin their evening journey toward achievement—

In their rooms, behind closed doors, in every city, town and hamlet you will find them—deeply absorbed in the problems of that bigger job—seriously taking counsel with the ablest men in the various branches of business—silently stealing a march on their less ambitious comrades.

To many a fellow, bent solely on a "good time," these men seem to be missing a lot of fun.

But the point **OVER-LOOKED** in such a hasty conclusion is that the fun they are missing is as **NOTHING** compared to the fun they are **GOING** to have, just as soon as they have equipped themselves to **PROVIDE** it!

—For it doesn't take a seer to perceive that the pleasure and happiness which the untrained man is able to extract from an income of say not more than \$1,800 a year is absolutely **NOT IN IT** with the enjoyments a man can provide if he is earning anywhere from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—

And with many of these earnest students of business it will be only a matter of months before they have put small jobs forever behind them, and have permanently joined the group of business **SPECIALISTS** whose earnings permit them to own their homes, drive fine cars, and give their children an education equal to the very best.

How McDuffie Gave the Laugh to the "Wise Guys"

When one considers how **GREAT** the difference is between what a man can do on the meagre salary of a bookkeeper—or shipping clerk—or routine correspondent—or unskilled "order-taker"—and the broader and richer life opened up to the trained accountant—the traffic expert—the writer of unusual business letters—the finished salesman—one can but be **AMAZED** that so many men are content to twirl their thumbs while their wonderful opportunities for self-development during evening hours

swiftly slip away from them—never to return.

There comes to mind, for example, a man named McDuffie, from Fayetteville, North Carolina, who writes in a most human way of how he equipped himself for a splendid future:

"In the year 1916 I was a bookkeeper, making a salary of \$15 a week—married, and with one little girl. I had always had it in the back of my head to become a Certified Public Accountant, and this idea I had talked over with my wife many times. One evening she happened to see your advertise-

interested that before either of us knew it we would be discussing Higher Accountancy into the early morning hours.

"During the two and a half years that it took me to finish the course—for I had changed jobs and was now head accountant for a chain of stores, which left me little time during the Spring and Fall seasons for study—my salary increased from \$15 to \$75 a week.

"We made it known to no one that I had received my diploma from LaSalle. I merely quit my \$75-a-week job and went to work with a firm of Certified Public Accountants for \$200 a month—just to get started in my life's work.

"When it became known that I had changed for less money, everyone again called us idiots. But we never hesitated for a minute—and six months later I passed the North Carolina C. P. A. examinations—and they say 'with high honors.'

"After that, our 'opponents' changed their tune—and today, to make a long story short, I own a half interest in an independent firm of Certified Public Accountants whose average profits during dull years have been \$20,000. As this year is better than average, I expect to be credited, for my first year's efforts, with more than \$10,000."

A mighty interesting human document, you'll agree—this letter telling how A. V. McDuffie, aided by LaSalle, climbed from \$15 a week to better than \$10,000 a year—and the encouraging and thrilling thing about it—for the man ambitious to get ahead—is that it is paralleled in every line by thousands of similar experiences. During three months' time,

for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling \$1,248,526. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

Prove Your Title to Success

No man ever got anywhere in this world by dodging issues.

Today—right now—this very minute—you are face to face with a decision.

On the coupon just below this text are listed many different paths by which more than 400,000 men have won advancement.

A check against the training that appeals to you—your name and address just below—the coupon placed in the mail—these simple acts are proof that you are the type of man who faces his problems squarely.

Let what you do with that coupon now be evidence that you deserve success.



ment and pointed it out to me. You advertised easy terms, so she clipped the coupon, filled it out and mailed it in. I later enrolled for your Higher Accountancy training."

McDuffie then goes on to tell of the discouraging advice which he and his wife received from any number of "Job's comforters"—

"They told us we were wasting our money, which we had very little of, and they thought it very, very foolish—for," said they, "Arch will never DO anything with it after he has it—and suppose he SHOULD finish the course, what GOOD will it do him?"

"We met with so much sarcasm and criticism that we finally stopped saying anything about the course, but just kept digging. I shall never forget many a time after a hot and hard day's work I would come home late and would try to put off my studying for that night, but first thing you know would hear my wife say, 'Are you contented to be just a mere bookkeeper all your life, on starvation wages?'—and then she would proceed either by a good sound jacking-up or sweet and sincere encouragement, to get me stirred up until I would pick up my studies and presently would get so

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☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

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☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.

☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

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☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

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

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two

Number Eleven



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

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*

Official Circular No. 3

Watertown, S. D., March 25th, 1924

To All Elks—Greeting:

It is proper at the close of the Subordinate Lodge year to report to the membership of the Order, as well as to the outgoing and incoming officers, on conditions as they now exist, with some few suggestions and announcements for the immediate future. Each individual member of our fraternity, as he contemplates our large numerical strength, and becomes more and more familiar with the growth and activity of the Order through his reading of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, can not fail to be impressed with the fact that he is a member, not merely of a local Club or Subordinate Lodge, but of the greatest American fraternity. One who is granted the privilege of visiting the various Lodges from coast to coast, coming in contact with the splendid personnel of the membership in hundreds of localities, and observing the remarkable activities and wonderful results accomplished, can not fail to emphasize this fact. We are indeed members of the strongest, most active and helpful national fraternal organization in this country.

After making more than one hundred and twenty-five actual visitations, and coming in direct contact with the membership of more than six hundred Lodges, it is a proud privilege to report that the Order is not only growing in membership, but that the real standing of the Subordinate Lodges, measured by their accomplishments in patriotic, charitable and welfare work is reaching higher ground with each passing month. Too much emphasis can not be laid upon the importance of a continued active welfare program, and I most earnestly reiterate the slogan, "Let's Do" the things that Elkdom stands for.

Subordinate Lodge Officers

Felicitations are extended to the corps of Subordinate Lodge officers who are just rounding out a year of active service. The newly elected officers can and will catch inspiration from the record of the past for greater accomplishments during the ensuing year. Much assistance can be rendered by the continued active cooperation of the retiring officers, and the harmonious and whole-hearted support of the new administration by the entire membership of the Lodge. The newly installed officers should immediately memorize the ritualistic work and services, and it is earnestly suggested that early meetings of all officers and committeemen, elected and appointed for the ensuing year, be held, to plan and properly direct the immediate execution of the work in each community.

District Meetings

Following the meeting of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in Chicago on September 30th, District Meetings of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the various Subordinate Lodges were held in almost every district. These meetings were most effective in the interchange of ideas, and the general good resulting from meeting with these contact officers of the Grand Lodge. In several jurisdictions, similar District Meetings have been called for the month of April, at which the retiring Exalted Ruler, the Secretary and the newly installed Exalted Ruler or other officer will be present. This idea is commended to the District Deputies and officers of Subordinate Lodges for their careful consideration.

District Deputy Reports

Eight Hundred and Twenty-five Reports of District Deputies on the condition of Subordinate Lodges have already been received, twenty-four District Deputies having failed to report to this date. Each Subordinate Lodge Report receives individual attention and comment, and if your District Deputy has not filed his report you may be assured that it will be done, and you will receive direct communication from this office promptly thereafter. If no visitation has been made by your District Deputy or Report filed, the Exalted Ruler of the Subordinate Lodge should immediately remind his District Deputy or advise this office, as we desire complete reports on file.

Membership

It has not been our policy to urge an increase in membership except of the highest class and most selective type. Continuous efforts to obtain the highest class of membership is necessary, and it is

hoped that each Lodge will redouble its efforts in this respect. Reports from the office of the Grand Secretary showing a greatly increased demand for initiatory supplies indicate a very substantial increase in membership since the close of the last Subordinate Lodge year.

Law Enforcement

With very few exceptions, Subordinate Lodges have not only kept a clear record in the matter of obedience to the law of the State and the law of the Order, but there has been a very marked tendency on the part of the Lodges and the membership to assist in every way in the enforcement of such laws. I regret to report, however, that it has been necessary to suspend the charters of two Subordinate Lodges where careful investigation developed the fact that certain of the membership of these Lodges were not filled with the proper regard for existing laws and their orderly enforcement. No complaint or insinuation that has come to this office has passed unnoticed; but in several instances thorough investigation proved conclusively that there was no foundation for unwarranted criticism or charges. The high standing of our fraternity and the very splendid attitude of the great number of Subordinate Lodges demand action on the part of your Grand Lodge officers to the end that no reproach be brought upon the Order by any regardless or thoughtless individual members of a Subordinate Lodge.

New Lodges

It is with much satisfaction that this office is able to report at this time that seven dispensations for new Lodges have already been granted, and that fifteen applications are now pending, all of which will receive due and careful consideration.

Influence of The Elks Magazine

The interest of the individual members of our Order in the affairs of the Grand Lodge has been markedly increased by virtue of the actual knowledge of events as they transpire and are communicated through the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This is revealed by correspondence received daily at this office, as well as by the files in the office of the magazine. Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges report insistent demands from members and their families who fail to receive even one copy of the magazine, by reason of change of address or otherwise. The recent article relative to the Harding Memorial, the article in this issue transmitting enlightening information relative to the Olympic Games, have given to the membership a real intimate interest in two great pending national projects. A reading and review of the splendid editorials have been the means of broadening the vision and increasing the efficiency of hundreds of officers and members.

Flag Day

The circular issued by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge relative to the observance of Flag Day is emphasized and commended to the careful attention of the officers and members of each Subordinate Lodge. Cooperation with other existing patriotic organizations, including the American Legion, will undoubtedly serve to bring about a more complete and effective observance of this patriotic occasion.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

The membership of the Order have a justifiable pride in the progress of the work on the National Memorial Headquarters building in Chicago. The cornerstone of this beautiful structure will be laid with appropriate ceremonies on June 7, 1924, and it is to be hoped that there will be a large gathering of the membership on this occasion. I feel quite sure that the Subordinate Lodges and the membership will welcome the announcement already made by the Commission and the Grand Secretary that no further assessments will be payable for national memorial headquarters purposes prior to April 1, 1925.

Appointments

Brother John W. Lapham, of Chanute Lodge No. 806, has been appointed District Deputy for Kansas Southeast to succeed Emil Koehl, resigned.

Brother H. H. Holeman, of Madisonville Lodge No. 783, has been appointed District Deputy for Kentucky West to succeed Virgil Y. Moore, resigned.

Brother Murrett W. Brown, of Shawnee Lodge No. 657, has been appointed District Deputy for Oklahoma Southeast to succeed C. D. Wallace, resigned.

Under authority of Grand Lodge Resolution, Miss Emma Scholl, the former efficient office Secretary, has been transferred to the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Miss Mabel C. Alworth has been appointed as Miss Scholl's successor in this office.

Brother Howard A. Swallow, of Danville, Ill., Lodge No. 332, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, to succeed Hon. John G. Price, resigned.

Section 12, Article 3, Constitution

As the time for the Grand Lodge Session approaches, attention is called to the fact that the Constitution provides that any proposed Statute or amendment of a Statute must be submitted in writing and filed in duplicate with the Grand Secretary at least fifteen days prior to the convening of the

Grand Lodge, and shall set out in full the proposed Statute or amendment, as the same will read if adopted. Any Lodge or member anticipating the proposing of any amendment to the Grand Lodge Statutes should have in mind this orderly procedure, in order that the work of the Grand Lodge may be facilitated.

Grand Lodge Session at Boston

The Boston Elks National Convention Association will be in charge of the Grand Lodge Reunion, which will open on the week of July 6th next. Proper preparations are being made for the entertainment of each member of the Order who attends the Reunion, and the cooperation of the city of Boston, of the civic bodies of that city, and each of the Subordinate Lodges in New England, assures the success of the Meeting.

Reduced railroad rates of not more than one and one-half fare are assured, and we are endeavoring to extend the time limit for return to and including July 31st. The Grand Secretary will issue a special circular relative to rates at an early date. In case of such extension, passengers on arrival at Boston will present their tickets to the validating agent, and upon payment of a fee of one dollar, the ticket will be extended with limit to reach original starting point not later than July 31st. While this return limit has not as yet met with the approval of certain of the transportation associations, we hope to be able to report favorably and definitely prior to June 1st next.

It is confidently expected that the coming Grand Lodge Session will be the largest in point of attendance and most interesting of any in the history of the Order.

Plans for the Convention include a union service at historic Trinity Church on the evening of Sunday, July 6th, at which Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart will have charge, and the Columbus, Ohio, chorus will take part. On Monday, July 7th, the time will be devoted to registration, entertainment features, and in the evening at eight o'clock will occur the public opening of the Grand Lodge Session at Mechanics' Hall.

The formal opening of the Grand Lodge Session will take place at Tremont Temple at ten A. M. Tuesday, July 8th, and all subsequent sessions of the Grand Lodge will be held at Tremont Temple.

Tuesday, July 8th, has been designated as a day for a huge patriotic demonstration and celebration on historic Boston Common, at which a speaker of great national importance will address the gathering. Various remarkable features and patriotic displays will be presented during the entire day and evening.

Wednesday of Convention Week will be a day at the beach, for each member attending the Grand Lodge Reunion.

Thursday will be devoted to further entertainment, concluding with the great National Elks Parade, starting at three P. M.

Friday, North Shore Day.

Saturday, Newport Day.

Further information will be given to the membership and to the Subordinate Lodges, but particular attention is directed to the circular and request to be issued by Grand Esquire, Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, relative to participation in the parade. It is hoped that each State and each Subordinate Lodge will participate in some way in this parade, and prompt attention and reply should be given to the communication from the Grand Esquire.

The pleasure and profit of the past months of humble service has brought to me a very keen sense of appreciation of the greatness of our Order, and the splendid spirit of cooperation and fellowship evidenced by the officers and membership of the Subordinate Lodges is a treasure indeed within my heart. My assurance of continued effort for the upbuilding of our great fraternity and its increased usefulness is given in return for the splendid efforts and assurance of support that have been extended to me on every hand.

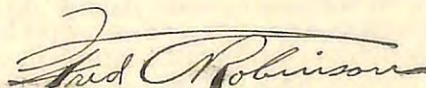
"Let's Do."

Sincerely and fraternally yours,



Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:

Grand Secretary.

Office of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare

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

Official Circular

New Orleans, La., February 18th, 1924

*To the Exalted Ruler, Officers and All Members of Subordinate Lodges, Benevolent
and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America*

My Brothers:

On June 14th all Elksdom will celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Our Flag. Since that banner of Liberty was brought into being, nearly a century and a half ago, by a patriotic American woman, all the world has learned to love and revere the Flag. Nowhere should the spirit of love and veneration be more fully displayed than in the subordinate Lodges of Elksdom.

Elksdom stands out preeminently as the great American order, dedicated to the perpetuation of this spirit of loyalty, to inculcating the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of all citizens, in every town or city in which there is a subordinate Lodge.

Let us this year, to a greater extent than ever before, celebrate by public observance this great anniversary in our Order. Wherever there is a subordinate Lodge the public should be gathered together to join in paying homage to the occasion. We can not measure the incalculable benefits of such an observance. The occasion lends itself to inspiration. Inspired orators recount with eloquence the glorious history of Our Flag and the things for which it stands; music and melody combine to lift up the soul in pæans of praise and thanksgiving. Our annual Flag Day observance offers a splendid opportunity to impress upon the youths of our land the truths of good citizenship and patriotism. To the alien, seeking equal opportunity in our great Republic, our observance stands out as an impressive ceremony, in which love of Flag and Country are the very foundation stones upon which our greatness rests.

Each passing year sees Elksdom discharging this duty in greater and better Flag Day celebrations. What is your Lodge doing toward making this year's observance bigger and better than ever before? Many of our subordinate Lodges are conducting Flag Day essay contests in the public schools. Suitable prizes are given, including a beautiful American flag, for the best essay written upon the origin and history of the Flag or some other patriotic subject. The school pupils are usually divided into two classes:

One set of three prizes awarded to the boys or girls in the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth grades for the best essays in this class.

One set of three prizes given to the boys or girls in the High Schools for the best essays in this class.

The winning essays are read in conjunction with the Flag Day exercises, to which the pupils of the Public Schools are invited to attend. It is well to limit these essays to 500 words and to have them submitted to the Judges not later than May 1.

The value of these Flag Day essay contests can not be overestimated. They stimulate the interest of every school child in the origin and history of the Flag, and will have the effect of inculcating a spirit of love and respect for our National Emblem. Encouraging our boys and girls to study the origin and history of their flag is doing a worth-while work in our great work of Americanization.

The annual report of this committee will be in the hands of the printer when your Flag Day exercises are held, so that it will be impossible to incorporate a report of your exercises in our report. However, the committee desires to know your plans for Flag Day, so that reference can be made to it in the report. Will your Lodge hold its Flag Day exercises in some public place and will you make an effort to secure the cooperation of your Public Schools?

For your information in making your report your committee desires to state that on April 1st a questionnaire will be sent out asking for a complete report of your Social and Community Welfare work for the year. From this questionnaire will be prepared the data for the annual report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. All previous reports made of specific activities will be disregarded by the committee in compiling its report and only the data contained in the questionnaire used. This announcement is made at this time, so that you can have the Chairman of your Social and Community Welfare committee, and the Secretary, prepare the data for the questionnaire.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

JOHN P. SULLIVAN
Chairman

Office of the

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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

50 East Forty-second Street
New York, February 16th, 1924

No Assessment to be Paid in 1924 for National Memorial Headquarters Building

To All Subordinate Lodges:

The report submitted by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission to the Grand Lodge at its annual meeting held in Atlanta, Ga., July, 1923, relating to the National Memorial Headquarters Building now under construction at Chicago, Ill., contained the following statement:

"Since the Grand Lodge voted its appropriation for the building, two assessments have been levied, aggregating one dollar and sixty-five cents (\$1.65) per capita. It is not anticipated that the Commission will make any further levy during the current calendar year. It is probable that a per capita assessment not to exceed seventy-five cents may be levied as of April 1st, 1924, but timely notice of any such levy will be given so as to enable the Subordinate Lodges to meet it without embarrassment." (See pages 139 and 140, Grand Lodge Printed Proceedings of 1923.)

Work on the construction of the building has been going forward and, in spite of adverse weather conditions, substantial progress has been made. By early Spring the building will be well under way. Although the Commission was given authority by the Grand Lodge to levy an assessment of not more than \$1.00 in each calendar year for the purpose of constructing the building, it has found that no such levy will be necessary during the calendar year 1924. Hence the Commission is pleased to report that no assessment for the building will be made which will be payable before April 1st, 1925. All Subordinate Lodges are therefore hereby notified that the contemplated assessment referred to in the report of the Commission will not be made and that no building assessment will be due or payable prior to April 1st, 1925.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION

JOHN K. TENER, *Chairman*
JOSEPH T. FANNING, *Secretary*

Note: This circular was mailed to all Subordinate Lodges on February 16th, 1924

We Want Them Then!

By O. Lawrence Hawthorne

I KNOW that even now we can not hope
To occupy their thoughts the whole day through:
Though Bower is but ten and Bob is six
And darling baby Dick is only two,
Already each of them has learned to seek
Companionship beyond our humble door;
Some subtle force is drawing them away
And what we lose life never can restore.

IT IS so hard sometimes to understand
That children do not love us less because
Their little souls are following the plan
Of Providence and heeding nature's laws;
Birds leave the downy nests that nurtured them
Before their wings are strong enough to fly,
For in no other way could they become
Such hardy, graceful sailors of the sky.

BUT this I ask: When each glad day is done
And instinct brings our children home again,
Oh, help their little hearts to know how much
Their mother and their daddy want them then!
When bedtime comes, and what the day has brought
Of good or ill is freely, frankly told,
Let us not fail to help them understand
Which things are gilded trash and which are gold.

✽

WE CAN not guide them through the busy hours
When work prevents our sharing in their play—
But oh, how precious is that comradeship
Which sanctifies a home at close of day!
Though we must lose so much of what we prize
As life's inexorable course is run,
I pray that we shall never cease to hold
Our children's loyalty when day is done.

*Malbron, the Arch Criminal,
Makes Use of Science*

Out of
a
Blue Sky

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Donald Teague



HOLLAND would not have left New York for any reason less imperative than the illness of his mother. He needed a vacation; he had been about to start upon one when Malbron, that criminal genius whom Holland had driven into hiding, emerged from obscurity to perpetrate one of the most daring crimes of the decade.

As always in these contests—their warfare had taken on the nature of a game of strength and skill—the result had been a draw. Members of Malbron's gang had been captured, but the chief had escaped. Holland had likened this latest escape to the dive of a man into the waters of a lake. In the obscure depths his body can not be discerned, nor can it be told exactly where he will emerge. But it is certain that sooner or later he must come up for air. The lake was the underworld; the air was money which Malbron must realize by the sale of his loot. The banks of the underworld were guarded by Holland and his men. And then sickness took Holland away from the city.

His mother was old; she demanded his presence. It was infinitely more important that Mrs. Holland be happy than that Malbron be captured. It was an occasion when duty to the individual seemed superior to duty to society.

So, on the veranda of the Holland home at Northeast Harbor, Holland read the day's letters from the New York office of the detective agency which his father had founded and of which the son was now the active head. He sighed wearily as he replaced the last paper in an envelope. Three weeks had elapsed since Malbron had escaped. No trace of him had been discovered. Unquestionably he had come up for air, but the watchers at the banks had not noticed the commotion in the criminal waters. Fate, in the form of Mrs. Holland's illness, had intervened in behalf of Malbron. For if young Holland himself had been able to remain in New York, Malbron could not have escaped. At least, so Holland flattered himself.

He put the envelopes away. He went to his mother's bed-room, and chatted with her for an hour, until the watchful nurse told him that his time was up. Then, rest-

less, he went back again upon the veranda. It was useless for him to plan an early return to New York. His mother's condition precluded any possibility of his leaving her for some time to come. And during that time Malbron could plan and execute a half a dozen crimes. For Holland was not too vain when he told himself that neither the police nor any independent detectives were able to cope with Malbron. It was Holland who had exposed the fashionable doctor and his scientific friends. Only Holland had been able to peer through the respectable disguise and see the perverted genius underneath. It was ridiculous to expect that the routine methods of others could succeed where Holland himself had not yet, with his originality, achieved triumph.

Well, he would endure inactivity. And he would temper his idleness by long-range advice to his employees. It might not profit much, but it would tend to relieve his own restlessness. So, on the veranda, he wrote a long letter to the agency manager, offering suggestions. Then he drove to the post-office and mailed the note.

He felt like a general whose plan of campaign is so intricate that it could not possibly be entrusted to another, but who is confined to his quarters hundreds of miles from the battle front. Worse than that; a military commander receives reports which enable him to decide upon movements in country which he has never seen. But Holland could receive no reports for the reason that only his own eyes would see significance in certain apparently trivial happenings. And he was not in New York to observe them.

A young man of his own age hailed him and invited him to join a foursome on the links. Pleasantly he refused. An attractive girl suggested a sail along the coast of Mt. Desert Island. He pleaded another engagement. Reconciled, perforce, to professional inactivity, he could not tolerate companionship, however charming. Ordinarily he would have responded with alacrity to the delights of the summer resort, but not now. He was obsessed with thoughts of Malbron.

And because he realized this he decided, although unwilling to join with others in the pleasures of the place, to take a lone ride. Perhaps the air rushing by him, and the

necessity of keeping his eyes upon the road would take his mind off Malbron.

He drove rapidly along the winding roads of the beautiful island, crossed the long bridge to the mainland and sped along the deserted roads. He had no particular objective, but when he had driven about sixty miles he began to feel hungry. He remembered that in Osborne there was a particularly good hotel. It was only twenty miles farther and he continued on.

The proprietor of the Osborne House himself ushered Holland into the dining-room. A celebrity like this, whose reputation was national, and who lived what ordinary folk considered a romantic life, was not one to be treated with the cold courtesy due the ordinary wayfarer. The landlord bustled about his famous guest; he made visits to the kitchen to give elaborate instructions. Holland really was served with a wonderful luncheon. Afterwards, he sat in the hotel office with the proprietor and showed a friendly interest in local affairs.

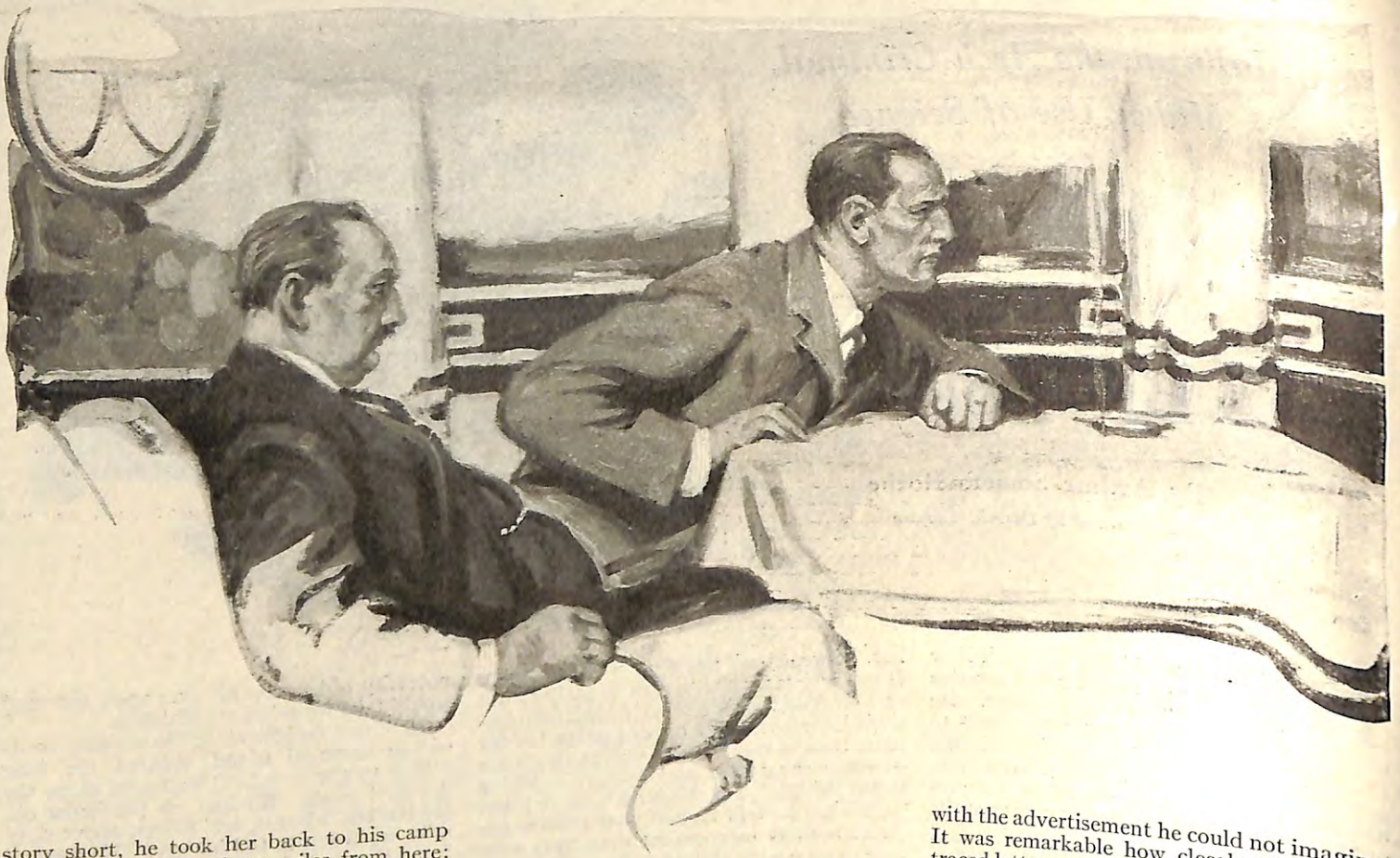
"WHERE'S the waitress that was here last year?" he asked.

The landlord beamed. It is always flattering to us when those whom we esteem great show not merely an interest but a knowledge of our affairs.

"You mean the one with the warts? Tillie Blaine?"

"That her name? I only remember that she had red hair and was rather pretty, and that she kept her hands in the pockets of her apron whenever she wasn't serving dishes. But there were no warts on her hands."

"She'd had 'em off," said the proprietor. "But I always think of Tillie as having 'em, because she had 'em so long. Doggone, I was afraid that she might lose her hands when she had those warts burned off, but it came out all right. The local doctors said it was too dangerous; even up in Bangor they were afraid to try it. I want to tell you, she had about a million of them on each hand. And one day a New York doctor, a man named Blaizey, stopping here for dinner, asked her why she didn't have her hands fixed up. Well, to cut a long



story short, he took her back to his camp in the woods about forty miles from here; she stayed three weeks, and when she came back her hands were white and smooth."

"But she kept them in her apron pockets," said Holland.

"Force o' habit," explained the hotel keeper. "Now she is over the habit. But when you was here, last August, the operation had just been finished. Mighty smart man, that Doctor Blaizey."

"It's a remarkable operation," agreed Holland. "And I suppose that Tillie, her hands now as beautiful as her face, has gone into the movies."

His host laughed. "No, she's not. But Doctor Blaizey came down here about two weeks ago and didn't bring no help with him. Tillie would give him anything in the world, she's that grateful. So she and her mother have gone into the woods with him, back of Tunk Pond, to sort of keep house for him on his vacation. Well, got to go?"

"Sorry; but it's a long ride back. Bully meal," said Holland.

The proprietor of the Osborne House grinned. "Glad you liked it. Mind writing your name in the guest book?"

"Delighted," said Holland.

HE was tired and sleepy when he arrived home. The strain of his campaign against Malbron had exhausted more of his nerve force than he suspected. He was glad to go to bed almost immediately after dinner. This was an enforced vacation that he was taking, but it was doing him good just the same. The salt air, sweetened by the pines, made his slumber dreamless and refreshing. And next morning the doctor told him that within a week his mother would be so much improved that it would be all right for him to return to New York.

After the customary hour with Mrs. Holland, he read his mail. There was nothing new in the communications from

the office. Malbron was still lost to sight. But there was one consolation. No crime had been committed that bore any signs of the Malbron handiwork. That afternoon Holland's father, founder and former head of the agency, chided his son.

"You're fretting too much, Frank," he said. "While you're down here, you can't be catching Malbron. Why not forget about him? What did you do yesterday?"

"Took a long ride," replied the son. "Well, that's better than sitting around fuming," declared the father. "How about a round of golf?"

The young man hesitated. "All right," he finally agreed.

On the fifth tee Holland hooked his drive. Standing on tip-toe, he watched the flight of the ball. Mentally he marked its resting-place. Then he turned to his caddy. "Did you see it?" he asked.

But the caddy's back was turned. He was staring into the sky. Holland followed his glance with his own eyes. High in the air an airplane was maneuvering. It left in its wake a trail of white smoke.

"He's writing something in the air," cried the caddy.

So he was. That the residents of this section of Maine might not go uninformed as to the merits of a certain product, the enterprising manufacturers were causing its virtues to be blazoned against the sky itself. It was the newest of advertising stunts, and judging by the attention it attracted from players and caddies, it was an excellent one. He wrote the name of the product which he advertised, and followed this by tracing upon the sky certain apparently aimless figures. Holland made out a four, a two, a seven, a nine, a six and a five. What relation this figuring had to do

with the advertisement he could not imagine. It was remarkable how clearly the smoke-traced letters were made; it was also remarkable how long they held their shape.

"It must cost the advertisers a lot to engage a man to risk his life doing that sky-writing," said the elder Holland.

"IT'S the public that pays, as usual," grinned the son. "I've lost a brand-new golf ball while my caddy has been sky gazing."

However, he forbore scolding the boy. And his father, a generous opponent, refused to penalize his son for the lost ball. The match continued.

A week later Mrs. Holland's doctor pronounced the patient out of danger and her son returned to New York, to take up again in person the search for Malbron. He listened to the statements of his operatives, necessarily more elaborate than when reduced to writing. For few people have the gift of being as explicit in a letter or a written report as in an oral statement. Also, Holland's shrewd questioning brought out points that his assistants would never have mentioned without the stimulus of what amounted to cross-examination.

And the upshot of the conference with his staff was that Holland decided that Malbron had, somehow or other, escaped from the city. Of course, Malbron, even with his flaming red beard shaven, was too conspicuous a figure to move about freely in New York. He could not have left by train or boat; detectives would have recognized him. But he could easily have fled in an automobile.

That he had fled was an inescapable conclusion. The Holland Detective Agency had a thousand tentacles spreading out into the underworld. Malbron, unless he locked himself in a room and never left it, could not avoid touching one of those tentacles if he were in New York. Also, Holland relied as



much upon intuition or instinct as upon sheer logic. It was as much intuition as logic that had led him to Malbron in the first place.

There are certain natures which seem to be attuned to each other. Holland felt that he and Malbron were two such natures. He believed that when his mind told him one thing he could feel something else, where Malbron was concerned. And now he felt, although he could not prove his feeling by any process acceptable to his intellect, that Malbron was not in the city.

So it was that he agreed to leave New York on a case less than three days after he had returned. Possibly, too, the fact that the case led him back to Maine, and the vicinity of Northeast Harbor, had as much to do with his acceptance of the task as the fact that Malbron seemed not to be in the city. For although he had chafed at being in Maine a few days ago, that was because he had wished to be active in the chase of Malbron. Now that that chase must be discontinued temporarily, he was as anxious as any other devoted son to be near his mother. And although she was practically well, he would welcome the opportunity to see her if only for a moment.

So he told Burkhardt, the immensely wealthy oil man, that he would place himself personally at the millionaire's service.

"Not that I don't believe your young men are clever young men," said the oil man. "But when I can, I get the best. And believe me, Mr. Holland, this is a case that's going to fool you, I'm afraid."

"Then why retain me?" smiled Holland.

"Drowning men grab at straws even when they know they are straws," retorted Burkhardt. "Not that I don't think you're there with the brains, but— Well, do you believe in mind reading?"

"I don't believe in anything until it's proved," replied Holland. "Nor do I dis-

believe in anything until it's disproved. Suppose, before you inquire into my religion and politics and preference between slim girls and plump girls, you tell me just why you want me to go to your Maine camp?"

"To recover, if possible, a million dollars in cash," was Burkhardt's surprising answer.

Holland stared at his client. A million dollars in cash was an incredible sum even for a plutocrat like Burkhardt.

"A lot of money," he commented.

"Fifteen per cent. of it would be a sizable fee," said Burkhardt.

"I was interested a moment ago; I'm enthusiastic now," said the detective. "Give me the details."

"EXACTLY ten days ago I left my camp in Maine. You know where it is?" asked Burkhardt.

Holland shook his head. Burkhardt looked disappointed. "I guess you don't read the Sunday papers much. When I built that place, they were full of it. Fourteen guest-cottages each with private baths; the main house with twenty bedrooms. Motor-boats, canoes, guides, private lakes and brooks stocked with fish, private game preserves—



the swellest place on the North American continent. But simple, too."

"Of course," said Holland. "The rough, primitive, outdoor life, where you get rid of the meaningless formalities of civilization."

"That's it," declared Burkhardt. His sense of humor was negligible.

"Soft collars with your dinner jackets and that sort of thing," suggested Holland.

THE oil man stared at him, suspicion glinting in his fat-embedded eyes. But Holland's face showed only polite interest. It was incredible that a mere private detective would dare to poke fun at a millionaire. Burkhardt dismissed his suspicions.

"That's it," he said. He lighted a cigar. He offered its mate to Holland. "Grown on my own Cuban plantation. Can't be bought." He clipped the end of the cigar with a trinket that blazed with diamonds. Enormous jewels shone from his fingers and cravat. His tubby form was encased in perfectly tailored garments that somehow only served to accentuate his grossness. Despite his patent vulgarity, however, and notwithstanding the shrewdness of the little eyes, Burkhardt had a pleasant personality. A vulgarian, Holland decided, but a good-natured one. He accepted the cigar.

"Well, when I left Lakeside—that's my place in the woods; kinda pretty name, ain't it?—I motored over to Bar Harbor. That's about a hundred miles from my camp in the woods. My daughter was visiting the Guilfords. You know them. The daughter married an English baronet. The real class. But not so much more classy than the Burkhardts. Of course, you've read about my daughter's engagement to the Duc de Chamonet? Well, the Duc was visiting the Guilfords too. They are to be married next month. Going to be married right at Lakeside and spend their honeymoon there. You know how these foreign marriages are. When Guilford's girl married Sir Cedric, old Sam Guilford came through, besides the settlements on Sir Cedric, with about two million in gilt-edge securities as a wedding-present to his daughter. Well, I've settled five million on the Duc, and I've given Cynthia as much more in real estate and bonds.

"But old Sam made a splurge at the wedding by giving his girl a check for a hundred thousand. He was always a piker. So I decided to show him up. I made up my mind that, in addition to everything else, I'd hand Cynthia one million dollars in cash. Money you could take to the grocer or buy an automobile with. For years I've been known as 'Cash' Burkhardt. I decided that I'd live up to my nickname. So I drew a million dollars from the bank. Got a thousand notes for a thousand dollars apiece. Stuck 'em in a suitcase, took 'em down to Maine, and put 'em in the camp safe. Well, it would take burglars a solid week to open that safe. I had no worry about that. But I did have another worry.

"My secretary, a young fellow named Thomas Cable, was the only one that knew I'd drawn the money. A good square boy. I have nothing against him in the world. Nevertheless, a million dollars is a lot of money. It ain't fair to put that sort of a temptation before a young fellow.

(Continued on page 72)

The Sun Parlor

The Audience Test

THIS business of securing decent, orderly, intelligent audiences is getting more and more serious daily. If things don't improve before long, we shall probably have to do away with them entirely.

The Theatre Managers have tried in vain to regulate them; they have even gone so far as to equip the ushers with meat-axes in case some one should start coughing. The actors all carry guns which they are prepared to discharge at the slightest giggle. One of our larger Opera Houses has put a trap-door under each seat, which is to be silently released beneath the first patron who starts applauding before the Symphony is really over.

Personally I have tried to attack the problem at the roots, and after some research I have developed the following Test for Theatre Audiences:

1. Each patron will be stripped and carefully searched for any candy wrapped in paper that crackles when it is opened. Tar and feathers will be kept handy.

2. Each patron will have his throat examined, and all chronic coughers will be segregated and sent home to spend the evening all by themselves before the fire with a book.

3. A souvenir box of marshmallows stuffed with a unique South African poison will be presented to the first lady who whispers to her neighbor when (a) the hero leaves a loaded revolver within reach of the insane doctor, (b) when the comedian mispronounces a word of four syllables.

4. The ones who escape must sign a statement before a reliable attorney that they have said everything to their neighbor that they want to say until eleven o'clock.

5. Finally, just before the curtain, every patron will be knocked over the head with a large club, producing aphasia and wiping out all memory of the plot, in case they have seen it before, and all recollections of actors they have seen previously in the same rôle.

And if these tests are successful and produce some nice, orderly, intelligent audiences, then all we shall have to do will be to invent some other tests that will produce plays worthy of their intelligence.

—Corey Ford.

Wild Willies

WILLIE, generous little scamp,
Gave Pa's dress-suit to a tramp.
Papa said, "I'm quite distressed;
Poor man, he'll be so over-dressed."

* * *

Little Willie, with a laugh,
Cut his Papa's pants in half.
When he saw them Papa said,
"O Gosh, another day in bed."

* * *

Willie, cunning little feller,
Found a dead mouse in the cellar.
That night his Grandma said, "O dear,
What makes my coffee taste so queer?"

* * *

Little Willie caught some flies
The day that Mother made mince-pies.
Said Uncle Ben, "I dote on mince."
He hasn't been the same man since.

—G. S. C.

A Joke Without a Title

Curious Onlooker (to man who before entering the telephone booth attaches an identification tag to his wrist): "Why do you put on that identification tag?"

The Tagged One: "I want to remember, and I want the world to know, who I am after I have gotten the right number."

A Spring Song

'TIS Spring! I thus begin my lay
Because it's always done that way,
And who am I, forsooth, to stray
From custom old?

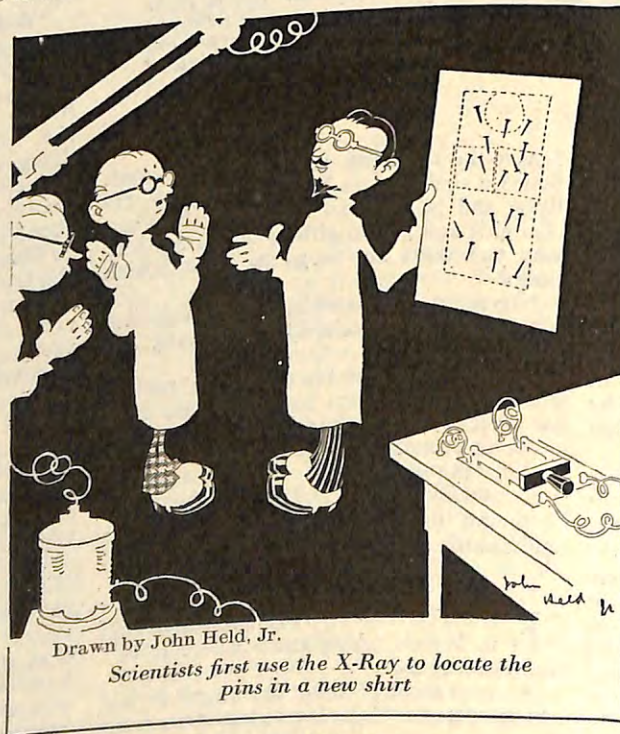
'Tis Spring, and in the woodland wet
My love will seek the violet
And, doing so, will doubtless get
A gorgeous cold.

'Tis now, according to the books,
That men and maids with loving looks
Seek shelter in secluded nooks
To bill and coo,

While hearts engraved upon the beach
Their old, romantic lesson teach
Of vows exchanged from each to each
Along with flu.

I know you think it very queer
I speak no word of love, my dear,
Now that, as mentioned, Spring is here
And birds rejoice;

I can't, sweet maid whom I adore;
I've got the grippe, my throat is sore,
My head is hot and what is more,
I've lost my voice.
—George S. Chappell.



Drawn by John Held, Jr.

Scientists first use the X-Ray to locate the pins in a new shirt

The Culprit

TOO bad about Billings. Of course you can understand how he felt, but still . . .

Billings spent months deciding what kind of a car to get. He sent for every motor leaflet that was ever printed, and pored over them till he needed new glasses. He even went to New York to see the Automobile Show, and there studied every make from a Thin Six to a two-cylinder Cootiecar. He learned the pet name of every spare part and accessory. His glibness with higher terminology was so remarkable that when he asked questions, salesmen were filled with awe, supposing him to be an automotive engineer. In fact everybody he spoke with at the Show assumed he had owned many cars and had probably won a few cups. That's how good Billings was.

Finally he decided on a Tubmobile sedan—seven passenger and vase for five pansies or ten buttercups. He littered it with accessories. The headlights had three speeds. There was an

(Continued on page 84)

A Man's World

I AM beginning to wax resentful over these editorials in women's magazines calling this "a man's world."

"A man's world?" Huh! Listen to me: Just the other day I read in a newspaper where women passengers on the trains in England were beginning to invade the smoking compartments—whether they wanted to smoke, or not.

A fellow doesn't need much of a memory to take himself back to the days when the barber shop was a rendezvous for the Police Gazette, and men who wanted a place to gab—all to themselves. Now look at it: Every barber shop I know, excepting one in a small country town upstate, has a manicurist; a man needing a shave—and needing it! has to sit around waiting for some fair-haired flapper to get her locks bobbed. They don't even have the Police Gazette around barber shops any more—while a guy is waiting he can content himself reading from "The Woman's Era" or one of Harold Bell Wright's novels.

Nowadays when a fellow wants something to cool off his throat he has to steer his feet into one of those counter stations and sit between a couple of women gulping chocolate sundaes and talking about Liz Jones's new frock.

Just this morning I went out to get myself a job selling shaving soap and shaving brushes. What do you think I bumped into? A woman sales manager! Last week I was pinched for parking my car on the wrong side of the street and a woman policeman arrested me—and haled me before a woman judge. As she was taking me into the court room a jury was filing out—five of the "twelve good men, and true" were women!

The doctor in the apartment where I live is a woman; the landlord to whom I pay my rent—when able to scrape it up—is a woman; out in Ohio, they have a town where there is a woman mayor and down South there was a shooting scrape in which the woman, who was mayor, perforated the opposing politician who beat her in an election.

I ask you—"A man's world?"

—Norman Beasley.

Comic Relief

THE gunman smiled a tender smile,
And twirled his little shining gal:
"You've only got three eighty-nine—
I'd never kill a guy for that."

The guy was glad he was not called
To be exception to the rule,
But as he turned to say goodbye,
The gunman whispered, "April Fool!"

—Paul Parrit.

A Few Rules for Success

BE BORN on a farm. Abandoned farms can be had cheap. Walk nine miles to school through six feet of snow. If there isn't any snow import some from Canada. Carry a book always and use it at every opportunity. A check book is considered best. At sixteen move to the big city and start in at the bottom. If the bottom has fallen out, find where it's fallen to and start there.

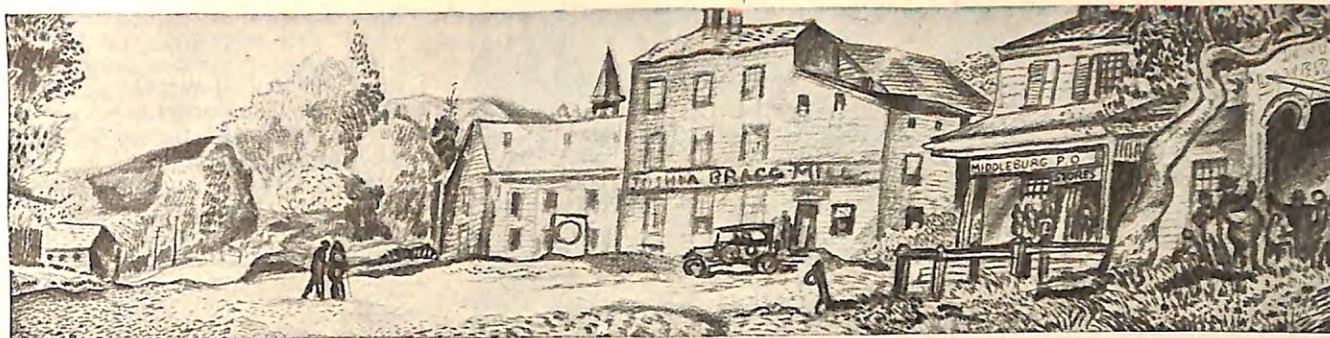
(To be continued on request.)

The Weak-Willed One

MY weight increases every day,
I'm really much annoyed.
I should not eat a thing that's sweet
And soup I should avoid.

I try to bant but find I can't,
I'm weak-willed as can be.
I can not mortify my flesh,
But oh, how it mortifies me.

—Rollo Shepherd.



Joshua L. Bragg, U. S. A.

By Harris Dickson

Drawings by George Picken and Arthur Dove

MR. JOSHUA L. BRAGG is the champion josh of Middleburg and crowds hang around the livery stable to laugh whenever he opens his mouth, which happens frequently. In fact, as President of the Boosters' Club, Mr. Bragg keeps his mouth propped open, jibing at the pretensions of rival towns and megaphoning the superiority of Middleburg. For Josh Bragg is an American, hide, horns and tallow, and indulges the great American propensity.

Everybody joshes. In New York the witty columnist pokes fun at slow-going Philadelphia. In Hushpuckena, Mississippi, Squire Wiggins returns from a visit to Dog



Tail Slough, and brags about putting it all over the suckers of that benighted settlement. The Louisiana joshier hitches up his breeches and says: "Fust time one of these Mississippi yaps crosses the river he writes back home 'Dear Ma, Please send me another gallus. These dudes is wearin' two.'"

That's the way it goes. Boston arbiters of etiquette jibe the Western senator who complained "that Cabinet lady made me laugh so hard at dinner that all the peas fell off my knife"; Easterners in the West are joshed as tenderfeet that can't straddle a hobby-horse, and don't know which steer gives the buttermilk.

East and West combine to josh the Southern gentleman for toting a bull whip, with bowie knife in one boot, six-shooter in the other, and saying, "I eat a nigger ev'ry mornin' befo' breakfus', suh; jes' for pastime, suh; jes' for pastime."

Most of our American joshing is not malicious, but sheer jocularity. The jovial joshier belongs to a dozen fraternal orders whose joshing initiations promote the cause of brotherly love. He'd go the limit for a pal, and uses such affectionate nicknames that his friend protests—like the Virginian—"Hold on, Bill. When you call me that, smile." Smile, that's the idea, take your medicine and grin when the good-natured banter comes from a friend. Friends understand us, they make allowances; and we should never forget the pious admonition laid down in Verse I, Chapter I, of the Gospel according to Joshua, to "Josh thy neighbor

as thyself; yet be not rude in speech to any stranger within his own gates."

Good dope. The stranger is apt to prove thick-headed, and joshing must be kept at home as a national institution, like ice-cream soda or chewing-gum. It should never become an article of export. Yet no tourist ship leaves our shores without a representative of Joshua L. Bragg & Co. who carries unlimited license to josh the foreigner.

Amongst these itinerant jawsmiths women are not conceded their equality of representation. It seems to be exclusively a man's job, and the man on the job attends to it—exclusively. At home Mr. Joshua L. Bragg is a local person, but when he catches a tourist ship to go abroad his notions become inflated, like the German mark, and he blazons across every hotel register his patriotic address, "Joshua L. Bragg, U. S. A."

Before making this first and only voyage, Mr. Bragg has fooled away no time outside the good old U. S. A. "See America first, especially Middleburg"; that was his motto. Now he was taking a two weeks' vacation to thoroughly dissect European conditions, and report to the Boosters' Club. "Believe me, I'll tell those foreigners exactly where they get off." Already Mr. Bragg had memorized the keynote of his report, in the phrase of all returning statesmen, "I am a better American than ever."

Mr. Bragg never travels on a secret mission. He is neither shy nor close-mouthed, but more of a satchel-mouthed orator. For aught he cares the wide, wide world may know his business, and does know it, that Mr. Bragg is the apostle of One Hundred

Per Cent. Americanism, guaranteed all wool, and delivered in star spangled packages.

The sailing-list of his vessel suggested the presence of other passengers, a hundred, perhaps a thousand. An extra cypher or so makes no difference; they all became cyphers when Josh Bragg took the deck. Most of his thousand fellow voyagers were intelligent, well-bred Americans, some quite prominent men of international affairs; yet the radio of passing steamers could pick up nothing except, "S. S. *Leviathan* with Joshua L. Bragg on board." Mr. Bragg did his own broadcasting.



A GREAT mass of stay-at-home Americans wonder why it is that foreign nations seem to dislike us. We have no desire to dominate their countries, to meddle with their governments, or to annex their lands. The world knows that, and we know it. The world also knows that Americans are a free-handed, sympathetic and generous people. When a catastrophe happens, the stars and stripes are first upon the seas to relieve our stricken brother man. During the late war our unselfish attitude was above all praise. We poured out the flower of our youth, and gave without stint of material resources. "Gave" is the correct word, for we alone demanded no indemnities of any kind. Nor have we made a fuss about it by strutting around the earth and asking everybody, "Is my halo on straight?"

It is true that as a nation we only desire to be kind and helpful, yet it is also true that we have failed to make real friends amongst other peoples of the earth. Why? Many Americans who spend much time abroad believe that Mr. Joshua L. Bragg is part of the answer. To be perfectly plain, they believe that a few blatant American travelers make themselves so offensive to foreigners that foreigners harbor a resentment against our entire nation.

Mr. Bragg was not the first booster to promenade through Europe jeering at their most sacred traditions. He only follows the trail of a no less conspicuous pioneer than Mark Twain. Years ago we gobbled up *The Tramp Abroad*, *The Innocents Abroad*, and howled over them. The adventures were so sturdily American and demon-



Jeanne D'Arc's cottage at Domremy is sacred to the French

strated our national superiority to all brands of moth-eaten bunk.

After many years' residence at Vienna, the gentle and genial Mr. Clemens modified his excessive jingoism, but his first broad joshing of Europeans had become Fourth of July stuff. Politicians caught the idea, and swelled the hides of their constituents with food that was legal tender for votes. Here's a standard story as told from the stump!

Mr. Hundred Per Cent. is being shown the sights of Italy.

"Look, Signor! Look!" points the enthusiastic guide, "Ze catacombs of Rome. Famous catacombs! In time of Nero ze Christian he stay here!"

"Huh! New York's full o' them tunnels, with railroads runnin' through 'em. Show me something else."

"Look, Signor! Ze Vatican! Residence of ze Holy Pontiff! One t'ousan' rooms—"

"Only a thousand? Shanty size. Plenty of crossroad hotels in America bigger'n that. Trot out another hoss."

"Ma che, Signor! Look! Ze Tiber! Faz-zer Tiber! Great——"

"Do you call that great? It's no more'n a creek. Our Mississippi River has got just eighty times its flow. Next?"

"Look, Signor! Vesuve! Volcano! Vesuve! He t'row up ze fire. You have in America nozzing like him."

"Hell, no! Don't want 'em. But we've got a little waterfall over there that would drown your darn volcano in five minutes."

That's the line of talk that Mr. Joshua L. Bragg dishes out to Europe; he derides the miracles of Our Lady of Lourdes, takes an off-hand crack at the tomb of Napoleon, and cans the Passion Play because its comedian never gets a laugh.

But suppose one of these same Europeans came to Middleburg, and jeered at the city hall, or the monuments in the graveyard? Would Mr. Joshua L. Bragg be so patient? Suppose that some facetious outlander went to Mount Vernon and played horse with Washington's tomb? After limping away from the hospital

he would probably be in no condition to brag about what happened. Yet that is exactly what a few American tourists are doing, every day and all over the world, going into other people's countries to jeer at the customs of the living and the graves of the dead. And they wonder why foreigners don't like it.

These traveling Braggs are not really so numerous. Foreigners only imagine them to be. One pestiferous fly makes a bald-headed man swear that the universe is teeming with flies. Americans

of gentle breeding and high attainment overwhelmingly outnumber the Braggs, but attract no attention. For instance:

Once a young boy from the States stood in the Tower of London. He had dreamed of it for years, and saved his money to make the dream come true. The romance and the glamour thrilled him. He was treading holy ground, in the very gardens where the Duke

of York had plucked a white rose, while Somerset plucked a red one, choosing their badges for the Wars of the Roses. What memories! What names! Warwick the King Maker! Richard of Gloucester! Sir Walter Raleigh! The boy saw a pane of glass on which Lady Jane Grey had scratched her name the night before her execution; he saw the stair along which murderers crept to slay the little princes—saw the Bloody Tower, the Traitor's Gate. He saw these wonders, yet nobody saw him, and all of England held no more reverent soul than his.

Across the gardens, however, strode Mr. Joshua L. Bragg, puffing like a gasoline engine with breeches on. Folks were bound to see and hear Mr. Bragg. Mr. Bragg had lungs. He made a noise. Londoners pointed and said, "There goes one of those Americans." A Warden of the Tower escorted Mr. Bragg, a pensioned soldier wearing his quaint medieval costume as a Yeoman of the Guard. And every ancient relic that the warden proudly showed him, Mr. Bragg belittled by comparison with some up-to-date and superior article at home. He denounced the Tower as a "tumble-down junkheap, a dump, nothing snappy about it."

"If you'd tear out that wall," Mr. Bragg indicated his improvements, "and run a skidway down to the river, it might make a tolerable fair sawmill. 'Tain't fit for anything else."

Having poured Mr. Warden back in the jug, Mr. Bragg thrust a hand beneath his coattails and posed before the gallery for applause. The crowd glared, which made it all the funnier. So Mr. Bragg encored himself. Britishers never could understand his jokes, but the Boosters' Club would go wild when he told them how he'd joshed England and boosted Middleburg. Of course Mr. Bragg did not mean to hurt the warden's feelings. He was only guying the old gezabo, just as he might josh the boys at home, and would never have done it if he'd known that he was making enemies for a country that he loved, instead of making friends.

UNEXCITABLE Britishers never get flurried by such performances. Their defense is to avoid all Americans, except a few intimate friends that have been proven. They simply do not see Mr. Bragg, and do not hear Mr. Bragg. By no sort of maneuver can Mr. Bragg attract their notice. Therefore Mr. Bragg considers the Britisher



A glimpse of the Colonnade of Havana's old-world Cathedral

with single-barreled specs to be most insufferably stuck up, and hikes out for Paris.

Paris! Through all his years at the real estate business, Mr. Joshua L. Bragg had cherished a sneaking itch for gay Páree. Must be plenty of pep in that man's town, where there ain't no ten commandments. So Mr. Bragg gives himself a knowledge wink, and tackles the wildest resorts on Montmartre. After the chill of London it tickles him to be so tropically received, to gather a thirsty clacque—men in baggy breeches with sashes at their waists, touzle-headed girls—Gee! This is life! Bohemians! Grizettes! Chansons! Boulevardiers! He couldn't quite figure out which was the chanson and which was the grizette; but that cut no ice. Set 'em up again! Mr. Bragg radiates and expands with the notion of being a part of Parisian life. He never dreamed that these folks were not the famous poets, artists, musicians and actresses of France, but only a bunch of hired fakes called in to supply the hectic atmosphere. Hectic is right, by heck! It warmed the very cockles of his soul to think how he'd create a sensation at Middleburg by whispering of "The Night I Painted Paris Red." If Mr. Bragg only knew where, he could have found precisely the same imitation within two minutes of Broadway—phony bohemianism in velvet breeches and dragged skirts, and the same crowd of suckers buying drinks for "the Village."

"COME on, fellers," Mr. Bragg's invitation included all of Paris; "Come on. Give 'em a touch of high life."

A dozen Braggs and their new friends locked arms, marched out from the "Dead Rat" and jammed the rue des Martyrs, shoving folks into the gutters just by way of proving their Frenchmanship. And singing.

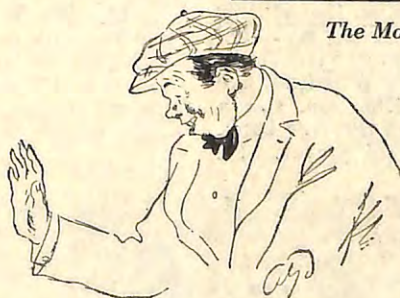
No sane person from Indianapolis or Vicksburg would let himself cut such capers in New York. Neither would the police. But a Montmartre gendarme never interferes. He's a temperamental cop. When horrible noises assail his ear, the gendarme twists his mustache and listens. Does it signify a revolution? Stands la république in peril? Mr. Gendarme strolls to a corner and peers along the rue, then shrugs his shoulder and smiles, "Ah! It is only those Americans." Does he pinch the crowd? No. Americans are irresponsible. Shame, shame to put defectives in jail. Besides, that would spoil much trade for thrifty friends who keep cafés.

Long before the world war broke, tourists like Mr. Bragg had come to be tolerated by the French, only because they were lavish spenders, ignorant of language, customs, prices, and easy to fleece. Paris fleeced them good and proper; they joshed Paris good and plenty. Honors were even.

And then, one day in 1917, a different France stood snarling, with her back against the wall, a bristling hedge of bayonets surrounding her beloved capital. For more than three years Mr. Bragg and his ilk were absent from the cafés, and forgotten, while a brand-new sample of Americans began filtering through the seaports. They represented the country people, the backbone of our nation that France had never seen. At first there came a tiny trickle in khaki that flowed not to Montmartre, but scattered amongst the villages, built ugly cantonments



The Moulin Rouge, one of Mr. Bragg's resorts when he "paints Paris red"



in a night, and studied the trade of war. France had to take another look, and readjust her estimates.

From contact with French of all classes during the latter half of '17, this writer believes that their cordial attitude toward us was very real. At camps where French and American officers mingled, we felt an atmosphere of mutual kindness, consideration and respect which ripened into friendships. The French liked us, just as we liked them, honestly and sincerely.

But it was our private soldiers, billeted in villages, that mixed more intimately with peasants and shopkeepers. Then we saw on many a doorstep an American lad sitting

with a home girl, bobbing their heads together over a conversation book, he reading an English phrase, while she taught him to pronounce its French equivalent, and shrieking over the tanglement of their tongues. Our boys couldn't talk with grown-ups, but they managed to jabber something that children understood, when translated by a slab of chocolate. The country boys from the States were lonesome, and romped with the kiddies, which made every parent love them.

One Sunday morning at a provincial town, the first American uniform ever seen by its people was crouched on the threshold of a café, feeding cakes to some street children. Other kiddies came; more cakes were brought out; more kiddies, more cakes, more kiddies, until the street became blocked by grown-up French, smiling at l'officier Américain. This particular gentleman had two little girls of his own at home.

In those days there wasn't much joshing. Even the boys felt a vague sense of responsibility. The bigness of their job had awed them, and learning to fight was no joke. Since the armistice, however, when taut-stretched fiddle-strings of both nations were relaxed, and two million exuberant dough-boys turned themselves loose for joy, it is more than probable that the joshing spirit began to revive. This writer was not then in France, but has heard whisperings of friction which might have marred the previous cordiality.

UP TO that time we observed only an occasional outbreak of Joshua Bragg. A few officers who should have known better, and without a thought of giving offense, referred facetiously to the French as "Frogs." No Frenchman likes this. His aversion dates back to the English wars, and he detests the term. Yet his noble American ally so persistently referred to him as "Frog" that the Frenchman protests, "Mon cher capitaine, be so good, if it please you, to call me ze tadpole; but nevaire say ze frog, nevaire, nevaire."

Of course the American didn't mean to give offense; he was only being funny to people who couldn't see a joke. And it was an orthodox joke according to the joke. In our Jest Book of Joshua, where the Chinaman is a "chink," the Mexican is a "greaser," the Italian a "dago," the Frenchman is a "frog"—and should be made to love it.

France doesn't relish being joshed, and specially resents the slightest flippancy towards Joan of Arc. Her memory is their holiest inspiration. Yet this happened: Through the dripping dawn four correspondents went rushing towards the front. Their road led past Domremy where Joan was born. The cub reporter in charge of the car ordered it to stop, while three veteran correspondents registered their kicks.

"Only five minutes," the cub insisted. "I know Orléans where she won her first big fight, Compiègne where the renegade betrayed her, and Rouen where the Maid was burned. Let's look at her birthplace." —

It wasn't much of a place to look at, and three irreverent correspondents said so. They followed a withered old custodian into her squalid hut, poverty-pinched, and wretched except for memories of a great soul.

"See, Messieurs," whispered the custodian. "This is the Maid's room. Where she slept."

"That her room?" scoffed a newspaper man. "Oh, hell! No wonder Joan left home. Let's go."

The Frenchman shriveled at his blasphemy. With clenched hands he stared after these booted profaners who climbed into their car and rolled away. In that moment he forgot our boys who stood like rocks at Cantigny, who drove in the salient at St. Mihiel, and broke the Hindenburg line. A hundred thousand American lads



may sleep beneath the poppies of France, yet to him their generous blood can never cure the sting of that one idle sneer.

A sensible nation like ourselves might easily cultivate a little more tact, and avoid needless antagonisms. We might try to consider the viewpoint of other peoples. Our neighbor may be nursing a chronic sore toe, the kind of a sore toe which we believe that nobody has a right to nurse, even in his own back yard. He's foolish to be so touchy. Yet it may be kinder, as well as more politic—and profitable—not to make a practice of blundering into his back yard and treading on his sore toe.

A few months ago hundreds of generous American editors were devoting their space to a fund for suffering Japan. Their only motive was one of purest human sympathy. Yet many of them unwittingly gave offense by the headlines "JAP RELIEF." We fail to understand what to us is the curiously complex mind of an Oriental. We do not know why, but life-long residents in Nippon say that he regards the word "Jap" as an epithet of derision. So by a trifle more of comprehension, our people might extend aid without pouring this tiny drop of poison into the cup.

Which suggests an example of British management: Once an American visiting the Sudan, and a Scotch official, were riding their camels along the desert's edge. A venerable Arab approached, and dismounted from his donkey to salaam. It is their custom. To acknowledge this grey-bearded courtesy, the American raised a hand, as if touching his helmet to a lady, when the Scotchman whispered, "Don't do that! Don't."

"Why?" the American inquired as they rode on.

"Because you carry a whip in your hand. According to the Arab's notion that means: 'Yes, I see you. But you are under my whip.' Silly idea, but that's their way of thinking."

At another time the same American, five hundred miles south of Khartum, saw a group of Mahomedans on the Nile bank, going through their form of prayer. He

wanted to see the peculiar ceremony, and moved in that direction, but the British bimbashi beckoned him to come back, saying, "I wouldn't do that. We never hang around those chaps. They might imagine that we are making sport of their religion."

These are small matters, trivialities; but it is the British policy to study and respect even the prejudices of races with whom they come in contact.

The Italian is more Latin than the French, more profuse in his devotion to gallant niceties and polite punctilios. So it is in Italy that Mr. Joshua L. Bragg, like a certain animal in a particular kind of shop, knocks down the chinaware. The steamer is docking at Naples. A resident American steps into an empty bus. Tourists crowd in. Beside him sits an American boy of fifteen, Joshua L. Bragg, Junior, with Pa. A lady tries to get in at the door. There's no seat for her. The resident American suggests to the boy, "Here, son, you can sit on my suitcase and make room for the lady."

"Ain't goin' to do it. My pa paid a quarter for this seat and I'm goin' to keep it."

Keep it he did, with the endorsement of Bragg Senior, while Neapolitans nudged each other and smiled, "Americano. Americano."

Natives failed to observe that the American resident got out and walked, giving his seat to the lady. They overlooked the hundred or more quiet and courteous Americans, while that one ill-mannered youngster emphasized in their minds what they already considered to be our national characteristic.

EVEN more conventionally punctilious than the Italian or the French, is the transplanted Spaniard—the grandee of two centuries ago. In Havana their social customs have undergone but little modernizing. Behind the iron bars of a grated window, dark-eyed Señorita Cubana is still protected from enterprising sweethearts. Here we find a jealous separation of sexes, the rigid duenna system, the marriage arranged by parents.

Here also we find booze, plenty booze, the seductive daiquiri, the sweeter presidente, cognac, bacardi—the very names spurring our imagination like a phantasy from the Arabian Nights. So Cuba catches the winter tourist. A blizzard hits the northwest, and frapped financiers turn their gaze towards the orange groves of Florida. Thirsty yearners gaze even beyond, hankering for Cuba the Free and Frolicksome. At the call of the cocktail a brilliant notion develops in the mind of Joshua L. Bragg, who has plenty of cash to indulge his notions. Money had flocked his way in baskets during the war, when he graded the site for a cantonment on the patriotic basis of cost-plus—the bigger the cost the bigger the plus. Heretofore this particular scion of the Bragg tribe had never ventured beyond the frontier of his native state, and remained pretty

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With a skid-way down to the Thames, the Tower of London would make a fair sawmill in Mr. Bragg's opinion.

The Sporting Angle

The Inclusive Olympics, Fighters and Fighting, and Other Things

By W. O. McGeehan

IT WOULD be interesting if the shade of one of the spectators of some of the old Olympic Games could escape the Elysian Fields and view the revived Olympic games which take place this year. The first comment of this bewildered Hellene would be the classic Greek for, "Times certainly have changed."

Part of the Olympic games already have been completed, and these were games entirely unforeseen by the peoples who used to dwell along the shores of the Ægean Sea. If the shade of the ancient Greek could have been taken into the Alps to watch the skiing contests, the hockey games, the skating contests, and the figure-skating, the old gentleman would say after Homer, "Olympic games? How do you get that way?"

Later on he would be introduced to rifle-shooting contests, trap-shooting contests and yachting, not to mention the swimming contests for modern mermen and mermaids. Possibly the sight of Miss Helen Wainright, Miss Aileen Riffin, and Miss Sybil Bauer in their one-piece bathing-suits might mollify the old gentleman a little. He might say rather grudgingly, "Well, perhaps this has a suggestion of the real Greek in it. But the rest—if the rest is Greek, then I am a Barbarian, and there was no Homer."

The old gentleman would continue disgruntled until the opening of the real track and field games at Paris. Then he would see something that would bring the light to his dim and spectral eyes, the bare-limbed runners flashing along the paths, the javelin hurled into the air, and something of the things he used to see when Greek met Greek at play between Olympiads in that elder day. The tongues change, the customs change, but those elemental games remain. After that the ancient Greek could go back to his friends in the Elysian Fields and report that something remained on earth of the beauty that was old Greece.

From one point of view, it is all for the best that the Olympic Games as revived should include contests in everything that comes under the head of sports. The old Olympic games included all the sports of all the peoples known to the age. And yet only the elemental sports of the old Greeks really interest the nations. The real drama of the revived Olympic Games begins only when the contests reflect the spirit of the original games.

Olympian Suggestions for the Olympics

OF COURSE if the Olympic Games Committee wishes to make the revived Olympic Games truly universal, they should go much further.

As far as we know they have not yet introduced a bridge whist tournament nor is there mentioned anywhere among the

events a chess tournament. At that chess is almost ancient enough to be considered as an event for the Olympic Games.

One might pardon the committee for not having included a mah jongg tournament. This game sprang into prominence too late

Which Sport is the Than-Whichest

"WHICH of the sports attracts the most interest?" This question was asked of Mr. Damon Runyon, who has sat in many press boxes with this writer and therefore should have known better than to have given the answer he gave. It was "Golf."

How many persons can tell offhand the answers to the following questions: Who is the present amateur golf champion? The professional champion? The open champion? Try it in the office and try it in the streets.

Then ask, "Who is the present heavyweight prize-fight champion?" Ask that of man, woman or child and the answer will come readily enough. That is the elemental test.

It is this writer's opinion, and this is backed by the opinions of all of the newspaper circulation managers in the country, that there is no story that interests all readers of newspapers more than the story of a heavyweight championship fight. This especially is true when that fight ends in the passing of the old champion and the crowning of the new.

When Mr. Bobby Jones goes abroad do they follow him as they follow Mr. Jack Dempsey? They do not, and this is not because Mr. Jack Dempsey is the more easily distinguished.

The gladiator always has been the athletic idol through the centuries and, it appears, always will be. Will the fame of any golfer last as long as that of John L. Sullivan? That seems beyond the imagination.

Of course there are more golfers than there are boxers, and the ranks of the golfers in this country become more crowded every year. But let Sarazen and Jones be playing on links adjoining the arena where Jack Dempsey is fighting Luis Angel Firpo and the links would be deserted. Jones and Sarazen themselves would lead the rush to the arena where the gladiators were battling.

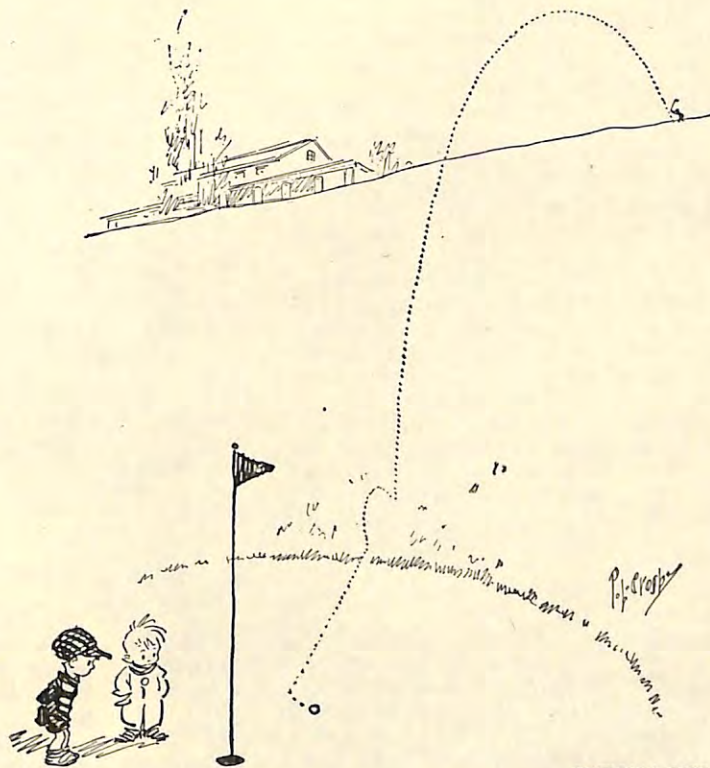
Weather à la Carte

THE other sports have their fanatical following. I should say that baseball in season was second to a prize-fight in the matter of fascinating the spectators. But decidedly it is only second.

This was illustrated in New York last summer. There was a tournament of heavyweights staged in the Yankee Stadium. Across the Harlem River the Giants were scheduled to play a game of baseball at the same hour. The place of the boxers started to fill early. A handful of fans came to the Polo Grounds.

John J. McGraw looked at the crowd, then he looked up at the sky. It seemed as though it might threaten rain if one stretched the imagination a trifle. Mr. McGraw then

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"Gee! What a rotten golfer! He's missed the hole by a yard"

to be given any consideration. Perhaps at the next set of Olympic Games one may see the mah jongg athletes swing into action. Then there will be a world-wide suspense until it is decided which flag shall go up at the conclusion of the tournament, the American flag or the standard of the Chinese Republic.

Undoubtedly the Afro-American game of craps is a sport that has attracted some international recognition especially since the A. E. F. visited France. It is a game which excites not only the players but the bystanders. Perhaps in the near future there will be a tournament for the men with the twin dice, in a packed arena, and the welkin will ring with the familiar shout of "Come you Phœbe dice. Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

The advantage of this event being added to the games would be to the United States. Anybody knows what flag would be hoisted at the end of the crap-shooting tournament.

All of this babble is uttered merely to indicate that this writer believes that if we are to stray from the spirit of the old Olympic Games in these revivals we should stray as far as possible. The sport of craps might permit some of the less brawny to compete in the American Olympic team. Mere brawn should not hog the glory.



Old One-Eye

A Trout-Fishing Yarn with an Unexpected Twist

By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THE regular post-darkness discussion on the veranda of The Four Maples was in full swing. Young Bostwick held the floor—held it with the air of assurance which we of the Dog-Catcher Club are pledged to condone in one whose creel for three successive evenings has sagged under a greater weight of fish than that of any other man at the house. His cigarette glowed intermittently as he talked, a red spot against the yellow flashes of the fireflies in the meadow across the road.

"There's no two ways about it, the trout this year favor a Number Twelve Cahill," he was saying. "Fourteen out of the sixteen I took to-day rose to that. It's the best dry-fly in the whole doggone box when it's tied with real woodduck wings."

"Except the Quill Gordon," Tommy Wentworth interposed drily. "I wore out two Cahills on rock bass this afternoon, and as soon as I put on the Gordon I began getting trout."

"That's because you didn't have any with genuine woodduck wings," Bostwick defended his favorite vehemently. "Those dyed mallard feathers or whatever it is that the Snatchem people tie on their flies aren't any good—the color's wrong."

"Tis not the color, Bostie me lad." In the lamplight filtering out through the ancient screen door Father O'Meara's unkempt black hair and lean face looked even less priestlike than usual above his grotesque combination of clericals and disreputable fishing garb. "Shape and size are what count. Joe Cleaves'll bear me out in that, no less. If ye tied a fly with feathers from the wings of Angel Gabriel himself 'twould take no fish without 'twas made just so."

"What color are Gabriel's wings, anyhow, Father?" Dick Somers asked, scenting diversion.

"Sure, and how would I know?" came the good man's instant answer. "'Tis only of an evening he do be flying about, the same as any other self-respecting angel, and by the same token 'tis meself can notice nought at that holy hour but where me fly falls. And that's hard enough to do, with the water a bit off color like it was this day, except ye have an owl's eyes like Mac's that can see in the dark."

"I wonder where Mac is, anyhow?" Cleaves addressed the company at large. "He doesn't generally stay on the stream as late as this. It's past nine o'clock."

"Ah, he's after some big dog of a trout, I misdoubt," the priest declared. "As president of this club of rough-necks 'tis himself must take at least one fish the year that's great enough to bark and growl and be sufficiently perilous in general to deserve the canine title. I saw him up be the white house as I came trudging down the road, and he was making for the Split Rock Pool as fast as ever his long legs would carry him."

"Then he's on Old One-Eye's

trail again," grunted Bostwick. "If he stays with it another ten years maybe he'll hook into him."

"And 'tis meself will be the first to shake his hand on that glorious occasion," retorted the Father. "Ye're a skeptic, Bostie, a blooming skeptic. Don't ye recognize that even an owld son-of-a-gun of a he brown trout like One-Eye sooner or later falls to the temptation of a dry-fly neatly cast—provided, of course, that the shape and size of it do be right? Even if he's wearing me eye-glasses that I dropped in the creek two years gone, as I suspect, the time will come when the sight of that lonesome optic of his will fail sufficiently for him to make the one grand mistake of his long and evil life, and foregather with a Spent Gnat of a still summer evening. Ah, 'tis a rare good fly, the Spent Gnat—"

The Father's budding sermon on the merits of his favorite lure was cut short by the sound of footsteps approaching along the road, heavy, plodding footsteps with overtones of hobnails clinking against rocks and the sodden scraping together of wet waders.

"Here he comes now," hazarded Somers, the newest member of the club. Then, as a tall figure showed vaguely in the darkness, "How d'you make out, Mac?"

"Fair. 'Bout a dozen, I guess." MacGregor clumped to the porch and eased out of his creel strap.

"Any size to 'em?"

"Average. They run around eleven or twelve inches. One pretty good rainbow in the lot." He had laid his assembled rod along its special pegs under the low porch eaves and was unlacing his brogans. As he skinned out of his wading pants he spoke tersely:

"Raised Old One-Eye a little after I saw you, Father."

"Ye did, eh? An' to a Spent Gnat, as I advised ye to ser-rve up to him?" The priest's brogue always grew richer under excitement.

"No—as a matter of fact, he came to a big Royal Coachman—regular butterfly. Just as it was getting dark. Rolled up like a porpoise, took a look at the fly and sank back without touching it. He's lying a

couple of yards further downstream than he did last year; I guess that flood in April changed his old hang-out a bit."

"If you'd had on a Number Twelve Cahill with real woodduck wings he'd have swallowed it so deep you'd have had to cut him loose, Mac." There was just a suggestion of triumph in Bostwick's tone.

MacGregor hung his waders over a bench, picked up his creel and started, stocking-footed, for the ice-box back of the kitchen. At the door he paused, the light accentuating the deep lines of his face.

"I'll lay you a bet, Bostie," he offered calmly.

"All right—shoot!" The rejoinder was instantaneous.

"Before I go back to town a week from to-night I'll hook and land Old One-Eye—unless somebody else beats me to it."

"On a dry-fly?"

"On a dry-fly. I'll come walking up to this porch carrying him by the gills—he's too long to go into a basket. If some other man

catches him before my week's up, the bet's off."

"I'll take you. What are the stakes?"

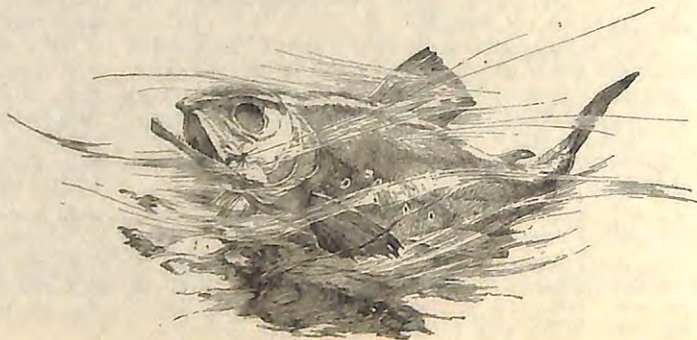
"A forty-dollar Bayne flyrod, order to be placed within twenty-four hours of One-Eye's death. O'Meara, you're witness to this."

"Be the Powers, I am that, Mac! I'll speak to Saint Anthony about it when I tell me beads the night. With him and a good Spent Gnat to help ye, ye should win, me lad!"

IN HIS room at the back of the house MacGregor lay long awake, the voice of the river fretting among its boulders below his window a background for his thoughts of the huge trout that had rolled up to his floating fly not two hours ago, and looked, and sunk back again to mocking indolence.

For five years, now, that same big fish, reputed to have lost one eye in some piscine adventure of youth, had played successful hide-and-seek with every fisherman along the stream. Two or three times each season he finned slowly up from his lair to torture the nerves of this or that member of the Dog-Catchers, and as often proved his superior mentality by calmly refusing even to taste the feathered lure that had aroused his spirit of humor. One could imagine that he looked upon the whole affair as a game, a pleasant, side-tickling joke that called for a wink of his one remaining eye and a flirt of his hand-broad tail as he showed these children in trout psychology a thing or two about wariness and discernment.

How he managed to escape the allurements of the sundry minnows, gigantic night-crawl-





A ghost-white figure on the granite shelf, MacGregor's hand felt the tug of a rise and met it with unconscious cunning. No need to strike, for the great trout had hooked himself solidly and well

ers and tender, juicy young field mice with which less highbrow anglers than the Dog-Catchers were wont to ply him from April until September, only the fish gods could explain. Perhaps certain sharp rock edges and hidden fissures in the long Split Rock Pool where he lived from year's end to year's end had something to do with his escapes on the rare occasions when he had sampled such unworthy offerings.

At all events, five successive springs had merged into their summers while Old One-Eye became a tradition of which men dreamed in distant cities when frost had sealed the stream in mail and the Northern Lights flared weirdly into a sky of diamonds and hard blue steel. To the positive knowledge of angling mankind five autumns had discovered him still safe in his chosen lair below the Split Rock, wiser by the experience of each campaign, more skilful always in outwitting those who would bring about his downfall. And for aught that men knew to the contrary, he would go on thus for years to come, a past-master in the detection of subterfuge, an invincible expert in fooling all the people all the time.

From a rail fence beyond the stream a whip-poor-will called endlessly as MacGregor lay wide-eyed and planned the morrow's attempt, a plan that called for such patient hammering of the pool—a hundred, two hundred, maybe five hundred casts—that at last the great fish would lose patience and strike viciously at the queer, perky bug that had come to annoy him with its jauntiness. How methodically the bird whistled, MacGregor thought—as methodically as

he himself would shoot his line out over Old One-Eye's lurking place! After a while he fell to counting the calls—fifty, sixty-five, seventy, eighty. (Queer, how a whip-poor-will sits on a rail and wastes his breath that way!) Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, nine—

It must have been hours later when MacGregor stirred, for the bird had long since gone and the air which seeped in through the open window was cool with the dampness that follows midnight. There was an oddness about the man's movements, a precision not to be expected in one awakening directly from deep sleep.

FOR a moment he sat bolt-upright, then swung his legs over and slipped his feet into the low moccasins at the bedside. Every motion was sure, accurate, silent. He made no effort to reach the matchbox on the little table by the window, even after he was fairly on his feet. Nor did he fumble for the shirt and trousers dangling from a chair-back. An uncanny instinct seemed to guide him as, clad merely in pajamas and the noiseless moccasins, he opened his door and stepped out into the hall.

The house was pitch-black and slumbrously still. From Father O'Meara's room came the sound of regular, stertorous breathing, but MacGregor gave it no heed. In complete, apparent concentration he walked steadily down the middle of the hall, negotiated the sharp turn at the stair-head without touching post or wall, and gained the veranda. Within another minute he had taken his rod, complete with reel and leader and fly as he had left off fishing the evening before, and was marching down the road, the coat of his pajamas swaying unnoticed in the gentle night wind.

A hundred yards, and a path turned off across meadows. MacGregor pushed through the stile in the fence, passed the dim forms of resting cattle, and came to trees fringing the bank of the stream. It was dark in there—even the faint luminance of the stars was shut away by overhanging limbs—but he walked on methodically, without hesitation. In a minute he emerged at the edge of the Split Rock Pool.

Full three hundred feet in length it was, that foam-flecked basin, and of a width that the best of casters, throwing his longest line, could barely attain. Here and there hump-

backed boulders crouched dimly along its surface, half-seen and irregular stepping stones that led toward the great gray mass from which the pool derived its name as though, on such a night as this, phantom spirits of the stream might go leaping thither to seek wisdom of the father of all big trout. In the rattle above those elfin beings were talking now, chatting of this and that, singing low, unworded songs that the hemlocks and birches caught up and held a space, tossing them out in snatches as the breeze stirred past.

YET to all the witchery of the place and hour George MacGregor was completely oblivious as he walked down a granite shelf that sloped gently to the water's edge. Opposite him a vague mass edged with a shade of lighter darkness marked the Split Rock and the current that shouldered against its upper end; to right and left, obscurity and the cool night vapors; above, uncounted stars.

MacGregor halted, and a faint swishing sounded as his rod swung, lengthening the line. Presently it ceased, and past the corner of the Split Rock his big Royal Coachman fly floated buoyantly, even its white, flaring wings invisible through the gloom.

A long pause before the rod swished again, obedient to the impulse of a wrist that flexed by instinct and a brain that, sleeping, was mysteriously awake. Over the point of the boulder the fly hovered and fluttered down to the waiting water. And as it drifted there the swelling surface that shunted from the stone wrinkled in the starlight, and broke, and smoothed again, as a log-like something rolled up deliberately, full of purpose, opening cavernous jaws.

On the granite shelf a dozen yards away MacGregor's hand felt the tug of that rise and met it with unconscious cunning. No need was there to strike, for the great trout had hooked himself both solidly and well. Old One-Eye the uncanny, past-master in finny wiles, had done the reckless thing at last and yielded to the temptation of a dry-fly neatly cast. And having yielded, he threw every nerve and muscle of his whole lithe body into the undoing of the peril he had courted. With the Royal Coachman's hook buried deep in the angle of his jaws he began such a fight as he had never fought before.

In all the annals of the Esopus there has never been a more strangely staged or fiercely contended battle than was joined that night in the Split Rock Pool. On the ledge the ghost-white figure of the man, immovable, conscious of nothing, meeting rush after rush with an intuitive skill bred of years along the waterside. The rod, pliant yet steely strong; the line and leader that cut hissing through the water, spider threads linking unrealized human hopes with fishy fears; the great, unseen trout, mocking no longer, fighting for his life. And all about the darkness, the phantoms calling among the rapids, the age-old stillness of the hills

Minutes dragged by, watchful and uncounted. Old One-Eye bored for his water-buried caves, gained them—and yielded to a pressure such as no angler in his senses would have dared exert. He charged upstream, a wriggling torpedo—and met shallow water that turned and sent him back to lie stubbornly along the bottom until that steady, insistent pulling at his jaw nagged him to a frenzy of savage jerking and angry, futile dashes.

A long run downstream—he would outswim this unseen force that laughed at his once successful tricks! Yard after yard, tail weaving tirelessly, hooked snout cleaving the water like a wedge. The strain against him increased, swerved him inexorably from his course. His teeth ground harshly against the scrap of feathers and steel that clung so tenaciously to him. He'd show it—yes, he'd teach it what endurance was!

He turned and drove upstream again. In the deepest water he settled down to steady, brutal jerking, throwing his weight sidewise with sudden yanks. Always that had worked before; it would succeed now.

Jolt—jolt—the jar of it was terrific. What manner of enemy was this that would not yield? He set himself for a series of shakes beside which the others were as the twitchings of a minnow. And when they were over the demon still stuck to his jaw, its strange, exhausting power undiminished.

He was tiring a little now, and swung at an angle to take advantage of the strength of the current. That rested his swimming muscles, but increased the drag at his head. A curious, insistent drag it was, yielding but always renewed. Sudden fury seized him, and he surged away on a long arc that carried him to a part of the pool where he had not been for weeks. In the excitement of his flight he blundered into shallows, floundered desperately, gave over the attempt in that direction. And as he regained familiar water he knew that the enemy was still at his side.

Downstream again, driven by desperation. A few weakened jerks, then slowly back to the head of the pool. And as he hung there he nerved himself for the final desperate effort, the last master-stroke of strategy which should win him rest and immunity from this devil that was sapping away his strength.

A yard above the first white water, and half that distance from the edge of the main channel, a flood scarred snag thrust barkless arms. For a full year, now, it had defied ice and freshet, a gaunt veteran with feet firm-set between three boulders. If he could reach that, plunge among those sheltering limb stubs—

Old One-Eye gathered himself, quivered, and fought his way up the slant of the water chute. The current gripped and wrestled with him, but he struggled on inch by inch. His strength was nearly gone, but safety lay close at hand. He edged wearily out of the channel toward the stub. Another wriggle and he would be there.

His tail fanned feebly, seeking in vain for purchase. A rock scraped along his chin and thrust him up until his back was above the surface. In ten days there had been no rain, and the water had dropped a foot. He tried again, gamely, futilely. . . .

At the end of the granite shelf MacGregor stooped and reached steady fingers toward a shape that showed ghost-pale in the dark water at his feet. A foolhardy attempt, this landing of a giant trout with the bare hand, and contrary to every angling precedent, but the man hesitated not. As unemotionally as though he had been picking up a dead cod from a fish-man's counter he sank his fingers in Old One-Eye's gills, lifted and carried him far back upon the shore.

IN THE cool gold and green of the June morning the Dog-Catchers were busy on the veranda of The Four Maples. The sunrise promised well for fishing, and every man of the seven was dragging on waders, sorting flies or otherwise making ready for the day's campaign. When the breakfast bell should call them clumping into the old dining-room every preliminary adjustment and preparation would have been made, for the Dog-Catchers on their vacation lived for but one thing, and that was the catching of trout.

As he took his rod from its pegs MacGregor frowned a little, less in annoyance than surprise. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I certainly did mess up that Royal Coachman last evening. Why, there's hardly anything left of it, though I thought it was in fairly good shape when I quit trying to get that old whale up again."

"'Tis thankful ye should be, not wroth, Mac," Father O'Meara chuckled from the chair where he sat in absorbed examination of a break in the meshes of his landing net. "Now ye have no excuse for not putting up a real fly—the Spent Gnat, if ye've designs on Old One-Eye this day."

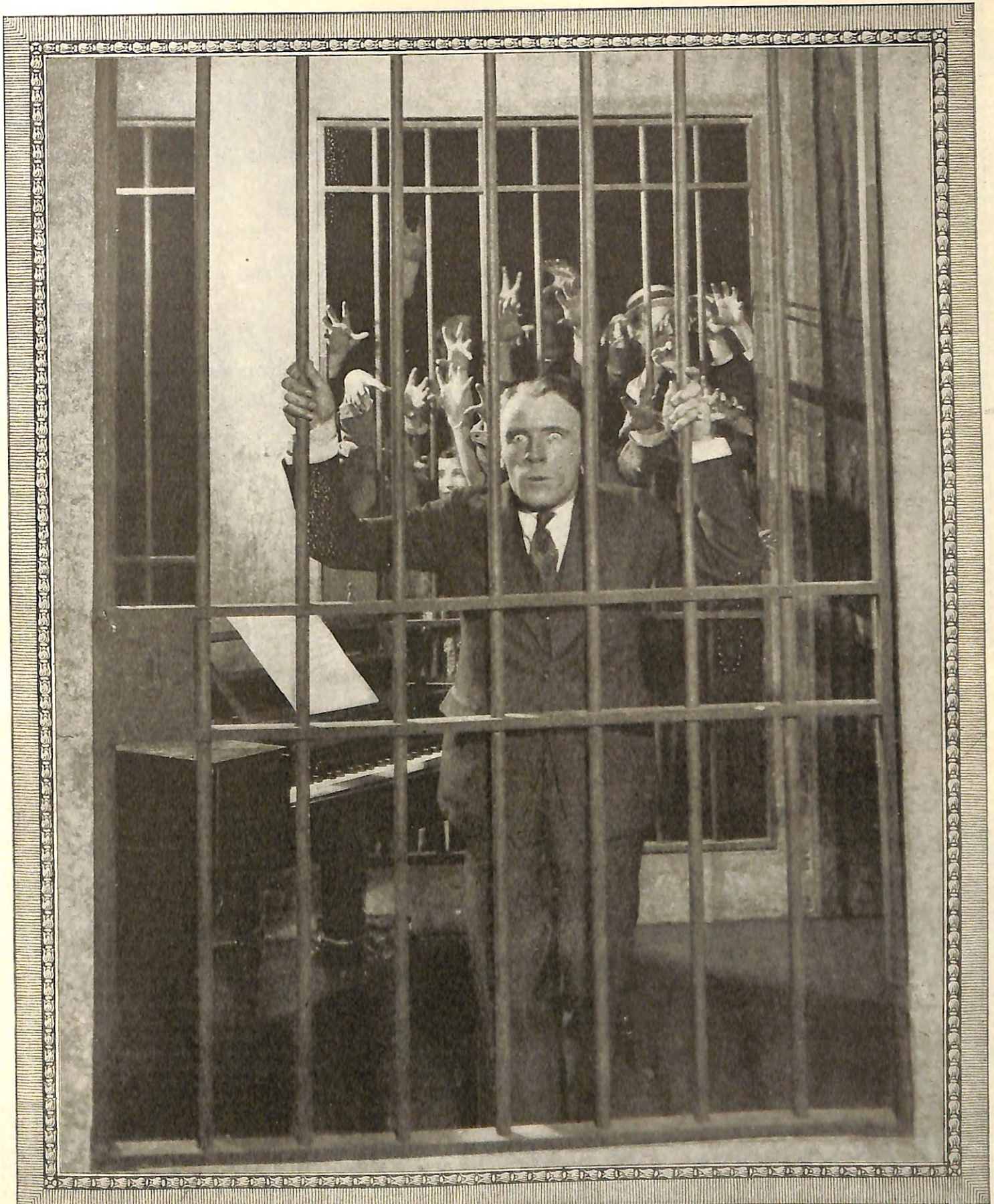
"You're darn right I've designs on him," MacGregor answered. "Figured it out last night before I went to sleep. I'm going to put so many casts over that big old dog that I'll drive him to come up, by jiminy! I don't care if it takes me all day."

"Well you'll have a clear field," Bostwick remarked. "We're all going to keep away from the Split Rock Pool—until your week's up. And then I'm going to see just how sick that new forty-dollar Bayne rod will make him look. Good luck to you, Mac!"

(Continued on page 83)



They crowded forward, then stopped with seven assorted gasps of surprise, for fairly across the width of the old ice-box was stretched a trout of trouts



Roland Young
in
"Beggars on Horseback"

WHITE
A PLAY by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly written on the theme of the impecunious young composer who considers marrying for money that he may have leisure to write the symphonies that bubble within him. The authors revel in the congenial task of evolving the nightmare fantasies of a dream drama in which our hero lives through the grotesque consequences of his engagement. Superlative satire and comedy enhanced by excellent acting



H. B. L. BALL

The most famous designers of England were called upon to help create the historically correct costumes worn by this splendidly attired couple. The actors are Bebe Daniels and Rudolph Valentino, soon to appear in a screen production of Booth Tarkington's story "Monsieur Beaucaire," signaling Mr. Valentino's return to the screen after a year's absence



NICKOLAS MURAY

Juliette Crosby in the "Show-Off," in which George Kelly turns an unsparing spotlight on the weaknesses and foibles of a particularly irritating specimen of the familiar braggart breed. Those who remember how skillful Mr. Kelly showed himself at poking good-humored ridicule in "The Torch-Bearers" last year, will find this an even better and funnier play. The show-off receives a perfect interpretation at the hands of Louis John Bartels

The elegant Miss George, who plays the part of Anne DeRhonde in "The Merry Wives of Gotham," by Laurence Eyre. Added to the perennial amusement provoked by the absurdities of New York in the 1880's, there is a good deal of mild hilarity over the fantastic fate which presents Laura Hope Crews as a resident of shanty-town who takes in washing and who is, unknown to either of them, twin sister to the aristocratic Mrs. DeRhonde



MADRICE GOLDBERG

One of the most genuinely indigenous and satisfying plays the season has sponsored is Hatcher Hughes' drama of the Blue Ridge Mountains, "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." Its motivation hinges on the insidious efforts of a religious fanatic to rekindle an old family feud between the brother of the girl he wants and his successful rival, and it is rich with the rueful laughter latent in every tragi-comic situation. John F. Hamilton in the rôle of Rufe, the ne'er-do-well who has "gotten religion," has an unsympathetic part but gives a remarkable demonstration of hysterical exaltation. Here he is with Glenn Anders and George Abbott



MAURICE GOLDBERG

"Sweet Little Devil" is the title of the new musical comedy by Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, and a felicitous choice of an actress for the title rôle has been made in the person of Constance Binney, whose greatest charm is a piquantly mischievous naïveté. The score provided by George Gershwin is tuneful, and taking advantage of Miss Binney's ability as a toe-dancer, a very charming ballet has been arranged by Michel Fokine



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Elsie Ferguson, back on the legitimate stage, is more tawmily beautiful than ever as the Moon-Flower in Zoe Akins' play of that name. It is a romantic and somewhat artificially sentimental piece concerned with high living at Monte Carlo, the plot of which was originally conceived by Lazos Biro and served up by him in the Hungarian style. There is a rumor that Miss Akins has it in mind to write a trilogy of flower plays of which this is the initial offering



ABER

Viva Mexico!

Some Good Books for Us Gringos to Read Concerning Our Newly Recognized Southern Neighbor

By Claire Wallace Flynn

AS WE write, the news dispatches of the day inform us that one way or another the revolution in Mexico is thriving. The Federalists gain here and the rebels there. Detachments of Obregon's troops have passed through Texas on their way to new positions and have in this made a paragraph for themselves on the pages of American history. But, most important of all, President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes have gone so far in their belief in the Obregon policy and the necessity of Obregon's ultimate success that we are now furnishing munitions of war to the Mexican Federal Government and preventing De la Huerta from procuring within our borders any like arms for his rebel followers.

So, when you think of it in personal terms, "you and I" are really helping in the revolution now on to the south of us. We are putting our fingers in a nice little pie. We are trying to crush a rebellion and sustain a government. A pretty exciting thought!

And, if you wake at night and let your mind fly down across the Rio Grande and see with keen imagination the very real and perilous war that is being waged across the deserts of Mexico, in its old adobe towns, in its ancient and lovely cities, in its tropic seaports, and realize that you yourself are participating in a way, it certainly provokes to a desire for more knowledge about that turbulent republic which is our neighbor.

Travel just now in Mexico being what it is, the next best thing is to turn to the books written by those who have been there lately.

Mexico has always lured the writer. So near yet so alien. So old, yet so wild. So primitive, yet so steeped in history. So poor, yet so fabulously rich. So terrible, yet so soft and seductive. In fact, so *anything*, yet so *anything* else! You pay your money and suit your own mood or need in Mexico. That's why it has been the happy hunting-ground of adventurers from the Spanish conquistadors down to the modern gentlemen who go seeking oil concessions or those others, bold spirits, who for very love of a fight are even now joined to one army or another, taking desperate chances for the sheer excitement of being among the dark and reckless riders who are perhaps this moment jangling into some presidio or down some blazing white road, shouting "*Viva Mexico!*"

In Quest of El Dorado

By Stephen Graham

HAVING traveled twice to this country from England via British ports and once from Copenhagen, Stephen Graham, author of "Europe—Whither Bound?" and other enlightening books of journeys and observations, determined once more to come to this side of the Atlantic. This time he started westward from Spain and followed the romantic and adventurous path of those early Latin explorers who were drawn hither not so much by a desire to found settlements as to fill their galleons with treasure. Mr. Graham wanted, in his own words, to "trail an idea geographically across the world." And the idea—the Spanish idea of those early days—was gold!

Taking a ship at Cadiz, his way led

straight over the star-guided course of Columbus and Nunez de Balboa and Cortez, and the rest of the gallant company.

First stop—Porto Rico. Then the other West Indies. Then, after various wanderings, finally Mexico. Once deep in the chapters devoted to this country we discover the reason why this book (one not wholly on the subject at hand) is such a delight, and an inspiration—for more reading on Mexico.

Back of the flashing pictures of Mexico as Mr. Graham sees it, there hang rich old tapestries out of which creep the shades of Montezuma, of Cortez, of Aztec chieftains, of cruel, greedy Spanish soldiers. And these dim yet significant figures walk with him down the aisles of old cathedrals, through streets lined with mimosa and palm-trees, to spots where once pyramids rose rivaling

like to travel. Come along if you want to. We'll see what we can see!"

The Little Tigress

Tales Out of the Dust of Mexico

By Wallace Smith

CAPTAIN SANTIAGO, rebel warrior, rode into a certain little captured Mexican city, his inexplicable blue eyes (fancy blue eyes in a brown Mexican face!) alert under his sombrero.

Behind the usual bars of a balcony window gleamed the slim, fine face, leaned the slim, fine body of Maria de la Luz, the disdainful young aristocrat just back from school in the United States. She loathed, of course, all desert rebels and held in contempt everything that was not of the "old order" of Spanish life. Her black eyes found the blue ones of Captain Santiago as he rode past with his dusty troops. He bowed low.

Outlaw! Robber!

A few pages beyond that picturesque encounter, we find Santiago once more in the field, his exploits celebrated in camp songs, the whole neighborhood ringing with his praises. And with him into this dangerous campaign went a *soldadera*—known as "The Little Tigress."

Now, in Mexico a *soldadera* is a woman soldier, a camp-follower. She trudges along with or after "her man" fighting, cooking, nursing, comforting—sleeping in rough blankets under the stars. We gringos consider the *soldaderas* a revolting blot among the many dark customs of Mexico. These things, however, are often a matter of geography.

The Little Tigress was a queen among *soldaderas*. Dressed like a boy, fearless, devoted—but who was she?

As we said when we were children: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

Can the Señorita Maria de la Luz have gone this wild and lawless road?

There! We have done our best to lead you into reading this collection of breathless yarns.

Wallace Smith, correspondent, adventurer, artist (he has illustrated his book with his own sketches) writes of Mexico from the inside out. There's no denying his predilection for bandit chiefs and their followers—"the last riders of romance. They go to make a final stand for melodrama. *Adios, compañeros valientes!*"

Mexico and Her People of To-day

By Nevin O. Winter

THIS is decidedly our idea of what a travel book should be. Here are all the past facts that it is necessary to know about a country to understand intelligently its present. And not a fact too much.

Here is Mexico to-day, seen through eyes that because they look critically are not blind to beauty. Important mining, agricultural and business opportunities are discussed, politics are considered, and a timely chapter entitled "Obregon and Present-day Problems" adds to the value of this comprehensive volume.

The more popular phases of travel—visits
(Continued on page 87)

The Books of the Month in Brief

"*In Quest of El Dorado*," by Stephen Graham. An irresistible book of Mexican (and other) wanderings, with spirited and dramatic incidents. (D. Appleton Co., New York)

"*Mexico and Her People of To-day*," by N. O. Winter. A complete picture of Mexico by an acknowledged expert at this sort of chronicle. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"*Tappan's Burro*," by Zane Grey. Our Southwest and Yucatan done in terms of short stories. Good. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

"*Men, Maids and Mantillas*," by Stella Burke May. If we could write a travel book, this is the delightful kind of travel book we would write. Satisfactory chapters on Mexico. (The Century Co., New York)

"*The Little Tigress*," by Wallace Smith. Sensational tales told amazingly well. An eminently readable style. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

"*Conquistador*," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Second time we've mentioned this—which shows what we think about it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

"*Out of the Desert*," by Owen White. Historical romance of El Paso written for El Pasoans but not without a variety of appeals for all Americans. (McMath Company, El Paso, Texas)

those of Egypt. An ancient and a picturesque civilization and a bloody conquest therefore are not neglected in this very modern travel book.

Mr. Graham wanders among the huge-hatted and brightly dressed populace of many places whose names appear most casually in our morning newspapers these days—Chihuahua, Mexico City, Tlaxcala, Puebla, Vera Cruz, and so on.

The author thinks and talks as he goes about. He did not store up a beastly lot of facts and dull notes to shoot at us when he came to write his book. No, he seems to say, "This is the nice, meandering sort of way I

Finding Them for Vaudeville

Most of the Stars Whose Names Are Blazoned in Electric Lights To-day, Were Discovered by Scouts in Obscure Places

By Joe Cook

IN a conversation recently with a well-known newspaper man friend of mine I happened to make some reference to the Vaudeville Scout.

"Vaudeville Scout?" he asked in a rather surprised tone. "Just what is that?"

"A Vaudeville Scout," I informed him, "is to vaudeville just what the baseball scout is to the big leagues."

"That is a new one on me," he said. "Though I have often wondered how vaudeville acts were discovered. Say Joe," he continued, "I'll bet that the theatre-going public in general never heard of such a thing as a scout in connection with the show business."

I believe he is right about the public on that, as the vaudeville scout does not get much publicity, but it is a fact that vaudeville circuits have their scouts. Plenty of them. A great many more than the big league clubs have. With the wide world as their territory they have to have more. Baseball scouts do most of their work in the United States with now and then a side trip into Canada. Big time vaudeville will send its scouts to Europe or to any other continent in its search for acts. It is not unusual for one of them to bring back a dozen or more new acts or novelties from a foreign trip.

The vaudeville scout is ever on the lookout for something different. In this respect he differs somewhat from the baseball scout. A baseball player may attract attention by the fact that he handles himself like some famous star. How often have we heard, "He plays the game like Cobb?" No doubt this very same likeness to a star has at times influenced the judgment of a vaudeville scout, but he is recommending an act that has limited possibilities and will not get very far. Originality is the keynote to success. Combine that with real merit and method of presentation, never forgetting plenty of personality, and you have the answer to the steady climb of some performers to the top rung of their profession.

Vaudeville offers splendid opportunities, for the field is large. There are approximately two hundred and fifty vaudeville theatres operating through Keith and affiliated circuits. Add another hundred to this and you have close to the aggregate of all legitimate vaudeville houses in the United States. That is the big end and at the same time the small end of the business. It is the "big end" because the acts playing these three hundred and fifty houses are what stage people call "big time stuff." In addition there are six thousand motion picture houses, a good share of which carry vaudeville features. That is, they use an act or two, to lift the show out of a steady picture performance. Going in still another direction there are the cabaret shows. In large cities many café owners pay attractive prices for headline theatrical attractions.

Of the thousands and thousands of vaude-

ville acts there is a very small minority that ever reach the big time. Good acts that do reach the big time very rarely walk in and ask for a booking coming as it were from nowhere, just as good baseball players



Joe Cook, famous vaudeville and revue star

rarely bob up in a baseball office. Scouts have to go out and look for them and in this method there is a close similarity between vaudeville and baseball. The owners of vaudeville theatres are continually searching for acceptable acts just as the managers and owners of baseball teams are always on the watch for dependable players. The process of education is similar, too. A big league manager generally farms out his young talent to a minor circuit so that faults may be eliminated. The owner of a vaudeville circuit puts an act on a smaller circuit to see how it goes.

Occasionally, in vaudeville, there are stars who have jumped from obscurity to electric lights on Broadway just as in baseball a Frisch comes to McGraw or a Cobb goes to Detroit. But always, there is exceptional talent back of this long leap.

In making comparisons between ball players and actors it brings out one thing that is tolerated in the show business but is unknown in baseball, in fact is an absolute bar from that game. A ball player becomes a star only when he has star playing qualities. He is compelled by the strictness of

his profession and the demand not only of his manager but of the fans to play up to his best at all times and this is the only way he can keep in the limelight—by his playing and not by the things in his private life. This is not always the case in the show business. Many acts so called have been shot into stardom that display absolutely no ability as performers. That they had none was known to their promoters, but having gained world-wide notoriety for some reason or other, they were paraded out for the public to gaze at. They receive no applause, the one appearance satisfying the curiosity of those who come to see what they look like, knowing that posing for this look is all they will get. These acts last perhaps a season, then pass from the stage to their proper place in scandal row.

THERE are other acts which reach the big time and look very promising and start to climb only to reach a certain point and stop, never seeming able to get beyond that point. This is because they are imitations of star acts, either intentionally or by chance. It is impossible to imagine one of these imitation acts ever replacing the original act that has won its way into the good graces of the public and, having reached stardom, will stay there for some time to come. On the contrary, the acts I refer to have received some very harsh, yet just, criticism from keen theatre-goers and newspapers, for not crediting the lifted material to the originator.

Once an act gets going the one thing that will advance it to the goal that all acts are trying for—"big time"—is hard work and untiring effort and particularly a close study of the requirements of the big time.

It is a long uphill climb to the top in vaudeville. Will Rogers, Frank Tinney, Al Jolson and other stage stars had their long periods of development.

It wasn't very many years ago when Will Rogers was working with broncos in a New York theatre. There was not a laugh in his whole act. Rogers was sitting in the wings one afternoon trying to figure out what to do or plan for the future, as his time was practically up. He was seriously considering taking his animals to Europe, as he figured that broncos and a cowboy would be a novelty. It was while sitting pondering over this that Max Hart, a vaudeville scout, came across him.

"Bill, what do you figure on doing?" asked Hart.

"Guess I'll take these broncos and go to Europe," drawled Rogers.

"What for?"

"There ain't a kick in the whole act."

"That's your fault."

"Huh!"

"I mean that."

"Don't get you, Max."

"Sure not, because you've never taken off enough time to figure things out for

(Continued on page 46)

*When Everything Seems Wrong and You Are Feeling Blue
It May Help You a Little to Reflect on*

The Antiquity of Human Nature

By Richard Le Gallienne

Drawing by Louis Fancher

THESE is nothing of which a young man or a young woman is so sure as of their own originality. To others, probably themselves laboring under the same illusion, they may seem entirely commonplace human beings, such as are produced at the rate of a million or so each moment according to standardized patterns of humanity; but in their own eyes they are unique. No one has ever been like them before, and whatever happens to them has the importance of brand-new phenomena, with which they expect us to be as awestruck as they are themselves. Yet to the eye of the philosopher one ant is not more like another ant than these pathetic, complacent young egoists to everybody else, to every other human being, in fact, that exists, or has ever existed in this great ant-hill of the world. The differences in human characters and destinies are so slight as to be almost negligible, and even those rare exceptions, as we call them, are only relatively exceptional. There is a general law for them also. Their occurrence is a little rarer—that is all. And, of course, this speculation is no newer than anything else under the sun. "Our new thoughts," as some one has said, "have thrilled dead bosoms."

Humanity at large is in this respect under the same illusion as the individual. It is always being newly surprised at itself, always admiring itself in the flattering looking-glass of novelty. Every new century is thus in love with itself; every new decade, even every new year, looks back condescendingly on its predecessor as old-fashioned and out-of-date. It regards all previous experience as a *débutante* regards the costumes worn by her mother, though it is certain that those costumes will "come in again" as surely as history repeats itself. And nothing in the world is quite so sure as that.

If man were a reading animal, which, in spite of the mountainous mass of printed matter, he is not, he could hardly preserve this sense of his own superior originality to all that has gone before him. As it is, his ignorance of his own history as a human being remains, for the most part, as profound as that of a child. When occasionally he stumbles upon some old book which flashes upon him a picture of human life, say, even no more than a hundred years ago, being lived identically, in all essential particulars, as it is being lived now—he can hardly believe it. It could be argued, of course, from one point of view, that such ignorance is protective. Too much knowledge of the uniformity of human actions through the ages, might, conceivably, make him lose interest in his own immediate share in the universal sameness of existence. Why go on doing the same old thing as if it had never been done before? Perhaps, it was for this reason that the Tree of Knowledge has always been looked on somewhat askance by the ruling powers. Books are still looked on with suspicion by practical persons, as though there were something dangerous

about them. It may have been with some such idea that certain tyrants of old time have made it their business to burn libraries. Much of history has been lost to us in this way. A certain Chinese emperor thus made a bonfire of all the books extant in his day, which was about 220 B.C., and he went further, and buried alive all the scholars who had read them. Nor is it long ago since "dangerous" books were burnt in the market-place by the common hangman.

Enough ancient books have survived, however, to show us how very old is human nature, how little man has changed since his dreams, his aspirations, his joys and sorrows, and humors, were written on the clay tablets of Babylon, or the papyri of ancient Egypt.

Life was sweet in 2700 B.C. as now, and "gather ye roses while ye may" was already a favorite philosophy. "What is best for thee to do," admonishes "the Harper," in a song sung so long ago, and engraved on a tomb at Thebes, "is to follow thy heart's desire as long as thou livest"—and the reason is already Omar's and Hamlet's reason:

Behold, a man is not permitted
To carry his possessions away with him.
Behold, there never was any one who, having
departed,
Was able to come back again.

So early, too, some men were already as tired of life as others were eager to enjoy it. Fifteen hundred years before the Sorrows of Job, an Egyptian misanthrope thus talked to his own soul of death as a happy release:

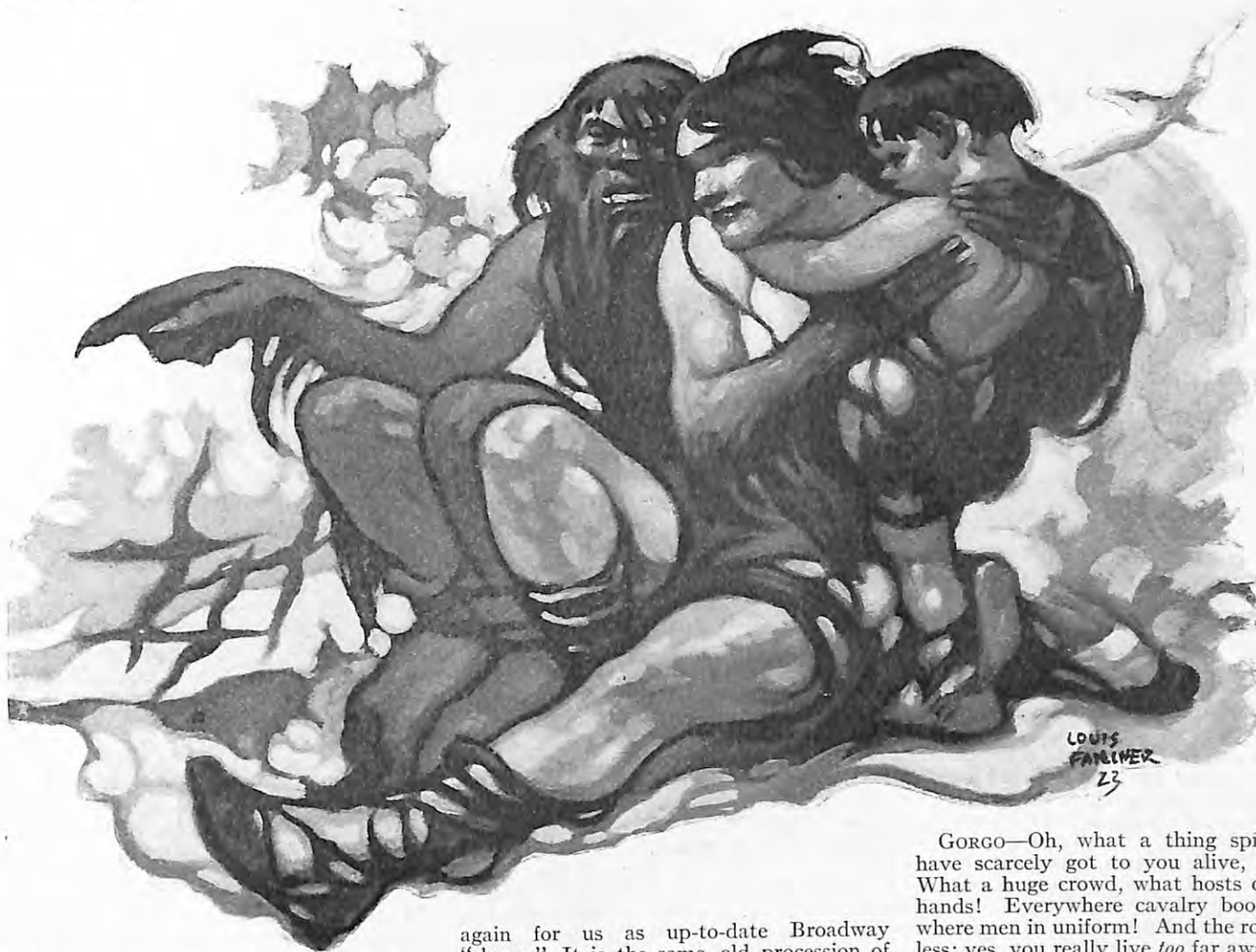
Death is before me to-day
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.
Death is before me to-day
Like the odour of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

BUT neither these nor all the various human documents put on record since, have done anything, it would seem, to rob men and women of their interest in the mysterious and exciting adventure of their own existence. Mothers with babies at their breasts do not lose interest in their own babies because of all the other mothers with babies at their breasts. Is it not proverbial that, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, each young mother has a feeling that her experience is unique, and that there is no other baby but her own in the world? And talking of that very old, and ever miraculously new, experience of motherhood and fatherhood, one naturally recalls that beautiful faraway picture in Homer, where we behold, as in a magic glass, great Hector, all dreadfully girt in his war-harness, taking his little son in his arms before going into battle—little Astyanax, "Like unto a beautiful star." But the child, "dismayed at his dear father's aspect, in dread of the bronze, and at the horsehair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top," shrinks from him and cries for his

nurse, and Hector and Andromache laugh together, and the father takes off the dreadful headgear, so that the child is no longer afraid, and, tossing him in his arms, prays aloud to Zeus that old human prayer—so seldom answered—that he may become a better man than his father! It is probably three thousand years and more since that was written, yet how fresh is the picture, how "modern"! How many such scenes must have happened here in America, but six years or so ago, when our young soldier fathers took farewell of their young wives and babies, as they slung their kit on their shoulders, and, choking back their tears, embarked for France. That there was no "originality" in the experience did not rob it of its poignant significance. On the contrary, had such young warrior fathers had knowledge, as many must, of that old faraway leave-taking in Troy, surely it must have rather deepened than diminished the meaning of their own farewell; buoyed them up with a sense of their camaraderie with the whole of immemorial humanity.

WE BEAR sorrow more bravely, face danger the more fearlessly, inspired by such memories from the common lot of man; as our joys are heightened by the knowledge that men and women long dead once loved and laughed in the sun just as we are doing to-day. As in a theatre we enjoy a play all the more because the rest of the audience is enjoying it with us, so all our experiences are enlarged and intensified as we feel that we are sharing them, in a sympathetic brotherhood, with the whole human race, past and present, mysteriously and lightly heartedly "in the same boat" as ourselves. "Nothing human is foreign to me," said the old poet, and there is a great satisfaction in feeling that we are human beings along with other human beings, living and dying, succeeding and failing, working and loving and praying, laughing and making fools of ourselves, all very much in the same old-fashioned "human" way. The world is warmer for the thought, and Time and Space, and Death itself, Presences the less intimidating, thus confronted in company.

Yes, the world is just the same old stage as it has been since man first came to strut and fret his little hour upon it; and the same old characters, with slight changes of costume, come on again and again, year after year. And the run of the piece, which changes as little as the characters, is now known to have been prodigiously longer than our forefathers had any suspicion of, even but a hundred years ago. It is hard for us nowadays to credit that, no longer ago, indeed, than that, practically everybody, however intelligent or even learned, believed that the world had been in existence only four thousand and four years before the coming of Christ. For confirmation of this the reader has but to turn to his Bible, and opposite the impressive opening words of the first chapter of Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," he will



find printed in the margin the exact date, "B.C. 4004." So completely have the sciences of geology and archæology overturned the old systems of chronology that a modern schoolboy even would smile at the "naïveté" of such a date. In the eyes of those "terrible Muses," Astronomy and Geology, six thousand years have come to seem indeed but as yesterday. Indeed, it is now regarded as practically certain that Egypt was a highly civilized nation, with a long history of forgotten development already behind it, not less than 5000 years before Christ. One has only to spend a little time in a museum, glancing, even casually, at the old picture-writings on ancient Egyptian monuments to see that human types and the human drama were already fixed even so long ago, and there is little doubt that our stock of fairy-tales and fables and romantic stories, coming to us via such sources as Æsop and the Arabian Nights, wherein human character in all its various forms, "humors" and vicissitudes, is depicted as "modern" as in this year of grace 1924, had their probable origin in that shadowy twilight of history on the banks of the Nile. As Kipling has humorously put it:

Who can doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?

Yes! "the profiteer," for one, is undoubtedly a type as old as humanity, and the literature of old China is particularly rich in the stock figures of the human comedy. As for the literatures of Greece and Rome, no one need be told how near to us they are, for the greater part of European literature has come out of them, and their old tragedies and comedies need only a few local changes, of names and costumes and settings, to live

again for us as up-to-date Broadway "shows." It is the same old procession of human beings making us laugh and cry at the same human complications, the same human pretensions and absurdities. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, the "new rich," the "oppressed" poor, the braggart soldier, the distracted lover, the spendthrift and the miser, gun-men and police-officers, puritan and profligate, vice and virtue, innocence and villainy, the hero and the coward, the farmer, the hard and gentle, the austere and the gay, lawyers and doctors and merchants, all and sundry are there, all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, "with Life's own columns on them," just as they are to-day. They have not changed, not merely in seven thousand years, but perhaps not even in a million. Probably the cave-man was very much the same human being as his more sophisticated descendant, though with a little less polish in his manners.

IT IS the lighter literature of antiquity which brings home to us with especial poignancy and occasional weirdness, this unchangeableness of humanity. Take this gay every-day dialogue between two Syracusan ladies, living in Alexandria about three centuries B.C. It is what we would call Easter, and the ladies are going together to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. Gorgo has called on her friend Praxinoë, preparatory to their setting out together. Here is the opening of the dialogue:

GORG—Is Praxinoë at home?

PRAXINOË—Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Enoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it, too.

GORG—It does most charmingly as it is.

PRAXINOË—Do sit down.

GORG—Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

PRAXINOË—It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch, always the same, even for spite!

GORG—Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

PRAXINOË—Our Lady! The child takes notice.

GORG—Nice papa!

And so the dialogue proceeds, and it is no fancy of a modern writer imagining the talk of fashionable women in old Alexandria, but it was written by the great Greek poet, Theocritus, who was born in Syracuse 315 B. C., and the translation here given is by that learned Greek scholar and best of translators, Andrew Lang. Otherwise one might well take it for a literary hoax, so exactly do these two ladies talk as though they were sitting in a drawing-room on Fifth Avenue, before setting out to hear High Mass on Easter Day at Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The one difference is that the Our Lady referred to is Persephone instead of the Madonna.

THIS fact of the unchangeableness of human nature, and the uniformity of the human drama through the ages, is one which may be considered from many points of view. If we care to heed it, it can be made very useful to us in the conduct of our own lives, for it is easy to see how it can help us to avoid making the old mistakes, and save us from taking a too gloomy view of our own difficulties and trials. After all, other human

(Continued on page 84)

The Smooth Road to Hedda's Success Is Suddenly Blocked by a Powerful Enemy in Ambush A Daughter of Ambition

Part III

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

MRS. HANSEN looked small and faded in the big lobby of the hotel, and rather shabbily dressed. He saw her first as a somewhat broken little woman sitting like a mournfully expectant child on a big couch. There was a sting in the thought that out of his monthly checks would she soon be buying other garments. He hardly knew how to address her. Quite sanely now he sensed all that. He sensed, too, as he took her hand and seated himself beside her, that his constraint was making a difficult situation even more difficult for her. She, he felt with a twinge of pity that was new to him, had fought this desperate battle too long and too hard. She had lost something of her ethical balance.

"I've been through an awful scene with Hedda." She plunged nervously into it, but in so low a voice that he had to bend forward to catch all she said. He wondered, guiltily, if she knew, this sad little woman, that her daughter had been in his arms. It seemed almost as if she must know. . . . "Hedda is really a dear girl. She has temperament, of course . . ."

"She'd have to have temperament."

"I know. I realize that. What I mean is, she has always been a good girl . . ."

Barset winced. And then thought that she hurried on with added self-consciousness.

" . . . that is, she's been willing and helpful and really very patient. But she had lunch with Mrs. Halling to-day and was very much upset after it. I don't know what could have happened. You've never been a parent, Mr. Barset, and I don't know whether you understand how keenly we learn to read our children. I can see that something must have been said. I came in about four o'clock and found her crying. And when I tried to talk with her she went into the worst tantrum I've ever seen. She cried out that she couldn't . . . well, take your money . . ." Barset had to bend even nearer . . . "and that she couldn't go on with it. I pointed out that matters had already gone too far with Mr. Watson, that Aeolian Hall was actually engaged, and then for a while she completely lost herself. I was frightened. Of course, I realize that she is a comparatively inexperienced girl . . . she's twenty-three . . . and that she may be having just a reaction after the unusual excitement . . . I'll confess that I've felt it myself, your wonderful kindness came to us so unexpectedly, though I think, I'm sure, Mrs. Halling must have said something, for all her friendliness. You see, Hedda went into a fit of hysterics. She cried out . . . laughed. I was frightened. And then she completely lost herself. She beat her head against the wall. I had to struggle with her. She even tried to tear up her music. It was a perfect storm. I really believe I'd have called you up right before her . . . you see there's no one else I . . . if we'd had a telephone . . ."

"I'm afraid it may be a month

or two before we can get the telephone installed."

"I can't tell you how kind you are! I was going to say, she did quiet down after a while and I finally persuaded her to lie down and try to rest. As soon as I felt safe about her I slipped out to the drug store and called you. She's quiet enough now. Doesn't want to talk. Cries out to me to go away. I've darkened her room. But I don't know what to do. She insists that Mrs. Halling said nothing at all. She merely ate her lunch there and then came up-town for her lesson, and then straight home."

"The poor child," he murmured. If she had looked up just then she would have seen that his eyes were shining. He went on, so gently and steadily that she found her courage returning in a fluttering way. "Suppose you go back, and let me look in on you a little later. In about half an hour." He paused. His nerves were stirring again. It occurred to him that he had better not see Hedda alone, in a room. But somehow she must be steadied, must be made to feel, at once, his strong constructive self. Really, she knew nothing of him. He could forgive her for hating him. His eyes filled again at the thought of that unhappy revulsion of feeling he had stirred in the girl. What could have come over him! . . . "We must make her feel, Mrs. Hansen, that she's going to be carried through this thing. She needs a little

confidence, that's all. I'm sure the courage is there. And I'm going to ask you to stay in the room with us. Together, I think, we can bring her around."

"It might be better for her not to know that I have seen you."

"Yes. Certainly. We'll say nothing of it."

The plain little woman who had buried her own dreams of a career in a Minnesota town hurried away. Barset, hat in hand, soberly watched her go. Then he went out and walked up Broadway, now and again consulting his watch. He found himself again in the dingy hallway behind the delicatessen store; then he had climbed to the top of the house and was entering the crowded little apartment with the incredible bead portiere. Mrs. Hansen greeted him with a touch of surprise in her manner. He wished she hadn't felt that necessary. The pity in him deepened.

"Hedda," the mother called, "here's Mr. Barset."

He could hear her moving about in the next room. She was slow in coming. When finally she did appear in the doorway, pale and heavy-eyed, Mrs. Hansen said, a thought too eagerly (he felt)—

"MR. BARSET was in the neighborhood and looked in on us." Then to him, "You must have a bite of supper with us. I'll make an omelet in the chafing-dish."

But he explained that he had only a moment. He felt Hedda's unhappy eyes on him. He was anything but happy himself. If he didn't watch out that confusion would seize on him again. He said, "I've got a bit of news, Hedda." This brought her eyes to him again. Then she glanced nervously at her mother. But he had spoken the name deliberately; he was tired of concealments. "I saw Henry Chalfonte to-day at the club, and he has promised to come to your concert."

"Splendid!" cried Mrs. Hansen. But Hedda received the news listlessly.

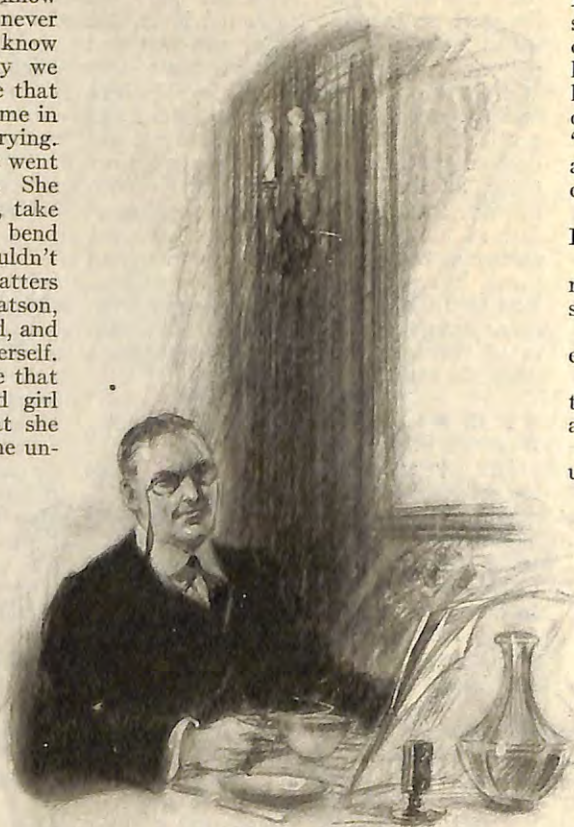
"Another matter." He turned to the mother. "I imagine it would be wise to do some advertising in the music magazines."

"Well . . ." began Mrs. Hansen, brightening.

"I'll call up Watson in the morning. I think we'd better take some space right away. They will treat us better."

It was difficult. The thing was to build up again an atmosphere of confidence. One

thought had come to him out of that growl of Henry Chalfonte's; it was that Sembrich could help with certain of her songs. He suggested this. He talked on, pleasantly, convincingly. Yes, he was himself again. But a whisper in his brain told him that he had been wise in asking Mrs. Hansen to stay in the room. Hedda's appeal had not before been so strong. Her pallor made her more "wistful." Her grave eyes were constantly on him. He chatted more and more easily. He even laughed. But when he rose to go those eyes were still



Henry Chalfonte was comfortably reading the sporting page



on him; they seemed to be puzzling him out; hurt eyes. Mrs. Hansen moved toward the other room, as if caught by a hesitant impulse to leave them together, but he arrested her with a friendly smile and a firmly outstretched hand. Then for a moment he had Hedda's soft little hand in his. And then he was running down the stairs, hoping, feeling, that he had brought them some sense of balance. He rode down to Gramercy Park in a taxi, to be alone with his thoughts. The next thing was to get somehow into the stride of his work. Habit was everything. He read manuscripts until long after midnight. Already the pile on his library table had mounted out of all reason. Not more than once or twice in twelve to fourteen years had he fallen behind that inexorable and unending task. He wouldn't again.

In the morning he went crisply through his exercises, greeted his sister cheerfully (wondering if she had been watching him) and then walked to his office. Miss Pierce found

Mrs. Hansen looked small and faded. . . . He saw her first as a somewhat broken little woman sitting like a mournfully expectant child on a big couch

him alert and strong. She felt relief. . . . And then, at eleven, Hedda called up, and for a moment this new character-structure tottered.

"I want to talk with you," she said.

"Certainly. Won't you lunch with me? Say at Voisin's. Or no . . ." for Isabel so often appeared there . . . "let's make it the Plaza." In this mood he couldn't name an obscure restaurant. There was so much to undo, already, in these few eventful days. Every step now must be open.

She sat forlornly opposite. "Mother went out and called you up, yesterday. She wasn't surprised at your coming."

He considered. Something was due Mrs. Hansen. But he preferred not to lie. He inclined his head.



"She must have told you what I did. It was foolish, of course, but I just lost hold. It has . . . frightened me."

"It frightened me, Hedda."

"I tried to tell you at Mrs. Halling's how wonderful you've been. Oh, yes, you

Ethelbert Peck, awkward and gangling as ever, spread his coat tails and ran his long fingers over the keys. Then Hedda's effortless voice floated out in the introductory Handel aria, and the audience was hushed

have! But the situation I'm in . . . we can't go on like that."

"Of course we can't, Hedda." He wasn't sure she liked his readiness with this attitude. Women, girls, were contradictory creatures. "I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself." She liked this even less; lowered her eyes and bit her lip.

"But I am, Hedda. I allowed myself to be carried away. You affected me deeply. But it wasn't fair. I can't tell you how I blame myself."

"I don't know as there's much good in talking that way," said she, slowly. "It wasn't altogether your fault."

"But you were naturally too excited to realize what you were doing. While I, an old experienced man . . ."

"YOU'RE not so awfully old," said she, with a crooked smile. "Of course I have been excited, but it wasn't just that. Anyhow I'm in a fix. I can't see very far ahead. I thought perhaps I'd . . ."

"What?"

"We can't go on."

"But we can."

"No. Don't you see . . . yes, I know what I'm saying . . . this thing is to stop now, while we can. You've already spent some money. I ought to be able to get into a church quartet somewhere. And I've thought maybe you'd do just this one more thing . . . well, I can run a typewriter, and if you could speak a word for me in some other office . . ."

"Oh, really!"

"Please! The thing is for mother to go home. I can't make any money there, but I ought to be able to work it out down here. I'll pay you back."

He rested his elbows on the table and looked at her. Now, if ever, he reflected, was the moment in which to show what strength might be in him. Or had he been a sham all these years? He believed not. He could have leaned right over, drawn her lovely sad face to his, and kissed it; but instead he contrived a firm smile. Yes, he had some strength!

"The time has evidently come to talk sense, Hedda. Talk straight from the shoulder."

"I've felt so."

"Listen to me. From this moment on you're going to try to accept me as your Dutch Uncle. I'm fifteen years older than you. My judgment ought to be worth something. I want you to stop and think how much this musical education has already cost your family. You can't quit. And it would be quitting. Yes, it would."

"I hate to think of it that way."

"I've got to try to make you see it as it is."

"Please listen. We had a letter from my sister yesterday. She's nineteen. She works with father in the store. It's a hardware store. She thinks father's breaking. A new chain store opened there six or eight months ago and cut into the business terribly. Father is finding it hard to compete with them. And Brenda says that the worry seems to be affecting his health. You know we haven't been home in a year, mother and I. We couldn't afford to."



"The railway rates are high."

"Everything's high. I know what was in mother's mind. She was afraid if we did go out there we'd never get back to New York. It's rather hard to explain mother. She's a dear. She's quiet and kind. But this business of my career is her whole life. I'm a sort of passion with her. I really believe she'd lie for me, steal for me, anything."

"I think I can understand it, Hedda. Her own life is a story of frustration. Your life, your music, is to her a chance, a last chance to win. It evidently is a passion. Just that."

"You've no idea how she schemed and worked and saved to get me started, in St. Paul, and after that to get me down here and begin building. I've had dreams, too, for myself."

"Naturally."

"And most of the time I've seen it as mother did. She really has made me see it that way. But sometimes I've felt that I'm not living my own life at all. Just mother's. And yesterday . . . It's hard to say exactly what I mean . . ."

"Try."

"I am trying. I'm not very articulate. And I got awfully upset yesterday. It was when I saw that you . . . it isn't fair to take everything from you and then drive you away like that."

"It wasn't your fault at all. It was mine."

"No . . ."

"Yes, it was. I've been all over that. Fought it out."

"You said it would be impersonal. It isn't."

"It hasn't been. But it will be. It must be. It's perfectly true that the moment I saw you and heard you sing I went clean off my head. But since then . . . especially since yesterday . . . I've fought it out. I've thought of everything, Hedda."

"So have I."

"It's been a tremendous flare-up. A madness. I've neglected everything, my business, important obligations at the club . . . That won't do."

"No . . ."

"NOW what does it all come down to. First let me put a question. Here you are, after years of the hardest sort of preparation right on the edge of your first real opportunity. Your big New York recital is all set. You have a first-class manager. You are booked for an appearance with one of the finest orchestras in America, and Max Koerstner believes you competent and ready to do it. You have money assured for living and working without putting any further strain on your father."

"But . . ."

"Please! Let me finish. Now, supposing that you have no real worries . . . what I really mean is, supposing that this money didn't worry you, that it was all your own



money, say . . . wouldn't you want to go right on and build for your triumph?"

"Why . . . yes."

"Wouldn't it be a pretty crushing blow to have to quit now? To feel that you had to?"

She bent her head.

"It would. So far we understand each other. Good! Now let's try to understand each other a little further. It's not any too easy for me to talk all this out, either. But I'm going to try. We've been going through this flare-up, Hedda, but we've got to try to be sensible about even that. May I speak very plainly?"

"I suppose we've . . . got to."

"I think we have. First you must try to picture me as I am, a bachelor, dangerously close to forty, fairly successful, and contented. Women have played no part whatever in my life. I'm simply not a woman's man. You appear and I lose my head. Doubtless that's natural enough. I ought to know better, but it's natural. I've thought of everything. Even of asking you, on two days' acquaintance, if you'd be willing to consider marrying me."

Her clasped hands tightened, and her color rose somewhat. But her downcast eyes were troubled.

"That, of course, is impossible. In the first place . . . I'm assuming nothing . . . a man and a girl have to know a little something of each other before they have a right

even to consider such a step. And the difference in our ages raises some other problems . . . serious problems, no matter how romantic our mood might happen to be. I know myself pretty well. I'm a domestic, possessive male of settled habits. However I might try to adapt myself, in the long run my wife would have to give herself up to the marriage . . . oh, home, babies, all that. You see, I'd have to give up to it myself. I might try to attach myself to an opera singer and run around after her . . . have you seen 'Enter Madame,' the play?"

She nodded quickly, without looking up.

"**W**ELL, there you are, in part. Only it would be worse. I can see that. Now take yourself." He smiled when, now, she did raise her eyes, very kindly. His own eyes were sad. She saw that, felt it. He went quietly on. She was getting over the confusion his business-like bluntness had at first stirred in her. It was true, he was assuming nothing. . . . "You are young, beautiful, gifted. You are just stepping out into a career. It may easily become a very important career. You don't know what you want to do with yourself. How could you? It's perfectly certain that you haven't the time or energy right now for romantic playing about. Love will undoubtedly come into your life, but there's no place for it now."

"There hasn't seemed to be."

"There isn't. You've either got to take a

few years . . . hard fighting years . . . to put the whole business to the test, prove yourself, or quit, give up, and lose all the effort you've put in and all the heroic sacrifices of your family. That wouldn't be right, would it?"

"I . . . don't know."

"Hedda, you do know." She was relieved when, now, he deliberately lighted a cigar. He had quite forgotten, in his earnestness, to smoke. She felt his strength. He continued, thoughtfully, gently. "Let's admit that we've had this emotional flare-up, and that it was dangerous . . . for you. But on the other hand let's not make the youthful mistake of taking it too seriously. You can think along with me this far, can't you?"

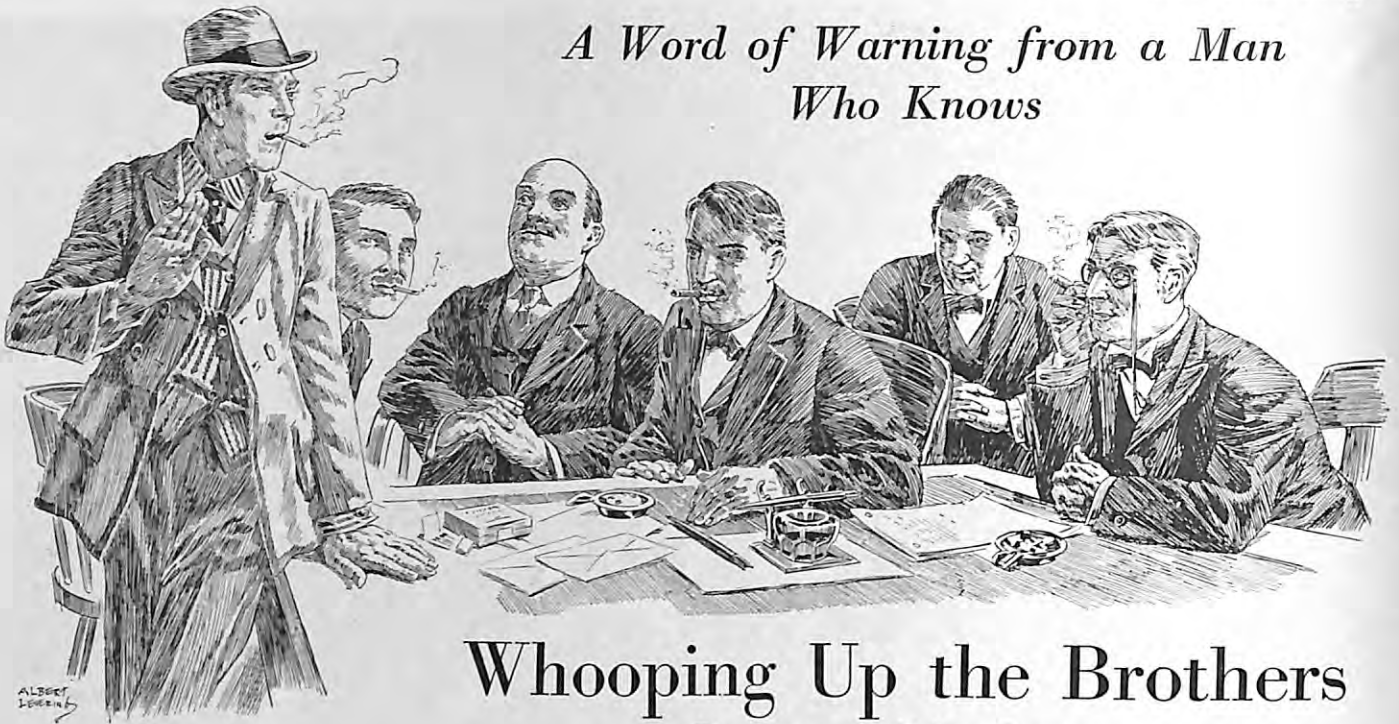
She considered, then again nodded. She found his strong clear mind not unpleasantly dominant.

"Here's another pretty blunt thing for a man to say to a girl, Hedda. But we may as well have it all out. I really believe we're getting somewhere . . . I'm afraid I'm going to make an appeal to your sympathy now, but it seems to be part of the story. I said I was ashamed. I think you can see why. I acted with you exactly like a man who has no conscience whatever. Good Lord, not even character!"

"Oh, no!"

"But I did. I made love to you. I swept you off your feet, with offers of

(Continued on page 56)



A Word of Warning from a Man Who Knows

Whooping Up the Brothers

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Drawings by Albert Levering

THE last time I was in Los Angeles, I ran into Billy Jacobs, known to the "profesh" as Billy the Whoop. He wasn't doing very well; in fact, he was barely making a living as a lecturer, or "grinder," in one of the many museums or storehouses which line a certain section of Main Street in the motion-picture metropolis, delivering his rote every half hour upon the fierceness of the python and the intelligence of the chimpanzee—about all of which Billy knew nothing. That wasn't his real position in life; he liked better to whoop up the opening of a real estate section or sell oil stock. He was merely taking what came his way while he awaited an opening.

He got it. Three months later I ran into him on Market Street in San Francisco. Billy the Whoop was himself again. As in common with Billy's kind, he wore a diamond, slightly yellow, but big enough to serve as a headlight on a dark day. His clothing was of the kind best described as "peppy"—expensive cloth and a little off on style. He had a car, of the low, sleek type, with his name tastefully done on the side in letters an inch high. And he also had a chauffeur. Billy had put over a "promotion," and as a result possessed a bank account running into five figures. Which can mean a great many things.

In the first place, it meant that Billy the Whoop, with practically no showmanship—he never had been anything but a second-rate "booster" until he took up the business of making unsophisticated persons work for him—with hardly a good enough education to speak passable English, had been able to persuade a lodge of some four thousand members, consisting for the most part of energetic, successful business men, that he could give them something for nothing. That he succeeded was due, not to him, but to them, and to efforts which consisted of anything from one week's hard labor to a matter of more than a month—to say nothing of contributions, assaults upon the pocketbooks of friends, amiable blackjacking of merchants and the settling of a free-for-all fight among various more or less beautiful young women of the city who had performed equally difficult tasks for a reward ranging anywhere from a slightly used automobile to the title of "Queen" of an indoor carnival.

For by a "promotion," in the indoor sense, is not meant the selling of real estate, or the opening of a new oil-field, or even the launching of a stock-selling scheme. It is something more rapid, more safe and more sure; a diversion, by the way, which has grown to such proportions within the last few years that now an average of about ten million persons participate annually—mostly in the rôle of supporters of the various enterprises—while the men who "follow the racket," as they call it, are limited only by the number of lodges, or cities, or civic associations that are looking for money. Of these, it is estimated by a prominent theatrical weekly, less than twenty are efficient, financially or otherwise.

It's a rather strange thing, the mental

LEST this article be confused into an idea that the indoor show condition as it exists is an affair confined exclusively to The Elks, let it be known that the contrary is largely true. This exposé is written more as a warning guidepost rather than as a post-mortem.

There is hardly an order of any kind, from the Shrine to the Odd Fellows, that has not been inoculated with the indoor show germ. In fact, it is believed that more "spots," as they are called, have been "put over" by promoters with other orders than with Elks. The Shrine was the first field of endeavor. Then, when this began to pale, the activities were spread to whatever organization that could be found that would act as "the auspices."

attitude of the American people toward a showman. A currier, for instance, can not come into a town, open a business and persuade the populace that he knows all about

his trade. He must prove it—either by the offering of his wares for inspection, or through a gradually growing "trade." An attorney must win cases, or at least show an ability to practise, before he can gain a clientele. A doctor can not be given the reputation of being a healer simply on his own say-so. But the age-old mystery which ever has surrounded the show business, seems to allow almost any person who can talk the show language to call himself a showman and be believed implicitly. Which has happened within the last few years with some disastrous effects.

But lest this all be too technical, let it be explained that an indoor show—such as is being produced from one to five times a year by various promoters for equally various lodges and associations in practically every city of more than 50,000 throughout the country—is a combination of circus, carnival, cabaret, theatricals and lottery, usually designed for the benefit of the particular association which sponsors it. Briefly stated, it is an affair by which the primary appeal is through an evasion of the lottery laws, in the "giving away" of automobiles or other prizes to the buyers of tickets, followed by the possibility of an entertaining show, and the sureness of indulging in mild forms of gambling, by means of "merchandise wheels" such as are usually permitted on a great many fair and exposition grounds.

IF ONE of the few men of the country who really have show heads and reputations at stake, is at the head of the enterprise, the show will be a good one, with many of the star acts from various circuses transported from their winter quarters to the city of the exhibition for a week's stay, and with a program that gives the purchaser of a ticket really more than his money's worth. The "wheels" will be gauged according to a decent profit, so that instead of a gambling device they become only a means of disposing of a stated amount of merchandise at a profit of say 100 per cent., the rapidity of the sales being gauged by the number of persons attending and by their desire to get a \$5 article for a dime. The only trouble is that the number of these men who really make a business of putting on indoor shows for

lodges, and who are financially and mentally and morally equipped to give a trustworthy rendition of their task, is so limited that their time is almost unavailable. The result is that many fraternal organizations fall into the hands of unscrupulous men whose recommendation is their own word, and whose motto is largely built upon the basis of a remark made by one promoter to another during a big show last winter:

"Listen, Bo," he said, "this is a swell lay-out here. And I guess the birds that told me you knew more about the show racket in a minute than I do in a year are right. But there's one thing I know, and that's how to get the money. Give 'em nothin', because you can't come back anyway!"

IT IS this cheery little principle which last year alone cost the amusement-going people of America millions of dollars, to say nothing of leaving scores or so of general committees of various fraternal organizations throughout the country fighting through frenzied weeks of financial troubles, owing to the fact that the promoter's "guarantee against loss" proved to be nothing but so many words. On the other hand, in all fairness, let it be said that there have been valuable additions to charity funds, new wings to lodge buildings, worth-while causes fostered and more than one organization saved from the rocks by legitimate show enterprises which make a business of presenting entertainments, which have a financial standing and which would be as much injured by any untoward action as the lodge itself. This is not meant for them; it is for the unbridled promoter, the sure-thing guy, and the "ise-way ackenray owshay irdbay" as he is so liable to call himself in his queer jargon, who confesses privately that his life-work is not in attempting to benefit others, but to "etgay the oincay" by "whooping up the brothers."

It was several years ago that a man, who is now the foremost legitimate indoor amusement promoter in the country, went to a San Francisco lodge with a big idea. He was a showman; he knew the business end of showmanship as well as the amusement end of it. He also knew the value of being honest, both to the person with whom he worked and to whom he catered. And he had a straight business proposition.

He would put on a new and different kind of a show for the lodge, built upon a combination of the carnival, the circus and the dance pavilion. A large hall would be selected, to which admission would be charged and tickets sold through the efforts of the members of the lodge, as well as a reserved seat sale. To gain a certainty of attendance, the tickets would be sold on a season basis, one ticket, costing fifty cents, being good for the entire length of the show's stay, making the cost of attendance for one night only about eight cents. This would allow the holders either to go as many times as they liked, or to pass the ticket along to others, since there was no way to identify the holder; assuring packed houses every night, at which the charge for reserved seats would take up a great part of the overhead.

Around the hall were to be concession stands, such as may be seen at any fair or carnival, "doll racks," "aluminum joints," "basket joints," "ham and bacon joints," and others of the same type, operating with what is known as a "lay-down" and a "merchandise wheel," and manned by members of the lodge who would strive to induce the patrons to indulge in the practically harmless form of gambling—if any gambling can be harmless.

There were to be two shows a night, given

in the center of this hall, and consisting of various circus acts, a style show and other diversions. A promenade was to be made about the space in which the show was given, allowing an opportunity either to watch the show or play the various "games." Following the second show, the floor was to be cleared, with the exception of the "joints," a good orchestra sent into action, free dancing indulged in. Then, too, there would be the cabaret, of course, the country store and other features. The organization adopted the idea, giving the promoter a percentage of the profits for his part of the enterprise, he taking all the risk in event of loss.

It was a success of the type known in show circles as a "knockover." When it was ended, the San Francisco lodge found itself wealthier by about \$50,000. The circus performance had been excellent. It had been possible for those who cared for nothing else, to see a good show for about eight cents. Others spent what they chose. The expenses, due to experienced showmanship, had been kept so low that the profits had mounted enormously. San Francisco itself was pleased; it had been shown a good time and that was all it cared about. The lodge was pleased; it had made friends and money at the same time. The promoter was pleased—because from every part of the country there flooded to him requests from other cities to do the same thing for them. He embarked in the business of putting on these shows. Likewise the five or six concerns which for years had made a business of producing club and lodge entertainments,



"Give 'em nothing; because you can't come back anyway"

and which "switched their act" to conform to the new variety of things. But that wasn't enough.

The lodge and club world of America had heard about San Francisco and that tremendous profit from an indoor show. And the percentage of clubs and lodges which do not care for a little extra money is small indeed—there is always the new grill-room to build,

the deficit caused by prohibition to be made up, the band sent to the national convention, the charity fund augmented, or the testimonial to be given to the ruling officer. Here was a way to do it, by a new system where the money flowed in unceasing streams. It was the old story of the oil well done in a different setting. There are good oil companies, even after years of speculation. There are good promoters for indoor carnivals and such. But there are also the sure-thing boys, the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't crowd. With the country mad over indoor shows, they swooped forward to the golden harvest. The lodges wanted people to put on shows for them. They got what they wanted—and wreckage of various kinds has been floating on the waters ever since.

THE average lodge or club in a city of, say, 100,000, has on an average more than a thousand members. Among these are bankers, merchants, attorneys, business and professional men, who represent some of the best brains of the city. Often, their lodge is very dear to them. It would seem impossible, wouldn't it, with this sort of membership, for that lodge or club to be hoodwinked? But as one very suave gentleman remarked after the dust had settled following an indoor show fiasco:

"The only mistake I made was that I didn't try to sell them the post-office building."

In other words, I am afraid that when some lodgemen read this little session in the confessional, they will realize that they have been gyped. Not only out of money, but out of time, of standing, of community good wishes and a number of other things. Providing, of course, that they belong to one of the hundreds of organizations that have listened to the "sir-eeen" voice of the unscrupulous promoter.

How does he work? Well, perhaps the story of how Billy the Whoop got that five-figure bank account will best explain it. More, it is typical of how various organizations of the country have been "whooped up" for the last few years into successes or failure in varying degrees. The only capital Billy possessed was shrewdness, and a certain lack of moral scruples. That was enough.

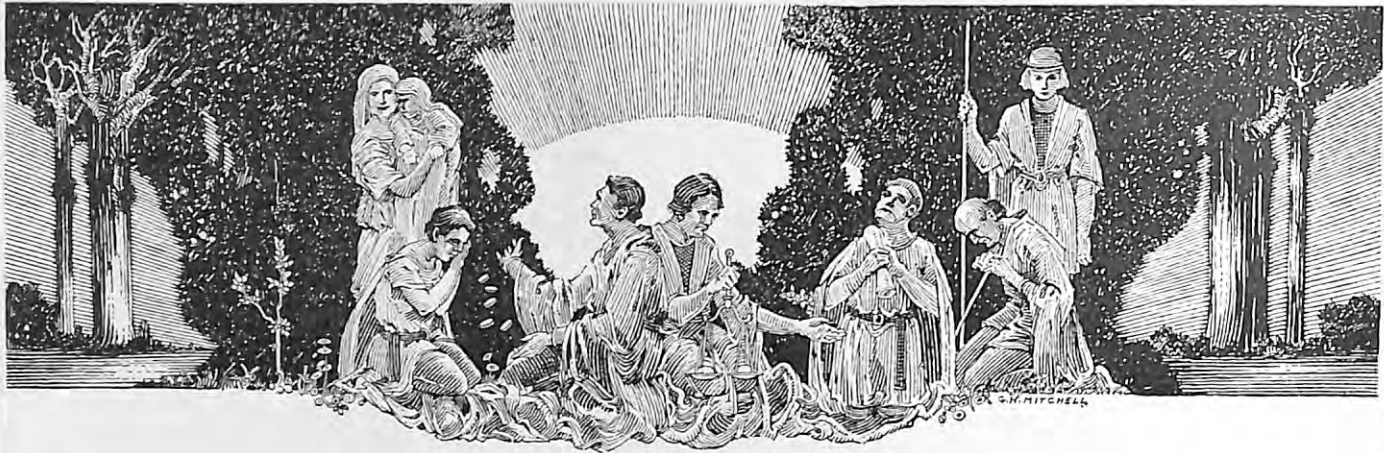
As I mentioned, Billy the Whoop was working as a "grinder" when the opportunity came. A friend remarked to him that a lodge in a coast city was in need of money. That was enough for Billy—he gathered his few possessions, examined his bank-roll, which consisted of about enough to buy a new suit of clothes and a railroad ticket, and hurried to the town.

Billy the Whoop speaks that type of English known as "dis, dat an' dem." He calls a hundred dollars a "century," a thousand a "grand," and a woman a "broad." He

(Continued on page 48)



"Is-thay ump-chay ant-crav ab-gray a ise-way ack-ray"



EDITORIAL

THE NEWLY ELECTED LODGE OFFICERS

WHEN this issue of the Magazine reaches the hands of its readers, every Subordinate Lodge of the Order will have elected its new officers for the ensuing year; and those officers will be awaiting their installation at the first meeting in April.

A cordial greeting is hereby extended to those brothers who have been chosen to lead their respective Lodges during the next twelve months; and hearty congratulations are tendered them upon the honor thus conferred which bespeaks the confidence and esteem of their fraternal associates.

It is none the less appropriate because so frequently repeated, to remind them that the honor is not an empty one; nor one to be disparaged or lightly considered. It is a tribute to their ability and capacity for leadership. It is an evidence of the faith that is reposed in their loyalty and devotion to the Order. In many cases it is a just reward for loyal service in the past. And in every instance it is an opportunity presented for effective service in a noble cause.

But the honor carries with it definite obligations. It is to be assumed that the oath of office which each one of them will take during the installation ceremonies is but the formal ratification of the solemn pledge that he has already made in his heart. The mere acceptance of election implies that. And the honesty and fidelity with which that oath is observed will be the accurate measure of the success that will attend the administration of the Lodge affairs during the year.

But, while the burden of leadership rests naturally upon the shoulders of the newly elected officers, they can not, however efficient they may be, alone and unaided, achieve the results that are the aim and objective of every healthy, active Lodge. They must have, and are justly entitled to receive, the whole-hearted support and cooperation of the entire Lodge membership. It is only to the extent that this is accorded that they can hope to succeed.

It would be a most gratifying and stimulating evidence of that spirit of cooperation, if every member who could do so would attend the installation ceremonies, contributing by his pres-

ence to the dignity and impressiveness of the occasion. And a kindly word of encouragement and a sincere proffer of assistance to the new officers would inspire in them, as nothing else could, a zeal and enthusiasm which would insure the advancement and upbuilding of the Lodge and of the whole Order.

JURISDICTIONAL RESIDENCE

IT IS provided by section 149 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, that no application for membership in the Order shall be considered by any Subordinate Lodge unless the applicant has been:

"a bona fide resident within the jurisdiction of the said Lodge, for a period of six months immediately preceding the time of filing said application."

The language of this statute is plain and its purpose is as salutary as it is obvious. Membership in the Order of Elks is a certificate of good character and of community standing. These are qualifications which are not developed in a day; nor are they conclusively demonstrated in the casual contacts of a brief acquaintance. Six months has been adopted as the minimum period within which a person may establish his acceptability as a member. The period is none too long and the Subordinate Lodges should adhere strictly to the Statute in accepting applications.

Residence is to some extent a matter of intention, of mental attitude. But there must also exist actual conditions to which that intent may appropriately apply. The readiness of many Lodges to disregard the latter requisite of residence, in order to secure additional members, is not only a breach of the letter of the law but is totally at variance with its true spirit and purpose. And the evil is sufficiently wide-spread to justify this comment.

Every breach of the law does not, of course, result in the acceptance of an undesirable member. It is quite probable that few mistakes are made as to the character and standing of such applicants. But the danger necessarily incident to the disregard of the statute is a controlling reason for its rigid observance.

The Grand Exalted Ruler is given authority to deal with exceptional cases arising under this statute; and to grant a special dispensation under



proper restrictions as to procedure. But he must rely upon the Subordinate Lodges to report to him for consideration these exceptional cases. The loyalty and good faith of the Subordinate Lodges should insure against an abuse of that confidence.

TERRITORIAL JURISDICTION

WHILE on the subject of jurisdiction, it is deemed appropriate to direct attention to another feature of the statute which is too frequently disregarded in spirit.

The territorial jurisdiction of each Subordinate Lodge extends to a line equidistant between the boundaries of the Cities in which the adjoining Lodges are located. And section 146 provides:

"No Lodge can waive its jurisdiction over an applicant for membership or affiliation, in favor of another Lodge, and all attempts so to do are absolutely prohibited and void."

The potential strength of each Lodge is the number of persons within its jurisdiction available for membership. And a proper consideration of that potential strength is a determining factor in the grant of charters, not only to that particular Lodge but to other Lodges that will adjoin it. Any evasion or disregard of the statute is a violation of a sound and well established policy of the Order.

There are occasional instances when peculiar conditions justify the intervention of the Grand Exalted Ruler by special dispensation. Such conditions relate to the convenience of access to Lodge meetings and circumstances of like character and should be restricted to such cases. But the large number of applications for such dispensations indicate that there is too slight a regard for the wise provision of the statute.

It is to be assumed that the Grand Exalted Ruler will exercise his official prerogative only when it will "subserve the best interests of the Order." But it is well known that some adjacent Lodges, particularly in the closely built up Metropolitan districts, have a mutual understanding that no protest will be made against such dispensations; rather that a ready acquiescence will be accorded.

Under such agreements applicants are frequently permitted to select the Lodge they prefer to join upon the real ground of a preference of personal association with its members, or for other causes not within the spirit of the statute. This practise tends to a growth of the Club spirit to the detriment of the Lodge spirit.

While Lodges should be generous toward each other and maintain a fraternal spirit of cooperation, they should be properly considerate of their own rights in the matter of territorial jurisdiction. Those rights are founded upon considerations of a policy in the maintenance of which the whole Order has an interest.

LET'S DO

GRAND Exalted Ruler McFarland, in his splendid address at Atlanta, in acknowledgment of his unanimous election, announced a fraternal slogan which embodies a practical conception of the true purpose of the Order of Elks:—Let's Do.

That slogan was not intended merely as an inspiration to the Grand Lodge as such; nor only to the Subordinate Lodges as units of action. It was suggested as peculiarly applicable to the individual members of the Order. If they will but exemplify in the acts of daily life what it means to be a true Elk, then the activities of the organized groups will be all that could be desired.

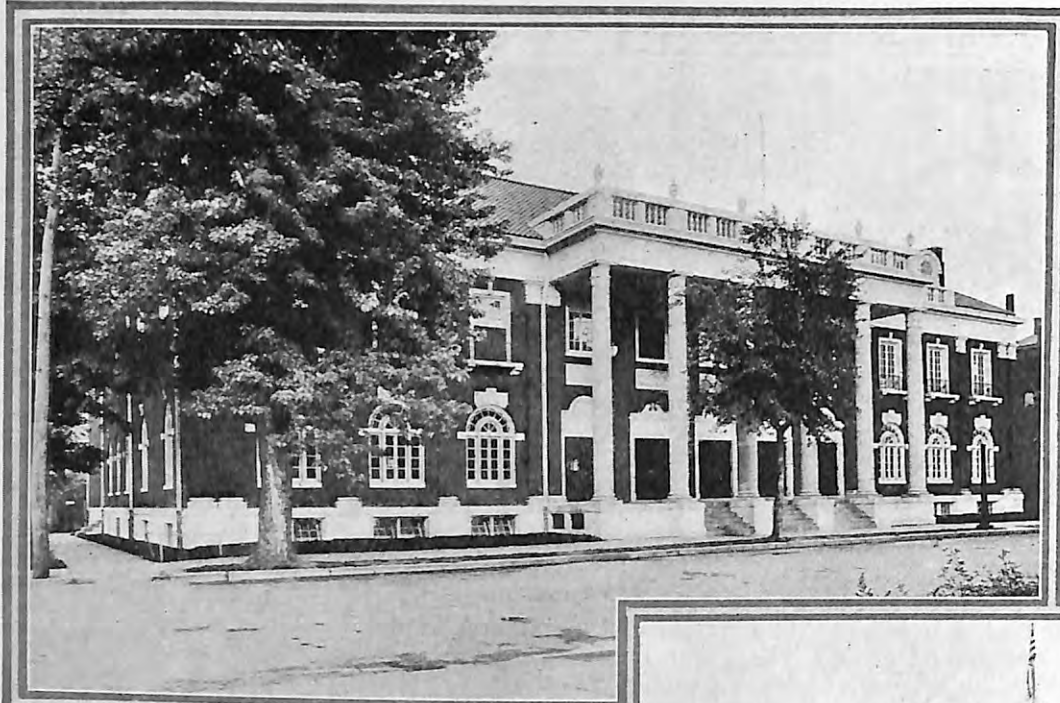
A real Elk is not a negative but a positive character. He is not a self-centered self-sufficient being, but a man of unselfish contacts and associations. He is not merely a well wisher, he does good. There is nothing fraternal about an individual; brotherhood involves relationship with others; and brotherly love implies mutual service as well as mere mutual affection.

The obligation which every member assumes is not an idle patter of meaningless words. It is the assumption of a duty and a solemn pledge to perform it faithfully. That duty is the exemplification in daily life of the cardinal virtues which are taught by the Order. And that exemplification is a matter of active conduct, not one of a mere state of mind.

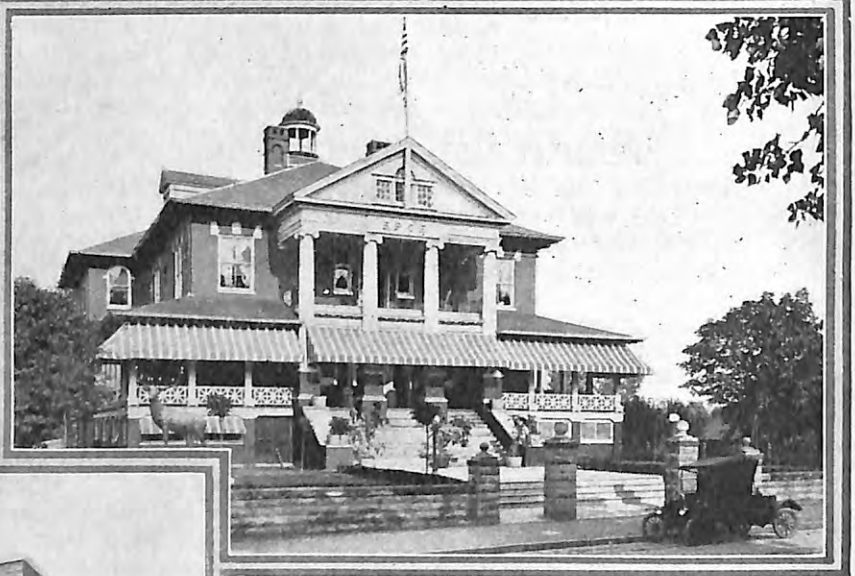
Charity must be actually practised to be a service to another. Let's practise it. Justice must be truly and mercifully exercised to be an uplifting influence. Let's exercise it. Brotherly Love must be definitely displayed to be mutually helpful. Let's display it. Our fidelity must be proved by a consistent life of worthy deeds. Let's prove it.

LET'S DO the things we know in our hearts we must do in order to be real Elks. The world will then be a happier place and Elks will be among the happiest of all who dwell therein.

Four Attractive Homes Owned by Elks Lodges



New Albany (Ind.) Lodge, No. 270, has this dignified and beautifully appointed building for its Home

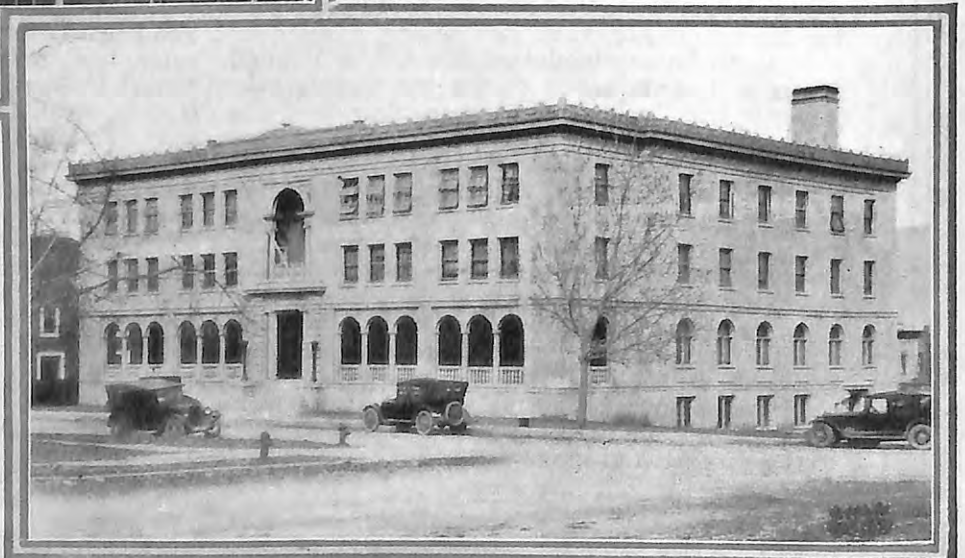


This invitingly homelike Club-house is owned by Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197



MANFLETT & HART

Sterling (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1218, owns a Home whose vine-covered attractiveness gives promise of the comfort and luxury of the interior



Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1186, has just completed building this substantial and spacious Home

Boston by the Ocean

Historic Shore Towns Within Easy Reach of the City

By James B. Connolly

THE ocean rolls right up to Boston's front door, or call it the back door if you are an inlander and in the habit of viewing our city from the land side.

Across Massachusetts Bay lies Provincetown Harbor where the Mayflower made her first stop in that now well known voyage to the new world. (We prefer not to be everlastingly thrusting history on brothers who may be thinking of attending the National Convention, but it is difficult to pick out any place around Boston that hasn't had something important happen to it, and to point out this or that place where some historic event has taken place and not mention that event, would be affectation.)

It is a three hours' steamer trip across the Bay to Provincetown. The trip is usually but not always pleasant. If an easterly gale is tearing along the coast only seasoned seagoers will find comfort in the trip. However, assuming that it is a fine day, the traveller will find himself aboard a nice steamer with a band, very pleasant for women and children. Provincetown is stuck out on the sandy tip of sandy Cape Cod. The steamer dumps her passengers out on to a street which seems to make up a good part of the town. Old houses lean out on to this street in friendly fashion. Up and down this street by day (if he has not died lately) will be walking an old gentleman with a bell in hand. He is the town crier, chanting the gossip news of the town by day; by night he assures the dweller that all is still well, ringing the bell meanwhile dolorously.

Provincetown is a fishing port from which sail fine schooners to the fishing banks; an occasional whaler puts out from there to southern waters. In the tourist season, however, a colony of artists, writers and sometimes actors seem to be in charge of the port. The writers revel in low-ceilinged rooms behind dimity or whatever stuff it is that shades the little windows of little, old-fashioned houses. The artists prefer the outdoors. Strolling along the little front

you will stumble all over them or their easels, if you don't watch your step.

The Mayflower crew did not linger long in Provincetown Harbor on that memorable first voyage. It was winter time with a



PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.
Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty."
The meeting-place of the patriots during the Revolutionary period

gale of wind blowing off the North Atlantic, and the weary Pilgrims had had their fill of North Atlantic winter gales. They made sail and pushed on across the Bay, picked out a little harbor among the sand dunes and called it Plymouth. There they stayed and made history.

The visiting Elk can make Plymouth in an hour or so by train, or he can motor there over a good road; but the proper way to go to Plymouth is by steamer, and said steamer will probably be named Priscilla, John Alden, Mary Chilton or Rose Standish, the last named for the lady who became Miles Standish's wife after John Alden had failed to talk over Priscilla for him. The historical souvenirs will be waiting the visitor. The rock onto which the girl Mary Chilton first of all leaped ashore, the war gear of the doughty Captain Miles, the spinning-wheel of Priscilla—these and other sacred relics may be viewed by reverent shriners.

Plymouth is set down at about the end of what here in Boston we call the South Shore. Interesting shore towns—Duxbury, Scituate, Nantasket, Hingham, Quincy—lie in between. History attaches to them. Quincy is the birthplace of two presidents, but not history alone attaches to them. Some of the finest beaches in the world are here. For miles they stretch, miles of clean, hard white sand without a break. The biggest and best of them are open to the public. You can hire a steam-cleaned bathing suit, have your tumble in the white surf, a fresh-water shower and the use of a dressing locker—all for twenty-five cents.

Stretching for thirty miles in the other direction from Boston is what we call the North Shore. Granite-bound old Cape

Ann marks the further end of it. Curled up in the lee of Cape Ann is Gloucester, far-famed port of the hardy bank fisherman and his wonderful schooners. Whoever has crossed the Grand Banks on a North Atlantic liner must have seen the little Gloucester vessels, the same mothering their fleets of tiny dories, heaving toy boats on the sea. A dozen of their schooners could be hoisted and lashed to the deck of any good-sized liner and her water line not be lowered enough for the unpracticed eye to notice; but while those great steamers are coming in with tales of terrific storms, on those same fishing banks the Gloucester men are still there attending to their business in their little vessels and making no talk of it. Good weather or bad—it is all in the day's work to them.

Gloucester (born 1623) is only three years younger than Plymouth. In some matters she has not changed her ways since 1623. They still cure the salt cod in Gloucester by spreading them out on sunny days across narrow wooden boards set up from the ground, which they call "flakes." On any fine day the curious stranger may drift along the old wharves and see acres of split cod-fish so spread out. Merchants in other places have tried more "up-to-date" methods of drying fish; but not in Gloucester. No other method gives quite the flavor which comes of spreading them out on the flakes on bright days and letting the sun and air have their way.

To begin at Boston for that North Shore drive: Just outside of Boston is Revere Beach. A hundred and twenty-five thousand people is an ordinary record for Revere Beach on a warm Sunday in summer. If you like a crowd there is the place to go. If you do not like a crowd keep on to Marblehead, which is where you will think you are driving through everybody's back yard before you get clear of it, so neighborly is the State highway.

Push on—to Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and you



The Old State House where the Declaration of Independence was first read publicly



The Old North Church. Lights in its belfry guided Paul Revere on his famous ride

won't find yourself driving through anybody's front yard. If you like exclusiveness, here it is. Here are the summer residences of the Boston millionaires who made their money before the rude mob learned how. Here is where the families, who made their money in the old China silk and West India rum trade, put up their summer homes. Of late years the common, ordinary kind of millionaire—the copper, steel, sugar, fertilizers and patent medicine chaps—butted in. But not many: North shore land was too scarce.

This closely held part of Boston's North Shore is an unrivalled combination of green fragrant woods and rugged granite shore. Nowhere else in this country is that combination of green woods and rugged shore ocean more closely allied, and the same so easily and quickly reached from the heart of a great city than here on Boston's North Shore.

Those old Boston traders knew a good thing when they saw it. The Atlantic Ocean hereaway is like a private sea lawn for them. You can drive for miles along

here and not find a single public landing for a boat. No excursion steamers dumping their loads of noisy, irreverent trippers onto their playground for these intrenched ones. Longfellow's Hesperus was wrecked on this shore. If a sailor had escaped from that wreck he would probably have been arrested and thrown into jail for trespassing (so a local cynic has it), if he had set foot on this shore in so escaping. But it is a great driveway for all that; only do not try to make it on a Sunday. Motoring on Fifth avenue on a week day would be loose and lonesome compared to that.

Here, north and south, are the ocean suburbs of Boston. If you would hypnotize yourself into a beatific state of mind, pick out some nice July morning, motor along to a beach—any beach—stop at one to your liking, have your tumble in the high-rolling surf, stretch out on the smooth white sands to dry yourself, you looking up at the blue sky meanwhile. Pick out some good eating place then, with a veranda seat facing seaward, and there have your sea food dinner—clam chowder, broiled lobster or the

famous old creamed salt cod, or all three if you can go it. Some do. Sit there and eat without hurry, letting the in-rolling sea sing to you as you sit. Then smoke your cigar and roll leisurely back to the city and we will bet another cigar that you will agree that it is the life.

The foregoing sounds like a guide book. It is meant to be a sort of a one. Besides handling the organization business of the next Annual Convention, the Boston Lodge wishes to promote the comfort of all visiting Elks and their families. This screed is meant to inform you that there is something besides business, history and new forms of religion in the city of Boston. We have a hunch that in the interior of this wide country of ours there must be many people who know little or nothing of this vast ocean which rolls up to our doors, but who would like to see it at close quarters. If there be such, and they be Elks or their families or their friends, and they come to the Annual Convention, the Boston Lodge will see to it that they are directed how best to see it.

The Olympics and The Elks

By Hon. Murray Hulbert

*Member, Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare
Member, Executive Committee of American Olympic Committee*

THE Amateur Athletic Union of the United States will hold final try-outs in Boston on Flag Day, June 14, 1924. At these tryouts will be selected the American Team to participate in the Olympic Games which will be held in Paris, next July.

"That is interesting. I am glad to know it. But why tell me about it?"—would be a fair approximation of a common rejoinder to anyone imparting that information.

But it is scarcely conceivable that such would be the response of an Elk. There are two reasons for so thinking. First, Flag Day is a day of particular observance for all Elks; second, the Elks have taken a lively interest in athletics during the past two years.

I am, however, not merely imparting information. To get down to brass tacks my purpose is to make an appeal to the Elks to contribute toward defraying the expenses of the four hundred athletes which the American Olympic Association will send to Paris. I should like to see some action taken whereby there might be at hand a tidy sum which the Grand Exalted Ruler could turn over on Flag Day to the American Olympic Committee of which he is himself a member. This generous and patriotic action would give heart and courage to the athletes. It could aid in a victory of peace exemplified in the triumphant waving of Old Glory on the staff head of the Olympic Stadium.

I entertain no qualms as to the possible reception of this suggestion. I am fortified in this belief because the Elks are not content to be mere mollusks, smug and com-

placent in the security afforded by their shells.

The swirling eddies of humanity no longer sweep by unnoticed. Humanitarian appeals common to all communities are now dropped within the Elks' enclosures and are welcomed as consonant with our principles of broad humanitarianism. Particularly is this so with the stream of our youth. The Elks have become the proud friends and helpers of youth.

It is axiomatic that as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. Youth is the age of admiration and emulation. The pure, bracing atmosphere of the field of sport and recreation is bound to bring an elevation of aims, ideals and purposes, especially in the plastic years of life. Good citizenship and vigorous manhood grow side by side.

As a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community welfare I am happy to say that the Elks are seeing to it that our boys are having the opportunity to develop their characters and physiques on playgrounds and athletic fields by providing and fostering these facilities in every community in the land. That is splendid. It is forcing a clean stream of intelligent Americanism into many neglected corners of our national life.

Just take your imagination with you and picture the sturdy-limbed young Americans who will congregate in Boston on Flag Day hoping and striving for selection on the Olympic Team. They are America, and America at her best. Then see the fortunate ones selected to uphold the athletic stand-

ards of America against the brain and brawn of the old world. There's a thrill for you. Every one of these athletes will have your hearty good wishes for success. But good wishes butter no parsnips. Sentiment is beautiful and soul-filling, but money is the open sesame to material requirements.

It is every citizen's obligation to keep the lamp of America's preeminence burning brightly in peace no less than in war. It is his patriotic duty to do everything possible to create an entente cordiale among the peoples of the earth. Treaties, conferences and agreements have their place undoubtedly. But over and beyond all these, the engagement of the youth of all nations in friendly rivalry on the field of sport, where defeat is accepted without rancor and success without bluster, suggests a sounder contribution to international good-will than all the brain children of well-meaning statesmen. Think that over.

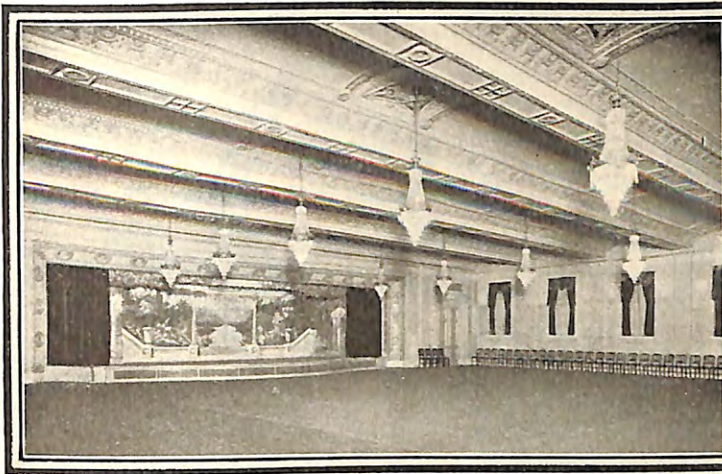
Organization and team work have long since been demonstrated as a necessity for any form of success. Here is a chance for the Elks to get together and show a good example by providing a substantial nest-egg toward defraying the expenses of the American Team at the Eighth Olympiad. What gripped Brother Harding to the people with hooks of steel was his example not his preachments. So this Organization can best do its part by giving an example of what should be done.

"As one candle lighteth another
Nor grows less;
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."



Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building
Cornerstone Laying, Chicago, June 7, 1924

Details of the Program will be Announced in the May Issue of The Elks Magazine



The new Home has a separate ballroom



The Lodge Room at Portland is spacious and dignified

A RESOLUTION was unanimously adopted at the meeting held by Portland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 142, February 14th, 1924, authorizing the issuance of an invitation to the Grand Lodge to hold its 1925 Convention in Portland, Oregon, and at the same time directing the Exalted Ruler, Barnett H. Goldstein, to forthwith inform the Grand Lodge Officers of its intention so to do. The resolution was adopted after a favorable report had been received from the committee appointed to determine the advisability of inviting the Convention in 1925. This committee represents practically every business, civic and financial interest in the city and State.



The stately front entrance of Portland's new home

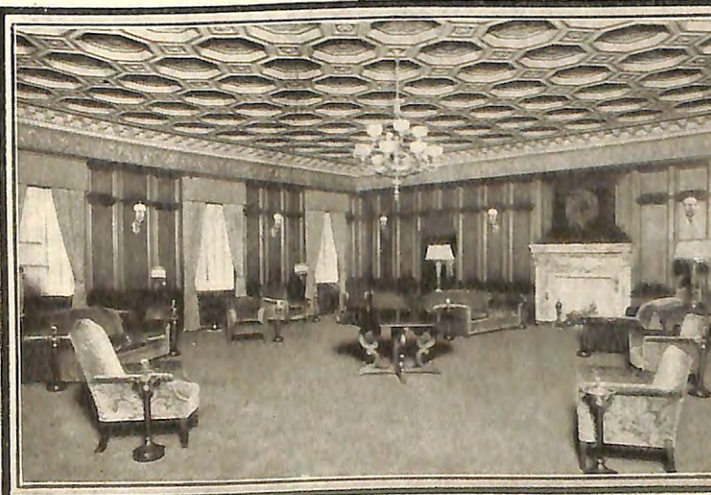


The Pompeian lobby of black and Sienna marble



The beautiful dining-room accommodates 135

These are all views of the new home of Portland Lodge



The members have this comfortable lounge



The billiard and pool room

Portland, Ore., Lodge Invites *the* Grand Lodge for 1925



Under the Spreading Antlers

MR. LON CONNER, well-known Indiana attorney and one of the twenty-five charter members of Connersville (Ind.) Lodge, No. 379, recently made the Lodge a gift of \$15,000 to be used in the building extension program planned by the members a few months ago. As a result of this generous action, the Lodge's building fund has been increased to such an extent that ground-breaking ceremonies for the new structure will take place this spring. Plans and specifications have been prepared calling for a two-story building on the west part of the lot at Seventh and Eastern streets owned by the Lodge. This building will be connected with the present structure, providing a large lodge room, a recreation room and dining room. Mr. Conner, whose gift came as a surprise to his fellow members, is the son of the late Reuben Conner, one of the leading attorneys of Indiana.

Detroit (Mich.) Lodge Active In Charity Work

Publication recently by the official bulletin of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, of the Secretary's financial report for six months ending September 30, 1923, brings out that this Lodge was very active in charitable work during the first six months of the Lodge year. Some idea of the benevolent interests of Detroit Lodge, which expended a total of over \$10,000 for charities in the time referred to, may be gained from an examination of the items that make up this total.

From the educational fund, a feature described in the November, 1923, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, \$1058.10 was expended. For funerals, including providing a quartette at funerals, \$1,336.15. For flowers, at funerals, for the decoration of graves and for the sick, \$732.90. Expenses of visitations to the sick, \$900. For outings to orphans and other youngsters on May Day and other occasions, \$914.04. Decoration Day and Flag Day celebrations, \$763.25. For the maintenance of the Elks Rest, \$520. Aid extended by the Relief Committee, \$4,031.07. Total, for the six months ending September 30, 1923, \$10,255.51.

Assuming the second half of the Lodge year, with Thanksgiving and Christmas activities and winter relief work, to call for more rather than less expenditure, it can be

estimated that Detroit Lodge will have disbursed for Charity in the neighborhood of \$20,000 to \$25,000 during the Lodge year ending March 31, 1924.

Annual Frolic of Philadelphia Lodge To Be Important Event

One of the high lights of the Elk year in Philadelphia (Pa.) Lodge, No. 2, is the annual production known as the "Elks Frolic." This year, as in the past, this production will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, on the nights of April 23-24-25-26, this being the twelfth annual production, which has grown to such proportions that it is now on a plane with any first-class Broadway musical comedy. The cast is confined entirely to members of Philadelphia Lodge, among whom are many of the leading comedians and vocalists of the American stage. Too much credit can not be given these members for their faithfulness in attending rehearsals, and the spirit of cooperation exhibited by the rest of Philadelphia Lodge. To the hundreds of Elks in the vicinity of Philadelphia on the nights in question, what a wonderful opportunity it will be to see what team work, and enthusiasm on the part of a whole membership, can achieve.

This year's production will be new in every respect including dances, costumes and scenic and lighting effects, and the manner in which the Philadelphia Lodge members have taken hold of the proposition promises to outdo every previous effort.

Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge Keeps in Touch with Towns in Jurisdiction

Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1186, has a special committee consisting of the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary and two other members whose function it is to visit the various outlying towns within the jurisdiction of the Lodge. The object of these visits is to meet the members and to have a close-up talk with them about matters of interest to each community, and to begin organization for more active and efficient Lodge work, and to permit those who are

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

too far away to come to the meetings to carry on their Lodge and social activities through local committees, selected by the members of Wenatchee Lodge. Another purpose of the visits is to see that each community, where there are enough members, has a committee of five to look after Social and Community Welfare Work, and to be in direct contact with the Lodge through its Chairman.

Waltham (Mass.) Lodge Gives Phonograph and Records to City Home

As a result of the generosity of members of Waltham (Mass.) Lodge, No. 953, a beautiful phonograph with a library of records has been presented to the inmates of the City Home by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge. It is the plan of the Committee to supply additional records for the machine from time to time.

Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge Has Active Social Americanization Committee

The Social Americanization Committee of Patchogue (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1323, has completed a very successful year of work. In addition to organizing and conducting a large Lincoln celebration it has to its credit a unique Fourth of July celebration, participated in by an entire regiment of U. S. Regulars which happened to be quartered in the district; an impressive Harding Memorial Service; and Crippled Children's Day, on which it entertained nearly 200 youngsters at a theatre party.

Members of Patchogue Lodge expect to start actual work on their new \$150,000 Home in the near future.

Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge, No. 266, dedicated its new \$425,000 Home on Washington's Birthday, in the presence of one thousand visiting Elks from all parts of the State. In the afternoon, a class of 142 candidates was initiated into the Order. After the initiation, the Grand Lodge officers were entertained at dinner at the Stockdale Golf and Country Club. In the evening the

dedication ceremonies were held. Dr. Howard B. Kirtland of San Luis Obispo (Calif.) Lodge, No. 322, President of the California State Elks Association, presided at the services, assisted by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Harry M. Ticknor of Pasadena (Calif.) Lodge, No. 672, and Past Exalted Ruler James M. Shanly of Oakland (Calif.) Lodge, No. 171, who was present at the organization of Bakersfield Lodge over thirty years ago. Horace Amphlett, of San Mateo (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1112, delivered a patriotic and inspiring address. After the ceremonies dinner was served in the jinks room, to over 600 of the guests.

The architecture of the new building is colonial and the structure is of steel, concrete and brick. On the first floor, to the left of the entrance in the center of the building, is the jinks room, 82 x 46 feet, which is provided with adequate stage facilities, and a well-equipped kitchen. This big room will be used for dances, entertainments and banquets. The entrance to the building is surrounded by stately columns, and marbled floors and stairway form the way to the second floor, or the large passenger elevator can be used. In the rear of the entrance is the tiled swimming-pool, 46 x 30 feet. On the right of the entrance are the ladies' parlors, which can be reached from the street without entering the building proper. On the main floor is the very spacious lounge room, 57 x 37 feet. The Lodge room, 70 x 46 feet, on the same floor, is the pride of the Bakersfield Lodge. Its walls and ceiling are decorated with art work in a brown tint, and the curtains in the embrasured windows are in harmony with the color scheme. In a short time a pipe-organ will be installed in the loft provided for that purpose. The spacious billiard room is off the lounge room. A club room and buffet are to the rear of the billiard room. The third and fourth floors are divided into forty finely furnished rooms for members and traveling Elks.

On the evening following the dedication the first dance in the new building was held, and it was enjoyed by hundreds of the members and their friends.

Erie (Pa.) Lodge Raising Fund to Save Perry's Flagship

Erie (Pa.) Lodge, No. 67, cooperating with various organizations of the city, has launched a campaign to keep the *Niagara*, Perry's old flagship, in Erie and to provide funds for its care and maintenance. The story of the Battle of Lake Erie and of Perry and his ship is known to every school child in the land. The old ship is on the verge of ruin and a considerable sum of money is necessary to save it. Working with Erie Lodge in this highly patriotic work are the Rotary and Lions Clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Woman's Club and the Daughters of the Revolution. A series of special entertainments are being conducted by Erie Lodge for the benefit of the *Niagara* Fund.

Lyons (N. Y.) Lodge Helps Crippled School Children

It having been reported to Lyons (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 869, that 47 of the pupils in the Union School were suffering with curvature of the spine and other afflictions, and that in most cases the parents were unable to provide the necessary treatment, the members voted an appropriation to purchase apparatus for the cripples. This is just one of the many charitable activities of Lyons Lodge which have established it as a leader in the community. Recently the Lodge celebrated

its growth to over 500 members by a large entertainment at which the mortgage on its Home was burned, freeing the Lodge of all debt.

Ensley (Ala.) Lodge to Have New Home Soon

Within the next year Ensley (Ala.) Lodge, No. 987, plans to build a new Home to cost approximately \$30,000. Tentative plans call for the erection of the building on the site now occupied by the present Home, which has become inadequate because of the large increase in membership.

Louisville (Ky.) Lodge Forms A Dramatic Club

Among the many and varied activities of Louisville (Ky.) Lodge, No. 8, a new organization has sprung into being, and its prospects of success seem very bright. It is a dramatic club, which will be known as the "Elks Players." Louisville Lodge numbers among its members a great many brothers who have had some dramatic experience, either professionally or as amateurs, and the productions which the Elks Players expect to present will be of the highest calibre from a dramatic, scenic and artistic standpoint. The Elks Players are already at work on a one-act play which will be presented at a meeting of the Lodge in the near future, and it is hoped that this first attempt will give an impetus to dramatics in all its phases in Louisville Lodge. Membership in the Elks Players is open to any Elk, any member of the Ladies' Auxiliary, or any female member of an Elk's family.

A similar organization also known as the "Elks Players" was successfully launched a short time ago by Erie (Pa.) Lodge, No. 67.

Woodrow Wilson Once Memorial Day Orator for Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge

To Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge, No. 128, belongs an honor little known except to a few careful observers. In 1911 when Woodrow Wilson was Governor of New Jersey he was selected as the orator at the Lodge's Memorial Service. It was the only time he ever addressed an Elk Lodge. His talk was a beautiful tribute to the Order and was favorably commented upon by the newspapers throughout the country.

Concert Given by Famous Chorus of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge

The Elks Male Chorus of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, recently gave its eighth annual concert before a large and

grateful audience at the Auditorium. This famous chorus, organized in 1912 with sixteen voices, has gradually gained in numbers and popularity until now it is one of the leading musical units of the city and has thirty-five members. Besides playing an important part in the musical life of the city, the Chorus is a valuable asset to the Lodge, taking part in many of its activities and being the means of attracting a large number of new members to the Lodge.

Gorgeous Carnival Ball Given By New Orleans (La.) Lodge

This year the revival of its custom of holding a Carnival Ball was one of the greatest social events ever conducted by New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30. As the event took place on Washington's Birthday, many beautiful historic tableaux were featured during the evening. The tableaux and costumes represented the figures of that period—Continental and Colonial, the Goddess of Liberty, George Washington, with Mount Vernon as a background—and all were gorgeously and lavishly conceived and worked out. The Ball was held in the Athenæum and was attended by one of the largest gatherings in the history of the Lodge.

Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Lodge Raises Big Sum for Health Camp

Recently Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 275, purchased a farm outside the city as a permanent site for a health camp for the undernourished children in Dutchess County. In order to raise sufficient funds to equip and maintain the camp the Lodge staged a mammoth circus which realized over \$6,000 for the purpose. Announcement of the success of the circus was made at the banquet celebrating the Lodge's thirtieth Birthday. More than 300 members attended the event and were enthusiastic over the speeches and entertainment and the phenomenal report of the circus committee.

Lodges of New York Set Aside Day For Crippled Children

A resolution has been incorporated in the minutes of practically every Lodge in New York State, setting aside the first Monday in August of each year as a day for crippled children. On this day, unfortunate youngsters will be given a special outing and remembered in many other ways that will brighten their lives. This action of New York Lodges is in line with similar work being done throughout the Order, notably in New Jersey where the care of crippled children has been organized in a highly effective manner.

New Home of Astoria (Ore.) Lodge Ready for Members in Fall

Work on the new \$200,000 Home of Astoria (Ore.) Lodge, No. 180, is progressing rapidly. As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press, preparations are being made for laying the corner-stone. It is expected that District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. G. Gearhart, who is a member of Astoria Lodge, will preside at the exercises. The new building is a fire-proof structure with gymnasium, shower baths, lodge room, bachelor quarters and club rooms on the second and third floors. The ground floor will be divided into stores. The membership of Astoria Lodge expects to occupy the new building about September 15th.



Vernon (Texas) Lodge Grows Steadily. Officers Excel in Ritual Work

Under special dispensation granted by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, the officers of Vernon (Texas) Lodge, No. 1383, recently went to Electra, Texas, an oil town in its jurisdiction, and initiated a group of twenty-one candidates, comprising the leading business and professional men of the city. Officers from Wichita Falls (Texas) Lodge, No. 1105, who were present, were so impressed by the ritualistic work of Vernon Lodge that they invited its officers to conduct initiatory ceremonies for them on the occasion of taking in a large class of candidates.

Willard (Ohio) Lodge Entertains Distinguished Gathering

Willard (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1370, on the occasion of the initiating of a large class of candidates into the Order, had as its guest District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Ford Loomis of Elyria (Ohio) Lodge, No. 465, Judge Roy Williams of Sandusky (Ohio) Lodge, No. 285, and many other distinguished members. Over 200 took part in the banquet served to the guests of the Lodge. President of the Ohio State Elks Association, George C. Canalos, who was unable to be present because of illness, sent a telegram congratulating Willard Lodge.

Caldwell (Idaho) Lodge Has a "Flying Squadron" Committee

Caldwell (Idaho) Lodge, No. 1448, has organized a special "Flying Squadron" of members whose function it is to visit the various towns and villages in its jurisdiction. The idea is to promote a feeling of good will and brotherly love among the members who live in these outlying places and to make them feel as close to the Lodge as members residing in Caldwell itself. The "Flying Squadron" has been very successful in its work, and a better and more productive cooperation has been fostered throughout the entire jurisdiction as a result of its visits.

Warren (Ohio) Lodge Has Famous Girls' Basket Ball Team

Warren (Ohio) Lodge, No. 295, has something to be proud of this year, something that perhaps no other Lodge can boast of. This is a girls' basket ball team that ranks with the best in the United States and Canada. The team, organized and managed by the members of Warren Lodge, has achieved such notable success and has so many important victories to its credit that its fame has won great prestige for the Lodge.

One of its closest contests was the opening game of the season against the national champions, the Smith McDonald team of Youngstown, Ohio. The Elks management was criticised severely for arranging such a game so early in the season, but when the final returns came in the Elks team was found to be on the heavy end of a 17 to 16 score and the national champions were defeated. In that game the team showed exceptional ability considering it was the first contest of the season. As the season progressed the girls showed great improvement and challenges were issued to eastern and western teams, and negotiations started for a series of games with the London, Ont., Shamrocks, and the Edmonton, Alberta, Commercial Grads, holders of the International Girls' Basketball Championship and possessors of the Underwood Trophy. One of the big feats of the team occurred when the girls played against the Tut and Bud Tailors,

a men's team. The final score was 36 to 32 in favor of the men. This was the first time in this section of Ohio that a girls' team encountered a men's team. The score shows how well the girls played.

During the past year the members of Warren Lodge have completely remodeled their Home which was formerly the home of J. W. and W. D. Packard, the founders of the Packard automobile. They now have a well-arranged Lodge room on the third floor, secretary's office and living quarters and the home of the matron on the second floor, large club rooms, enlarged dining-room and modern kitchen on the first floor, and committee, lounging and club rooms in the basement. In the rear of the Home, a large two-story brick barn has been remodeled to become the home of the three troops of Boy Scouts fostered by this Lodge. Warren Lodge is a pioneer in the Boy Scout movement, having been, perhaps, the first Lodge to organize a troop of Boy Scouts. At present the Lodge is supporting Troops 17, 22 and 25, and the boys are under the personal supervision of a member of Warren Lodge.

Farmers' Meetings Held Under Auspices Of Lamar (Colo.) Lodge

With the idea of helping the farmers throughout its jurisdiction, Lamar (Colo.) Lodge, No. 1319, is sponsoring a series of lectures on poultry, dairy products and crops. The Lodge has secured the services of thirty-two speakers, all graduates of agricultural colleges and specialists in the different branches of farming. These lectures are given in the various county school-houses throughout the district, making it easy for the farmers to attend. In addition to the speakers, each of the meetings is made attractive by instrumental and vocal music. The farmers are deeply appreciative of this helpful work being done for them by Lamar Lodge, and the members feel from the results, that they have hit upon a productive field of community activity.

Tampa (Fla.) Lodge Host to Allentown (Pa.) Members

Twenty-four members of Allentown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 130, and their families were entertained recently by Tampa (Fla.) Lodge, No. 708. The party, numbering fifty in all, was conducted on a sight-seeing tour of the city and served a luncheon, the menu of which featured Tampa products, citrus fruits, shrimp and other sea food. The members of Allentown Lodge, traveling on holiday through Florida, were deeply appreciative of the hospitality of Tampa Lodge which arranged the entire entertainment on only a few hours' notice.

Moscow (Idaho) Lodge Plans to Give Harding Memorial Scholarships

Moscow (Idaho) Lodge, No. 249, has under consideration the adoption of a plan for a Harding Memorial Scholarship Fund. The idea, if carried out, will mean the establishment of a permanent and benevolent memorial to the late President. The tentative outline of the plan as recently submitted to the membership contains the following recommendations:

(1) That one scholarship should be given in the fall of each year and should be continued over a second year, in case the recipient proves entirely deserving. (2) That these should be given to students of the University of Idaho and Washington State College in alternate years, so that at any one time after the first year one student in

each institution would be receiving a scholarship. (3) That these scholarships should be \$250 a year. (4) That they should not be awarded to students below the junior year in either institution, so that no student would hold a Harding Scholarship during more than two years, junior and senior years of his college course. (5) That the Lodge should appoint an ex-officio committee to administer these scholarships, the committee to consist of the presidents of the two institutions, the secretary and treasurer of the Lodge, and one or more other officers to be specified. (6) That there should be an understanding with each Harding scholar that there rests upon him at least a moral obligation to repay to the Lodge when he is financially able to do so, the amount he has received through his scholarship, in order that this may become a part of the permanent fund for the help of other students in future years.

New Home of Lorain (Ohio) Lodge Dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler

The beautiful new \$450,000 Home and Hotel Antlers built by Lorain (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1301, was dedicated recently by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. Among the many distinguished members of the Order who took part in the ceremonies were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Ford Loomis; George C. Canalos, President of the Ohio State Elks Association and A. Barton Horton, of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, formerly President of the Association. In addition to the hundreds of members of Lorain Lodge, there was representation from Lodges in many Ohio cities. Lakewood (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1350, sent a delegation headed by the Lakewood Band. Cleveland, Elyria and Sandusky Lodges were represented by large delegations which came in special cars. Preceding the service of dedication a banquet, attended by 500 visitors, was given in the Auditorium of the new building in honor of Mr. McFarland and the members of his party. Paul L. Plato, Exalted Ruler of Lorain Lodge, introduced the Mayor of the city, George Hoffman, who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Besides affording the membership of Lorain Lodge with one of the finest Homes in the Middle West, the new building does a real service for the city in providing a first-class hotel, far surpassing in appointments and comfort anything else in the community.

Mercedes (Texas) Lodge Initiates Class for Brownsville (Texas) Lodge

More than forty members of Mercedes (Texas) Lodge, No. 1467, recently visited Brownsville (Texas) Lodge, No. 1032, and initiated a large class of candidates. Following the exemplification of the ritual and the regular business of the Lodge, a smoker and luncheon were held in honor of the new and visiting members. Brownsville Lodge has been growing steadily both in membership and interest during the past months, and the wide activities of the Lodge during the present year are building up one of the strongest Lodges in Southern Texas.

Concord (Mass.) Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Strachan

A new Lodge was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick T. Strachan at Concord, Mass. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson installed the officers, and the officers of Arlington (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1435, initiated the 75 charter members into the Order.

More than 1,000 visitors from all parts of New England attended the festivities. The Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Concord (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1479, are as follows: Exalted Ruler, George F. A. Mulcahy; Secretary, Andrew J. Raymond.

Famous Zouave Patrol of San Antonio (Texas) Lodge

Captain Julius Pace, who for the last two years has been the leader of the famous Zouave Patrol of San Antonio (Texas) Lodge, No. 216, has been selected again to head that worthy organization for the ensuing year. At a recent meeting of the Patrol, all officers were unanimously reelected to their respective offices. The Patrol has shown a wonderful growth during the last twelve months, not only in membership but also in the expansion of the work it has undertaken. At the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta last year, the Patrol won third prize in the Competitive Drill Contest, barely missing first by a few points. The members of the Patrol are looking forward to fresh laurels at the Boston Convention this July.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge

The new Home of Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 788, was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland. Large delegations from practically every Lodge in the district were on hand to witness the ceremonies. Accompanying Mr. McFarland and taking part in the exercises were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, and Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346, President of the New York State Elks Association.

New District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Appointed

Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland has appointed Murett W. Brown of Shawnee (Okla.) Lodge, No. 657, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Oklahoma Southeast, succeeding C. D. Wallace who resigned because of removal from the District.

Ogden (Utah) Lodge to Build \$100,000 Addition to Home

In order to take care of its growing membership, Ogden (Utah) Lodge, No. 719, is planning to build an addition to its present Home at a cost of \$100,000. The new structure will provide among many other features an enlarged Lodge room, an auditorium 100 feet wide and 150 feet long, and club and

billiard rooms in the basement. On the third and fourth floors there will be about thirty living-rooms with baths for the accommodation of visiting members.

Pennsylvania Lodges in South Central District Form an Association

A very interesting and profitable meeting was held recently at Altoona (Pa.) Lodge, No. 102, by the Pennsylvania South Central District Association. This association was formed some time ago and is composed of all Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the lodges in that District. Already it has achieved many noteworthy results in promoting closer cooperation among the various Lodges.

Greenwich (Conn.) Lodge Preparing For Annual Elks Frolic

Preparations are well under way for the Elks' Frolic to be given for the benefit of their Charity Fund by members of Greenwich (Conn.) Lodge, No. 1150, in the Have-meyer Auditorium on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 26-27. From all indications this year's entertainment will be most elaborate, far surpassing any heretofore attempted by No. 1150. A street parade with members in uniform will be a feature of the opening night.

Features of Chicago Convention of Illinois State Elks Association

The Illinois State Elks Association, which will meet in Chicago this year, has set Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 5-6-7, as the dates of its Convention. Among the features of the gathering will be the finals in a state-wide ritualistic contest, the winners in the five Districts to be the contestants. Charles A. White, former Grand Treasurer, has donated a beautiful new trophy to be awarded the winner. The previous Charles A. White Cup went to Monmouth Lodge, No. 397, permanently at last year's Convention. A meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the State will be another feature. The District meetings of these officials aroused much interest, particularly in the Northern District where twenty of the twenty-one Lodges were represented.

Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut Has Interesting Meeting

The annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut was held recently at Rockville, Conn. On arrival at

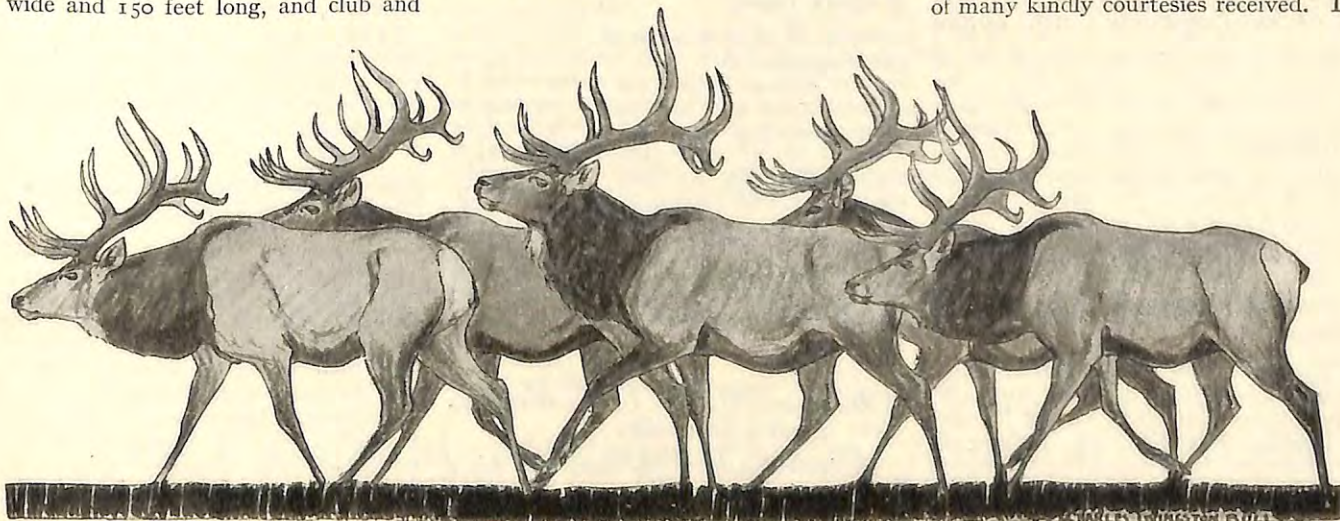
Rockville (Conn.) Lodge, No. 1359, the guests were entertained and luncheon was served. The meeting was held in the town hall at 1:30 P. M. and presided over by President O'Connell. One of the most interesting committee reports read was that which dealt with the work being done at the Allington Hospital in Wallingford, and at the Sea Side Sanitarium in New London. The election of officers of the Association for the coming year resulted as follows: President, Dr. J. J. O'Loughlin of Rockville Lodge; Treasurer, Louis Brock of Bridgeport (Conn.) Lodge, No. 36; Secretary, Harry C. Brown of Stamford (Conn.) Lodge, No. 899. Among the principal speakers at the meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and Charles F. J. McCue, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. It was voted that the summer meeting would be held at New London in June. At the adjournment of the meeting a fine dinner was served at the Rockville House, followed by an entertainment in the local theatre.

Rawlins (Wyo.) Lodge Takes Good Care of City's Needy Children

Rawlins (Wyo.) Lodge, No. 609, is justly proud of its charity work during the past few months. Under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee every destitute child in the city has been supplied with shoes and clothing, and many dozens of baskets of food have been distributed to the needy families. This good work called forth a vote of thanks from the teachers of the Rawlins public schools, as the generosity of the Lodge made it possible for many of the children to return to school, properly dressed. During three months over \$1,000 has been spent for this work. In addition, the Lodge recently gave a banquet at its Home to which every poor child in the city was invited. Over 130 little tots sat down to a real meal. By acts of kindness such as these Rawlins Lodge, located amidst the sage-brush of southern Wyoming, is doing its part to make the principle of Charity a living, actual thing.

Woman's Relief Corps Gives Dover (N. H.) Lodge Beautiful Memorial

The Sawyer Woman's Relief Corps recently presented Dover (N. H.) Lodge, No. 184, with a beautiful framed hand-wrought tablet in memory of Mrs. Sophia D. Hall, late Past President of the Corps, and the mother of Arthur W. Hall, the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. The tablet is inscribed as follows: "To Dover Lodge of Elks, this tablet is given by Sawyer Woman's Relief Corps, with deep and abiding appreciation of many kindly courtesies received. In the



daily life of the great Lodge of Elks are interwoven those little kindnesses which smooth life's way for others and therein lies its greatness." Exalted Ruler Hall accepted the handsome gift on behalf of the Lodge, expressing his deep appreciation of the memorial.

Winchester (Va.) Lodge Gives Use of Home When Fire Damages Hospital

When fire seriously damaged the Memorial Hospital, Winchester (Va.) Lodge, No. 867, offered its Home to the hospital authorities as temporary quarters. This offer was accepted and that same night the furniture was removed from the Home. The next morning the hospital took possession, and in the afternoon the building had been turned into a hospital and the patients moved in. Several places were offered Winchester Lodge for its meetings, the American Legion Building being finally accepted when the Girls' Athletic Association generously volunteered to give the members the use of its club-room on the second floor of that building.

Irvington (N.J.) Lodge to Hold Prize Poster Contest

Due to the gratifying results of the prize essay contest recently conducted by Irvington (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1245, another contest among the school children is being contemplated. This will be a prize poster contest open to the pupils of the High Schools. In connection with this, an exhibit may be staged at which time prominent artists and instructors will pass opinion upon the designs submitted.

Minnesota State Elks Association To Compile Welfare Work of Lodges

Special consideration will be given to the welfare work of the various Lodges throughout the State at the meeting next August in Duluth of the Minnesota State Elks Association. John E. Regan, President of the Association, has sent out a circular requesting a report of the welfare activities of every Lodge, showing the amount of money and the work done in this field from May 1st, 1923, to May 1st, 1924. It is the desire of the Association to forward a copy to each Lodge in the State of the compilation of this welfare work and also to send a copy to the Grand Lodge. By so doing, each Lodge will come into direct contact with its sister Lodges and a collective report of Minnesota's welfare work will be put before the Grand Lodge.

Rapid Progress Being Made On New Home of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge

Work on the new million-dollar Home of San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge, No. 3, for which ground was broken officially some months ago, is progressing rapidly. Every effort possible is being made by the Building Committee, architect and general contractor to have the building in such shape by January 1st, 1925, that it will be possible to hold the Christmas Jinks in the new auditorium.

New Home of Hollister (Calif.) Lodge Dedicated

Dedicatory services for the beautiful new Home of Hollister (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1436, were recently conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland who was assisted by a number of other distinguished members of the Order among whom were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Howard B. Kirtland,

President of the California State Elks Association, and the officers of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Rafael, San Jose, San Mateo, Watsonville, Monterey and Salinas Lodges, together with representation from each. Mr. McFarland gave an impressive talk at the conclusion of the ceremonies and speeches were also made by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Kirtland. Over 300 took part in the dance which wound up the evening. The new Home of Hollister Lodge represents the last word in comfort and convenience and is a decided architectural acquisition to the city.

Princeton (Ill.) Lodge Shows Growth. Occupies New Home

Princeton (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1461, recently moved into its beautiful new Home facing the Square of the city. This building, purchased by the Lodge last December, has been remodeled, re-decorated and furnished throughout. It has a ladies' parlor, two large lounges, a big dining-room and kitchen, and a sun parlor for both winter and summer use. On the second floor is the lodge room, and a large billiard and pool room. The Lodge has engaged a professional chef and dining service will be inaugurated for both members and visiting Elks. Princeton Lodge, instituted on April 11, 1923, with a charter list of forty-eight, now has a membership close to 500.

Silver Anniversary to be Observed By Schenectady (N. Y.) Lodge

Schenectady (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 480, is making unusual plans for the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. The event will be marked by the initiation of a class of over 100 candidates, a large banquet, a grand ball and numerous other features. It is expected that large delegations from sister Lodges throughout the State, and many prominent members of the Order from all over the country will attend these festivities, which will be held on April 21-23 inclusive.

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge Erects Tablet In Memory of "Buffalo Bill"

A bronze tablet with the inscription "This tablet erected by Omaha (Neb.) Lodge, No. 39, B.P.O. Elks, in memory of Brother William F. Cody," has been purchased by Omaha Lodge and will be placed on the granite boulder on the grave of Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) on top of Lookout Mountain.

Mason City (Iowa) Lodge Establishes Welfare Fund

Mason City (Iowa) Lodge, No. 375, has placed in the hands of its Social and Community Welfare Committee a sum equal to one dollar for each member, amounting to approximately \$1,000. This will be done annually by the Lodge and the fund used in various charitable activities. The Committee is doing noble work in assisting the needy and distressed, and the children of the city in particular regard the Elks as an ever present help in time of trouble. In addition to these activities, Mason City Lodge has organized and developed a very successful Boy Scout troop.

Williamson (W. Va.) Lodge Growing. New Home a Possibility

Instituted on April 1st, 1921, with thirty charter members, Williamson (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 1408, now has a membership of

over 300. At the present rate of growth the Lodge expects to pass the 500 mark in the near future. Though Williamson Lodge owns its own Home, it is considering the erection of a new building, one that will afford greater facilities for taking care of its growing membership and its wider activities.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensation for New Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland has granted a dispensation for the following new Lodge:

Westfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1481.

Large Donation for Boy Scouts Made by Oak Park (Ill.) Lodge

Oak Park (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1295, has donated \$1,500 to the Boy Scouts to be used in the repair of their camp at Bridgeman, Mich. This gift of Oak Park Lodge is in line with the campaign being conducted by the business men and fraternal organizations in the district of Chicago to raise \$150,000 for the advancement of scouting in that part of Illinois.

Home of Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge is Community Center of City

The beautiful Home recently built by Kenosha (Wis.) Lodge, No. 750, is in many respects the community center of the city. The building includes a thirty-room hotel operated for traveling members of the Order, and the facilities of the Home are always open to visiting members and their families as well as to the various civic and social organizations of the city. The Home boasts a banquet hall with kitchen equipment capable of serving 300 at one time; a beautiful ball room, with clear dancing space 60 x 80 feet, billiard, pool, club and lounge rooms; one of the largest and best swimming pools and Turkish baths in the city; and bowling alleys. The Home radiates vitality and holds open-doored encouragement for all movements that promise civic betterment, national advancement and uplift.

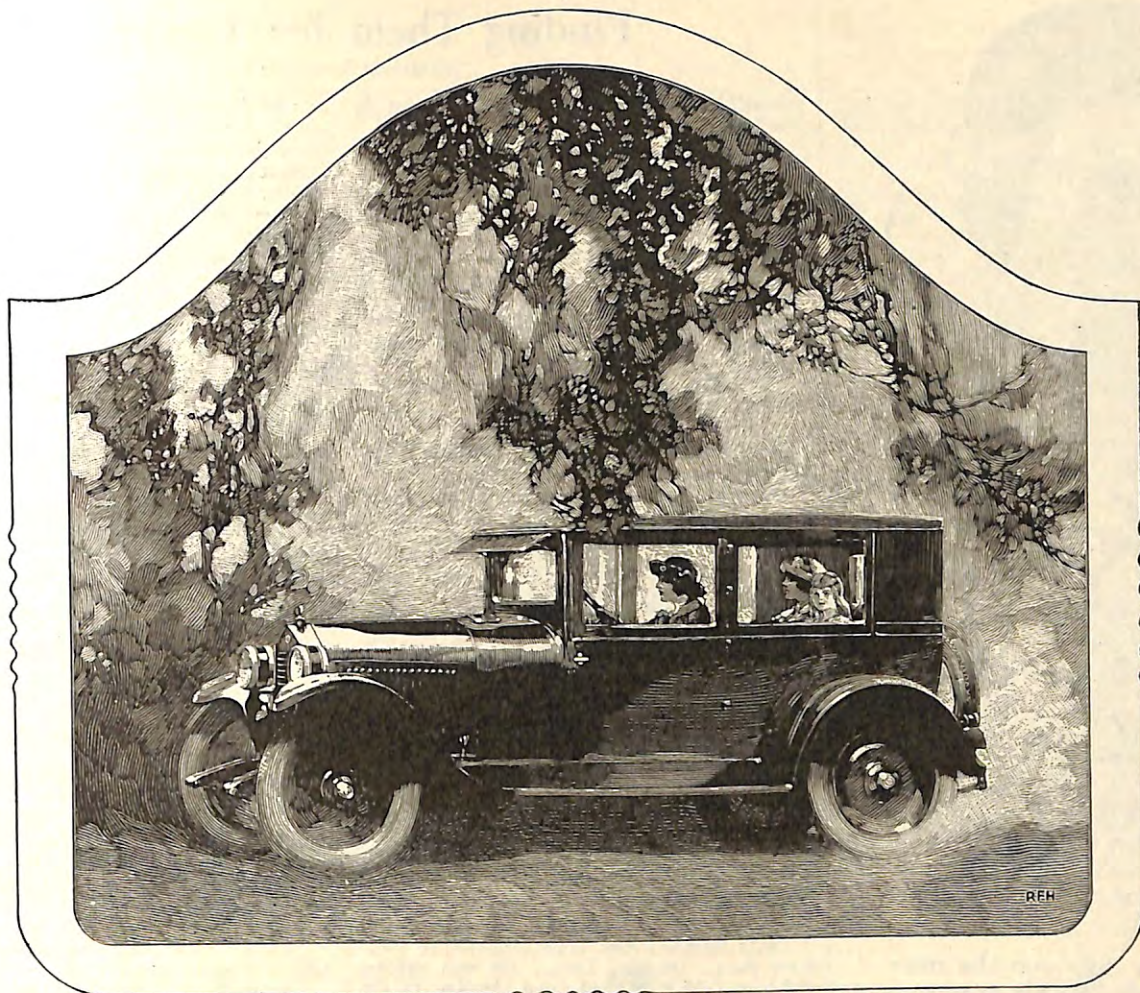
Kokomo (Ind.) Lodge Occupying New Home. To be Dedicated April 15th

Members of Kokomo (Ind.) Lodge, No. 190, recently moved into their beautiful new Home on West Mulberry Street. The building is not yet complete in all its detail, though the members are enjoying the big lounging-room on the main floor and the club rooms in the basement. The grill, dining rooms and Lodge room will be ready for occupancy in a short time. The formal dedication will not take place until April 15 and the official opening May 7. The old quarters have now been surrendered to the Knights of Columbus, whose club rooms were destroyed by fire a short time ago.

Steubenville (Ohio) Lodge Starts Movement for New Home

A movement toward a new Home for Steubenville (Ohio) Lodge, No. 231, was launched at an enthusiastic meeting of the members recently. The building project, delayed for many years, was approved by more than 200 members and indications are that the bulk of the membership will lend its support. Announcement was made by Exalted Ruler Earl Applegate that a committee would be named to make a canvass of the members to determine whether or

(Continued on page 64)



Old Time Essex Performance With Hudson Smoothness

\$170 LESS THAN THE COACH EVER SOLD FOR

The new Essex Six, built by Hudson under Hudson patents, duplicates former Essex performance from one to fifty miles an hour. The price is \$975 for the coach—\$850 for five passenger open car. Tax and freight extra.

It has Hudson smoothness and reliability. It possesses the qualities for which 135,000 owners of the Essex four are so enthusiastic. Hudson type clutch, transmission and axles are used in the new Essex.

Motor starts promptly—steering is like guiding a bicycle, little attention is required to lubricate or keep car in top condition.

Economy in fuel, oil and tires is greater. A new policy of minimum fixed prices for replacement parts guarantees lowest maintenance cost. Your dealer will show you price lists.

For the family desiring a reliable, smart car of satisfactory performance at low cost, that gives unusual gasoline, oil and tire mileage and requires little mechanical attention, the new Essex Six provides "Ideal Transportation."

It is a value such as heretofore the motor market never provided.

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ESSEX COACH \$975

Touring Model \$850 Freight and Tax Extra

A Six Built by Hudson Under Hudson Patents



"You've got it — that Hinge-Cap wins!"

THE new Hinge-Cap on Williams spells efficiency—minutes saved. It is the only shaving tube cap that can't get lost.

Just as we give you the most efficient tube, so we give you, too, the most efficient cream!

—Efficient because Williams lather is heavier and holds its moisture in against the beard. The hairs are softened all the way through.

—Efficient because it produces a lubricating film between your skin and the blade that eliminates pulling and drawing.

—Efficient because after the shave a soothing ingredient in Williams has cooled and soothed your face so that your daily shave is comfortable no matter how heavy or bristly your beard.

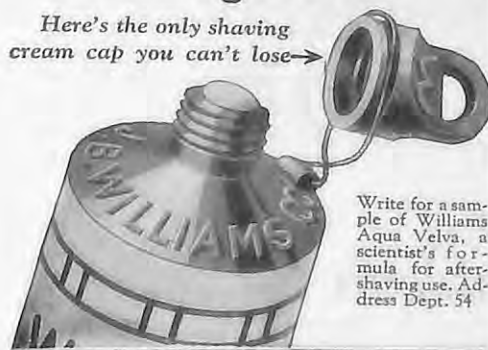
You'll like Williams in every particular. No artificial coloring in this cream. No complexion soap could do more for your skin.

Start tomorrow with Williams!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams Shaving Cream

Here's the only shaving cream cap you can't lose—



Write for a sample of Williams Aqua Velva, a scientist's formula for after-shaving use. Address Dept. 54

Finding Them for Vaudeville

(Continued from page 25)

yourself," snapped Hart. "If I were you do you know what I would do?"

"What?"

"I'd get rid of those broncos. Sell 'em. Give 'em away if you have to. I'd team up with myself, get a little chatter and do a few rope tricks. Do that and you will go over on big time. Just try being yourself. You have a lot of funny lines in you because I have heard you pull them off stage. You are not getting paid for those wise cracks, now—shove them across the footlights and they'll be worth regular money."

"You mean to say folks'll pay to listen to me?" ejaculated Rogers.

"Sure do."

Rogers wasn't convinced. But he had faith in Hart's judgment. He tried to work up a monologue for himself—but couldn't. He again sought Hart and the scout, after listening, said:

"Don't do that canned stuff. Make it extemporaneous. Read the newspapers and crack across your own comments. You'll get by, if you do that. I know you will."

Rogers spent the following morning going over newspaper headlines and that afternoon he dispensed with his broncos and came out on the stage with nothing but his rope and his lingo. As Hart had predicted it went over—big. Rogers finished out his contract with the small theatre and was sent away from New York and across the Keith circuits. He started as Number Two act on each program, but it wasn't long before he was in a headline position. After that—

The Ziegfeld Follies, the movies, a newspaper syndicate . . . it was easy.

FRANK TINNEY was doing a blackface stunt with Barlow's Old Time Minstrels in Fairview Park, Dayton, Ohio. He was getting eighteen dollars a week, and sleeping in the show car.

Harry Weber, a vaudeville scout, was with a party of friends at the summer resort. He went there purely to kill time—to get away from business for a few hours. But he saw Tinney and was so impressed that after the performance he sought out the minstrel and asked Tinney what he was getting.

"Eighteen a week—and a place to sleep," proudly returned Frank.

"As I've told you, my name is Weber, and I'm connected with the big circuit," said the scout. "How would you like to sign a contract for a year at twenty-five dollars a week?"

"With whom?"

"Me."

"You're crazy. I'm not worth twenty-five dollars a week."

"I think you are."

"Show me the papers."

Weber produced them. Tinney signed immediately. From Dayton he went to Chicago and Weber got him on at the Olympic Theater for eighty dollars a week. From there Tinney's rise was rapid; to-day he heads his own show—at something like three thousand dollars a week.

Al Jolson was a boy tenor with a team touring theatres in the smaller Michigan cities. The team was known as "Palmer & Jolson." Palmer was crippled and Jolson used to wheel him on the stage in a chair and sing songs to him. There was the same fire in Jolson's stuff then as there is now. One afternoon a vaudeville manager in Detroit, having heard of Jolson, took a train and went to the town in which the team was playing. He made Jolson an offer to go to New York at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. The singer took it.

Jolson became an instant hit and after playing New York theatres through several weeks was attracted to O'Brien's Minstrels, at two hundred and fifty a week. But the minstrel show couldn't hold him. Vaudeville went after him, got him back—and lost him again.

Like Frank Tinney, Jolson now heads his own show, at—thirty-five hundred dollars a week.

Mercedes began as a hat salesman in the Boston Store, in Chicago. He used to entertain his fellow salesmen with his mind-reading stunts, and one night he was asked to do a few tricks for a fraternal benefit. It wasn't long before he

was in demand at lodge meetings. Vaudeville heard of him, investigated, and signed him. Mercedes was one of the few acts that became an instant hit, without preliminary training in the smaller houses.

Allyn King, a Ziegfeld star, was singing in Heublein's cabaret, in New Haven, Conn., when Harry Carrington, a Yale alumnus, heard and saw her. She was the pet of the undergraduate body and Carrington, being a friend to Ziegfeld, tipped off the owner of the Follies.

Ziegfeld wasn't carried away by Carrington's enthusiasm but he was curious. He sent Sam Shannon, one of his scouts, to New Haven to check back on the report.

Returning, Shannon sought out his employer, and the first question Ziegfeld asked was:

"How good is she?"

"Good enough. I've signed her," returned Shannon.

THE Sharrocks, mind-readers, were doing their act in a Turtle Lake general store, near Springfield, Ohio, when Pete Mack, a vaudeville producer, heard of them through an office boy in a Springfield theatre. Mack was on business in Springfield and called on the theatre owner, who wasn't in.

"Tell him to get in touch with Mr. Mack—I'll be at this hotel down the street," he told the office boy.

"Are you Mr. Pete Mack?" inquired the youngster.

"Yes."

Mack was on the way out when the boy stopped him.

"Say, Mr. Mack," he said, hesitatingly "do you want a good act?"

"Sure."

"There's some mind-readers over at Turtle Lake. They're great!"

"Speak to your boss about them."

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"Told me I didn't know what I was talking about. But I do, Mr. Mack. I do. This gang around here makes me sick. They're too stuck up to listen to me—just because I'm an office boy."

The youngster was so in earnest that Mack, having a few hours to spare, went to Turtle Lake. He caught the Sharrocks putting on an act in the town's country store. Mack, watching the act with the country people, realized that the office boy's tip had proved up as a good one, waited until the store had been cleaned out, then seeking the Sharrocks he put them under contract.

TOM PATRICOLA was selling pop corn and cakes in the streets of New Orleans a few years ago. He entered in every amateur show that offered. Finally becoming in demand he was able to command a five-dollar bill for an evening's offering. It was while in one of these performances that a vaudeville scout found him. Frisco was a dancer in a roadhouse near Chicago, dancing for whatever the patrons fancied to throw on the floor for him to pick up. One night a vaudeville representative, visiting the roadhouse with a party of friends, watched Frisco do his stuff and he signed the dancer that night.

Van Hoven, "The Mad Magician," was drawing down ten dollars a week for entertaining outside of a thousand feet of film in a small outlying theatre in Chicago when his possibilities were discovered. Eddie Cantor's entry into the business was due indirectly by my scouting. I was going with a big juggling act and attending an amateur night at Miner's on the Bowery, was attracted to the work of a young fellow on the bill doing some juggling. I advised him to see the Boss of our act, a fellow by the name of Bedini. This he did and landed with our act as an assistant, later teaming with Bedini under the name of Bedini and Arthur. Down on the East Side there was a friend of Arthur's who was considered very funny at the neighborhood parties, in fact he was getting a reputation as the district's star comic. Arthur, thinking he might have a value to the show business and wanting to help him break in, brought him up to Hammerstein's Roof and had him show his stuff to

(Continued on page 48)



It's great fun, men!

Mixing your own ideal blend—from the world's twelve best smoking tobaccos in the HUMIDOR SAMPLER
Sent to any smoker, anywhere—on 10 days' approval

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

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Company

YOU don't know the fun you can get out of your old Briar Buddy until you've tried mixing your own private smoking tobacco. "Blending Your Own" is the newest indoor sport, overshadowing Mah Jongg in universal stag interest.

A Test of the 12 Best for only \$1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Boar25
Capitan30
Imperial Cube Cut30
Herbert Tangton25
Old English Curve Cut15
The Garrick30
Carlton Club15
Yale Mixture25
Talk's Sore Mixture15
Three States25
Will's Latakia45
Louisiana Perique25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50

Everywhere you go, you find neighbors and friends vying with each other to produce the Great American Pipe Tobacco—the master blend of all blends—through the twelve primary colors of tobaccos in the Humidor Sampler.

It was a grizzled old pipe-veteran who first conceived the unique Humidor Sampler.

The thought came to him suddenly one lazy Sunday when in the privacy of his den, under spreading moose antlers, surrounded by fishing rods and guns, he was experimenting with pipe mixtures, mingling the fragrance and aromas of the twelve best blends.

Out of his mixing bowl he finally drew his heart's desire. But imagine his disappointment when, trying it out on his closest friend, he found it failed to satisfy that friend's smoke taste.

Then came the big idea!

Why not assemble in one shining tray all the world's best tobaccos so that every man could have them before him conveniently and find for himself the one and only mixture?

The idea took like wildfire. The first announcement of this wonderful Humidor Sampler swamped us with orders. And now daily the postman comes to our Marburg Branch, burdened down with letters of appreciation.

As every smoker knows there are myriad brands of tobacco on the market. But among them all there are 12 outstanding basic blends.

To test these 12 basic blends with all their combinations is to reduce the smoker's quest to a simple science. We promise that in this scarlet humidor you will find the perfect blend you seek.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

In looks and in contents the Humidor Sampler is a rare edition, a handsome red lacquered treasure chest—encasing the pick of the world's tobacco leaf.

May we send one of these attractive Humidors to you, parcel post, for 10 days' approval?

You need send no money, simply mail the coupon. When the postman brings the package, pay him \$1.50, plus postage.

If, after ten days' trial of the tobaccos, you're not ready to declare this the best tobacco investment you ever made, return the Humidor and you'll get your \$1.50 and postage back as fast as the mail can carry it.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 80
Baltimore, Md.

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

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

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



Stedman Naturized Flooring in the Billiard Room of the Chicago Athletic Club

THE COST OF installation is the only cost of Stedman Naturized Flooring. Actual tests have proved it to be equal and in some cases superior to marble in its ability to withstand abrasion.

It is durable, does not dent or crack and yet this naturized flooring is remarkably resilient, absorbing all shocks and making a floor silent and comfortable to walk upon.

Stedman Flooring is Particularly adapted to clubs, banks, hotels, hospitals, churches and homes, in fact wherever appearance and endurance in a floor covering is required.

Stedman Naturized Reinforced Rubber Flooring

Here are a few of the Stedman Flooring installations:

Seaboard National Bank, New York
Fifth Avenue Hospital
First National Bank, Detroit
Logan & Bryan, San Francisco
First District Court, Jersey City
Boston Lying-In Hospital
Hartford Hospital
Mt. Sinai Hospital, Cleveland
Ritz Carlton, New York
Hotel Sinton, Cincinnati
Chicago Athletic Club
Harvey Piano Store, Boston
St. Paul's R. C. Church, Cambridge
St. Gregory's Church, Philadelphia
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Manufacturers of Reinforced Rubber Flooring
Sanitary Base, Wainscoting, Walls
SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

Agencies in all principal cities

Direct Branches:

New York Detroit Chicago Cleveland

Finding Them for Vaudeville

(Continued from page 46)

Bedini, and Bedini placed him in his act. Max Hart saw him later and scouted him into stardom. That chap was Eddie Cantor. My discovery of Arthur put him in a position to bring his friend Eddie around and get him in. I suppose that if I had not recommended Arthur, Eddie would still be taking things easy over on the East Side with nothing on his mind but to get up early and get to the store and doing his stuff for his friends in the evening for a glass of home brew. That was fifteen years ago and while working on Hammerstein's Roof Eddie was advised to go out and get himself some coaching under a real actor. He did that. Full of confidence and determination to go over right, he spent three months in Europe, studying various acts. On his return from Europe he was rewarded for his plugging, becoming a headliner immediately.

Chic Sale was discovered by Mart Fuller Golden a brother to the famous George Fuller Golden. He saw Chic out West, brought him east and to-day Chic has so many cars that he runs between them.

There you have the beginnings of quite a few of the headliners now in the show business. Leon Errol, Buster West—all the others had their beginnings at the foot of the ladder and vaudeville scouts in discovering them had to travel to all corners, and parts.

The theatre box office never overlooks a tip. It may be a letter will come to the New York offices concerning a sketch in Hibbing, Minn. That letter is not tossed into a convenient waste basket. A scout is ordered to look over the sketch and report on it. Amateur shows are covered. In the vast majority of cases these acts are worthless as attractions but every once in a while a star in the making is found and when this happens the scout figures his failures as nothing at all.

The show business, in recent years, has developed into strictly a business.

Actors no longer play on temperament only so long as it keeps their names in the newspapers. If it does that, they capitalize on it—with financial benefit to themselves. The actor is a business man. He has a pretty keen appreciation of the worth of his services and figures on that basis. Publicity he gets is all valuable to him—because it means additional money in his bank account.

Sarah Bernhardt, with all her art, was a pretty keen business woman, so the vaudeville managers say, when it came to scheduling her over the circuit. There were times, too, when she forgot the money angle.

A western vaudeville manager told this story: "During Bernhardt's last tour of the United States she played my house. One afternoon word was sent to me in the office that 'the Divine Sarah was in a rage.' I went back to locate the trouble but couldn't find any reason for the headliner being upset. Finally I went to her.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Bernhardt rapped out a hundred words in less than thirty seconds, and ended by crying.

"I didn't know what to do but finally put my arm about her—and kissed her.

"Tears disappeared as though by magic. Bernhardt forgot her troubles and went on that afternoon . . . went on after vowing that she would never again appear on an American stage.

"Nor did I ever hear what had been the matter with her. That is, what started her. It was just an outburst that came from nowhere in particular—and went nowhere."

While it is true that scouts comb the bushes of Europe, just as they go to Australia, India, China and other faraway places in the search for material, managers do not depend entirely on the scouts. Quite a few managers make yearly trips to Europe themselves. They not only cover the better known theatres of London, Paris, and great capital cities but they also seek in the slums of London the cellars of Paris, the country side and hills of Spain and elsewhere.

One manager, in Paris last year, heard of a strong man in the Balkans. He heard the name as "Breitbart" and he went off on the chase, catching up with his quarry in a small theater in northern Germany. He watched Breitbart, saw him bend iron bars and bite through steel chains. He signed him for a swing through American theatres. Breitbart is now in the United States.

The manager who made that discovery and brought him to this country is as pleased over it as John McGraw would be over unearthing another "Babe Ruth."

I don't think I ever regarded myself as a discovery but in answer to my newspaper friend—the same one that started this thing—when he asked me "And who discovered you, Joe?" I believe I can safely say that it took a dozen or more scouts to do the discovering, as any remarkable qualities I may have had were well hidden. First Manager Rosenthal of Dubuque, Iowa, discovered that I could do better without the black face make-up that I thought so essential and was using at the time. Next Mr. B. A. Muckenfuss, then booker for the Interstate Circuit, found out that I was good enough to place in number two on his bills instead of opening the show. A little later Mr. Frank Bohne managed to book me on the Keith Circuit and then Mr. Henry Jordan of Keith's Theatre, Philadelphia, had faith enough in me to place me next to closing on his bill. I had at last reached the acme, the real height of a vaudeville's ambition. I have recently been scouted into musical comedy which I find is just vaudeville with more scenery, loads of girls with scanty costumes. I am now waiting for a scout to shove me into Grand Opera. All I lack is the voice. If I get much stouter I will at least have the necessary figure for it.

Whooping Up the Brothers

(Continued from page 33)

wears a dinner-jacket with the ease of a hippopotamus, and knows far more about a knife or "chiv" than he does about the rest of them weapons that they always shove at a guy at these here swell hotels. Which, of course, meant that when Billy headed for this lodge and the chance of arguing them into a contract to put on a show, he was moving toward the utterly impossible. But did it?

Hardly. Strange to say, it was one of his main assets. There are certain illusions in the ordinary mind. One of them is the fixed belief that a real circus man wears a red vest and eats with his knife. Another is when a man is a lodge "brother" he can do no wrong, especially if he bears a letter from somewhere saying he is in good standing and has always enjoyed an excellent reputation in his own home lodge. That the letter of recommendation is one of the oldest tricks in the world, isn't counted. That the greatest asset of the old-time fixer for the crooked or "grifting" circus inevitably was an effusive message from some chief of police, is not even considered. Billy the Whoop was well armed. He had the appearance of the stock

picture of the showman, and he had that letter of recommendation.

On the strength of that letter, Billy gained a meeting of the trustees. Then he let it be known that he was the president and general manager of the Grand Amalgamated World's Greatest Indoor Circus and Exhibition Company—which name he had figured out en route, and that he was there to save the lodge. In fact, he broke down about that time and confessed that he was one of the few men in the world who could get them the money they wanted, and by a system as easy as shaking ripe plums from a tree.

The trustees were interested. Billy went on. They had heard, of course, about the tremendous sums of money made by the San Francisco Lodge? Or of the waiting lines which every year gathered about Medina Temple, in Chicago, forcing sometimes as many as three performances a day? Or the proceeds of the annual Policemen's Show in St. Louis? Or the big affair at Wichita, Kansas, or the tremendous crowds which thronged the Auditorium in Cleveland for the Hagenbeck Wallace Winter Circus?

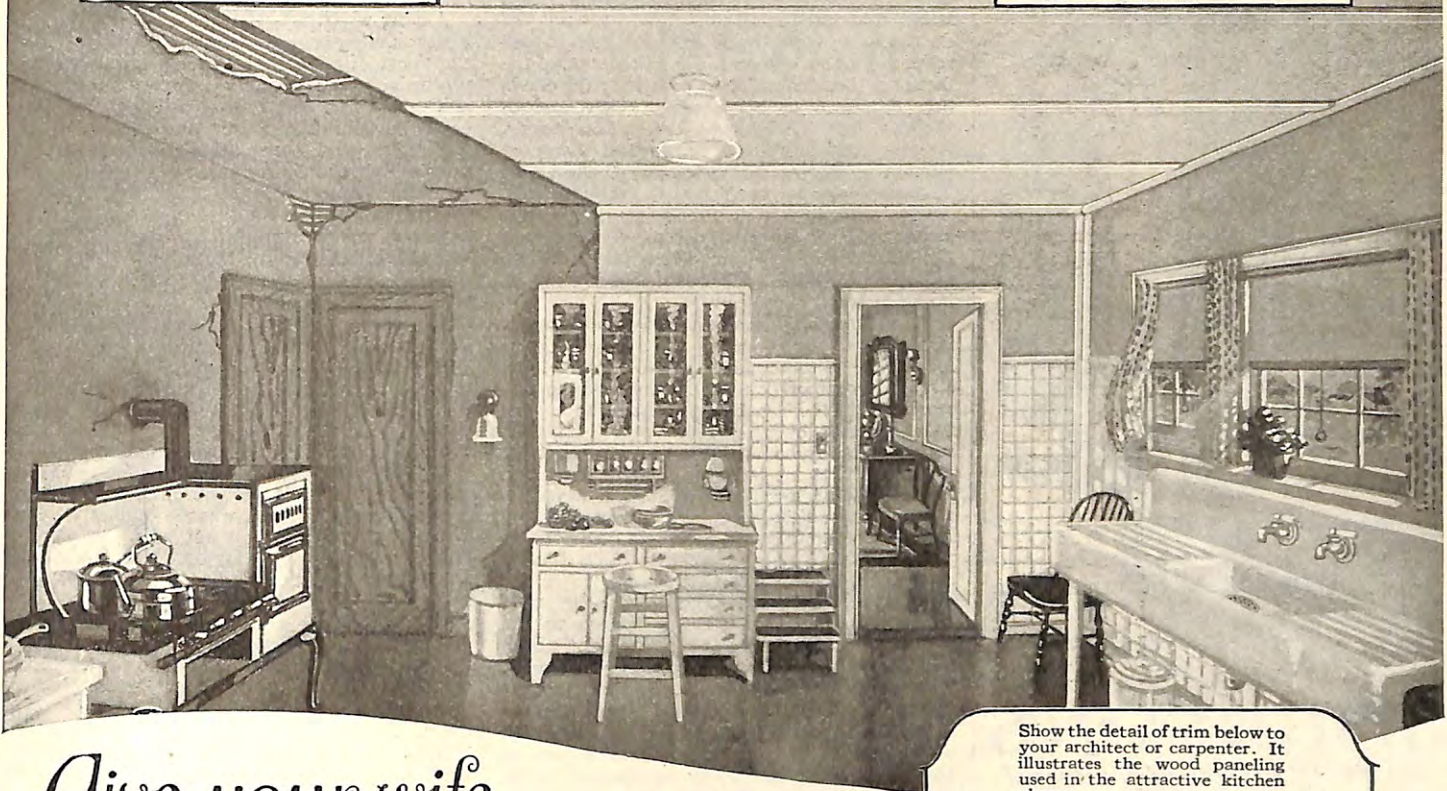
(Continued on page 50)

Before Upsonizing

Many people put up with the depressing atmosphere of a dismal, gloomy kitchen like this, simply because they fear that tile or modernizing is too expensive.

After Upsonizing

Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board quickly build bright and cheerful cleanable interiors like that shown below—and at about 1/10th the cost of ceramic tile.



Give your wife a bright, cheerful kitchen

NEARLY every woman longs for a bright, cheerful kitchen, with walls that she can always keep spic-and-span!

You can give your wife such a kitchen today!

Simply have your carpenter cover the old cracked plaster with big panels of Upson Fibre-Tile. Then finish with flat paint and enamel, and you have permanent, washable tile-like walls, as beautiful as expensive ceramic tile—at about 1/10th the cost!

The dependability of Upson Fibre-Tile has been proven by its successful use in many thousands of homes, stores and factories. It is simply refined lumber—in big, stiff panels which any good carpenter can apply with little muss, dirt or delay.

When properly applied, Upson Fibre-Tile, like Upson Board, lies flat on the wall. It successfully withstands the

extreme conditions of bathroom or kitchen. Heat and cold—dryness and moisture—even ordinary leaks—have little or no effect on it.

Being securely nailed, it cannot work loose like tile-finished substitutes that are merely stuck to the walls. Applied with patented Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners, Upson Fibre-Tile is the one tile-board which eliminates entirely ugly, disfiguring nail-marks.

Do not confuse hard, smooth Upson Fibre-Tile with rough, fuzzy, absorbent imitations that may cost twice as much to paint, nor with brittle plaster substitutes that invariably crack, loosen or “craze.” Upson Board stands alone in permanence, beauty and low cost!

Send six cents in stamps for new booklet, “The Snow-White Lining,” showing beautiful specimen installations of Upson Fibre-Tile in bathrooms and kitchens, and for portfolio of Upsonized interiors.

Upson Board is handled by thousands of reliable lumber dealers—among them hundreds of Elk dealers—who put your satisfaction above their own immediate profit. When you want good building material—at honest prices—go to the Upson dealer in your neighborhood.

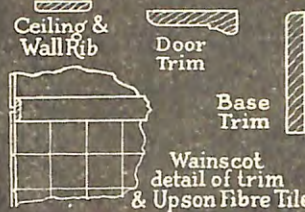
THE UPSON COMPANY

Fibre Board Authorities

424 Upson Point, Lockport, New York

Show the detail of trim below to your architect or carpenter. It illustrates the wood paneling used in the attractive kitchen above.

DETAIL OF TRIM



Upson Board proves its supremacy



The sketch at the left was taken from an actual photograph. Five men rested their entire weight upon a single panel of 1/2-inch Upson Board without cracking or breaking it. (Affidavits on request.)

The water test

Tests by impartial engineering laboratories prove that when pieces of ordinary wallboard and of pebbled Super-Surface Upson Board are submerged for two hours in a pail of water, the ordinary wallboards absorb 50% to 60% more water.



UPSON BOARD

PROCESSED

Whenever you see or hear of color used as an identification for wallboard, think of dependable Upson Board with its famous Blue-Center. In Upson Board was first conceived the idea of color with wallboard as a trademark.

The Ideal Furniture Polish



Johnson's Polishing Wax is a perfect furniture polish. It rejuvenates varnish and gives an air of immaculate cleanliness wherever used. Johnson's Wax takes all the drudgery from dusting. It is easy to apply and polish.

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Whooping Up the Brothers

(Continued from page 48)

It was the old, old story of the stock-selling game. Jones made five thousand dollars from a hundred invested in oil stock. Why can not you do the same with Grab-'em-Quick Oil? Naturally, Billy the Whoop made no mention of the fact that the Medina Temple show, or the one in San Francisco or St. Louis or Cleveland or Wichita, was run by experienced, honest men, working upon business principles and giving the patrons something for their money. And that he was merely an unscrupulous promoter with hardly enough money to pay his hotel bill. Hardly. What Billy the Whoop—just like all the others of his ilk—was after, was to get the money and use a lodge as the means of doing it. So on he went:

"An', Brothers," he announced—the promoter is always strong for using the strength of his lodge pin—"Brothers, I'm here to say that there ain't one cent of risk to it. Not a single jit's worth of risk. I'll put on this here show. An' to show that everything is up an' up, fair, square an' aboveboard, I'll put into our contract th' clause that me an' my company guarantee you against all loss, an' furthermore, when the show's done an' finished, me an' my company leaves in your treasury a deposit of \$1,000 to pay our share of any bill that ain't already settled up. Now, ain't that square?"

It looked that way. The trustees began to take notice, being in what is known to the "profesh" as the "warming up process." Billy the Whoop went on with his selling argument. The show? It would be the best that could be procured, a credit to everybody and a beacon light for all other shows to follow. Nor was that all—Billy even went so far as to name some of the acts which he felt pretty sure he could get—nor was he treading upon soft ground when he did it. There is always a way for desired attractions to disappoint. In fact, there is a case on record where a Civic Association was promised Ziegfeld's Follies, the New York Hippodrome Show, Pawnee Bill at the head of a new Wild West exhibit, an under-water spectacle, and a concrete stadium. The promoter delivered a Ford exhibit, a few concession stands, a pageant that was funnier than it was beautiful, and some fireworks. When the committee, at the end of the fiasco, announced a deficit of \$45,000, the promoter was terribly sorry. But he didn't pay the \$45,000.

SO BILLY the Whoop was on safe ground. For one very good reason—he had planted in the minds of the men with whom he was arguing that he and he alone was responsible for the success of the enterprise, that if it played to a loss he would be the one who would be forced to dig down into his pocket to make up the deficit, and that the lodge was taking no risk whatever. He had disarmed his adversaries—they knew that to avoid a loss he must put on a successful show. Therefore, his ramblings regarding the acts to be procured were scarcely heard. About that time, in fact, some one asked for a detail of the contract to be made, and Billy the Whoop furnished it.

He wanted only thirty per cent. of the advance sale, or proceeds gained from the sale of tickets by members of the lodge. After that, there would be a straight sharing of fifty per cent. apiece on reserved seats, program and proceeds from concessions.

"An' I leave it to you, Brothers," he asked, "if that ain't square. The big money will come from what the Brothers in this lodge will sell. All right, I only take thirty per cent. of that, and I don't take nothing until after the show has been paid for. Ain't that fair?"

It sounded so. That night, Billy the Whoop prepared to move to the lodge—just so he would be near the boys. The committee had been convinced that he was a showman. He looked like a showman; he acted like one. Besides all that, he had confidence and a winning way of selling them enthusiasm about the show to come. He had agreed cheerfully to a specific clause that his company would be responsible for any loss. And the contract had been signed. Billy the Whoop, to celebrate, got in a little poker game that night and lost everything but ten dollars. But he didn't worry. From now on there would be plenty of money. For Billy the

Whoop had put over several rather clever little details.

Among which was the fact that the Whoop's high-sounding company was to furnish the show, the "cost of which shall be deducted from the proceeds derived from the advance sale of tickets," and make the lodge bear seventy per cent. of the burden. The lodge was to furnish nothing but its utmost cooperation. Which sounded simple—but therein lay one of the jokers of not only the Whoop's contract, but every other one that is eased across by unscrupulous promoters. It meant, in other words, that Billy the Whoop was to furnish a show consisting of a general style of circus acts, but that Billy the Whoop was not to pay for that show or even advance the money to pay for it. That was to be done from the proceeds of the ticket sale. And the lodge by giving its utmost cooperation, was to furnish men not only to sell the tickets, but committees to aid in the press work, to man the various concession booths and, in fact, do practically everything but give the performance. It all sounds impossible when it is explained minus the suavities by which it is manipulated. Nevertheless, Billy the Whoop was no pioneer. That identical sort of contract has been put over on not only scores but hundreds of clubs and fraternal organizations in the United States within the last three years. What does it? The guarantee against loss. When Billy the Whoop started his proceedings by agreeing to accept all loss, the blinding process had been completed.

Yet he had agreed to nothing more than to guide this lodge through the stormy seas of a show. To lend his aid and advice on how to sell tickets. To hire acts. The show must pay for itself. After it had done that, he was to share in the proceeds.

That guarantee against loss? There it was, right in the contract. But no bond had been put up or money advanced. Billy had looked after that by his genial insistence that the clause be made the most binding possible, even to the extent of a confession of judgment in case of loss, to preclude anything other than a mere formal demand through a court. Billy the Whoop had been very eager to see that the lodge was protected on that score. For a quiet little reason. He was anxious to have it over and done with before somebody with experience should happen along with the announcement that legitimate promoters have a habit of placing anywhere from \$5,000 to \$30,000 in a bank to the credit of the lodge at the beginning of a contract, to be drawn on at the beginning of the show and not to be returned until every possible expense has been taken care of; to say nothing of furnishing, free from the regular salary lists of the show, a corps of men who cost the legitimate enterprises anywhere from \$2,000 to \$30,000 a year. Billy the Whoop was furnishing nothing but himself, and a high-sounding contract. But he gave the appearance of furnishing everything—which was where the trick came in.

As for the guarantee, it didn't worry Billy the Whoop for a moment. Nor the provision about the \$1,000 deposit. If the show happened to be a success, he would keep his word, leaving with the lodge \$1,000 from his proceeds. If the show was a failure, there were plenty of trains out of town. Billy had nothing upon which to levy. The lodge could get all the judgments in the world—but a judgment, it happens, is no good unless it can be collected.

So that was that. It had gone over, partly through the Whoop's insistence upon putting teeth in that clause, and partly through his unswerving honesty in regard to every other feature of the contract. For instance, Billy wanted it made plain in that contract that neither he nor his company was to handle one cent of the money. Not one cent. Everything up and up, Brothers. Instead, every bit of cash that came in was to be given into the keeping of a bonded cashier, appointed by the lodge and for the lodge. That money was to be deposited to a special fund—named for the purpose for which the show was given—in a bank selected by the lodge.

"Gents! Brothers, I mean—" said Billy when they talked over that feature—"I know you'd trust me—but I don't want to be trusted. I'm a showman, and sometimes there's guys that

think that showmen can be crooked. We ain't going to have anything of that kind here. Your cashier handles all the money. This here contract has got to be fixed so that my company can't give one single check in payment of anything unless it's done on a requisition which has been signed by the secretary of the Lodge and the chairman of the circus committee as well as by me. The check's got to be signed by four people, by me, by the secretary, by the circus chairman, and by the head of the finance committee. Ain't that fair and square?"

IT EVIDENTLY had seemed that way. The contract had been signed—and Billy the Whoop moved to the club-house, serene, happy, and confident, with a show in the offing that was to cost in the neighborhood of \$17,500, and with the entire capital of the Grand Amalgamated World's Greatest Indoor Circus and Exposition Company the ten dollars which the Whoop had saved from the wreckage of the poker game. To say nothing of a system of protection erected on every side of him to prevent the slightest possible infractions of honesty. But was Billy the Whoop bothered? Not a bit. Instead, he was in the joyful position of a man with a brand new check-book and an unlimited account!

Billy's living was taken care of, simply through his enthusiasm to be "near the boys." At the club he could charge his room and his meals, with no necessity for a settlement for at least a month. That done, his first move was to select some enthusiastic lodge member and give him the printing order—which of course was to be paid for on thirty days' time, the requisition for which would be given from the first book delivered. After that, Billy scouted about among the newspapers, and hired a press agent—to be paid twice a month, and entered on the rolls of the circus employees. With his help he devised a letter which was to be mimeographed and sent to every member.

It was a work of art. Without actually wielding a bludgeon in so many words, it carried exactly what Billy the Whoop wanted it to carry—the fact that the Lodge, which had looked after its members in weal and woe, in sickness and in health, their Lodge, which had fostered them, aided them, now itself needed aid. But it was not going to ask a donation from its members. It was not going to put through an assessment. Instead, it was going to give something for what it got, paying out a dollar in happiness for every dollar in cash that it received. That was the spirit of this Lodge—not that of the Beggar, but of the Producer!

To this end, the Lodge was going to give a show, under the expert guidance of the Grand Amalgamated World's Greatest Indoor Circus and Exposition Company, the greatest indoor circus-producing organization in the world, a show that every Brother could be proud of, and which would redound to the ever-living credit of his organization. With this great cause before them, certainly the Brothers would not fail, especially in an hour of need?

After which came the stinger, the real purpose of the letter: So sure was the Lodge that the Brothers would be behind this movement body and soul, that it had taken the liberty of enclosing two books of tickets. Also so sure was the Lodge that those tickets would be sold, that one of them had been charged to the Brother addressed. After which:

"P. S. Please send in your check at once!"

But Billy didn't sign the letter. That was done by the secretarial officer and the ruler of the Lodge, the signature being accomplished by the use of a die stamp. Strange? Not at all. By this time, Billy the Whoop had "sold" the Lodge its own show, and convinced the ruling organization that here was a crisis, a thing which deserved the unstinted support of absolutely every member of the organization who was not at heart a traitor. Had not the Lodge looked after its members in time of stress, aided the sick of families, helped jobless men into positions and a thousand other things? Certainly, if the Lodge had the right kind of members, they could sell a few tickets. That was all—simply to send in the money in advance for the tickets which they were sure they could sell. Any man who could not sell twenty tickets at fifty cents apiece! The argument held—just as it holds day after day, week after week and month after month in organizations all over the country.

(Continued on page 52)

Do you know flat-knit athletic underwear?

MEN who have worn Lawrence flat-knit athletic underwear say it has no equal for comfort or service. It has all the advantages of other athletic underwear in its style and freedom, with virtues of its own, among which is *greater elasticity*.

Lawrence flat-knit is a feather-weight fabric that is cool because of its light weight and because, being porous, it lets the skin breathe. Having the absorbency which only *knit* underwear has, it keeps the body dry and cools by evaporation. Does not stick like a wet handkerchief when you perspire.

Every Lawrence garment is cut with extreme care to see that the size is correct, and men of all physiques can be perfectly fitted. Buttons won't pull off and all seams are overseamed so they won't split.

When you buy athletic underwear, ask for Lawrence KNIT-ATHLETIC.

"Perltex" —the new Lawrence flat-knit garments for women—with artificial silk stripes.



Union Suits—\$1.75 to \$2.50
Shirts and Drawers—\$1. to \$1.50. Two qualities—Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality; Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn. Also made three-quarter length. If your dealer hasn't the particular garment you wish, please send us his name, and ask for booklet showing various styles.

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This book, together with a Miniature Boncilla Set, is offered in the coupon below. Get these and begin to attain the beauty which can easily be yours, or go to your drug or department store and get a Boncilla Method Set—prices from 50c to \$3.25—and begin this wonderful method at once.

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Why face the world with a second-best face when the words "Boncilla Facial" to your barber will result in a refreshed, up-and-coming

countenance which marks you as a man of vigor—one who knows the value of an energetic appearance.

Or use the Boncilla Method at home. It's so easy to look and feel fit. Get a Boncilla Method Set and share it with wife, mother or sister.

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The Boncilla Method is guaranteed to do these seven definite things, or your money refunded: 1—Clear the complexion and give it color. 2—Cleanse and close enlarged pores. 3—Eliminate excess oiliness. 4—Remove blackheads and pimples. 5—Lift out the lines. 6—Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles. 7—Make the skin soft and smooth.

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For the enclosed 20c (coin or stamps) send me one Miniature Boncilla Set and Miss Crosby's new beauty book.

Name
Address
City
State

Whooping Up the Brothers

(Continued from page 51)

Naturally Billy the Whoop mentioned nothing of what the psychological reaction would be at the other end of the line—the memory by the recipient of the time when the lodge had helped him, and the acceptance of the missive as a straight dun upon him for ten dollars in repayment of past debts.

There was only one difficulty about getting out that letter. The printing of it was easy—that could be done by requisition. The mimeographing and addressing could be accomplished in the same way. All this, of course, going under the general heading of "expense of show." But the government doesn't recognize requisitions, and to send that letter to 4,000 members, required 4,000 two-cent stamps, or eighty dollars. Billy the Whoop had only ten. Whereupon he shrugged his shoulders and requested the secretary to allow him to make a little announcement of the coming circus at the meeting that night. The request was granted.

It was the first of the "whoop-'em-up" gatherings. The ruler of the lodge introduced him and told something of the aims of the show to come. There was a new wing to be built, a new range to be ordered for the grill, and a number of improvements to be made about the club-house. The lodge did not want to go direct to the members for this—unconsciously he found himself using the words which Billy the Whoop had planted through repetition—instead, the organization felt it better to do something where something was given for the money. Therefore this show, which Mr. Jacobs would now explain.

As has been mentioned, Billy the Whoop is a promoter. A "warm-'em-up" guy. By the time he finished telling of the attractions to come, it resembled a cross between the Metropolitan Grand Opera and the Madison Square edition of the Ringling-Barnum Circus. A few brothers began to applaud. Just about that time, Billy the Whoop started selling.

Who would be the first to start this great affair for this Good Old Lodge? Who would be the first to subscribe for a book of tickets, so that when the letters went out, the lodge could say that already a number of the boys had responded nobly? Who would be the first to put his name on the honor roll? Surely, no one would stand back in such a time as this! Now, who would be the first—who would be the first?

It was duck soup for Billy. For the Whoop knows lodges—and he knows that the faithful members are the ones who attend meetings, the men for whom the lodge has done some great thing at some time or other, men who have been aided in sickness or in time of sorrow, or privation. The lodge itself doesn't think about that angle of things; but Billy does. That's part of his game.

The result was that before he had finished his talk, a ten-dollar bill had traveled to the desk of the secretary, to be turned over to the show treasurer in payment of a book of tickets when they were sent out. Then another and another—

The next day, Billy the Whoop drew a little requisition to cash and presented it to the circus chairman who asked what it was for, heard quite truthfully that it was for stamps, signed it and then passed it on to be as agreeably signed by the others. That night, hastily hired girls began sending out the first of the letters as they came from the mimeographers, their salaries to be paid from the checks which would come rolling in from other faithful members of the lodge who would look upon that letter as a direct appeal from a mothering organization, to say nothing of that commanding postscript:

"P. S. Please send in your check at once!"

Within a week the responses to that first letter had brought two thousand dollars to the show till, assuring a running account sufficient to take care of present needs. But Billy the Whoop wanted faster action. The result was that a few days later he called a hasty session of the show committee, at which he presented Mr. Smith.

In Billy the Whoop's private circles, Mr. Smith is known as "Schmittty the Glib," otherwise a "swell bird to gaff the dames", a "fast talker," and a "guy that's there with the broads." But to the committee which received

him rather wonderingly, he was only Mr. Smith, who very fortunately had just happened in that morning. Whereupon The Whoop explained—rather mournfully.

"This here thing ain't goin' at all like I expected it," he announced. "The Brothers ain't doin' their share. If I'd 'a' known that they didn't care no more about their lodge than this, I never would've guaranteed this show. Now gents—Brothers—we don't want this thing to fall down. You don't want to work your heads off just to see a bloomer, do you? You don't want this here lodge to go down in history as not bein' able to put over a big, swell thing like this? It ain't that I'm scared of losin' my money; I can stand that. But I just can't be connected with failures, Gents, that's all there is to it. And you can't afford it neither. We've got to get things movin' here—get up some excitement around town. An' while that's bein' done, Mr. Smith here may be able to help us out a lot. He just happened to drop into town this mornin' an' in talkin' over with him the bad situation here, he suggested that maybe he could pull us out of the hole with a contest of Beauty Queens—th' most pop'lar young lady in town to be Queen of the show's carnival. In fact, he's so sure of it that he's willing to guarantee to raise ten thousand dollars by this method for a commission of twenty per cent, plus what the prizes cost, an' I'm in favor of letting him do it."

So was the committee—for a simple reason. In fact for the reason by which all things of this kind are put over: simply because they were dealing with a thing that they didn't know anything about. The lodge didn't understand the show business. The committee looked to Billy the Whoop to know everything. And when he said that things looked like a failure, the committee believed him. Mr. Smith was given the job of stimulating interest, and also, upon his guarantee to raise ten thousand dollars, allowed to purchase at the expense of the show a medium priced automobile, a diamond ring, and a few other prizes. After that, the rest was to be left to Mr. Smith.

Schmittty got his contestants by a very simple process. First by the allurements of winning an automobile and the title of the "Beauty Queen of the Carnival," this to be determined by a popularity vote, every ticket sold being worth so many "votes." Secondly by a canvass of the business houses, where Schmittty urged upon the various managers the necessity of backing a girl in this contest and helping her to sell tickets, for the advertisement of it, and the good-will of the lodge. Schmittty put that latter over rather strong—the good-will of the lodge. It worked—through the simple process of reasoning that if a mercantile house refused to take the good will of four thousand members, it could have the bad-will. No business establishment wants that. In other words, a refined system of "blackjacking."

SO BY this time, things were progressing. Billy the Whoop and Schmittty the Glib now had an automobile to ride around in. And a chauffeur. The latter for two reasons—one being that a promoter looks better with a chauffeur; more class. The other was that the chauffeur, when Billy was good enough to let members of the circus committee ride in that car, could hear what they were talking about and tip off The Whoop if anybody made any bum cracks. Who paid the chauffeur? Why the show, of course! Wasn't he part of the advertising scheme to put the car before the people so that when a girl came around to sell tickets, they could know what she was talking about? That Billy the Whoop and Schmittty the Glib might also use that car for joy parties at night and visits to road-houses wasn't mentioned.

As has been said before, the lodge was dealing with something that it knew nothing about. It had no idea what was needed for the show, what was necessary in the way of advertising or anything else. The best example of the usual attitude toward the technicalities of an indoor show promotion may be gained from a little experience which I once had. I mentioned to a secretary that the first thing to get would be some good ballyhoos, using a show term for persons who would, by some unusual stunt,

attract attention. The secretary turned to his requisition pad:

"Fine," he said, "where shall I buy them, and will a dozen be enough?"

Therefore it is easy to see how Billy the Whoop could go sailing merrily along—just as any of the rest of our crowd can do it when they hit an "ump-chay." There was that faithful old requisition pad. The first thing that Billy did to get a little money for himself was to pad the payrolls. After that he made a few private agreements with unscrupulous merchants to overpay for necessary wares, the illegitimate profits being divided between them. When the time came for the hiring of acts, Billy did it himself, through a friend working as a booking agent in San Francisco, the friend taking his profit from a percentage paid him by the performers for getting the job, Billy the Whoop reaping a little harvest also through "booking agent charges" paid for procuring the acts. Then, too, there were costumes to buy, and Billy bought them, selling them to the show, however, through an ostensible third party, and taking the difference. In fact, Billy the Whoop had things about his own way, in spite of all those protective fences which he had built for the lodge. He was dealing with men who knew nothing of his business. They were forced to accept his explanations. The first man signed the check because somebody else signed the requisition, or because it "must be right." The second man signed because the first had signed, and the elaborate system of protection became about as useful as a sieve in a rainstorm.

ALL this time, of course, the members of the lodge were being regularly and systematically whooped up. Letter followed letter. As soon as the first flush was over, out went a "follow-up" announcing that the man who sold one book of tickets would receive a third book free. Prizes were announced for those selling the most books, and a name on the honor roll of the show. Incidentally, Schmitt the Glib was getting in his good work, causing one girl to hear what another girl had said about her, or tipping off one contestant that another was trying to stab her in the back, and best of all, letting the ones who were a bit farther down in the list know what the more successful contestants had sold. In fact, Schmitt was using every gentle little art he knew to put the contestants into a state of mind where every one would be fighting the other, not only professionally but mentally; the result of that feud being to make the prize secondary to showing the rest of the other girls that they couldn't say a lot of things and hope to get away with it! About this time, The Whoop introduced the program salesman, also to work on a percentage.

His job was to get a committee of lodge members to "accompany him" while he made the rounds of the various stores, merely to introduce him before he began his selling campaign of advertising space which would drape itself around the pages devoted to the program. Innocence, thy name is a Lodge Brother in the clutches of an illegitimate promoter! Out they went, blandly innocent of the fact that they were being used for nothing more or less than a club to wield over the merchant, who saw in them not merely three enthusiastic members of a show committee, but representatives of the whole lodge, demanding that he obey their dictates lest they cost him many times the value of that advertising in lost patronage. With the result that when, in their private conferences, Billy the Whoop and his program seller checked up, they found they were doing very well.

But even this wasn't enough. He might not get another promotion and he was after every cent possible to garner. He wanted to run a few little games of chance—merely innocent things as he explained them to the committee. A "49 Camp" for one thing, which would be more of a diversion than anything else—merely a picture of the old days and the old times, more an educational feature than anything else, since those things were rarely seen any more. Besides, there was the necessity of putting this show over in a big way, and no one would play for any amount of money that would hurt them. Billy, strangely enough, happened to know a fellow who owned a lot of that equipment, and who would be willing to take a chance, receiving a percentage of the winnings for his rental. It

(Continued on page 54)



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Whooping Up the Brothers

(Continued from page 53)

slid past the show committee, obsessed as it was with the theory of Billy's honesty and the necessity for making a success of the show. But the district attorney said it was gambling. So Billy took up a committee of twenty members and talked it all over—Billy doing the talking and the members providing the atmosphere. In fact, several of them, when they left the office, mentioned the fact that they hadn't been needed at all!

But weren't they? District attorneys are human. They also—some of them at least—are politicians. The law often is governed by the number of votes which it may cost to administer it. The district attorney saw in that body of men 4,000 votes. So he gave the permit, since this was for a "charitable purpose." Seeing that this was the case, Billy prepared to move in slot machines, roulette, faro, dice, and every other possible gambling game, to say nothing of putting a few "gafts" and "gimmicks" on the otherwise innocent games on the main floor.

IN THE legitimate type of show, the merchandise wheels are the most innocent things of all forms of gambling. If there is any harmless type of gambling, this is it. In other words, they provide a sort of raffle, through the player laying down a dime on the "laydown," which is a strip of oilcloth, marked off with numbers, that dime being a bet that the wheel will stop on the number which he has selected. The idea of the people who run the "joint" is to "shove merchandise," as they call it, being content that the number of spaces on the wheel will bring them in a straight percentage. This, in the better type of shows, runs about 100 per cent above the jobber's cost, making the goods really sell at a retail price, all things considered. That is, with the difference that persons will play for articles on a wheel, hoping to get them for ten cents, where they would pass them up if shown in the window of a store.

But Billy the Whoop, once he had shoved over his little visit with the district attorney, wasn't contented with wheels. Besides, it gave him another opportunity to show his honesty. Queerly enough, merchandise wheels, in spite of the fact that they are the most innocent of all methods of "shoving merchandise," are looked upon with suspicion by many persons, especially jurists who do not know the tricks of the trade. Therefore, in many States, wheels are in disfavor, while "games of science and skill" are recommended. Billy the Whoop, knowing a thing or two, again went to his committee.

"Since we're goin' to have that '49 Camp," he announced, "we won't put in wheels. We'll use science an' skill. It'll be a lot fairer. Now, I got a man that's willin' to come on here, put up his good money for all the merchandise, show all you men how to handle things, put a man himself on each joint to do the counting and all that, just leaving the ballyhooin' to be done by members of the lodge, and give us forty per cent. of the net. That looks like a mighty fair offer to me."

The committee accepted it. Mainly because Billy the Whoop was a business man. He wouldn't recommend a forty-per-cent. affair if he could get more money by a sixty-per-cent. game. The deal was made. On came a concession man, with all his paraphernalia, all "innocent games of chance, announced by the Supreme Court to be fair and square an' up an' up." Incidentally, when he came, he brought with him a little educational feature, which, through its connection with lodges, is gradually sifting into the language of the country—the jargon of the carnival lot, a derivation of the old Pig Latin we all used to speak when children, combined with slang, the use of the slang phrases making it almost unintelligible to the innocent bystander. In its usage, "shut the door" becomes "utshay the or-day," no care being taken to disguise articles or prepositions. That much is simple. But when a little slang is injected, it becomes more difficult. When Billy the Whoop wanted to talk to his carnival friend, he didn't go into the private office to do it. He merely moved off to one side and said: "Is-thay ump-chay ant-cray ab-gray a ise-way ack-ray. Ee-say?" Which meant: "This chump can't grab a wise crack. See?"

"Es-yay!" answered the ise-way acken-cray ow-shay uy-gay, and the game went on.

On to a point where every member of the lodge believed the fate of his organization fell upon him and him alone, where every girl in the contest, whether she was as ugly as a mud fence, was fighting to her finger-nails for the Beauty Championship and one slightly used automobile, where the lodge-rooms, with their constantly meeting committees looked like a stormy session of a political convention—and then came the week of the show.

The games of science and skill were installed—every one of them with a "gaft or gimmick." And in this connection there is no game that cannot be "gafted." The simple little thing of throwing three baseballs into a barrel becomes impossible when a steel plate is fastened under that barrel. The game of throwing a dart at a target is equally difficult owing to the slant of the target, which creates an optical illusion. So on, throughout the list—and Billy the Whoop had everything in the list.

The show itself? It consisted of about six acts, announced in amateur fashion, without settings, without a circus ring, without lighting effects or anything else to aid them. They merely came and went. In the cabaret, dancing cost five cents per dance. The professional grafters at the various games in the Forty-nine Camp worked at everything from a gafted roulette wheel to transparent dice, loaded with platinum, or shapes, or fast sevens or "slow passers" or anything else that would get the money. When the time came to judge the winner of the Beauty Contest, it was necessary to call the police, on account of a hair-pulling contest between two of the young ladies, each of whom accused the other of everything from robbery to improper relations with members of the award committee. But it was a success.

In fact, the lodge, rather painfully disregarding the number of unkind remarks, the slurs against the performance and the whispered possibilities that the games were fixed, and in anguished fashion trying to lay aside the knowledge that it had been used as a tool in a number of things which it never would have done itself, nor countenanced to be done if it only had seen them in a clear light, added \$3,000 to its general sum. Billy the Whoop ostensibly received the same amount. But what Billy really received was \$11,500, money stolen—if the word is not too harsh—by the misuse of requisitions, by padding payrolls, selling costumes, by his private "cut-in" with the purveyor of the '49 Camp, and also with his share gained from the concessionaire with whom he was operating on a fifty-fifty basis in addition to what he got from the lodge, with his gains from the contest promotion in which he also shared with the promotion manager, his part of the program commissions and a half hundred other little details which Billy the Whoop never mentioned. But, as has been said before, the show was a decided success! Four thousand men worked for an hour or a day or six weeks and made \$3,000 for the lodge!

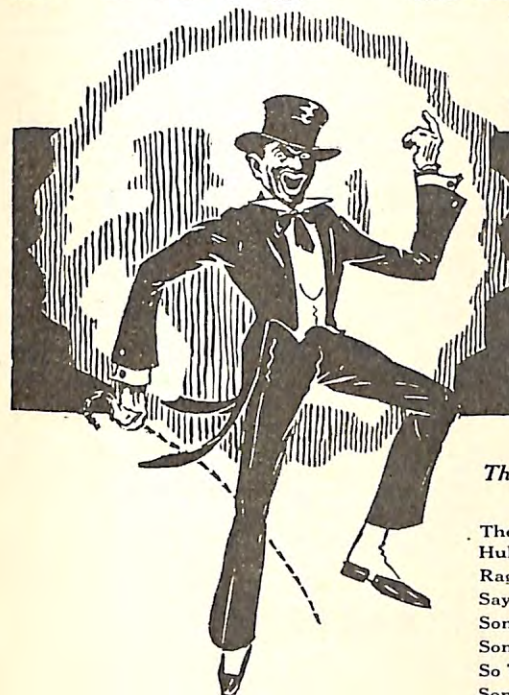
BILLY the Whoop is typical of the wholly unscrupulous show promoter. There are other kinds also, who are honest, but who know little more about the thing they are doing than the lodge itself—men who have flooded in from other lines of endeavor, who are themselves imposed upon, and who leave a trail of wreckage simply because they are trying to carry on a business and learn it at the same time at the expense of somebody else—doing this by much the same system of promotion as Billy the Whoop, with the exception that they are merely promoters, not thieves and crooks. In the indoor show promotion business to-day, there are ten inexperienced persons to one who knows anything about the show business, persons from the automobile sales business, accountants, bookkeepers, gentlemen of fortune and every other kind of seeker of money who have gone into it simply because, with the proper kind of persuasion, a lodge can be argued into putting on a show and working for the benefit of a promoter who says he knows everything but who may not even know where to order his supply of advertising

(Continued on page 56)



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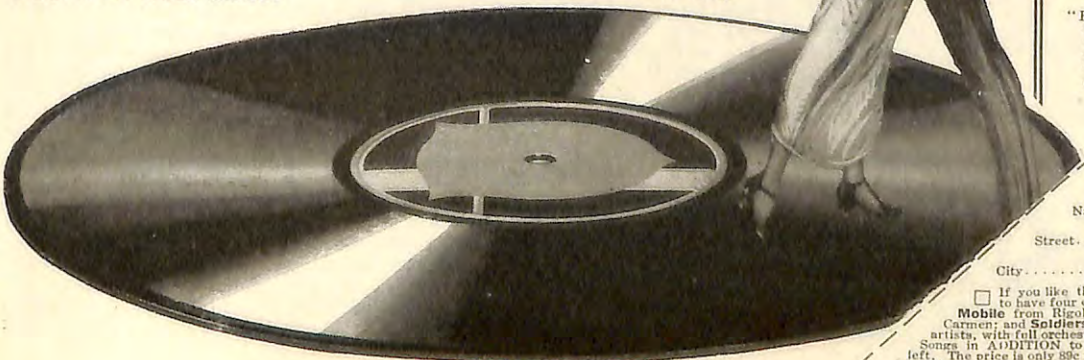
country by storm—you hear them whistled and played everywhere.

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- "Can only say 'they can't be beat'"
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- "I would rather have your records than any other"
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- "Did not expect to get such records for the small amount of money that I paid"
- "I wish another set immediately; in fact I think you might send a third set for still another friend"
- "My friends think they are the best records they ever heard"
- "Am tickled to death with them"
- "We have all kinds of records but yours are the best"
- "Would not take double the price for them"
- "The records are indeed the very best made"
- "They are the best I ever heard"
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"It's a WDC"



MILANO
The Insured Pipe

Whooping Up the Brothers

(Continued from page 54)

paper. The results are beginning to show. Here, there, everywhere through the country, the word "bloomer" is becoming better and better known. A "bloomer" is the name for an indoor show that has failed. A few mortgages are beginning to blossom, plastered upon club-houses, and chalked up to experience with some suave gentleman who said he knew all about the show business—until the blow fell.

Nor is it wholly a matter of inexperience. Out on the Pacific Coast, for instance, there is at least one powerful lodge that can testify to gross receipts of more than \$90,000 on a ten-days' show, yet faces a deficit. Something happened; no one seems to know what. A number of men were interested in the promotion. Some of them had to put up money before the deal could go through. And when they are asked about it, they merely spread their hands and put on a pained expression:

"What's all the rumpus about?" they ask indignantly. "We had to get ours, didn't we?"

So it goes. In the Mid-West is a lodge that is hoping—and hoping—and hoping. A young gentleman, learning the indoor show business, guaranteed it against loss. Also a number of other things. Then when the show was over, the lodge put a mortgage on the club-house and now is waiting for a promised return of its money. In that same Mid-West, a whole show was left stranded a few weeks ago; neither the lodge nor the promoter had enough money to even pay the transportation of the performers out of town. Farther West, an organization reflects rather painfully that it paid a group of performers \$2,000 and then learned that these performers had been bound by the promoter to give him back \$1,000 of it—a fact which he neglected to tell the lodge. So go the stories by the score.

But again, lest this recital be taken to include all men who stage indoor shows for lodges, let it be insisted that there are legitimate promoters. And to one initiated, they are very easy to differentiate. There are those who have nothing to do with the whooping up of lodges, merely furnishing an indoor show for a stated amount of money, making it a straight out-and-out business deal in which they rent so much show property and performers. There are others, in a different field, who handle the whole matter of an indoor show from the selling of tickets to the performance itself, but who give a value for what they get out of it. In the first place, they have a financial standing which easily can be ascertained. They deposit a certain amount of money upon the signing of the contract, this money to be used as an advance in the defraying of expenses. There is another amount, a surety bond, ranging from \$5,000 to \$30,000 guaranteeing that the lodge will lose nothing—and if a promoter can not put up a bond, he can not guarantee. There is a corps of assistants, who are paid, not from the expenses of the show, but from the promoter's division of the profits. In other words, they are business men who work upon a percentage basis, furnishing an equitable amount of personnel, equipment and show property and hoping to make a legitimate profit out of what their efforts net. But as has been mentioned before, they are few in number, while the number of illegitimate gentlemen who make a living out of whooping up the brothers is legion. And strange as it may seem, they pursue their merry way across America and back again, hood-winking persons who pass to themselves and to others as hard-headed business men, their slogan always paramount:

"Give 'em nothin', because you can't come back anyway!"

A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 31)

money and put it so you couldn't, then, decline it. I stepped in to meet your great need. And still I made love to you. Advised you against marriage, and made love to you. It wasn't fair. The worst of it is, I meant it. Blindly, crazily. I did. You see, Hedda, I'm old-fashioned. Victorian. The young fellows of to-day haven't much notion of protecting girls, I imagine."

"No, they haven't." She was moody.

"Of course," said he, "if we dared face the facts, we older folks, we'd have to admit that the old restraints were swept away during the war . . . morals and religion and all . . . we have only the old shells now. Most of these people we see are living just for the moment, for thrills. Materialistic, of course. Animalistic, when you come down to it. But I was brought up on the older plan. And I do feel some responsibility. It stings me to realize that I haven't played fair with you . . . I suppose . . . but we needn't dwell on that. Excepting that we've got to consider this money business." Her eyes fluttered up, then down. "The question seems now to be, the real question, can you accept the money? Can you go on? If you can, it will take the whole burden off your father, and give you the career that you and your mother have dreamed of and worked so desperately hard for. . . . If you don't mind, Hedda, we'll take my side of it first. Try to put yourself in my position. I'm a bachelor. I'm not a millionaire, but I've got a little extra money to play with. For years I've played around some in the stock market, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. I've set aside a certain sum, wholly outside of my regular investments, just to play with. And please understand that I've done it for fun. Just that. All my life I've loved music. But as I told you Sunday, I've never done anything for the arts in return. A good many people do. You can be certain that just about every successful singer or violinist or pianist has been helped by somebody. It is true, of course, that when I first talked to you I was stirred romantically. But I really have got a little more steady sense than that. And I can see that you've got enough."

Slowly, thinking steadily on, he relighted his cigar.

"Here's how I'd like to put it. I believe absolutely in you. No matter how excited I was Saturday and Sunday, I wasn't flattering you. You can do it. You tell me you want to do it. All right, let's go ahead. I'm simply quitting the stock market and taking a flyer in music. I'm perfectly willing to let you pay me back . . . five years from now, ten years, when you're making a hundred thousand or so a year, like any number of the successful great artists. You can pay it any way you like, in lump sums, or a percentage of every concert. I don't care. If you're successful enough I'll let you pay me interest."

"Suppose I fail?"

"Then I'll be left just where I'd be if I had backed my judgment of an oil well or an invention or a new commercial enterprise. Every shrewd investor takes those chances now and then. And every shrewd investor loses part of the time. What I'm trying to make clear is that I'm proposing not to load you with a sense of personal obligation but to gamble on my own judgment. You might say that when an investor goes into a proposition that is bound to develop slowly it is usually in the hope of a big profit, a killing, for something more than the mere return of his money with perhaps a little interest. It is true that I can't make a killing out of this. But even there you needn't feel any obligation. I want to do something for music. I ought to. I owe it now. And I suppose, too, that my pride is a factor. I've gone into a good many fights and I've never been really beaten. This is the most picturesque problem I've ever tackled. I'd like to put it through. There'd be a thrill in it. . . . Can't you see, Hedda, that to establish you as an artist, giving pleasure to hundreds of thousands of people, would be a very great privilege? Can't you see how proud I'd feel? How I'd be always bragging about it? You singing in Paris or Buenos Ayres and me here in my apartment putting one of your records on my machine and saying to my friends, 'I did that.' Yes! I'd be as happy as that about it. . . . Look here, Hedda, I'm a busy man. I haven't really much time for you. It's my habit to work days and nights and Sundays. And you're a

busy girl. It's getting on into the afternoon—I'll warrant you ought to be having a lesson now."

"At three."

"Let's go, then."

Out on the sidewalk she looked shyly up at him. He extended his hand.

"Let's prove that we've got a little sense, Hedda! Let's go straight on with it! Put it over! What do you say?"

She was softly crying. But she took his hand.

After this settlement Barset found he could again enjoy his work. He fairly drove at it. And he drove at his two self-assumed tasks. The Board at the club felt his leadership strongly; plans were rushed, meetings were held and decisions arrived at; the little expansion was assured. At a skilfully arranged luncheon to which seven or eight of the wealthiest men in the club were invited, Barset presented his ideas so convincingly that pledges to take sixty thousand dollars of the income notes were actually signed. . . . Hedda was busy from morning to night. He looked in on them Sundays and occasionally of a late afternoon during the week. He made it a point to be friendly, good-humored, stimulating, impersonal. It was better, he felt now, that he and Hedda shouldn't be left much together. Emotional excitement had plainly proved bad for her, therefore (so concluded his excellent brain) she must be protected. Particularly as she was exhibiting signs of an increasing nervousness over the concert. Occasionally he thought her eyes were fixed oddly, moodily on him; and accepted it as a symptom of this nervous phase. His own part in what he had termed their flare-up he was inclined to dismiss, during this period, with a degree of distaste. This, now, was healthier; everybody concerned busy, the situation constructive. Yes, this was better. Normal. . . .

Mrs. Hansen called him up often at the club. Often he found in his box there a slip from the switchboard boy bearing the pencilled scrawl, "A lady called. 5.15." And she wrote him brief notes; he learned to look with only a momentary twinge of self-consciousness in the mailbox for letters addressed in a cramped little hand.

The preliminary work for the concert proved more elaborate and exacting than he had imagined. Not only an infinite number of details concerned with the mere business management and publicity work demanded attention, which he gave in almost daily consultations with Alexander Watson, but the matter of insuring a large and enthusiastic audience proved stubborn indeed. He hadn't at first thought of that. Nobody, it appeared, bought tickets for recitals by ambitious but unknown young singers. Worse, nobody outside of a few friends was interested in coming on any terms. The great hall, however, had to be filled in order to hearten the singer to her best efforts and impress the critics. In the end it all led to the critics. They were spending, everything counted, between one and two thousand dollars on this first step in order to have a few sentences of enthusiastic praise from the few men whose opinion mattered. The next step would be to reprint the few sentences expensively in the advertising columns of the musical magazines and almost as expensively in pamphlet form for mailing to local managers throughout the country. These men must be made to feel, through persistent following up, that Hedda Hansen was already arriving as an accepted artist of the first rank. The problem was not essentially different, Barset began to perceive, with a touch of humor, from that of popularizing a new brand of soap.

AND everything hung, in this first phase, on the concert. Somehow, from somewhere, they must gather that distinguished and enthusiastic audience. Watson insisted that Barset use his social connections shamelessly. It was always done. People understood it. Hesitating, his self-consciousness stirring again uncomfortably, Barset fell back on Isabel. She, after all, was clever and competent, and no woman knew better the ways of the city. More, she was delighted to take hold. A secretary soon became necessary to carry on the correspondence and all the surprising detail that multiplied out of Isabel's activities. And Barset promptly supplied the money. Many conferences, too, became necessary. Most of them were frank and businesslike enough; for Isabel had a brain and

(Continued on page 58)



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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 57)

found pleasure in using it. But one day, when they were lunching at Voisin's, the conversation took another turn.

"Gorry," said she, after a long puff at her cigarette, "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" Nothing. Everything's going splendidly."

She considered him. He had understood her well enough. The very promptness of his response, the rather unnecessary ring in his voice told her that much. She looked at her cigarette, thoughtfully; drew in a slow breath of smoke and as slowly exhaled it.

"Probably you think of me as a selfish woman, Gorry . . ."

"Never that, Isabel! I know your generous impulses."

" . . . but I can't escape a sense of responsibility for this situation. I did throw that girl at your head, you know. And just at first, I know well enough, you were pretty well stirred up over her."

He smoked his cigar.

"You know you were, Gorry."

"Well . . . yes, I was."

"And now you're all over it?"

"Well . . . Isabel, now really, you know as well as I what that child is up against."

"Oh . . ." mused Isabel. "Oh! You don't want to stand in the way of her success."

"Certainly not."

"It's fine of you, Gorry. But . . . well, that's merely brains. Character, if you like." She smiled very faintly. He wondered why. "Feelings are another matter."

She inhaled again. "Haven't you feelings, Gorry?"

"How on earth do you expect me to answer that question?"

She nearly smiled again; but then fixed her eyes on him. "Gorry, I'm going to make a confession. I told you that the girl needs love. It's true. She'll never be a real success . . . a ripe artist . . . without it. But when I said that . . . well, it wasn't the only thing in my mind."

There was a long silence.

She resumed. "There's another person who needs it fully as much as she. And that's you. Yes, you do. You've been in the way of settling into an excellent and quite inhuman business machine. Yes, I was thinking of you. Even more than of Hedda, I'm afraid. I've even thought . . . her manner was gently intimate; he found it appealing, as she meant he should, and was moved to something near resentment . . ."

"I've worried about you, Gorry. You're too nice . . . you're really a big man, you know, a fine, gifted man . . . you're altogether too nice to become a settled crabbed bachelor. There ought to be something. Some one. I wonder if it's too late to stir you deeply. I've thought once or twice of pursuing you a little myself. Does that shock you? You know, Gorry, I was a wilful girl. I've lived pretty intensely, one way and another. Of course love is, after all, the most wonderful game in the world."

"Yes," said he, uneasily. "Of course."

"I DON'T do that sort of thing any more. You know how devoted I am to Fred. Besides, Gorry, I know you pretty well. Better than you think. I've doubted if a sophisticated woman like me could really stir you. You're a good deal of a big boy, you know. You're all tied up with reservations. Inhibitions. You're pretty . . . Victorian, Gorry."

He glanced almost sharply at her.

"I was thinking . . . I really was . . . of what might be best for you. I knew it wouldn't hurt you a bit to get a little excited over a lovely girl like Hedda. It's bound to broaden you, enrich you. It's just what you've lacked, warm human understanding. You see, it's my faith in you. You're almost a great man, Gorry. Your only weakness, so far as I can see, is there on the human side. Too cold for your own good. . . . Lately I've felt some compunction. I don't worry over Hedda. She thinks she's in love with you now."

He stirred impatiently.

"Oh, yes, she does! But she's young. She doesn't dream yet of what lies ahead for her . . . success, crowds of eligible men. And of course the men nearer her own age. No, what

has bothered me is the thought that you, a mature man, might find your emotions roused beyond control. Hedda, even if she stuck to you for a time, would find life drawing her elsewhere. You see, I'd be responsible for that. And I've only wanted to help you. I can't read your mind at all, Gorry. You seem as steady as ever. You don't know how I admire that strong quality of yours. If I'd known you as well as this a few years back, before I married Fred, I'm afraid you'd have had to use your wits to escape me. . . . This is what puzzles me. You've gone into the thing harder than I'd have thought possible. You're perfectly splendid about it. But you're giving almost too much. Hedda will feel tremendous gratitude of course. She's bursting with it now. I get that from her as you couldn't. But life is bound to change with her, and then where will you be left. You know, Gorry, we're all of us more deeply moved by what we give than by what we take. You're bound to feel this more than you can realize now. You're bound to. I've confessed that I meant to stir you. But I didn't mean to go at you so hard as this. I really didn't. I'm beginning to worry now about the state you're in danger of finding yourself in when the excitement is over and you've lost Hedda. For you'll not be able to hold her long. Not so very long. And your needs then may prove to be more than you can bear. You'll probably have to turn to somebody. It's even possible that you might turn to me. And there are difficulties. . . . Heavens, it's three o'clock! Miss Williams will wonder what has become of me. I'm a working woman, now, Gorry . . ."

14

AS the last days of October slipped by, Barset found himself little more than a spectator of a picture of eager glowing youth. Hedda had, indeed, her moments of fright; but her teachers, her manager, her mother, Barset himself, gave out an atmosphere of buoyant confidence. Her name appeared every morning in heavy type in the newspaper announcements of musical events. Her picture smiled at her in the music shops and even, here and there, on the sidewalks. The music magazines appeared with a surprising amount of comment on her beauty and her exquisite voice. It is a familiar truth that even the man who pays heavily for advertising is usually borne happily along on the wave he is industriously fanning into motion, and all of them, even Alexander Watson, became victims of their own enthusiasm and energy. Mrs. Halling had proved herself a fine executive, and a big audience was assured. Hedda by this time naively believed that all New York was turning to her inexperienced little self in sudden and delightful interest. Acquaintances stopped her on the street to congratulate her. A friend believed he had already interested one of the big record distributing companies. The telephone had at last been installed, and Mr. Barset called up every evening to hear her eager chatter of the work of the day, the ceaseless round of visits to teacher and coaches and throat specialists and dressmakers, and the hours of practice with Ethelbert Peck there at home. He was a wonderful friend, always understanding, always stimulating. She had him on a pedestal now of which he didn't dream. He was never "personal"; yet he filled her life. She referred everything to him. She owed him everything, would owe him beyond computation for the splendid days and years that shone before her. Every few days he sent flowers; gay yellow chrysanthemums and roses and violets and sprig orchids; the apartment was a bower. She had given herself obediently to the regimen prescribed for her; ate, exercised in the Park and slept conscientiously.

And then came the thirty-first! Mr. Barset, in his finely experienced way took full charge; asked them out to dinner, and escorted them in a taxi to the hall. She was radiant in her new gown . . . yellow, with a sprig of the little golden orchids he liked so . . . her eyes shining mistily, as they might have shone at her wedding.

The hall, it seemed, was nearly full. Ethelbert Peck brought the word back. She stood in the artists' room, softly running scales. Ethelbert had gone to look again at the audience. Her

mother had sprayed her throat. Mr. Barset stood there smiling. All impulse, she flung her arms about his neck . . . he was kissing her . . . something he said about not mussing her hair and yet kissing her . . . she cried softly, "I've got to make you proud of me!" and kissed him again . . . mother came in and busied herself in a corner; Hedda didn't care . . . then she saw Mrs. Halling poised in the doorway, smiling queerly. Ethelbert came and she went with him up to the stage.

Barset sat with Isabel in the balcony, keeping a seat for Mrs. Hansen who came and went during the evening. Alexander Watson, too, came and went. It was a splendid audience. They applauded handsomely when she appeared. Henry Chalfonte was in his usual aisle seat. They had learned from Alexander Watson that each important critic had to have a certain favorite seat. They were touchy about this; put elsewhere, treated with what might to their habit-grooved minds appear as discourtesy, they were capable of writing any careless evil. So Watson said.

Hedda was exquisite. Only her mother and Barset in that great dim audience knew how frightened she was. She clasped her hands before her. Ethelbert Peck, awkward and gangling as ever, spread his coat tails and ran his long fingers over the keys. Then Hedda's effortless voice floated out in the introductory Handel aria, and the audience was hushed. Barset found himself too deeply a part of the performance to know if she sang greatly or ill. That stirring moment in the artists' room had dulled whatever critical faculty there might have been left to him. But his pulse was racing. At the close the applause burst out thunderously. She had to bow again and again. Mrs. Hansen was smiling broadly. It was her great moment. Isabel said, under cover of the noise, "Gorry, I'm beginning to think you're clever. It wasn't exactly kind of me to break in on that pretty little scene." And her hand rested caressingly on his arm.

Hedda's coach had built her program with care. There was an interesting group of Russian numbers, some old Italian and French, a selection of modern French and English songs and by way of complete novelty the Scandinavian folk group. The enthusiasm of the audience mounted. One of the Swedish songs had a humorous quality to which Hedda gave a charming sense of mischief, bringing her auditors to outright laughter. Unfortunately most of the critics had left by that time; even Henry Chalfonte, with his overcoat over his arm, a grim veteran. The sight of these solemn gentlemen marching up the aisles to the doors brought to Barset his first realization that in the wave of interest their enthusiasm and his money had fanned these aloof persons had no part. They were the enemy; tired men, to whom the whole affair could be but one of hundreds. The thought was disquieting.

He was not again alone with the radiant Hedda. After the throng of eager well-wishers had crowded into the artists' room and out, he took them all, her mother, Isabel, Watson and Peck, to Delmonico's. For a time after her impulsive kiss he had found his head in a whirl. This wouldn't do. The five weeks to come, leading painstakingly up to her appearance with the National Symphony, would be the most difficult of all for her, and he must hold himself steadily aloof, steadily friendly. The morning papers would tell something of the story. It wouldn't do to expect too much of them. The critics seldom recognized even the greatest of singers at the first hearing. They were creatures of habit, each with his favorites among the established great, each resisting the new. The extraordinary history of Chaliapin's first appearance in America came to mind; the critics who now bowed at his feet hadn't then known that he was good. They had found him even irritating. . . . He listened with a smile to Mrs. Hansen's eager talk of what this person had said, and that. She was living the evening over intensely. Hedda was in a dream. He studied her. The girl knew well enough the obscure struggles of the beginner but hadn't had as yet her first contact with the enemy in the open. The shine in her eyes, as they rested momentarily on his, touched his heart. He wished those critics hadn't walked out. The danger wasn't that they would be severe; in the face of

(Continued on page 60)

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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 59)

her charm and of her exquisite singing, and of the eager audience, they couldn't be that. But they might write casually. Come to think of it, they generally did just that. Watson had set his heart on a few quotable bits of strong praise. These they must have. The printed matter which was to mark the next step in the campaign was waiting now for just those helpful phrases. With them they could go on; without them, perhaps they couldn't.

He slept ill, and was up at six, moving about quietly in order not to waken his aunt or sister. They knew nothing of his great venture. He wasn't sure that he could have explained it to them. He had ordered all the morning papers, but they would hardly arrive before seven-thirty. He made a dozen trips to the door of the apartment. Finally he heard the elevator boy drop them, and gathering them up shut himself in his study.

He left Henry Chalfonte's review for the last; that would be, he felt, at least reasonably friendly. The *Morning Globe* was important; his eyes ran hurriedly over the pages preceding and following the editorials. At first he could find nothing; then finally, at the bottom of a column, this: . . . "Young Singer Makes Bow. At Aeolian Hall last evening a young woman named Hedda Hansen undertook to give pleasure to a large but obviously friendly audience. Miss Hansen is a nice girl but she has a long period of development before her if she purposes setting up a serious claim as an artist. Beyond her personal charm and a voice that is not disagreeable in the middle register she offered nothing that calls for comment here."

This from Archer Goodrich! And it was all. . . . Barset felt as if the man had struck him in the face. He let the paper fall on his desk and sank back in his chair, groping mentally for his balance, for his usual tolerant understanding of the other fellow's point of view. Surely the others would be better than this! Yet . . . not one of those critics had stayed it out.

WINCING, he opened the *Morning Mail*.

There was nothing. Not a line. It was incredible. The thing had gone somehow strangely wrong. The audience had been "obviously friendly," yes, but there could be no question that Hedda had genuinely charmed them. She had stirred them. . . . It wasn't fair! These glooms of the press, these buzzards . . . "the death watch," some one had called the dramatic critics, and these music fellows were worse . . . must have conspired to crush the girl. Though that would be fantastic.

He turned next, with a sigh, still trying mentally to grasp the force and significance of the catastrophe, to the *Morning Post*, and Henry Chalfonte. Here too, apparently, was nothing. But at length he found this . . . "Another young singer, Hedda Hansen, made her little bid for fame last night at Aeolian Hall. She will hardly achieve it. She has been badly taught. Her voice is pinched and shrill in its upper range. As an interpreter of modern songs she exhibited little more than naiveté. She is an attractive young woman, evidently misled by enthusiastic friends into regarding herself as an artist. The result, last night, was pathetic in the extreme."

Just that! Barset looked no farther. He stuffed all the papers into the waste-basket and moved unhappily to the dining-room where it was his custom to breakfast alone. But after a few sips of coffee and a nibble of toast he pushed his plate aside. The difficulty lay, still, in taking it in clearly. What did it mean? Was the girl's career really wrecked? He thought, in a queer flash, of the cynical Alexander Watson and his comment on Henrietta Dilton . . . "You see, Dilton will fight. Or her mother will" . . . For that matter, they had declared war plainly enough in setting Hedda's concert three days ahead of Dilton's. But how could that woman control the opinions of all these seasoned critics. It was absurd. Showed what sort of thinking this partisan intensity could bring you down to.

He thought soberly of the amount of money involved. However strong his infatuation with the girl he couldn't for any real length of time take money lightly. That sort of thing ran against his nature. He had had to crowd back

a growing concern over this. The thing had been a plunge. . . . He walked rapidly uptown. Still he couldn't think. Likely as not Mrs. Hansen might be waiting for him at the office. Or the poor woman would call up. What could he say to her? What on earth could he say? . . . Had his judgment, his musical taste, completely left him. It was possible. He wouldn't be the first mature and thoughtful man of affairs to go off his head over a pretty girl. A certain internationally famous banquet came to mind. Men were complex. He himself was complex. And he had thought himself as simple and clear as print.

New York is beautiful in mid-autumn. There was crisp life in the air. . . . He had been passing through a sort of stupefaction. But now his blood was stirring. He had never run from a fight. He couldn't, for that matter, run out of this situation if he wanted to. And he didn't want to. He was a hard-fibred man. He would fight. Yes, he would fight!

Mrs. Hansen wasn't at the office, but Alexander Watson was. Barset led him into his private room and closed the door.

"I can't understand it," said the manager, grimly. "The girl sang beautifully. I was proud of her. But this is a catastrophe."

"Not a catastrophe," replied Barset; "just a lost battle."

"Max Koerstner called me up before eight. He is in a state, and wants to pull out of the December engagement. He put it that he'd have to charge us the full four thousand. You see, he hasn't signed yet."

"Pay it!" said Barset shortly.

Watson's shrewd eyes lingered a moment on the strong face before him.

"All right. I'll hold him to it. But, damn it, I can't understand the thing. I thought I knew every angle of this game, but this is a new one. These birds came there mad. Something happened. I wonder if Dilton could have got to them."

"You said she had plenty of money."

"It wouldn't be money. Most of these fellows are honest, or try to be. No, they were mad."

As soon as he had gone, Barset, whose mind was now functioning as clearly and surely as a well-oiled engine, called the uptown apartment. Mrs. Hansen, who answered guardedly, was plainly near sobbing. He said, "I'll be right up." . . . And Miss Pierce looked queerly after him and then at the pile of untouched correspondence on his desk.

Mrs. Hansen, waiting at the door of the apartment, slipped outside into the corridor when she heard his firm step on the stairs. She tried to speak, but broke down. And he stood awkwardly out there waiting until she got herself in hand.

"I've had another awful time with Hedda, Mr. Barset. I'm really frightened about her."

"A nervous reaction is perfectly natural, Mrs. Hansen."

"I suppose that's so, but . . . I went out and got the papers at six o'clock. You see, we didn't sleep much. When I read the *Globe* and saw how bad it was I thought of trying to keep the papers from her. But it was too late. She had already found that dreadful thing in the *Post*."

"I must see her at once, Mrs. Hansen."

"She hasn't dressed. I finally got her to lie down. But . . ."

"Please manage it somehow. I have very little time."

"Of course, it's wonderful of you to think of us the first thing . . . would you mind waiting out here just a moment . . ."

He stood there; several moments. Then she opened to him and he entered through the bead portiere. He knew now that this cheap little living-room served also as Hedda's bedroom. They had hastily thrown the machine-woven cover over the couch. Hedda stood wanly in a yellow kimono with wide Japanese sleeves. She couldn't smile, though she pitifully tried. One long braid of lovely amber hair hung down over her breast and she twisted the end of it with nervous fingers.

"Hedda," he said crisply, almost as he might have spoken to a department head in a business crisis . . . she hadn't before felt the iron in him . . . "I've seen Watson. We believe Dil-

ton got to the critics. This thing is going to be a fight. We've held Koerstner to the December engagement. But before we take another step I've got to ask you just this . . . are you game to fight it through? It all depends on you. If you feel equal to it, I promise you that we'll keep at those devils until we beat them. They've lied about you to-day. You were perfect last night, and they know it. I don't yet know why they lied, but I shall know. And I will fight if you will."

Her lip quivered, and the tears came. He took both her hands in a strong grip; felt her trembling toward him and firmly held her off . . . this was the moment for character, not for emotion.

She looked flutteringly up at him. He waited. Mrs. Hansen hovered by them in an agony of doubt. Then, very slowly, the girl drew herself up, and nodded.

"You will? You'll go right on . . . study, work, exercise, fit yourself in every way to prove in December that they've lied about you . . . make them eat their words?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Good! Then we're only beginning. And we shall win." He patted her shoulder. "And you're going to begin by lying down again and getting a good rest. That's your first job. I'll send a car up at three to take you two out for a ride. I have to go back to the office now . . . I knew you'd be game."

And then he was gone.

15

HE WORKED intensely all day. Angry though he was, that hard fiber of his stiffened, not without a degree of relish, for the battle ahead. Hedda would stick. No yellow streak there. He would use her . . . though this was not his simile . . . as a club on those infuriating critics. Bludgeon them into some measure of sense, if not into honesty. All day, as he quietly worked, his anger mounted, until, when he walked down to the club, at five o'clock he was queerly calm. Henry Chalfonte would almost certainly be at the club.

Henry was at the club. Quietly moving from room to room Barset searched until he found him settled comfortably on a divan in the corner of the library reading the sporting page of an evening paper. Henry nodded, very matter-of-fact; more than commonly matter-of-fact. Barset went directly to him and took the other end of the divan.

"How've you been?" asked Henry, turning a page.

"Henry, just what was the idea in taking an axe to that little girl?"

"Oh come, Gorry!"

"We have a right to expect competence and honesty from a professional critic no matter how tired he may be."

There was a long silence. Barset had never been more quiet in manner, never more firmly in earnest. Chalfonte deliberately folded the newspaper and laid it on his knee.

"If you've fallen for the little girl, Gorry, that's your affair. I confess I don't see why you need bother me about it."

"You didn't even stay through."

Chalfonte was quiet, too; very quiet. "It isn't necessary to eat a whole egg to know if it's good."

"You know perfectly well she was better than you said. You know that, Henry. She charmed the audience."

"These packed audiences are always friendly, Gorry." Chalfonte was studying him now. He was trying to remember that they were in the club they both loved and that they were friends. "When you've seen a few hundred of them you'll learn to discount that fact. I have no doubt you worked your head off to pack this one."

"I know as much about singing as you do, Henry, and I know she sang well."

"There are three hundred girls in New York at this moment who can sing more than well, and probably a hundred of them are more or less beautiful. I tried to point that out to you the other day."

"You're not answering me, Henry. And I'm strongly inclined to demand an answer. I rather think I have the right to. I've attended a few of these first performances myself, and I've read the reviews. I've never before known an instance in which there wasn't here and there

(Continued on page 62)

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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 61)

among the criticisms a little decent guarded recognition of actual merit, at least of promise. In this case the critics were unanimous and they were dammedly wrong. I'm asking you why."

"You're not the first interested person to believe all the critics wrong, Gorry."

"I'm not speaking as an interested person. I'm speaking for fair play."

"I'm sorry you're carrying this so far, Gorry. Don't you see that you're simply telling me that you've sunk money in this business. To that extent you touch my sympathy . . . for you."

"I'm not only carrying it far, Henry. You may as well understand I intend carrying it through. Something has happened here that you and the other critics know among yourselves. I don't know it yet. But I shall."

CHALFONTE was not too angry to give a moment to sober reflection. Gorry Barset was the decenter of fellows. More than that he was an influential man. The owner of the paper knew and respected him. Everybody respected him. That he had for the moment lost his head over a pretty enough little girl would hardly undermine all that. Lots of men lost their heads now and then over little girls and the results were by no means generally so disastrous as those stalwart leaders of the original Plymouth Colony and their legitimate descendants among the fanatical reformers had liked to assume. Not in New York. Not nowadays. At that, he had nothing of the air of the man who has lost his head. No, Gorry was aroused, and he unmistakably meant business. He was speaking on, in that same keen quiet voice.

"It is quite true that I am backing Hedda Hansen."

"It's evident."

"I'm backing her because I believe in her. You fellows have dealt her a terrible blow. It may take an extra year or two out of her life to overcome the handicap. If it does, all right. She's game. She'll work and she'll fight. So will I. I'll fight."

"Fight whom? Me? . . . Exactly what on earth do you expect me to do? Print a second-piece announcing that I was mistaken about Hedda Hansen? Tell my readers that her singing is better than it sounded last night?"

"No, Henry. From you I ask just two things. One is that you attend her appearance in December with Koerstner."

Chalfonte whistled softly. "You've got Koerstner, eh? I would like to know how much you're paying him."

"All you need do is note the date . . . December third. And I believe it's fair to ask that you listen impartially, as you're perfectly capable of doing. You went to the concert last night in a hostile attitude. You had taken up a position. So had the others."

"M'm! What's the other thing you want?"

"That you tell me what's the matter now?"

Chalfonte considered this; drew his pipe from his pocket, scraped it with his pen knife, filled it; and then said, "Hand me those matches, will you, Gorry."

Barset reached for the match holder, and quietly waited. Chalfonte deliberately lighted his pipe, shook the match out, and dropped it into an ash tray.

"Gorry," he remarked then, "I'm going to say this much. For your own sake I'll say it. You've been going at me pretty hard. I shan't pretend I like it. I know you're in earnest. But I also know you're wrong. It's only fair to tell you that you've let yourself be drawn into a game you don't understand. It's a designing bunch that has got hold of you. The hell of it is that they've got into your pocket. Honestly, I hate to see it. They'll stop at nothing. God, man, they'll ruin you. Why don't you get out of it while you can?"

"Go on," said Barset.

Chalfonte smoked thoughtfully for a brief time; then, with a muttered, "Oh hell, I may as well let you see it . . . but I warn you, Gorry, it'll hurt . . . it completely shows 'em up" . . . fumbled through his pockets and produced a letter.

Barset turned it over in his fingers. The writing was large and vigorous, a woman's slanting hand. He read. . . "Dear Mr. Chal-

fante, I feel certain you won't take it amiss if I urge you to attend Hedda Hansen's concert in person on the thirty-first at Aeolian Hall. I promise you it will be an unusual event, an event of genuine importance. Miss Hansen's voice is the most gloriously beautiful organ since Melba's. It is, indeed, just that, an exquisite lyric soprano of great range and of a beauty that has not been heard for many years. Her coloratura work is more finished and more beautiful than Hempel's, her tones more lovely than Galli-Curci's. I assure you she is no mere beginner. You see, we have made it a policy to keep her under cover until her art could be perfected by the greatest masters and coaches. The result is perfection. I assure you the girl will create a sensation that will shake New York. We shall see again days like those of Jenny Lind when excited throngs actually unharnessed the horses from her carriage and dragged it triumphantly through the streets of New York. . . ."

Barset read closely on to the signature, "Mary B. Hansen." Then he read parts of it again.

"We all got them," explained Chalfonte, feeling himself now master of the situation. Archie Goodrich asked me what I was going to do about it. I decided we'd better go and teach the woman a lesson. It's too bad you happened to be in the way of the blow, Gorry. I've regretted that. But I couldn't help it."

"To this extent your comment interests me," said Barset, after a long moment of studying the letter. "You're admitting that you went to the concert with a position already taken. Just as I said. You had made up your mind to damn the girl whether she could sing or not."

"Humph! Who wouldn't! . . . I'll add this, Gorry; that girl's goose is cooked. She'll hardly survive it. I've tried before this to make you see that the career of a musician is the most fragile thing in the world. The slightest accident may wreck it, no matter how tragically hard those interested in it may work. And there isn't any answer. Now for God's sake, old boy, pull out of it before they run through your bank account. They'll do it, you know. People like that."

Barset drew some papers from his own pocket, found one, and laid it beside the other on his knee.

"Take a look at this," he said shortly.

CHALFONTE found himself confronted with two wholly different signatures; the one aggressive and sprawling, the other small and cramped.

"Mrs. Hansen never wrote your letter, Henry. She couldn't do such a thing, and she didn't do it."

"Then who did?"

"I think I know. But that doesn't matter now. I'm going to ask you to let me have it for a few days."

Chalfonte hesitated; then assented. He couldn't very well question Barset's judgment.

Barset rose now.

"Will you come to the National Symphony hearing, Henry?"

"Why, yes. Of course. That's only fair. Very likely I'd have to be there anyway."

"Very good. Now I'll say just this. The woman who wrote this letter meant to anger you fellows into staying away altogether. That was the plan. But you played into her hands better than she could have asked. You fell for it like a lot of sheep. It never occurred to one of you to stick to your honest jobs and tell the public how well Miss Hansen could sing. You went there to get even. As a result you may have blighted the life of a deserving, gifted, really promising girl. You may have. I don't know yet. We'll have to see about that. Certainly nearly every person in that audience will have read one or another of the reviews. They know now that they made a mistake in thinking she was an artist. For they're all sheep, just as you fellows are. It's fair to ask you to tell the other men about this, Goodrich and the rest."

"Oh, I'll do that, Gorry, but for Heaven's sake don't you go on. . . ."

His voice trailed off into uncomfortable silence, for Barset had walked out of the room.

(To be continued)



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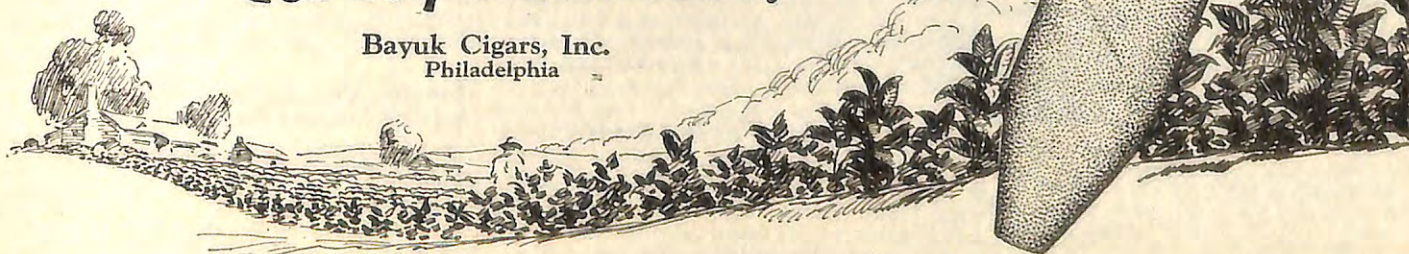
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

not the project can be adequately financed at this time. Approximately \$70,000 will have to be pledged by the members to put the building plans across, that sum being needed to complete the new home fund. Steubenville Lodge owns a suitable and valuable site at Fourth and North Streets. In the event of a favorable report from the committee, and after approval has been obtained from the Grand Lodge officers, plans will be laid for building this year.

Breckenridge (Texas) Lodge No. 1480 Instituted

Breckenridge (Texas) Lodge, No. 1480, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. M. Jameson of Ranger (Texas) Lodge, No. 1373. N. J. Nanney is the Exalted Ruler and H. M. Stevenson the Secretary.

Gov. W. H. McMaster Guest of Yankton (S. Dak.) Lodge

Yankton (S. Dak.) Lodge, No. 994, on the occasion of initiating a large class of candidates on Washington's Birthday, had as its honor guest and principal speaker of the evening Hon. W. H. McMaster, Governor of South Dakota. Mr. McMaster is a Past Exalted Ruler of Yankton Lodge, and will be remembered by the delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta last July for the speech he made in nominating James G. McFarland for Grand Exalted Ruler. Following a stirring address by Governor McMaster, and after the initiation of the candidates, a special supper was served to the visitors and a fine vaudeville program presented for their amusement.

Grand Exalted Ruler Entertained By Wellsville (Ohio) Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Sherry and Hon. John G. Price, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, were recently guests of Wellsville (Ohio) Lodge, No. 1040, at a reception and luncheon. Approximately two-thirds of the membership of the Lodge were in attendance and heard the address made by Mr. McFarland. Wellsville Lodge has the distinction of being the smallest Lodge so far visited by Mr. McFarland.

Iowa State Elks Association Issues Monthly Circulars

The Iowa State Elks Association, through its President, Clay Kneese of Muscatine (Iowa) Lodge, No. 304, has inaugurated the plan of issuing a circular each month to be read in all the Subordinate Lodges of the State. In his first circular, the President stressed the State Association's proposal that each Lodge assist some worthy young man or woman to secure an education in the State University of Iowa, and advocated active support of the Boy Scout movement in every community.

Paducah (Ky.) Lodge to Build Beautiful Five-Story Home

The preliminary plans of the new Home which Paducah (Ky.) Lodge, No. 217, is about to build, call for a five-story building. Features of the new structure will be a summer and winter swimming-pool, a fully equipped gymnasium with showers and lockers, a beautiful Lodge-room which can also be used for dancing and other large gatherings. It is planned to devote the entire third, fourth and fifth floors to living rooms, about sixty in number, each with bath. The new building will be located on property already owned by the Lodge at Sixth and Jefferson Streets.

"Italian Night" Was Big Event For San Mateo (Calif.) Lodge

The "Italian Night" staged by the members of San Mateo (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1112, who are of Italian descent, was one of the largest entertainments ever held in the Home. Over 400 members

gathered to enjoy the feast and the special program provided for the occasion. The dinner, conceived by one of the most noted Italian chefs from San Francisco, was a masterpiece of the culinary art, and the remarkably efficient manner in which it was served and the way the whole lively program of entertainment was conducted, evoked the praise of all present.

Newark (N. J.) Lodge to Provide Entertainment For City Orphanages

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, has enlarged the scope of its work so as to furnish entertainment to the various orphan asylums in the city. Recently the committee successfully carried out a fine program at St. Peter's Orphan Asylum. The evening was enjoyed by about 350 children. The program consisted of story telling, singing and radio, and was interspersed with some very fine community singing by the children themselves. A similar entertainment was also given at the Hebrew Orphan Asylum a few weeks later. From now on Newark Lodge expects to stage a party of some kind each week at the various orphanages of the city.

Belleville (Ill.) Lodge to Build Large Addition to Home

Belleville (Ill.) Lodge, No. 481, is considering a proposal made by its Building Committee to erect an addition to its present building. The tentative plans provide for increased facilities for the bowlers, for the billiard and pool players, a large lounge and reading rooms, and roof garden for dancing. In its estimate of the costs, the committee report shows that the erection of the addition along these lines, exclusive of lighting fixtures and furnishings, will total \$36,000.

Nashville (Tenn.) Lodge to Have Memorial Album

In loyal remembrance of departed members of Nashville (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 72, a proposal was made and adopted at a recent meeting to preserve in a Memorial Album all available photographs of the deceased members, together with a brief sketch of their lives. This album, in connection with the handsome memorial tablets hung in the lodge hall, will be the additional means of perpetuating in memory as long as Nashville Lodge shall exist, all those who, since its organization, have passed over the Great Divide.

Cortland (N. Y.) Lodge Takes Part in Salvation Army Drive

Cortland (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 748, cooperating with various other organizations of the city, recently conducted the local Salvation Army Budget Drive for \$3,200, to assist the Army in carrying on its activities this year. The campaign was a county wide affair and included the rural sections as well as the city. Practically every member of Cortland Lodge took part in the drive.

First Public Concert Given by Band Of Grand Haven (Mich.) Lodge

An audience of between five and six hundred music lovers heard the first public concert given by the newly organized band of Grand Haven (Mich.) Lodge, No. 1200. The concert was very successful from every viewpoint, and included some splendid band selections as well as dance and vocal numbers. Enough money was realized from the sale of tickets to assure the purchase of new uniforms for the members of the band.

Trenton (Mo.) Lodge Initiates Fine Body of Citizens into Order

As an example of the distinguished citizens of the community who, as a result of a recent membership campaign, have been initiated into Trenton (Mo.) Lodge, No. 801, one class of twenty-six candidates included the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian Churches.

These, with the pastor of the Baptist Church, who was already a member of Trenton Lodge, are connected with the leading churches of the city. In this same class were the Superintendent of Public Schools, the Principal and the Athletic Coach of the Trenton High School. These membership drives of Trenton Lodge have become annual affairs and are always celebrated with a special banquet. This year, over 200 were around the tables for the program arranged for the occasion.

Michigan City (Ind.) Lodge Will Erect \$200,000 Home Soon

Michigan City (Ind.) Lodge, No. 432, is planning to build one of the finest Homes in the district. At a recent meeting of the members it was voted to dispose of their present property and to proceed at once with plans for the erection of a new structure to cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

Moline (Ill.) Lodge to Break Ground For New Building Soon

Plans of the new \$200,000 Home of Moline (Ill.) Lodge, No. 556, which were recently submitted to the membership, include an auditorium, with a stage and balcony, to seat 1200. There will be a gymnasium, 78 x 85 feet with lockers, showers and space for a swimming pool. The main entrance will be on Sixth Avenue with a theatre entrance on Seventeenth Street. A large porch will extend across the front. The assembly and community rooms, reception hall, the lounge and club room will be on the first floor. The second floor plan includes a spacious Lodge room and billiard room. In the basement will be hand ball courts, Elks Boy Scout room, trophy room, the grill, kitchen and private dining room. It is expected that ground for the new building will be broken early in the Spring.

Extensive Building and Alterations Planned by Eugene (Ore.) Lodge

Eugene (Ore.) Lodge, No. 357, is considering a plan to remodel its present Home. Tentative plans call for the addition of two floors, making the building four stories high. The new floors will be used as bachelors' quarters, and will also provide for the enlargement of the lodge room. It is also planned to build a new two story structure 50 x 80 feet adjoining the Home, in which the Lodge will have a swimming tank and gymnasium.

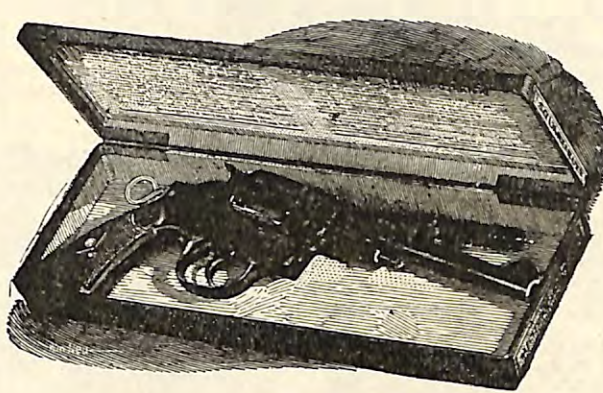
Glendale (Calif.) Lodge and Huntington Park (Calif.) Lodge Prize Winners

The float entered by Glendale (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1289, in the parade of the Tournament of Roses held recently in Pasadena, Calif., was awarded the first prize banner. The McFarland Cup, donated and awarded by the Grand Exalted Ruler, was given to the float entered by Huntington Park (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1415. It was the first time in the history of the Tournament of Roses that the Committee allowed a division to a fraternal organization, and this was extended to the Order as a compliment to the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. All Lodges in Southern California were invited to enter a float in the parade.

New \$100,000 Home Occupied by Hazleton (Pa.) Lodge

Hazleton (Pa.) Lodge, No. 200, now occupies a beautiful new Home in the center of the city on West Broad street. The building, the former private residence of A. Markle, Sr., which was purchased sometime ago by the Lodge for \$100,000, has undergone extensive alterations to meet the requirements of the members. The basement is devoted to the purposes of a Lodge room, grill room, serving room, etc. On the first and main floor are located the large lounge room, main dining room, music room and ladies' reception room and office. On the second and third floors there are a number of living rooms with baths for the accommodation of visiting members of the Order. One of the features of the Home is the magnificent pipe organ in the music room. The building, one of the most imposing in the city, is surrounded by commodious and beautiful grounds.

(Continued on page 66)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

Hazleton Lodge is one of the most prominent of the social organizations of the city, and because of its enthusiastic and liberal cooperation with other institutions in public charity, it has become one of the outstanding Lodges in that part of the State.

Devils Lake (N. Dak.) Lodge Entertains District Deputy Bolton

Members of Devils Lake (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 1216, turned out in large numbers to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Redmond A. Bolton of Jamestown (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 995, on the occasion of his official visit. The initiation of a good sized class was followed by a supper to the members and guests. Mr. Bolton delivered an interesting address, complimenting the Lodge on the large attendance, and the enthusiasm and activities of the members throughout the year.

Hon. Frank G. Allen Guest of Norwood (Mass.) Lodge

"Frank G. Allen Night," recently held by Norwood (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1124, was one of the biggest events in the history of the Lodge. The evening was arranged in honor of Mr. Allen, who is President of the Massachusetts Senate and a member of Norwood Lodge. A special entertainment marked the evening and some of the most distinguished men of the State addressed a gathering of practically the entire membership of Norwood Lodge and visitors from neighboring Lodges.

Yuma (Ariz.) Lodge Remodels Home. Plays Active Role in Community

Yuma (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 476, has started actual work on a building program which includes the erection of an addition to its present home and the enlargement and refurbishing of its quarters throughout. The entire plan calls for an expenditure in the neighborhood of \$18,000, and will give Yuma Lodge one of the most modern and up-to-date Homes in Arizona.

The membership takes a keen interest in welfare work and is a leader in all charitable and civic endeavor. As an example of its activities in these fields, the Lodge recently voted to furnish the necessary funds to equip a room in the newly opened city hospital.

Riverside (Calif.) Lodge Plans to Build New Home and Club House

The plans of Riverside (Calif.) Lodge, No. 643, for the erection of a new Home at an approximate cost of \$110,000, have been recently approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The building is to be of fire proof construction of the Spanish type of architecture and located in the central part of the city.

Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge Backs Civic Theatre Campaign

Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge, No. 920, is cooperating with the leading fraternal, civic, business and educational organizations of the Blackstone Valley in sponsoring the achievements and aims of the city's Civic Theatre, and in raising funds to put that important institution on a permanent footing. Practically every foreign nationality group—Poles, Italians, Portuguese, Syrians, Armenians—is also interested in the movement and giving its active support to the campaign.

Fernandina (Fla.) Lodge Mourns Loss of Prominent Member

His many friends and the members of Fernandina (Fla.) Lodge, No. 795, mourn the loss of Past Exalted Ruler John F. Mularkey who recently passed away. Mr. Mularkey, was 57 years old and had been a member of the Order for twenty-one years, taking an active part in all the affairs of Fernandina Lodge, never missing a session except when forced to do so by sickness. His twin brother, Past Exalted Ruler Daniel P. Mularkey, and he, are believed to have been the only twin brothers to hold the honorable dis-

inction of serving their Lodge in this capacity. The whole membership, and friends from all over the district, attended the funeral of Mr. Mularkey.

Auburn (N. Y.) Lodge Pays Off In- debtedness. New Building in Sight

Through the united efforts of the members of Auburn (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 474, the sum of \$20,000 has been paid on the site for their new Home in less than a year. Early in January the Ladies' Auxiliary turned over to the Lodge the splendid sum of \$3,500 to be applied to the New Home Fund. Several months ago the Auxiliary selected two sides, the Whites and the Purples, for the purpose of a contest to raise money. Card parties, moving picture shows and raffles were held. How well they succeeded can be seen from the amount contributed. With \$20,000 paid on the new property and its State street block all paid for, Auburn Lodge is now in fine condition to go ahead with its building program.

Elmira (N. Y.) Lodge Complimented By District Deputy Powell

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank S. Powell of Norwich (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1222, recently paid his official visit to Elmira (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 62, where he was greeted by a large gathering. A class was initiated into the Order and the ritualistic work was done in a highly creditable manner. After the ceremonies, the members adjourned to the banquet hall where a sumptuous supper was served, followed by an excellent vaudeville program rendered by talent from the Majestic Theatre, donated by the management. Mr. Powell complimented the members of Elmira Lodge upon the fine showing made during the year and the appearance of the Home.

"Commander Evangeline Booth Pays Tribute to Elks"

Under the above heading the following story, concerning Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army, was printed in the New Orleans, La., *Times-Picayune* of February 26:

"Tribute to the members of the Elks Lodge who made the 'supreme sacrifice' in the world war and to the humanitarian work done by Elksdom in New Orleans and throughout the country, was paid by Miss Evangeline Booth, head of the Salvation Army, Monday afternoon, when the commander accompanied by a delegation of Elks officials, placed a wreath of roses and carnations in the Elks tomb.

"The inscription on the wreath read 'In sacred memory of the brave men who laid down their lives on the altar of world liberty and freedom.'

"It is a great privilege to pay this tribute to the members of the Elks Lodge who made the supreme sacrifice in the world war," Miss Booth said, addressing Exalted Ruler Werlein. "There has always been a deep bond between the Salvation Army and the Elks. The Elks Lodge in New Orleans and those throughout the country have made a wonderful record, not only in war work but in social and community service."

"Exalted Ruler Werlein expressed the thanks of the New Orleans Lodge.

"The simple, impressive ceremony at the tomb in Greenwood cemetery took place Monday afternoon. Commander Booth, accompanied by Commissioner Peart of Chicago, Lieutenant Colonel Wood, of Dallas, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward Rightor and John P. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler Werlein and Secretary Moses, drove to the tomb through a heavy rain. Arriving at Greenwood cemetery the party entered the tomb, where Miss Booth placed the wreath and spoke the brief tribute."

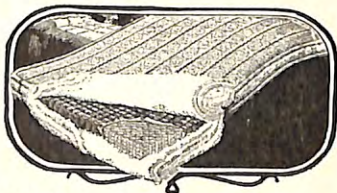
Woodlawn (Pa.) Lodge Buys Building Site

The plans of Woodlawn (Pa.) Lodge, No. 1221, for the purchase of a building site at a cost of \$13,500, were approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The lot is 50 by 100 feet and situated in the business center of the city.

(Continued on page 68)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 66)

Portsmouth (Va.) Lodge Conducts Trades Show and Circus

Portsmouth (Va.) Lodge, No. 82, will stage an Elks Trade Show and Circus beginning April 5th and lasting throughout the week. Leading manufacturers from all parts of the country have reserved booths for the exhibition of their products. A principal feature of the Show will be the automobile exhibit which is expected to surpass anything of its kind ever given in this section. In addition to these exhibits, there will be many high-class circus acts and musical numbers every afternoon and evening. There will also be a large parade with prizes for the best decorated automobile and float. Norfolk (Va.) Lodge, No. 38, and Suffolk (Va.) Lodge, No. 685, are cooperating with Portsmouth Lodge in working out the plans for the show which will be entirely managed and controlled by Elks.

News of the Order From Far and Near

For a week the Elks Circus and Fun Festival conducted by Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge, packed Tomlinson Hall. It was one of the biggest and most successful events ever put on by the Lodge.

The Grand Ball held under the auspices of Niles (Ohio) Lodge proved to be the leading social event of the season.

Wives of the members of Greenwood (Miss.) Lodge recently gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Hospital at Memphis, Tenn., and the local King's Daughters Hospital, by which \$2200 was raised and divided between these two institutions.

Rock Springs (Wyo.) Lodge recently dedicated its new Home. A large dance and banquet followed the ceremony.

Austin (Texas) Lodge is at work on a plan for raising an endowment fund to be given the University of Texas for the purpose of assisting students who are unable to pay their own expenses.

Greenville (Ohio) Lodge has remodeled and redecorated its Home.

McMinnville (Ore.) Lodge has rented a gymnasium, and hired an instructor to teach athletics to the Junior High School boys between the ages of 12 and 16.

A big attendance marked the Annual Social Session of Sullivan (Ind.) Lodge.

Flint (Mich.) Lodge has sponsored "The Flint Symphony Orchestra" which is made up of amateurs who are assisted by professionals. The Orchestra has fifty members and its concerts have become a real feature of the musical life of the community.

Danville (Ill.) Lodge is congratulating itself on the success of its second annual charity minstrel show.

Des Moines (Iowa) Lodge has organized a ten piece orchestra which is winning a name for itself in the community.

The Elks "Mirthquake," given at the Academy of Music for three nights, raised a tidy sum for Newburgh (N. Y.) Lodge.

The first Charity Ball to be conducted by Webster (Mass.) Lodge, established a record for attendance. Practically every member and visitors from Putnam, Southbridge, Worcester and other neighboring towns, took part in the entertainment.

Ashland (Ore.) Lodge recently sponsored a home talent musical comedy, the net proceeds of which will go to local charities. It is planned to make this amateur entertainment an annual event.

Robinson (Ill.) Lodge has two members over ninety years old who have been members of the Lodge for ten years. Another "Old Timer" is Captain Sampson, a member of Newton (Mass.) Lodge, who is over ninety-four and active at all meetings.

The "Follies," put on by members of San Juan (P. R.) Lodge, was voted the best show seen in the region for some time.

Olean (N. Y.) Lodge held its twenty-first annual ball in the local armory.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College Glee and Mandolin Clubs recently gave a concert at the Home of Northampton (Mass.) Lodge.

Sharon (Pa.) Lodge has organized a Troop of Boy Scouts.

The entire proceeds of the Charity Ball given by Port Townsend (Wash.) Lodge were contributed to a fund to support a Jefferson County bed in the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle.

A lively program was arranged by Williamantic (Conn.) Lodge for its tenth anniversary celebration.

"Radio Night" at Sioux City (Iowa) Lodge attracts many members and their families.

Oak Park (Ill.) Lodge is planning to erect a memorial tablet in its lodge room that will bear the names of all of its members who took part in the World War.

Kearny (N. J.) Lodge conducted a most successful Charity Ball.

Brainerd (Minn.) Lodge recently burned the mortgage on its building site.

Hackensack (N. J.) Lodge celebrated its twenty-third birthday with a week of festivities.

Berwick (Pa.) Lodge is making preparation for its annual charity ball on April 21.

Perry (Iowa) Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-sixth anniversary with a large banquet and dance.

Franklin (Pa.) Lodge has secured Major-General George C. Richards, Chief of the Militia Bureau of the United States, as speaker for its Flag Day exercises.

Fire recently caused considerable damage to the Home of Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge. Steps were immediately taken by a special committee to renovate the burned sections of the building.

Wakefield (Mass.) is planning a mortgage burning party to celebrate its freedom from debt.

Norwich (Conn.) Lodge has launched a drive for funds to pay off the small mortgage still remaining on its property.

A beautiful souvenir program, made possible by the cooperation of the city's business men, was issued by Scottsbluff (Neb.) Lodge in connection with the annual show put on by its members.

Bridgeport (Conn.) Lodge is making elaborate preparations for the success of its Charity Ball to be held Easter Monday Night, April 21.

Norwalk (Conn.) Lodge is working out a plan for enlarging and beautifying its Home.

Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge has gained quite a reputation throughout the State, due to its excellent Committee on Social and Community Welfare. The City Council has been guided by various suggestions and resolutions offered by this committee.

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick of Catlettsburg (Ky.) Lodge, No. 942, to Winchester (Ky.) Lodge was the cause of an unusual celebration by the members in his honor.

The membership of Everett (Wash.) Lodge is considering the idea of building a new Home in the near future.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge has guaranteed to raise \$3,000 for the entertainment of the visiting ladies at the State Convention in Williamsport next August.

An indoor golf practice course has been opened on the roof garden of Scranton (Pa.) Lodge with a professional instructor in charge. Members of Scranton Lodge claim this is the only course of its kind on top of an Elks building.

The famous Aleppo Drum Corps of 196 pieces will escort the members of Cambridge (Mass.) Lodge in the Parade at the Boston Convention of the Grand Lodge, next July.

Camden (N. J.) Lodge is negotiating the sale of its present property with a view of buying another site on which it plans to erect a fine new Home.

The finest reviews and vaudeville acts ever presented at any of its annual affairs were on the program of the Charity Ball recently held by Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge at the Hotel Commodore in New York City.

A large street parade opened the Charity Minstrel Show given by Clarksburg (W. Va.) Lodge.

The members of Council Bluffs (Iowa) Lodge recently put on a most successful musical comedy.

Nearly \$7,000 was realized by Tacoma (Wash.) Lodge from the Charity Circus recently conducted by the members.

"Stray Elks," members of various Lodges living in Carlsbad, N. Mex., recently joined forces and put on an old-fashioned barn dance which was a means of raising a tidy sum for local charity.

The Eleventh Annual Charity Ball of Dover (N. H.) Lodge was held this year in the City Opera House. It was one of the most successful social events ever conducted by the Lodge.

Over five hundred attended the Annual Boys' Banquet given by Seattle (Wash.) Lodge.

A considerable sum for welfare work was realized by the Charity Ball given by Washington (D. C.) Lodge.

The Annual Mask and Civic Ball conducted by Union Hill (N. J.) Lodge was a gala event.

Work on their new Home is fast nearing completion and members of Somerville (N. J.) Lodge expect to occupy it early this month.

San Diego (Calif.) Lodge has voted a sum of \$1,000 for the Helping Hand Children's Home of the city.

Special ceremonies marked the celebration by Rockland (Me.) Lodge of its eighteenth anniversary.

(Continued on page 70)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Yakima (Wash.) Lodge has organized a troop of Boy Scouts and promised the whole resources of the Lodge, if necessary, to back it to the utmost.

A luncheon and entertainment to the rest of the members of Winthrop (Mass.) Lodge were recently given by veterans of the Civil, Spanish and World Wars.

The beautiful new lodge room being built by Newport (R. I.) Lodge is expected to be ready early in April so that its first use will be for the installation of the new officers.

The annual Kiddies' Day held recently by Medford (Mass.) Lodge provided the children with Punch and Judy, a magician, singing and dancing acts, to say nothing of ice cream and candy.

Members of Elyria (Ohio) Lodge staged a big entertainment in celebration of their twenty-fifth anniversary.

Stockton (Calif.) Lodge has organized and is fostering a Glee Club which is rendering worthy community service.

Many pleasant surprises were in store for the children who attended the Washington's Birthday Party given them by Kansas City (Mo.) Lodge, No. 26.

Stamford (Conn.) Lodge is organizing a Glee Club.

The Minstrel Show put on by Charleston (W. Va.) Lodge was the biggest success financially of any event staged recently by the members.

The Masquerade Dance conducted by Oconto (Wis.) Lodge was a distinguished social event.

A large banquet commemorated the Thirtieth Anniversary of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge.

The Annual Ball and Banquet of La Grande (Ore.) Lodge was the outstanding social event of the year.

Successful in every way was the Minstrel Show put on by members of Latrobe (Pa.) Lodge.

Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge has purchased one of the finest pipe organs in the State for its Home.

A big musical comedy and minstrel revue was recently put on by the members of Dixon (Ill.) Lodge.

An evening of real pleasure and sociability was experienced by all who attended the Grand Ball held at the Home of Staten Island (N. Y.) Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCrossin of Birmingham (Ala.) Lodge recently visited Florence (Ala.) Lodge where he gave an interesting talk before the members. After the business session several candidates were initiated and a luncheon was served.

The monthly dances sponsored by Beatrice (Neb.) Lodge have been highly successful.

The best minstrel show ever staged in the city was given recently by Olympia (Wash.) Lodge.

Greencastle (Ind.) Lodge has subscribed and paid to the De Pauw Endowment Fund \$500 for educational purposes.

As a result of the benevolence of Seguin (Texas) Lodge the grounds of the public school have been beautified by a number of trees which were donated and planted by the membership.

Daytona (Fla.) Lodge is moving ahead rapidly both in the increase in membership and in Social and Community Welfare Work. The Lodge has started a movement to build a general hospital in Daytona, and with the cooperation of the American Legion and other social organizations is achieving its goal.

Ardmore (Okla.) Lodge conducted a highly successful indoor circus.

All attendance records were broken when officers and a large delegation of members from Frankfort (Ind.) Lodge initiated a big class of candidates at La Fayette (Ind.) Lodge. A fine entertainment followed the session.

A Circus and Mardi Gras which ran for a week was the means by which Enid (Okla.) Lodge enriched its Charity Fund.

The various High School Athletic Teams and the Boy Scouts are the close friends of Washington (N. C.) Lodge which assists them in all their activities.

Lawrence (Mass.) Lodge has held a scholarship ball.

Paul Whiteman's celebrated orchestra entertained the members and guests of Melrose (Mass.) Lodge.

The annual contest for the James R. Nicholson cup conducted by the Massachusetts State Elks Association this year was held at Brookline (Mass.) Lodge. Natick Lodge won first honors for the second time. Should it be successful next year, the cup will become the permanent possession of that Lodge.

Distinguished speakers and an excellent vaudeville show were features of the thirty-fourth annual banquet given by Lancaster (Pa.) Lodge.

For two nights the minstrel show put on by Pittston (Pa.) Lodge played to capacity houses.

Le Mars (Iowa) Lodge is rendering financial assistance to the Boy Scouts, enabling the local troupe to maintain a summer camp. The Lodge also raised funds to send the local municipal band to Milwaukee for the National G. A. R. Convention where this band accompanied the Iowa organization.

Mangum (Okla.) Lodge has begun a selective membership campaign.

Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Lodge organized among its members an Elks Hockey Team which distinguished itself in games with highly rated amateur teams.

Newport (Ky.) Lodge will hold its big Charity Minstrels in the Temple Theatre, April 28-30. The profits will go to the hospitals and orphanages of the city.

Bristol (Pa.) Lodge is planning to organize a Past Exalted Rulers Association.

Grafton (W. Va.) Lodge recently initiated the biggest class in its history, the degree team of Parkersburg (W. Va.) Lodge conducting the ritualistic work.

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Out of a Blue Sky

(Continued from page 11)

"Well, from Bar Harbor I was going to New York. My private car was waiting for me. Cable knew the combination. Of course, he was going with me, but just the same—you understand?"

Holland nodded. "You took an ordinary precaution."

"I certainly did," said Burkhardt. "Just before I left the camp, I changed the combination of the safe. I wrote the new combination on a piece of paper and I put that piece of paper in my pocketbook."

"Did any one know you'd changed it?" asked Holland.

Burkhardt shook his head. "I didn't tell any one. But Cable came into the room while I was closing the safe. He might have been able to guess, from the way I turned the knobs, that the combination was changed. But he was with me every minute from then on."

"You mean that he had no opportunity to go back and rob the safe? I take it that it was robbed."

"IT CERTAINLY was. But what I mean is that Cable not only couldn't have robbed it himself, but he couldn't have told the number to any one else, granting that he guessed what I'd done and looked for the new combination in my pocketbook."

Holland's eyes flashed. "Then Cable did have opportunity to get at your pocketbook?"

"Suppose I tell this in my own way if you don't mind?" said Burkhardt.

"Go ahead," said Holland.

"Well, Cable and I were driven, by my chauffeur, the hundred miles to Bar Harbor. The paper was in my pocketbook all the time. As soon as we reached the Guilford place I dismissed the chauffeur. He went directly back to Lakeside. The Guilfords, my daughter and the Duc and Cable and myself rode in a motorboat over to Northeast Harbor. We went swimming in the pool. The bath-houses were crowded, so Cable and I shared the same dressing room. That was about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Now Cable got a chill and left the water fifteen or twenty minutes before the rest of us. He was dressed and standing on the float when I came in from the water."

"He'd had plenty of time to go through your pocketbook?" said Holland.

Burkhardt nodded. "He certainly had. But my safe was robbed at half-past four. The door wasn't blown, no violence was used. A man came to the camp and said that I had sent him from Osborne to look over the lighting system. He arrived at four, went over all the outbuildings, and finally through the main camp. He was in the dressing-room where I keep the safe."

"And I suppose you had sent no one to look over the lighting system," said Holland.

"You suppose exactly right," declared Burkhardt. "Figure it out for yourself. In less than an hour after Cable had his first opportunity to look at the new combination, a man enters my camp, a hundred miles away, and opens the safe. He brought a bag with him that held his tools. He stuffed the tools in a closet—we found them later—and in their place put my present to my daughter. But how did he learn the number?"

"I live in Northeast Harbor during the summer. We have telephones there," suggested Holland.

Burkhardt emphatically shook his head. "There is no telephone in the bath-house."

"That's right. But what was to prevent him from telephoning later from some other place?" argued Holland.

"He never left my side after that. And he didn't slip out while I was still in the water. I verified that by bath-house attendants. I'd make a pretty good detective myself."

"You certainly would," Holland agreed. "But he could have told the number to somebody else who did telephone."

"But as it happened, he didn't," asserted Burkhardt. "The Duc quit the water when Cable did. He had the next room. He says that Cable didn't speak to a soul. They walked together down to the float. An aviator was

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there with his machine. He was a Frenchman and the Duc talked to him. Cable doesn't speak French and didn't say a word to him. And anyway that fellow went up in the air while they were standing on the float. He was making smoke letters when we left. I tell you, Cable didn't communicate that combination to a soul, provided that the boy was dishonest enough to search my pocketbook. Furthermore, my camp is a good twenty miles from the nearest village, which is Osborne. I have the only telephone in that section of the woods. So that, if the combination was telephoned, somebody got it at Osborne and had to drive twenty miles in about half an hour."

"Is that possible?" asked Holland.

Burkhardt shrugged. "It's possible, and I suppose that for a million dollars a man would risk his neck speeding over those roads. But how did he get the message?"

"You're assuming that it could only have come from Bar Harbor. You didn't leave a copy of the combination lying around the house?"

"Certainly not. Another thing: I'm pretty fussy about having strangers near Lakeside. That mechanic said that I had sent him from Osborne. When my chauffeur returned, which he did about fifteen minutes after the mechanic had departed, he told the servant that I hadn't stopped at Osborne. They suspected that something was wrong. They sent a wire to my train. It caught me at Bangor. I had my car turned around, got a special engine, raced to Osborne and motored to Lakeside. I went to the safe and the money was gone. Cable was with me all the time, and was as shocked, apparently, as I was."

"And you've waited over a week without doing anything?" demanded Holland.

Burkhardt colored. "I give you my word that I thought I could fathom this thing myself. And I didn't want to tell the police down there. It would get in the papers. I'm bawled out all the time as a profiteer. I didn't want a lot of talk about my giving my daughter a wedding present of a million cash. I got plenty more millions, and one million isn't worth notoriety. But now that I can't fathom the affair myself—well, I've come to you."

"The facts, then, amount to this. Cable may have known the combination, but he had no opportunity to pass his information on to any one else. Nevertheless, the information was passed on. He was the only person who could have passed it on. Therefore, he must have done so."

"But how?" demanded Burkhardt. "And when?"

"HE HAD between three and half past, provided the mechanic was really the thief and that he received word at Osborne. That is the nearest telephone station to your camp. Let us assume Cable's complicity. We know the time of his guilty action: between, roughly, three and three-thirty. Now as to the method. He spoke to nobody. Very well, then, he must have signaled. He might have made a copy and passed it to some one."

"I happen to know that he didn't have a fountain-pen or a pencil with him, because I tried to borrow one from him," objected Burkhardt.

"All right, that precludes the possibility of a written signal," admitted Holland.

"And he didn't speak to any one except the Duc," said Burkhardt.

"And the Duc would hardly steal money from the father of his fiancée," smiled Holland.


"Hardly," said Burkhardt.

"Well then, he must have made signs," said Holland.

"Too far-fetched," objected Burkhardt. "The Duc would have noticed him making signs."

"You're probably right," agreed Holland. "Still, no one else even suspected that you had changed the combination. He knew the old combination. Let us suppose that he was in touch with the thief. Let us assume that he had told the thief the old combination. He didn't have any opportunity to see the thief and tell him of the change, even though he could not tell him the new number. I mean,

(Continued on page 74)




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Out of a Blue Sky

(Continued from page 73)

on the way to Bar Harbor before he had opportunity to learn the new number."

"His hat blew off just before we reached Osborne. We stopped the car and he went back after it."

"Did he speak to anybody?" demanded Holland.

Burkhardt looked bewildered. "We'd rounded a corner of the road before the chauffeur stopped the car. It was in the woods. Some one might have been waiting there."

"If Cable is guilty, some one was waiting there," asserted Holland. "You may wager that this was one of the most carefully planned crimes that ever was pulled off. Cable has good reason to suspect that you have changed the combination on the safe. He lets his hat fly off just before a bend in the road. You may be certain that his accomplice was lurking in the woods there to receive a signal that all was well. Cable spoke to him. He mentioned the new difficulty. Both of them knew that if the man arrived the next day professing to be a mechanic that your chauffeur would contradict his statement that you had sent him. The job must be pulled immediately. But Cable naturally does not wish to run too much risk. He asserts that he can find out the combination. You had talked about going swimming in the pool, hadn't you?"

"He'd heard me telephoning my daughter the day before, agreeing to go motor-boating and swimming," replied Burkhardt.

"He knew, then, that he would probably have an opportunity to look in your pocket-book. He told the thief this. But he knew that suspicion would inevitably fasten upon himself. So he rather elaborately, I gather from what you tell me, provided an alibi for himself."

"Such a perfect alibi that you can't break it," said Burkhardt.

"Perhaps not," said Holland. "It looks almost perfect enough to be unassailable."

"As though your famous friend, Malbron, were behind it," said Burkhardt.

Into Holland's eyes came a strange light. "Malbron!" he exclaimed. Then he shook his head. Malbron was not in New York, but neither was he in Maine so far as Holland knew. He mustn't become obsessed; he mustn't read the Malbron signature in every crime that he investigated.

"You state that there is no other telephone near Lakeside. Have you any neighbors?"

"I've bought up the whole country, nearly. There's a New York doctor that has a camp, a little shack, about five miles from me. His name is Blaizey. But he has no telephone. Lives there with a couple of servants."

"Is he there now?" asked Holland.

"I don't think so. He went back to New York a few days ago. I happened to hear one of my guides mention that."

Holland pursed his lips. "He might be able to tell us of any strangers in the neighborhood. New Yorker, you say?"

"So I've been told."

"That's so. I heard him mentioned too. Performed a rather unusual operation on a waitress in the Osborne House. Well, if he's in town, I can ask him if he saw any suspicious persons."

He looked through the telephone book. He found no Dr. Blaizey in the New York section. He turned to the Brooklyn pages. There was no Dr. Blaizey listed there. A sudden suspicion assailed him.

"What did this Dr. Blaizey look like?" he asked.

"Never saw him, but one of the servants told me that he was a huge man, with a big curved nose and red hair."

Holland sank back in his chair. "Malbron," he gasped. He summoned, with difficulty, a smile to his lips. "Had him under my thumb all the past week and never dreamed he was within three hundred miles of me. Well, it's too late to lock the stable door, but we might find some clue inside the stable. How soon can we start?"

"We can have a special, if you want," said Burkhardt.

"Let's have it," said Holland.

They were at Dr. Blaizey's cabin the next day. Tillie, the waitress of the Osborne House, accompanied them there. She described Blaizey so certainly that Holland knew that it had been the arch criminal who had performed the operation on the girl's hands. Tillie also described a friend who had been visiting the doctor and who corresponded to the description of the mechanic who had stolen Burkhardt's million dollars. But the birds had flown.

"And he was a nice man," said Tillie. "Awful good to me."

Holland didn't bother to disabuse her mind. Malbron had done few decent things in his life. He had been kind to Tillie; it was not necessary to disenchant the girl.

THE rest was simple. At three-thirty on the day of the robbery Dr. Blaizey had been in the Osborne House. There he had been summoned to the telephone. Immediately after answering the call, he had left in his automobile. Holland was able to trace the call to Ellsworth, about twenty miles from Bar Harbor. A couple of hours later an examination of the records in the telephone central office at Ellsworth disclosed the fact that the call had originated from a farmhouse about half-way between Ellsworth and Bar Harbor.

Holland visited the farmhouse. The woman who lived there said that on the day of the robbery a man had raced up in an automobile and had asked permission to use her telephone.

"He was in a terrible rush," she said, "but I never heard such a silly message. He told the man he talked to that he was bringing four apples and two eggs and seven chickens and I forget how many pieces of bacon and other things. It sounded crazy to me."

Holland thanked the woman. Outside he turned to the excited Burkhardt.

"He was giving the combination," said Burkhardt. "The number is forty-two, seventy-nine, sixty-five."

Holland stared at him. "Say those numbers over again," he cried.

Burkhardt repeated them. From the hidden pages of memory, figures leaped into Holland's brain.

"And you told me yesterday that Cable stood on the float while the Duc talked to the French aviator?"

"What about it?" asked Burkhardt.

"Let's go back to Osborne," said Holland.

At Osborne Cable was waiting in the side-tracked private car. He had been told to remain there, and he was white and nervous as Holland peremptorily ordered him to shut the door of Burkhardt's state-room.

"You're a thief, Cable," said the detective.

"You looked in Mr. Burkhardt's pocketbook and found the number of the new combination to his safe. You communicated that combination to an accomplice who telephoned it to Malbron. Oh, yes," as the secretary started, "we know who Blaizey is. Now, are you going to confess and get a light sentence, or are you going to be stubborn and spend the next ten years in jail?"

"Mr. Burkhardt himself, and the Duc de Chamonet will tell you that I didn't speak to a soul."

"When?" asked Holland.

"From the time we left Lakeside until we boarded the train for New York," said Cable defiantly.

"How about the man you spoke to when your hat blew off?" asked Holland.

The color came back to Cable's cheeks. "I didn't speak to any one. And you can't railroad a man, Mr. Holland. Even if I did look in Mr. Burkhardt's pocketbook, which I deny, how could I have told any one else what I saw?"

"Five minutes after you stood on the float listening to the Duc and the aviator speak, that aviator went into the air. On the sky he wrote the combination of the Burkhardt safe. Don't deny it; I saw him write it."

Burkhardt gasped. "Why, I saw him write a few letters, but that's all."

"You were in the bath-house dressing when he wrote the figures. Oh, it was a desperate

(Continued on page 76)



What Do They See In Each Other?

H E HAD invited her to dinner. She had accepted. Now, sitting opposite each other at table, they begin to see things they never saw before. They begin to see each other for the first time as they really are.

What is revealed to them across the table? What do they see in each other?

She sees with a little pang of disappointment that he is not the cultivated man she thought him. Why do the waiters treat him with less deference than they do the men at tables nearby? What does he lack? Can he be just . . . ordinary? She does not want to believe it, but there are certain indications that are unmistakable.

And he is watching her curiously, realizing that this must be the first time she has dined in a fashionable hotel. Why does she fumble so awkwardly with her fork? Why does she seem so self-conscious, so ill at ease? Her evident embarrassment makes him feel uncomfortable, and suddenly he finds himself wishing he had never invited her.

Yet only yesterday they had been attracted to each other, interested in each other. Both had dreamed a little. To-day the dream has faded and they are disillusioned. Telltale blunders have revealed crudities they sought to conceal. And though they try halfheartedly to keep up the conversation, they know that they are disappointed in each other, that they will probably never see each other again.

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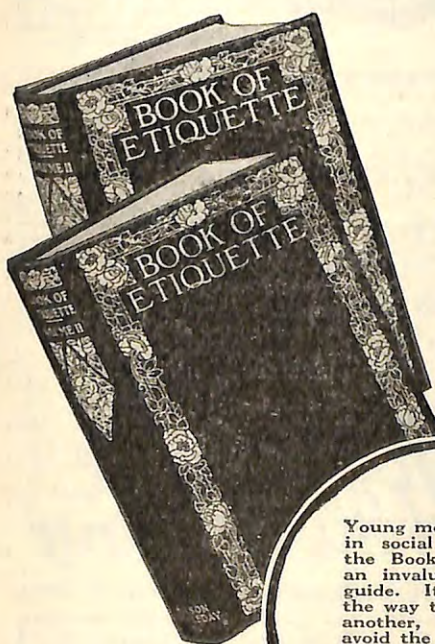
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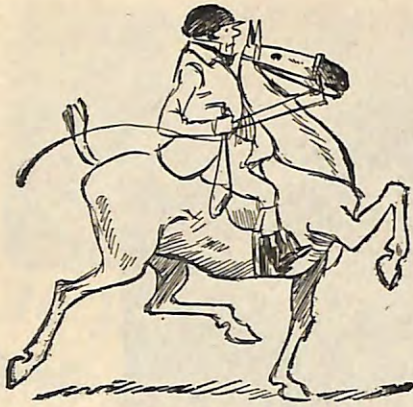
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Out of a Blue Sky

(Continued from page 74)

chance, but not nearly so desperate as if Cable had gone to a telephone."

"Ridiculous," said Cable.

"If, when I get in touch with that aviator, he denies having written those numbers, he'll go to jail with you," said Holland. "If he admits it, I'll ask him why he wrote them."

The secretary stared at Holland. Then he looked at Burkhardt. "If I confess will you make it easier?" he demanded.

"A lot easier," said Burkhardt.

Cable sat down, weak and trembling. But his voice was firm.

"A Dr. Blaizey spoke to me one day a while ago as I was fishing. He had found out a lot of things about me, things that I wouldn't have liked you to know, Mr. Burkhardt. He threatened to expose me. Well, I'll be brief. I yielded to his blackmail. I told him of the million dollars in your safe. He planned to rob it, or have some one else rob it, the day we left for Bar Harbor. He was to be waiting in the woods as our car passed for me to give him the signal if it was all right. As you know I got out of the car. I told him that I believed you had changed the combination. He told me to find out the new one and telephone him. I said that I would be suspected, and that I didn't dare telephone even if I got a chance to go through your clothing while you were in swimming. I said that I must protect my own alibi. I must not talk to any one. He said that he knew a way out. There was an aviator doing sky writing at Bar Harbor. He said that he would telephone one of his gang who was at present in Bar Harbor to make the arrangements while we were on our way over there. He said that the man would bring his machine near to the float, that I need not speak to him, but merely move my fingers to give him the numbers. I didn't think I could possibly be found out. He said that one of his gang would read the numbers in the sky and telephone them to him."

Holland shook his head. "And you never would have been found out if I hadn't accidentally been out playing golf while that man manoeuvred in the sky. And I suppose the aviator thought that he was playing a joke for which he would be well paid."

"I don't know what he thought," said Cable, sobbing. "I only know that I'm glad it's over. I never got a penny and I'm glad to confess."

"I'm glad you did, too," said Holland. Later he explained to Burkhardt the reason for his gladness. For if Cable and the aviator had both denied their part in the transaction, the transaction could never have been legally proved.

"I was guessing," said Holland.

"I call it reasoning," complimented Burkhardt. "Can't you guess some more, and tell where my money is?"

Holland shook his head. "That million of yours, Mr. Burkhardt, will never be recovered until I've captured Malbron." He sighed. "But he won't be able to spend it all, and I will capture him some day."

"I believe you will," said Burkhardt.

"Some day when the trail isn't too old and cold, I'll get him," said Holland.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 17)

looked wistfully in the direction of the place where the fighting was to take place. Finally he sought the umpire.

"I think that it is going to rain," he said. "I think we had better call this game."

"I think so too," said the umpire, who also had been looking rather absently across the Harlem River at the stadium where the fights were about to start. A moment later the players of both teams, headed by McGraw and the umpire, were hurrying to the Yankee Stadium for fear that they might miss one of the preliminary bouts.

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A racetrack follower started to demur.

"How about a race with Man-of-War, Zev, Papyrus and Epinar?" he demanded. Then he thought a moment and said, "No, I guess you are right that that race would come second."

The vote for first place seems to be practically unanimous, but one could get quite an argument on the matter of second place.

Are Amateurs People?

THE row over the question, "What is an Amateur?" continues. The United States Lawn Tennis Association has undertaken to make the definition which the other bodies controlling the various amateur sports seem to have declined.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association has stated that no amateur tennis player may capitalize his tennis fame in any way and seems to have indicated in particular William Tilden II, the champion, who writes articles on tennis. Now it seems that long before Tilden became amateur tennis champion he had determined to make writing his profession. He can write. He did write before he became tennis champion.

Tilden is bound to be a problem in the way of the determination of the United States Lawn Tennis Association to establish the simon pure amateur, as they say. He might have attained success as a writer without any of the prestige his tennis playing brings him. Not to be scornful of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, could it not be possible that his tennis playing interfered with his success as a writer?

Letting that pass, a writing man writes concerning the things he knows or the things that he thinks he knows. It would seem then that Tilden or any other tennis-playing writer, should be permitted to write about tennis without having the brand of professionalism placed upon him, if one cares to call the matter of becoming a professional in the nature of a brand. Let us pause at this point to point out that the true professional would consider amateurism in the nature of a brand. Who, for instance, among our Thespians would care to get back his amateur standing?

Not so long ago the Australians had a rule which held that anybody who gained his livelihood by manual labor could not be an amateur oarsman. They predict that the madness of the United States in the quest of the simon pure amateur will result in a ruling quite as ridiculous. The Sydney Referee, the big sporting paper of the Antipodes, is quite bitter over the Tilden matter, and calls it "Amateurism Gone Mad."

"Them Was the Good Old Days"

SOME of the revulsion against prize-fighters and prize-fighting may be due to the fact that our noted gladiators have become quite noted as business men. I would cite Jack Dempsey, Señor Luis Angel Firpo and Benny Leonard, potential millionaires. Not so long ago it was shown that Jack Dempsey might acquire the sum of one million during the current year in three bouts. Señor Firpo had similar plans. Benny Leonard also had plans that might have netted him close to that comfortable round sum.

But the revulsion seems to have come and with it a sense of relative values. The cost of one heavyweight championship fight lasting for a brief fraction of an afternoon would pay for enough men to break another Hindenburg line, fighting men of another sport.

Our current pugilistic champions unconsciously have placed too much emphasis on the business side of their game. This side was emphasized particularly at Shelby last year when a couple of banks in Montana went broke trying to raise enough money to induce Jack Dempsey to step into the ring with Tom Gibbons, a none too formidable opponent, at Shelby, Montana. This incident more than any other within recent years emphasized the fact that pugilism is a business.

Picture John L. Sullivan in such a situation. If Mayor Jim Johnson, the cowboy chief magistrate, had come to Sullivan and said, "John, the boys can only raise two-thirds of the purse. Will you fight for that?"

It requires no strain on the imagination to conclude that John L. Sullivan would have said, "Tell the boys I'll fight him for nothing."

The day of the magnificent gesture in the prize-ring seems to have passed with John L.

(Continued on page 78)



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I don't make a penny on the first box of cigars I sell to a new customer. Suppose you and 199 other Elks order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 200 into \$756.00 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$3.78. It costs me \$3.78 to sell you a \$1.98 box of cigars. You see, I must offer an extraordinary cigar, it must be better than you expect; the flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again.

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I sell cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. I sell them at less than 8c each. Smokers say the cigar equals any 15c smoke. Some rate it higher.

In Any Event—Gloves

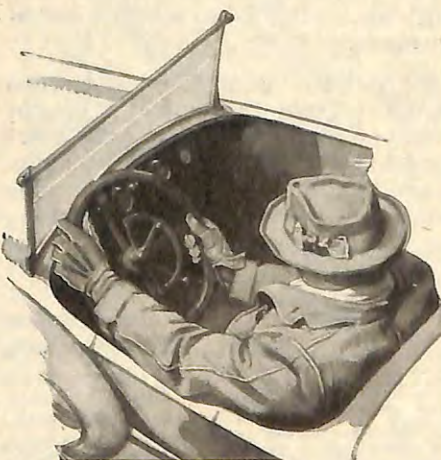
The chap in the picture—probably a high powered salesman, caught at a moment of ease—is no doubt wearing a smile of satisfaction. He's also wearing a pair of Gates Bucks, with Gates Triplesewn stitching for triple strength. He knows they will stand up well under the hardships of the road. Ask your dealer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

Hand in Glove with Style and Comfort

—that's the man who wears GATES BUCKSKIN GLOVES—on highway, street or avenue.

Style—that latest shade and correct appearance which Gates craftsmanship puts into every pair.

Comfort—that soft warmth of buckskin and hand freedom so distinctively Gates.



Step into friend haberdasher's and try a pair. It means your hands will be well dressed—and happy.

GATES, MILLS & CO.

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Specialists in Fine Buckskin Gloves for Men and Women

GATES BUCKSKIN GLOVES



"I Found a New Way to Become Popular—Quickly"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't wake up until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor."

"THAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me."

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!"

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps."

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

She Used to Envy Good Dancers

In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attending dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor.—Miss Bertha Shipie, Perrysburg, Ohio.

He Had Never Danced Before

I received the instruction book on dancing and I'm so sure that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system.—Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.

Receives Many Compliments

I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail.—Arthur Rich, Chester, Mass.

Dancing Now as Easy as Walking

If you can step forward, sideways and backward there is no reason in the world why you shouldn't learn any of the latest dances in one evening and all of the newest steps and dances in a very short time. The Murray method is in no way complicated. The diagrams are so easily understood that even a very small child can learn from them, and a whole family can



Posed by Hope Hampton, Moeke Star, and Arthur Murray

quickly become perfect dancers from the one set of instructions.

Learn Without Music or Partner

No longer is it necessary to go to a private dancing instructor or public dancing class. Arthur Murray's remarkable methods are so clear that you don't need any partner to help you, neither do you actually require music. But after you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as the world's foremost authority on social dancing. He was chosen to teach the U. S. Naval Academy's dancing instructors the newest ballroom steps. Many of the social leaders in America and Europe have selected Arthur Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 120,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learn-at-home system.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot Step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today. Arthur Murray, Studio 139, 290 Broadway, New York

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290 Broadway, New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you must send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

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Address.....

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

Also at 150 Southampton Row, London, England.

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 77)

Sullivan. The pugilists of to-day are business men in a business age. But they make their game too obviously a business.

Mr. Babe Ruth, a professional athlete in another line, has more sense of the fitness of things. For a very brief time Babe Ruth had his own chauffeur. With an income of close to \$100,000 a year, Babe Ruth could afford a chauffeur as far as the money part is concerned. But in dismissing him the Babe gave reasons which the plutocrats of the prize-ring might consider.

"If the boys in the bleachers see me with my own chauffeur," the Babe observed, "they will think that I am getting all swelled up. I am not going to have the boys in the bleachers think that I am trying to high-tone them. If it wasn't for them I wouldn't be able to afford a car or anything else."

Who Was the Greatest Fighter?

EVERY now and then somebody rises to ask, "Who was or is the greatest ring-fighter?" Subsequently the debate waxes acrimonious.

With the old-timers there is but one answer. Naturally they will tell you that the greatest of them all, the champion of champions, was John L. Sullivan. It will be long before the glamour of that great old gladiator's name begins to dim.

There are others who will insist that the Cornishman, Robert Fitzsimmons, was the greatest of the fighters. The colored vote probably would go to Jack Johnson. The younger generation will insist that Jack Dempsey could have whipped all of the old-timers if he had been living and fighting in their day. A few recalling Jeffries in his prime insist that he was greater than them all.

When I am asked I hold with "Tad," the sports cartoonist, that Joe Gans, the lightweight, was the greatest fighter and the greatest boxer of them all. Perhaps Gans lacked one thing considered essential to the ring man, the killer instinct.

Gans never lost his temper. He never flew into a blind rage. He always seemed cool and unruffled, confident in his perfect ring technique. When he shot home a knockout punch he seemed to do it dispassionately and with less venom than a laborer would show when he brought down his hammer to drive in a spike.

Gans had perfect coordination, perfect poise in the ring. He did not seem the fighter, at all but an artist at his work. The others had the scowl and all the outward marks of the killer. Gans looked just the sad and lonesome colored man and never did the wicked gleam of the true fighter show in those melancholy eyes. Still, when he sent home the final punch, they dropped.

The best pictures I carry of Gans are those printed on my memory during the fight with Nelson in Goldfield in 1906. In the first few rounds while Nelson was kicking at Gans's shins and tearing at him in a red rage, Gans would back up to the ropes where Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist and I were sitting. We had talked to Gans every day at his training camp at Diamond Field. He had a few camp jokes and in the fiercest part of the fight, the first few rounds, Gans decided whimsically to prattle with Goldberg and myself. Rolling his shoulders and throwing off Nelson's blows with his arms he would throw his head backward and shoot a bit of repartee down to us. All this time Nelson was in a blind rage.

He was a great fighter, Gans, and the most consummately clever boxer I ever saw. You must throw away part of his record previous to this fight. Gans was so sure and so formidable a fighter that he found it hard to get matches without an "understanding."

But Gans at his best and unhampered by secret matchmaking covenants could have beaten any man of his day within fifteen pounds of his weight. Not only that, but he could name the round and the punch.

Ruth's Service to Organized Baseball

THERE are good reasons why Babe Ruth means a lot to professional baseball. You will recall that the Babe started to break the

home run records just at the time professional baseball was in a bad way as the result of the revelations in the Black Sox scandal. Up to that time baseball was considered the only professional game where there was not room even for the suspicion of crookedness.

The Cincinnati-Chicago world's series showed that even the national game had been tampered with by the gamblers. I remember receiving hundreds of letters at the time from fans who swore that they never would attend baseball games again. These letters were written more in sorrow than in anger. The impossible had happened.

Naturally owners of baseball clubs were in a panic. The thing resulted in a complete reorganization of the control of baseball—though the National Commission could in no way have prevented what had happened. Even then the skeptical fans were hard to convince.

It was during this period of gloom that the Babe proceeded to break all home run records of all time. The fans forgot the scandal. The parks where the Babe played were packed. The general interest in the game revived. Instead of falling off, the gate receipts of all the professional baseball clubs in the majors and the minors increased. New fans came to the parks. Mothers who never had seen baseball games before were wheeled into taking their sons to the ball park. The performances of the Babe at bat were sent out on the stock tickers, news more vital than the rise or fall of stocks involving millions.

Whether the Babe sent the ball bouncing against the distant horizons or struck out with vehement disgust he held the popular imagination. All of this should be remembered with gratitude by all who depend upon the national game for profit or amusement.

All Theories of Training Are Good

THERE are two ways of running a training camp. One is the method of John J. McGraw of the Giants, who makes all players work on almost a military schedule. At the same time John J. McGraw punishes himself physically just as hard as he does the youngest and most ambitious recruit.

The other way is the way of Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees. The theory of Mr. Huggins is that the player knows what is best for himself in the matter of training and practically lets each of the veterans elect his own course of spring training until the exhibition games start.

The defense of Mr. Huggins for his system is this, "My men nearly all are veterans. They know what is best for them. It is to their advantage to do their best to get themselves ready for the season. They know that if they are right they will get into the world's series and probably get the winners' end. Why drive men when they have their own very good motives for driving themselves and getting the most out of themselves?"

John J. McGraw accepts all responsibility for his team, its success or its failure. He may look soft physically but in the early spring, when he takes the field for the training, he can make his much younger athletes groan with weariness at the end of a long southern day. And through it all John J. McGraw will be the most active man in the training park. He will outdo all of them in physical work and he will be all over the place batting out flies, taking a place in the infield and always watching for bonehead plays or for something that would indicate that a recruit had something extraordinary.

It seemed to me that the difference between the Giant training camp and that of the Yankees was the difference between a regular army camp and a militia camp. Last spring to my mind the Yankees made every mistake in training that a team possibly could make while the Giants left nothing undone.

Yet the Yankees beat the Giants in the world's series and won the world's championship. Hence all theories for spring training must be good.



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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

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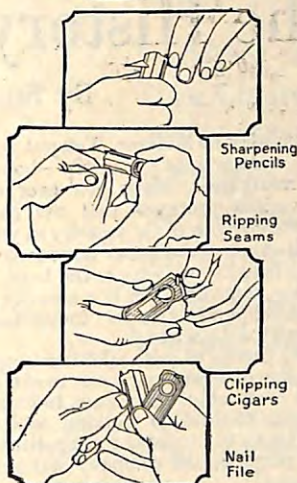
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Crispettes easy to make, easy to sell. We furnish everything—complete outfit, secret formulas, raw materials, full directions, wrappers, etc. No experience needed. Little capital starts you on road to wealth. Open a retail store of your own. Sell wholesale to groceries, drug stores, etc.

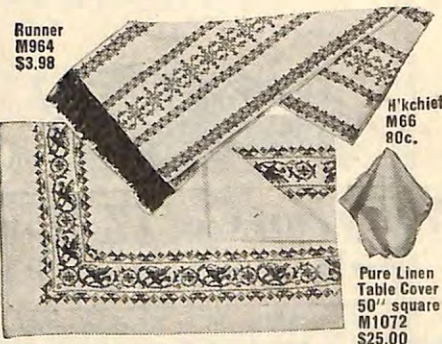
Build a Business of Your Own

Crispettes sell fast everywhere. Everybody likes them. They're a delicious confection. We'll tell you how to build a business of your own. Start now, in your town.

Profit \$1,000 a Month Easily Possible

Send for illustrated BOOK OF FACTS. Tells how many people in small towns and big cities are making big successes of Crispette Business. Shows how, when and where to start. Full of valuable information. It's FREE. Write now. Postal brings it.

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Exclusive designs with an individuality and a charm all their own! The spirit of the mysterious East is in every piece of this exceptionally fine handiwork.

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From the fine linen, hand hemstitched handkerchiefs with their dainty needle lace to colorful cross stitched runners, doilies, table covers, tea or luncheon sets these delightful things are certain to please immensely. And—the prices are low.

Needlework made under the direction of the Near East Relief has this added interest; while it is contributing to the attractiveness of your home, by purchasing you help to provide shelter for these refugee mothers.

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Booklet describing and illustrating this beautiful work and quoting exceptionally low prices gladly sent without obligation to buy. Anything not exactly as desired will be cheerfully exchanged or your money refunded, as you prefer.

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"A variation of 1% to 2% in interest rate, when the security is equally sound, is not uncommon," writes a well known authority in discussing why some sections pay a better investment return than others.

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The History of a Security

By Stephen Jessup

YOU are doubtless an investor. You put your surplus money into securities—bonds, stocks, mortgages. Have you ever examined the various processes that are gone through from the creation of the security to your possession of it as a piece of paper bearing your name? Let us take as an example the bond of a manufacturing company. Such a security is known in financial parlance as an "industrial," as contrasted with a "railroad."

The company desires to raise additional capital for one or more of several purposes: to extend its business; to erect additional plants; to install more equipment; to provide working capital; to retire bank loans; to purchase a competitor—whatever the purpose, the company wants to obtain \$1,000,000.

The matter is brought before the stockholders of the company either at their annual meeting or at a special meeting which is called for the purpose. The proposed action is approved by a vote that is either unanimous or a majority of sufficient size to be in accord with the company's by-laws. A resolution is passed by which the directors are authorized to raise the money by means of a bond issue to be secured by a mortgage on the company's existing plant and other assets. The resolution states the essential features: amount of the bond issue; rate of interest; length of life; nature of security. In our instance the amount is \$1,000,000; the rate is 6%; the duration is ten years, and the security is a first mortgage on the company's assets.

The company's attorneys proceed to draw up the necessary papers, such as the indenture or mortgage securing the bonds, the wording of the bond itself, the wording of the coupons, the necessary recording thereof, much as an ordinary mortgage against a house is handled.

The company's treasurer negotiates with a financial house to "place" the bond issue with investors. The financial house may handle the issue alone, or may have the assistance of one or more houses, who join in underwriting the issue, as explained in a previous article in this Magazine. The opinion of the bankers is sought as to the price at which the bonds can be sold to investors, and it is decided that 98 is the proper price—high enough to produce the company the money it needs after paying the bankers their profit, and low enough to attract investors to purchase. In other words, at 98 the issue is deemed sufficiently attractive to compete in the investment market with similar investment offerings.

It is agreed that the bankers shall pay the company on the basis of 93,—the difference of \$5 per \$100, or 5 points,—constituting the underwriting syndicate's profit.

The bankers proceed to offer the bonds in the daily press to the public and by correspondence to their branch offices, correspondents in other cities, and similar associates. In their public offering they cite the salient features of the company, its business, and the particular issue of bonds offered. This summary quotes from an

official statement by an officer of the company, the original of which is on file with the bankers. This explains the statement which you frequently read to the effect that "the information given above is not guaranteed, but has been obtained from official sources and has been relied upon by us in our purchase of these securities" or "and is believed to be reliable and correct."

Application is made to list the bonds on the Stock Exchange, thus giving them a broad and ready market. To accomplish this, the company must meet the requirements of the Exchange by furnishing complete information regarding itself, its history, its assets, its liabilities, its earnings, its officers, and the specific details concerning the bonds being listed. Assuming that the application is successful, the Stock Exchange announces that the bonds have been listed and admitted to trading. It gives the company a ticker abbreviation and designates a certain location on the floor of the Exchange where the bonds may be bought and sold by brokers having such orders for execution. An example of a ticker abbreviation is B O for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The ticker tape is about half an inch in width; on the upper portion appear the letters of the abbreviation, and on the lower portion appear the figures of the quotations. Thus:

A B C

6s 98

IF THE offering of the bonds is quickly absorbed the quotations will probably be in excess of 98. If the issue moves slowly they may be below 98. Sales depend on supply and demand, and the price fluctuates in accordance with the surplus of buying and selling orders over each other, and also with the prevailing value of money. Should the interest rate on money be advanced, the bonds are likely to sell at a lower price or "off" a little so that at the lower price they will yield a rate of interest more consistent with the prevailing rate on money. Should the interest rate on money be lowered, the bonds are likely to sell "up" so that at the higher price they will yield a commensurate rate.

The bonds are issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$500, and \$100. They may be "registered" or "coupon." If registered, your bond is registered in your name with the registrar appointed by the company, usually a bank or trust company, and you receive your interest by mail in the form of a check. If coupon, your bond is not so registered, but instead, the interest is represented by a series of small coupons, each for periodical—usually six months—interest on the face amount of the bond. On the date when the interest is payable, usually the first of the month, such as January 1 and July 1, you cut off the coupon and deposit it in your bank as you would a check or cash, or else you take it to the bank mentioned in the coupon. The latter bank has on deposit funds with which to pay all coupons due on that date, and pays

you in cash the amount called for by your coupon or coupons.

Care should be exercised in the handling of coupon bonds. They are like a check payable to "bearer" and are the property of the holder, just the same as currency.

The question may be asked: Why do people run the risk of losing their money by having it in coupon bonds, which may be stolen or lost, when they could protect themselves by buying registered bonds and receive their interest automatically without effort? The answer may be said to be that coupon bonds are attractive because they are easily sold and transferred without delay, and, further, they usually command a little better price in the open market than registered bonds. These advantages are considered by many people to outweigh the risk of loss and the necessity of cutting coupons and cashing them.

Shares of stock, whether preferred or common, are issued in much the same way as the bonds described in the preceding paragraphs. A difference between a stock certificate and a bond, however, is that the former rarely bears any coupons, because the dividends are not necessarily as regular as bond interest and are usually declared by the directors out of earnings; and the stock certificate bears the name of the holder on its face, thus limiting the risk of loss and requiring the owner's personal signature to effect transfer.

MANY people are not familiar with the machinery by which a bond or stock is actually bought and delivered to them. Let us take the case of 100 shares of stock. You decide that you want to buy 100 shares of A B C and to put them away for investment. You give your broker an order to buy them, either at a specific price or at the prevailing market. The stock is selling at 99, and you feel willing to pay that price. Your broker says:

"I will get you the market on that stock, Mr. Smith."

He has his order clerk telephone to the floor of the Exchange over a private wire, and in a few seconds he informs you:

"The market is 99 bid, offered at 100; last sale 99."

This means that you can not buy the stock at 99 at the moment. If you want to buy at once, it will cost you 100. If you had the stock and wanted to sell it, you would get 99 for it.

Two courses are open to you. Either you wait for the stock to be offered at 99, or, wishing to obtain it without delay, you give your broker an order to buy it at the market.

This time the order clerk telephones to the floor of the Exchange over the private wire:

"Buy 100 A B C at the market."

The clerk at the other end of the wire instantly writes out the order and gives it to a page boy. The page boy runs to the floor representative of the house. If he is not busy, he proceeds to the post at which A B C stock is traded in and ascertains the market. If he is busy the order is given to a floor broker at that post.

Assuming no change in the few seconds that have elapsed, he accepts the offer of the broker who is asking 100, makes a note of the transaction in a little book, and gives a report to the page. The page speeds to the telephone clerk, who telephones the report to the order clerk, and you are then notified by your broker that you have purchased the 100 shares at 100.

If you have a credit balance with your broker, he charges your account with \$10,000, the price of the stock, plus \$15 buying commission. Otherwise he renders you a statement, and you give him a check for \$10,015.

After the Exchange has closed at 3 P. M. the brokers "compare" their transactions during the five hour session of business. The various houses send messengers or "runners" to and from each other, and all transactions are carefully checked and acknowledged. Stocks are "cleared" through the Clearing House, much as checks are cleared by banks. Your broker may have bought 2,000 A B C and sold 1,500. He therefore finds that he has 500 shares of A B C coming to him "on balance." Delivery of stocks is required by 2.15 P. M. on the day following a transaction. The next day, therefore, your broker receives the shares of A B C due to him, of which 100 are for you. The certificate for this 100 shares will not be in your

(Continued on page 82)

*What financial editors of
national magazines have said about*

COLUMBIA BONDS

"....one of the finest investments you could buy."

"....A very safe and reliable investment."

"The Columbia Mortgage Company enjoys a good reputation, and the bonds they offer for sale are well regarded."

"In our opinion Columbia Bonds are safe for investment."

"First mortgage bonds offered by good houses constitute a safe investment, yielding something better than the average return; and we have confidence in the concern* mentioned in your letter."

"....an excellent opportunity to diversify your security holdings over a period of years."

"The Company* is noted for the selection of its offerings."

"The Columbia Mortgage Company is an excellently managed institution....Its officers and directors are men of undeniably good rating in the real estate field and in the business world. We believe the 6½% bonds sold by this organization merit your favorable consideration."

"We know that they* are absolutely sound and reliable in every way."

* COLUMBIA MORTGAGE COMPANY

Columbia Mortgage Building

4 East 43rd Street

New York City

*This Brings the Book
That Tells the Story*

COLUMBIA MORTGAGE CO., 4 East 43rd St., New York City
Gentlemen: Kindly mail copy of your new booklet showing how to achieve financial independence via the Columbia System.
4-S-253A

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE



Profit by the Experience of Successful Investors

READ our free booklet telling how men and women of moderate means can profit by the experience of The F. H. Smith Company's large investors in the Nation's Capital.

Under our Investment Savings Plan without waiting to accumulate the full cost of a \$100, \$500, \$1,000 or \$5,000 bond, these large investors are getting First Mortgage Bond interest—6½% and 7%.

Small investors can use this plan with the same safety, convenience and profit. Mail the coupon for our free booklet today.

No loss to any investor in 51 years

The F. H. Smith Co.

Founded 1873

SMITH BUILDING WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please send me your Booklet No. 42N.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



You can have \$115 a month

Regular income from only \$50 a month invested systematically over a period of twenty years.



Our Partial Payment Plan makes it practical and convenient—we offer only sound, income-paying securities such as the issues of the big Middle West Utilities Company and its subsidiaries.

Send for our new booklet, "A Sound Method of Building Capital," which explains this attractive plan.

Ask for pamphlet K-201

A. H. Bickmore & Co.
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

TO INVESTMENT BANKERS

WE have recently prepared a very interesting booklet dealing comprehensively with the subject of advertising, especially with magazine advertising. We believe you will find this very instructive, and if you are interested in expanding your business we should be glad to send you a copy on request. Address the Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, using your letter head.

The History of a Security

(Continued from page 81)

name. It may be in the name of the person who sold it through the other broker. Or it may be in the name of a brokerage house. Shares in the names of brokers are called "street certificates." They pass from one broker to another constantly, and in some cases are used as good delivery for many months, simply because no necessity arises to change the name written on their face. Of course, whether in the name of an individual or in the name of a broker, the certificate is endorsed on the reverse side, just as a check is endorsed before it can be cashed. The endorsement must correspond exactly in every detail with the name as written on the face of the certificate.

THE endorsement of a stock certificate must be guaranteed by a Stock Exchange house or a bank. Otherwise the certificate is not considered good delivery and will not be accepted. This is one of the advantages of buying a stock listed on the Exchange; you know that the certificate you receive is valid.

In your case you want your stock in your own name, so while the street certificate that your broker has received constitutes good delivery of the 100 shares you bought, it does not completely satisfy your wishes. The next step is to have it transferred from the name it bears to your own name. You instruct your broker as to how you wish the new certificate made out, and he proceeds with the transfer. He sends the certificate to the transfer agent of the company, usually a trust company or a bank. Here the proper officer cancels the certificate, places it in the certificate book by attaching it to the stub from which it was originally removed, and issues a new certificate in your name. The new certificate is duly signed by the proper officers of the company (who, as a matter of fact, have probably signed hundreds of certificates in advance), and is countersigned by the proper officers of the transfer agent, and is then sent to your broker, who delivers it to you. And you, if you are as wise and careful as you should be, put it in your safe deposit box. If you lose a stock certificate it does not mean that you lose your money. You can get a new certificate, but the process is an involved one. You have to satisfy the company that your certificate is lost, and you have to safeguard the company against its turning up in the hands of another person claiming to be

the owner and demanding a new certificate in his name.

Stock certificates are transferred in large quantities during every business day in Wall Street. There are, at intervals, periods during which transfers cannot be made. These are when the transfer books are closed on account of the payment of a dividend. The company is to pay, we will say, a quarterly dividend of \$1.50 per share to stockholders of record on December 1st. This means that each stockholder whose name and address and number of certificate is listed on the company's books on December 1st will receive the dividend. As considerable clerical work is involved, the company announces that the transfer books will be closed for one week. Further transfers are therefore held up until perhaps December 8th, when the normal procedure is restored.

If you hold stock without having the certificate transferred to your own name it does not follow that you do not receive the dividend due you. The broker in whose name the certificate is made out receives the dividend, and credits or pays it to you. A broker carrying stocks for customers on margin does not put the certificates in the customers' names, unless and until they pay their debit balances and thus own the stock outright. He may keep several thousands of shares of the stock in his own name, for the account of a dozen different customers. When he receives the company's check for the dividend due on those shares he credits each customer's account with the amount of dividend due him.

IT IS a fact that many brokers are carrying dividends for customers who have failed to claim the money and who have moved away, leaving no address. Such customers, not having their stocks in their own names, may have been unaware of the declaration of the dividend. Dividends, as has been said before, are not paid automatically and regularly like interest on bonds. They are declared by the directors of a company, out of earnings or accumulated surplus. A company may pay dividends at the rate of 6% or 10% for one or more years and then, on account of reduced earnings, "pass" or omit the dividend for one or more quarters or even years, restoring it only when the directors feel that such action is warranted.

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 43d 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.

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.

The Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will gladly send on request a booklet dealing with the advantages of insuring in the Postal Life. Send for booklet "See How Easy It Is."

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 Financial Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is maintained for the benefit of its readers. All of the investment houses advertising in this department have been carefully investigated by us, and we believe them to be worthy of confidence. They will be glad to help you with your investment problems. Write them. These financial articles will deal with all classes of sound securities, pointing out the various advantages of each. You cannot fail to benefit from the advice given.

Old One-Eye

(Continued from page 20)

"Thanks," responded MacGregor drily. "I'll probably need your good wishes when I hook into him. His back looked yesterday as though he'd weigh close to six pounds."

"Six pounds?" Cleaves' voice was incredulous. "Why, man, there never was a trout—hello, what the devil's happened out there?"

From the direction of The Four Maples' kitchen old Mrs. Derwent's voice had risen in one prolonged, vociferous "O-o-oh!" Astonishment, unbelief, almost fright were in that single, eloquent cry. For a moment the Dog-Catchers listened, wordless, then crowded into the house as the old landlady called shrilly:

"Father O'Meara, Mr. MacGregor—come quick, everybody!"

She met them at the kitchen door, wide-eyed and flushing. "Who got him?" she demanded, arms akimbo.

"Who got what?" Bostwick was the first to find his tongue.

"Him! Out there in the icebox!"

"Sounds as if it was a corpse," Cleaves chuckled. "Anybody here a murderer?"

"Corpse? I should say it was! Such a corpse as I never see, and I've lived here forty year. Come see him, if ye don't believe me!"

She stalked to the half shed, half room where stood the big refrigerator in which the Dog-Catchers were wont to keep their spoils of the chase. She waited, back to the box, until the last man had come in. Then she stepped aside with the gesture of a showman:

"There he lays—see for yourselves!"

They crowded forward, then stopped with seven assorted gasps of surprise, for fairly across the width of the box was stretched a trout of trouts, a mighty, burly fellow from whom all trace of grace and beauty had vanished in the grossness of sheer age and size. As the body of a king might lie in state to receive the last tribute of a humble people, so the great fish lay and waited, haughty even in death, the space where his left eye should be an empty socket healed by the slow hand of time.

A moment of awed stillness before with one accord the Dog-Catchers looked at each other, the same question on every face.

"Old One-Eye! Who caught him?" Father O'Meara whispered.

Six heads shook, six pairs of shoulders hunched in negation, in bewilderment. "Not I" went the rounds of the group.

The priest turned to the old lady. "How did he get here, Mrs. Derwent?"

"That's more than I can say, Your Reverence. When I come to the box to get Mr. Wentworth's fish to cook for breakfast, as he told me to, there it was, layin' just like that. All I know is that 'twasn't there when I put out the lights at ten last night. Ye—ye don't think the—the spirits had some'at to do with it, Father?"

"Spirits nothing!" snorted MacGregor, the monster in his hands. "This fish has been caught with a hook—see, here's the spot, right in the angle of his jaws. Where's your steel tape, Dick?" He's two feet long if he's an inch! He laid the metal band carefully from the point of the heavy, hooked snout to the tip of the fan-like tail. "Twenty-five and a quarter—ye gods, no wonder he looked big when he rose last evening! What a fight he'd have put up if I'd hooked him!"

Bewilderment and suspicion were blended in MacGregor's expression as he looked up and searched the faces of the group. "Sure nobody's kidding?" he challenged. "This is a darn serious matter!"

"You bet it's serious, Mac," Bostwick answered. "It means that our wager's off—that if I want that Bayne rod I'll have to buy it! Somebody, and I don't know who it could have been except Old Nick himself, beat you to it. If any of this crowd had caught that whale he'd have been only too ready to own up to it."

"Old Nick," Father O'Meara repeated, pondering the thought. "Now, that's an idea, Bostie. There's always been something queer about One-Eye, something uncanny-like in his wisdom. In mystery and mockery he's lived, and—hold him up again, Mack, head to me—yes, in mystery and mockery he dies! Look at that face, boys, with the one eye gone. Don't it look like he was winking at us, the sly old dog?"

The POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY



(SCENE: After dinner at the Club; Banker Allwyn is chatting with Goodsell, a real estate broker, formerly a life-insurance man, and the question of insurance protection comes up.)

"Growing like a bank"

"Its policyholders are its depositors"

"Agents do not bring them in"

Words of praise from those who know

Allwyn: "After all, Brother Goodsell, I want to tell you something which is a sure boost for the business you used to be in, and that is when a man asks me for credit I always ask him how much life insurance he carries."

Goodsell: "And I reckon you also ask him what companies he's in."

Allwyn: "Oh, I don't bother so much about the companies; like the churches, they're all good; they have to be, don't they?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing. State supervision looks out for that."

Allwyn: "Of course the oldest companies are mentioned more frequently, but the comparatively younger ones also bob up, pretty often, and particularly the Postal Life."

Goodsell: "Why, the Postal's not so very young. I remember because I used to fight it 15 years ago."

Allwyn: "'Twas sound from the start, wasn't it?"

Goodsell: "Yes, 'twas sound but it was—well—well, we said it was an experiment."

Allwyn: "Why?"

Goodsell: "Oh, because it got business direct, personally at the Home Office or by mail and didn't send out agents or have branch offices."

Allwyn: "Well, even so, the Company seems to have made good all right."

Goodsell: "Sure thing; it has policyholders in every state, and in Canada, too, and has its own building on Fifth Avenue at 43d Street. I believe there is no company better known in our country."

Allwyn: "What do you consider the strong points that helped the Postal win out?"

Goodsell: "Well, low cost, dealing direct with the public, and the privilege to pay premiums monthly if one so desires; then there's a 9½% annual dividend guaranteed in the policy, and there's a free medical examination through the Company's Health Bureau which helps keep its policyholders 'fit.'"

Allwyn: "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing, and I want to tell you that just as soon as I can afford to take out another policy, it's going to be in the Postal."

Allwyn: "That seems to me to be good sense, for it's based on safety, saving and service. Why, the Postal Life is growing just like a bank; its policyholders are its depositors—agents do not bring them in. And now I want to put you wise to something else; I've carried a Postal Life policy for ten years or so myself, but didn't tell you about it for I just wanted to feel you out."

Goodsell: "Well, the reaction, as they call it, was O. K., wasn't it?"

Allwyn: "It certainly was and it's kind of pleasant to feel that each of us has a highly-prized mutual friend in the Postal. Isn't that so?"

Goodsell: "You've said it, and unless I miss my guess, we'll both prize the Postal Life more as time goes on, and there are over 25,000 other policyholders who feel the same way."

Allwyn: "Now, you've said it. Have a fresh cigar."

The foregoing business chat is typical of many others that must be taking place, since similar sentiments are reflected in letters that come to the Company from far and near, in praise of its method and in appreciation of its treatment. It is indeed the Company of

Safety, Saving, Service

To find out what you can save and to enjoy POSTAL service, simply send in the coupon or write and say:

"Mail me official insurance information as mentioned in The Elks Magazine for April."

In your first letter be sure to give

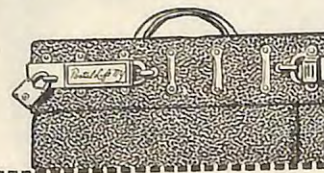
1. Your full name
2. Your occupation
3. The exact date of your birth

No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal, as stated, has no agents, and the resultant commission savings go to you, because you deal direct.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave. (cor. 43d St.), New York, N. Y.



Postal Life Insurance Company

511 Fifth Ave., New York

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name

Address

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound and the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

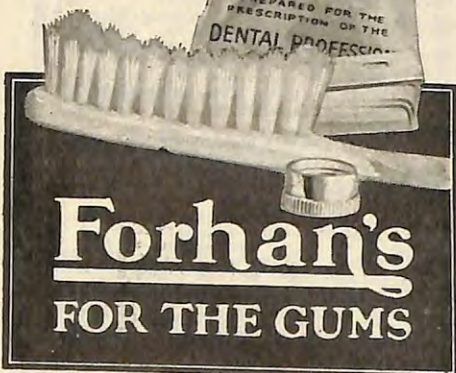
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

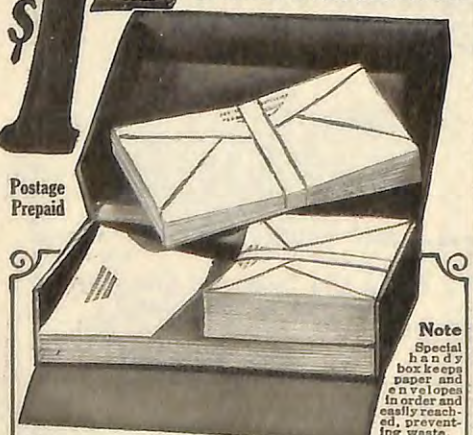
35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



200 Sheets 100 Envelopes

\$1.00 Printed with your
Name and Address



High grade, clear, white bond paper—unusually smooth, writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. We give you much superior quality stationery at this low price as we sell this item only.

Your Name and Address Printed FREE on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. (Note—our low price does not allow any variation in printing. Top center of sheet and flap of envelope only.) Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.

Just send your name and address (write or print clearly) with \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside of the U. S. \$1.10) and this generous box of stationery will come to you neatly packed, postage prepaid. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. Order today!

National Stationery Co. 3464 Lincoln Highway
Batavia, Illinois

The Sun Parlor

(Continued from page 12)

electric fan in the tonneau and a cigar humidor in the binnacle. The foot warmer would fry eggs and turn them. Its monogram was blazoned on the doors in radiolite. The lap robe had a hip pocket. The electric horn played, "I'll Take the Highroad" and "Less Than the Dust."

Sort of expensive; but when a man has toiled for years and years in the hook-and-eye business and finally made his pile, he ought to be entitled to a complete car.

Billings was a happy man at last. The night before his treasure was delivered he sat up till dawn re-reading the book on "How to Run a Tubmobile," even though he knew it by heart already.

When at last he got behind the wheel, the dear thing responded to his first touch as though it recognized him instantly as its master. Getting the driver's license was another triumph: the clerks rose and cheered him.

Now he was all set for enjoyment.

"George, will you drive me down town?" asked his wife. "I want to get a spool of silk."

"Certainly. Hop right in," he answered proudly.

As they glided toward the shopping district the traffic grew thicker. Machines, machines, machines.

"I'll be only a moment," said Mrs. B. as she got out at the door of a large department store.

"That's all right, my dear. Take your time. I'll be waiting for you right here." And Billings was soon absorbed in gazing fondly into the bright faces of the dials. How pleasantly chummy they were!

"Hey, you! Don't you know you can't park here?"

"What? But my wife is in that store for . . ."

"Don't make any difference," reported the policeman sternly. "You can't block up this space. Get going now."

"But . . ."

"No back talk, or I'll hand you a summons."

So Billings moved. He eased down the street looking for standing room. Plenty of signs warning "No Parking," but not a single space. He cruised on and on, and each time he paused an officer barked at him. Finally he looped back and returned to the store.

But Mrs. B. as not in sight. She, having tired of waiting for him on the sidewalk, had gone in again and was indignantly buying an evening gown to charge to his account as a memento of remissness. In her absence the traffic cop, intrigued at seeing him linger once more in the taboo space, acted as reception committee and speaker of the occasion. Billings wished that old acquaintance might be forgot. He resumed cruising.

Four times did he circle the shopping district in search of free soil, and each time he passed the store Mrs. B. was not to be seen. (After her third indignation purchase she had gone home in a street car.) He was beginning to feel harried. Why should he have to hunt and be hunted?

Round and round like a fly on a hot day—except that flies get a chance to light now and then.

He didn't care any more. Disillusioned, he was indifferent to the ire of motor truck drivers and winced not as he scraped a lamp-post here and there. Only when an arc light fell did he betray emotion.

Round and round and round.

Dante tells how the lost souls swing in their orbits in the Inferno. Billings' orbit was more irregular; more like that of a hounded animal or of a wind-up toy that somehow forgets to run down.

Eventually, after he had become quite dizzy, Billings made an unfortunate turn as he was about to cross the Main Street bridge over the Canal, and he and car toppled into the water.

They arrested him for blocking the barge traffic.

—Lawton Mackall.

The Antiquity of Human Nature

(Continued from page 27)

beings have had the same problems to face. When we are tempted to feel down on our luck, to turn pessimist, and say that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, it is no small comfort to realize that those who went before us were no better off, that, in fact, we have many advantages they did not enjoy, and that, at the worst, if they were able to "face the music" of living with courage and laughter, we can surely do the same. Thus we may not only learn patience with life, but patience, too, with the imperfections of our fellow human beings. We gain a clearer view of the long processes of man's development, and understand that, as man was not created in a hurry, there is no use in his expecting that all is going to be made right in a hurry, either. Patience, courage, and laughter. These most profitable lessons the study of our human Past is, above all, calculated to teach us. Nothing is more inspiring than the spectacle of man's long patience and unshakeable courage from the first time that we catch sight of him on the far-off dim confines of history. And particularly valuable is the evidence of the antiquity of man's sense of humor. Not only

has he been thus heroically patient and courageous through it all, but the odd thing about his history, the really mysterious thing about it, when you realize its significance, is that man has not only faced his trials and troubles so patiently and bravely, but that he has always been able to laugh at them, too—and always found immense entertainment in laughing at himself. That is one of the strangest things about him. And as, according to the proverb, there is nothing so estranging as a difference of taste in jokes, there is nothing so comforting and even sustaining to us in the burden and heat of the present as coming to find that our brothers even in the remotest past found the same things and people to laugh at as we are still laughing at to-day. There is nothing that so surely makes the whole world kin as this Laughing with the Past. If we fail to learn wisdom from it, and go on making the same mistakes with open eyes that have been so often made before, we can at least entertain ourselves by watching the same human comedy unfold itself age after age. In the Past as in the Present, the worst is always returning to laughter.

Joshua L. Bragg, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 16)

much in a native state himself. Now, as the corns from driving a scraper began to wear off his hands, he craved to wear the rough edge off his manners. Already he was annexing an aldermanic front, with less of blistered redness showing at the back of his neck.

The Havana notion warmed Mr. Bragg plumb down to his toes. He swaddled himself in a bearskin coat, plowed through six feet of snow to the Middleburg Department Store, and demanded, "Palm beach suits. White shoes. Pith cork helmets. Goin' to Cuby."

Having acquired the essential regalia, Mr. Bragg arrayed himself in such garb as not to be

mistaken for anything except a star-spangled American.

Morning sunshine glinted upon a jagged line of froth which lashed the coral shores of Cuba. Drawing nearer Mr. Bragg caught his first glimpse of an alien flag on alien soil, the red triangle of Cuba Libre floating over grim old Morro Castle. "Huh! 'Tain't one-two-three with the stars and stripes."

His vessel moved on between the headlands of Morro and La Punta, beneath the scowling ramparts of Cabanas, and warped her way into a berth at the dock. It was a February morning.

(Continued on page 86)

Are You Too Old to Study Music?

Do you consider yourself past the age to take up music—that you can't afford to devote the time to music that it requires—that your mind can't concentrate on such things any longer? Then you are exactly the person who will be interested in this astonishing, short-cut method for mastering any musical instrument.



"OH, I'm sorry I didn't study music in my younger days. Now it's too late to commence. I have so many other things to think about that I really can't give up any time to music, much as I'd like to."

How often do people make such remarks. And you can't blame them—they are perfectly right. The average adult, unless he has learned music in his childhood, considers himself too old to commence. For studying music in the ordinary, old fashioned way, consumes months and months of hard work, and it is sometimes years before you can render a selection with ease and credit. Monotonous exercises, heart-breaking scales, finger technique—all must be practiced over and over again, day in and day out. No wonder so many people become discouraged, and drop the study of music, long before they have accomplished anything worth while.

Moreover, consider the enormous expense involved. You pay an instructor who stays with you perhaps only one hour a week. Then there are books to be bought—books that illustrate the music to be played, but which help you in no other way. That means your progress depends entirely upon your teacher—you proceed from step to step only as rapidly or as slowly as he chooses to go.

New Method Amazes Musical World

But all this needless hard work—all this apparent waste of time and money is unnecessary. Through a wonderful new method, originated by the U. S. School of Music, anybody, no matter how old or how young, can master any musical instrument within a remarkably short time. Thousands of men, women and children, who, a little while ago, didn't know one note from another, are playing their favorite instruments.

Read this letter, from Mr. E. Wolford of Sharon Springs, N. Y.: "I am 50 years old and learned to

play the Hawaiian Guitar. I don't believe I ever would have learned to play if it weren't for your wonderful easy lessons. My neighbors and friends tell me that I play pretty well, and I certainly get a lot of pleasure out of it."

Can you read and write? Then you can learn to play any instrument through this wonderful, short-cut, print-and-picture method as easily and quickly as Mr. Wolford did. Just as easily as you learn to combine letters into words, so do you learn to combine notes into beautiful melodies—that's how fascinating it is. And you read REAL music, too. There are no numbers or "tricks." You play from the same kind of notes that are used by our great musicians. From the very moment you begin, you watch yourself daily develop and improve, and instead of wasting time with monotonous exercises and scales you play melodies right from the start.

Never before has such a sensation been created in the music world—this new method has revolutionized all the old, tiresome, long-drawn-out systems. Hundreds of pupils write us telling how pleased they are with this wonderful course, which, in many cases, has enabled them to play in only 90 days.

But perhaps best of all no private teacher is necessary—you don't need to tie yourself down to special hours or join a class. You can take a lesson as often as you wish, and can progress just as rapidly, as you desire. Furthermore, should you forget a point or two, you don't have to depend upon a teacher, you have all the lessons right there before you, and if by chance you forget something you can immediately turn to that particular lesson and go over it as many times as you choose.

U. S. School of Music Largest in the World

Over 300,000 students have mastered music in their spare time in this delightfully easy way. They have

found that not only is their progress far more rapid than under the old-fashioned, ordinary system, but the expense, too, is remarkably small. Each lesson costs only a few cents—and the price includes the music, in every case.

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Joshua L. Bragg, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 84)

Cubans shivered in light overcoats, but Mr. Bragg staged his debut in a palm beach suit. Like a crash-draped hippopotamus he descended the gangway, thereby adding to the hilarity of nations and the misconception of American character. He glared about him, expecting to be plucked, thoroughly plucked, but reserved his constitutional right to holler every time a feather came out; or even to holler first, provided the Cuban pirates made a balk.

PERHAPS a hundred and fifty Americans debarked, of whom a hundred and forty-five were decent orderly folks, going about their affairs without notoriety. The other five fought their way ashore, wrangling for every inch of invaded territory, and proclaiming a noisy Americanism. Side by side with Mr. Bragg went the son of a man whom our country has delighted to honor. This inconspicuous youth disappeared and nobody saw him. But everybody saw Mr. Bragg, everybody heard Mr. Bragg, everybody scuttled out of Mr. Bragg's path or got run over. Cubans merely shrugged their shoulders at "El Señor Americano," and caught the idea which Mr. Bragg intended to convey, that he was an American through and through. "I'll buy you a drink," says Mr. Bragg to the mule trader from Missouri with whom he had formed an aggressive alliance.

It seemed good once more to caress his rotunda against a bar, to order booze and have the booze appear.

"This ain't so bad," Mr. Bragg admitted.

Their day's convivialities developed various and versatile concoctions for Mr. Bragg and his friend to sample. Somebody introduced them to a daiquiri—dye-ke-ree, pronounced swiftly, and syphoned slowly through a straw.

Mr. Bragg took a table and heeded the premonitory symptoms of crushing ice, with the merry, merry jingle of its stirring. Then he meditated profoundly upon the liquid in his cocktail glass, and tried to imagine its taste. The mystery seemed of a pinkish salmon color, with clear bits of ice to give it translucency and sparkle. As Bragg applied his suction to the straw, its upper glow began to fade and white frost gathered on top, like an ice-floe above a sea of glaciated roses. Trickle of diluted pink went seeping down through arctic crevices, down to the very bottom. His straw blubbered and gurgled. Nothing more came up and Mr. Bragg waked at the end of a long delicious dream. "Gee! That's great!"

The daiquiri made him feel fine. He glanced around with a mellowness of mood and craved to make friends with somebody. At another table sat a dark-faced man, sipping his coffee and reading a New York paper. Evidently a Cuban who understood English. So Mr. Bragg waived formalities, and moved to the Cuban's table.

"Have a drink? On me?"

"You are very kind, sir," the Cuban answered. "But I drink only coffee at this hour."

Thereupon Mr. Bragg entered into discussion, just entered, because it was due to Cuba that Cuba should know his views.

"See here, friend. What's the straight o' this squabble? What's the fuss about? You folks ought to realize that the U. S. A. handed you your freedom on a silver platter, and—"

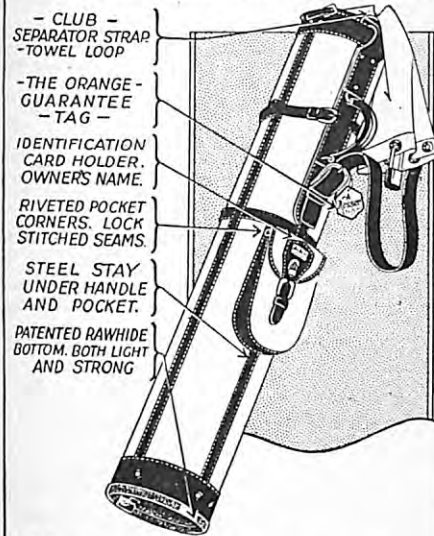
Mr. Bragg said a lot more, plenty more, in plain words. He believed in being plain. The Cuban's few remarks didn't count. Mr. Bragg did the talking, and was still talking when the Cuban excused himself, and hurried out.

This frequently happens in Havana; and no Cuban enjoys having it flung in his teeth by two-day tourists that the U. S. A. bestowed this boon of freedom, and they must crawl upon their knees in token of servile gratitude. With a temperate American, however, any Cuban will discuss relationships between their countries, never minimizing or discounting our effective encouragement which set Cuba on her feet. Cuba's practical gratitude—and one of our practical reasons for intervention—has been demonstrated by a ten-fold increase of trade.

Upon the Obispo in Havana stands a small shop kept by a lovable old Spaniard, more antique than any time-stained relic that gathers dust along his shelves. He is a tiny wisp of dignity surrounded by his drowsy atmosphere of

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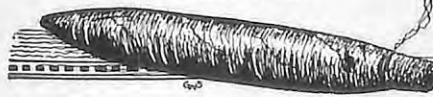
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the past, and redolent of forgotten romance. Very few visitors ever drift into this shop, where the customer becomes his friend, to sit and smoke a cigarette, or perhaps to take a cup of coffee at the hour of siesta, and talk with the proprietor of queer legends attached to his curios, but more he loves the legends, and loves to talk about them. There is no hurry to sell. Mañana. No hurry about anything.

Through his shop door rushes Mr. Joshua L. Bragg who snatches up an article and demands:

"How much for this in your monkey money?"

"It is not for sale, Señor," the Spaniard rises and bows; "nothing in this shop is for sale. Adios, Señor, adios."

"Well! Of all the darn fools!" explodes Mr. Bragg, and rushes out again.

By actual tally these trouble-breeders are not so very, very thick, yet so clamorous and insistent that to foreigners they compel recognition of themselves as our true national type.

Three thousand Americans live in Cuba, and get along beautifully. But even their pacifying influence and apologies can not wholly remove the animosities stirred up by a few of our objectionable countrymen.

The old curio seller shows that Spanish America will have no dealings with Mr. Bragg, and nobody realizes this more clearly than the American man of affairs whose business ramifies Latin America. He deplores the fact that Mr. Bragg does much to cost us the friendship and the trade of that vast region lying between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. Which we stay-at-homes can readily understand by imagining some aggressive Mexican, sloshing around Oklahoma, and treading on everybody's sore toe just for fun.

FAR be it from any American to challenge his country's leadership. "I believe in the U. S. A." That's the cardinal doctrine of our faith.

With the world in a ferment struggling to find itself, these steadfast United States can become its hopeful lighthouse. We have no territorial ambitions to spur the jealousy of other nations. We have only Mr. Bragg.

Millions of fluttered peoples are now flung into contact, where contact means conflict, and America might help them to a sympathetic comprehension of each other. With many a chip on many a shoulder we might smooth some of the rough places by ourselves avoiding all petty irritations. To begin with, we might put the soft pedal on Mr. Joshua L. Bragg, just to prove that our great American heart is really in the right place.

Viva Mexico!

(Continued from page 24)

to Mexican homes, the meeting with strange customs and characteristics, the holidays in the lazy land, the rurales, the bull fights, the love-making—these, too, are all bound up together in Mr. Winter's book.

One of his most picturesque descriptions is of the great haciendas or ancient estates of Mexico. The term *hacienda* is applied to both the buildings (encircled usually by a massive wall of Spanish architecture) and to the vast ranges that belong to the *haciendado*. In these feudal homes the traveler is welcomed and no questions asked. A great bell is often rung at mealtime and anyone who hears it is welcomed at the table. A patriarchal sort of life exists where the head of the house is still responsible for the welfare and happiness of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of his peons.

And right here, do you remember a book we talked about not so long ago—"Conquistador," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould? We had better speak of it again because it contained a superbly conceived picture of one of these ancestral ranchos. "Conquistador" was romance, adventure, psychology—all drenched in color. It was the story of a young American who by a mere thrusting forward of strange chance finds himself in the Mexican home of his mother's people. The conflict of his two diametrically opposed strains of blood make a drama which is compelling and unusual. No better glimpse of rich Mexican life can be found to-day than in Mrs. Gerould's luminous novel.

To go back to Mr. Winter. His account of

(Continued on page 88)

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Viva Mexico!

(Continued from page 87)

previous revolutions in Mexico throws new gleams of understanding upon the rebellion now tearing its way helter-skelter across the country.

Men, Maidens and Mantillas

By Stella Burke May

HAVING traveled a little in Latin America myself, we know how the author felt in Mexico when she says: "I performed a religious rite over each separate piece of fruit I bought in the public market. With gloved hands I carried home oranges, limes, mangos, avocado pears. There I washed them with soap, rinsed them, exposed them to the purifying rays of the sun, and peeled them before I ate. Six months later, by the time I reached Chile, I was devouring dusty red cherries, tied twelve on a twig, just as I got them through the car window from the market-women at Llai-Llai. The germ theory was not the only theory I discarded."

One can't go down into the Spanish-speaking countries of the Americas and expect everything to be standardized, pasteurized and legalized as we have it here at home. The dust, and laziness, the beggars, the odor of roses, roses everywhere, the bright serapes and peaked sombreros, the dignity and sweetness and stupidity of the women, the flaming color of the Plazas, the dim, cool, quiet of marble houses, the screams of the dirty fruit vendors, the sharp tropic shadows on adobe walls! Where you apply soap, mentally, to one, you swallow the other unwashed, with relish. That is true traveling.

Seldom has intimate, personal rubbing of shoulders with our Latin brothers and sisters been done in a less pedantic way, and with more humor and sympathy than in this book by Stella Burke May. Its young tone is delightful, its feminine astuteness charming.

The first chapters—those devoted to Mexico—appeal particularly to us this month. The others have equal charm.

The author and her husband wandered as far as the Argentine, keeping house as they went in odd, narrow, cobbled South American streets, resolute to be one with their neighbors and learn as much as they could. The resulting book is a delight.

Tappan's Burro

By Zane Grey

IN VIEW of the thrilling statement that he counts "a million or more regular readers" how can one pass negligently over any book by Zane Grey?

A million people, bundled together, who cry out vigorously for a certain kind of mental food certainly must know if it agrees with them. That some of us failed to be stimulated or sustained thereby is small matter.

So, when Zane Grey's first volume of short stories came our way, we opened it with some interest.

The leading tale (from which the book takes its name) is placed against that southwest background which Mr. Grey has made his own. A desert story about one of those "strong, silent men" so popular with fiction readers. And why not? We hate to admit to so universal a passion, but we're given to that type of hero ourselves. Who wants a pernickity, chatty gentleman ambling through a good novel?

Luck was with us. We found the latter part of this Zane Grey book devoted to some excellent stories which fit admirably into our Mexican reading this month.

"Yaqui"—a touching and tragic romance of an Indian chief taken as a sort of slave and worked almost to death in the henequen fields of Yucatan. "And in the depths of his being there boiled a maelstrom of blood. He worked and waited." The shadow of the love story of the daughter of a great henequen plantation weaves itself across the hot, moist jungle paths where "Yaqui" works. Stark tragedy follows, relieved by the brevity and color of the telling. That's one tale, and it gives a little glimpse into a system of Indian labor now happily abandoned

by the Mexicans. To-day these same Yaquis from the uplands and stony cañons of Sonora are soldiers in one Mexican army or another.

A further story, "Tigre," glows with the same hot, stormy, tropic hues, and is, because of what the motion-picture directors adore—suspense, deserving of its place in the book, which is, by the way, most attractively illustrated.

We think we like Mr. Grey's short tales better than his long ones. But perhaps that is merely a confession of our own laziness.

Out of the Desert

An Historical Romance of El Paso

By Owen White

WHAT have we here? A large maroon-colored volume, suggesting by its figure and its austere gold lettering a law book or a Congressional Report—but it is neither of these. It is the historical romance of El Paso, written by one of its loving sons, who approached his work in a spirit of earnestness, not to say solemnity. The result is so far from present-day literary sophistication that it is almost naive—and it gradually captures you.

After reading "Out of the Desert" we want to go and live in El Paso. We like its present and we are impressed with its past—for El Paso has a past, a "Spanish Conquest" past, which is its card of admission into a mention here this month.

Mr. White divides the history of El Paso into two periods: the first dating from the Biblical Flood down to the laying of the first railway; and the second, from the railway down to to-day. Now let New England with its legend of Norse visitations beat that if it can!

Seriously, though, it is in these early pages of the book that we are interested.

Names that spell the very spirit of old Spain trail through the early records of El Paso. In 1836 there were no English-speaking settlers there. That was the year that the Rio Grande became the dividing line between Mexico and the independent Republic of Texas. Among interesting facts we read of General Pershing's pursuit of Pancho Villa through the mountains of northern Mexico. Almost a year he sought the bandit—"with about as much chance of capturing him as we would have of capturing a sparrow-hawk." Mr. White recalls that on the very day that General Pershing, at the head of fifteen thousand cavalry, crossed the line back into the United States, this government declared war on Germany.

So, you see the story of El Paso is part of the story of Mexico—a link in the restless, romantic chain that, more or less, connects the two Republics.

So much for that. But to return to the literary style of Mr. White which intrigued us into reading the whole husky volume. A large portion of the book is devoted to affectionate biographical notes about well-known El Pasoans. Take this for example:

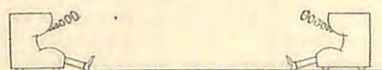
"If there is a man in El Paso who has literally lifted himself by his own boot straps into a place of prominence in the community that man is H. W. Broadus.

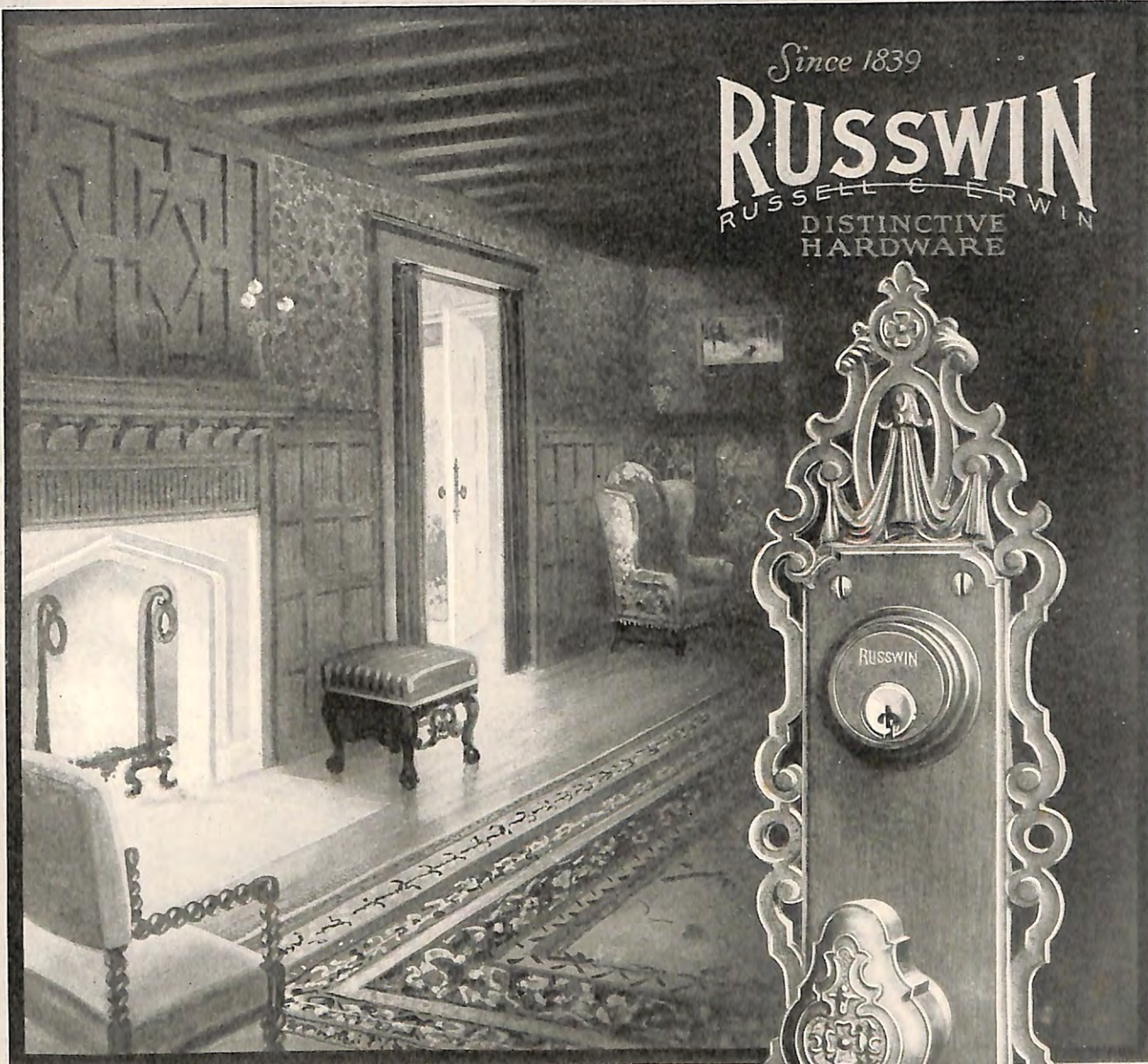
"When Horace gave up his position with the ice company he became manager, participating in the profits, of the _____ Company" etc., etc.

Now we claim that such a passage shows a "chumminess" unusual in historical volumes, and discloses a simple style which we doubt would be employed by any one writing, say, of Chicago or New York.

We venture to believe that every self-respecting living-room in El Paso displays a copy of Mr. Owen White's faithful story of the old town.

One of the photographs (there are many good plates) shows the Elks Home on Myrtle Avenue—a fine building where much that is of undeniable value and interest to El Paso goes on.





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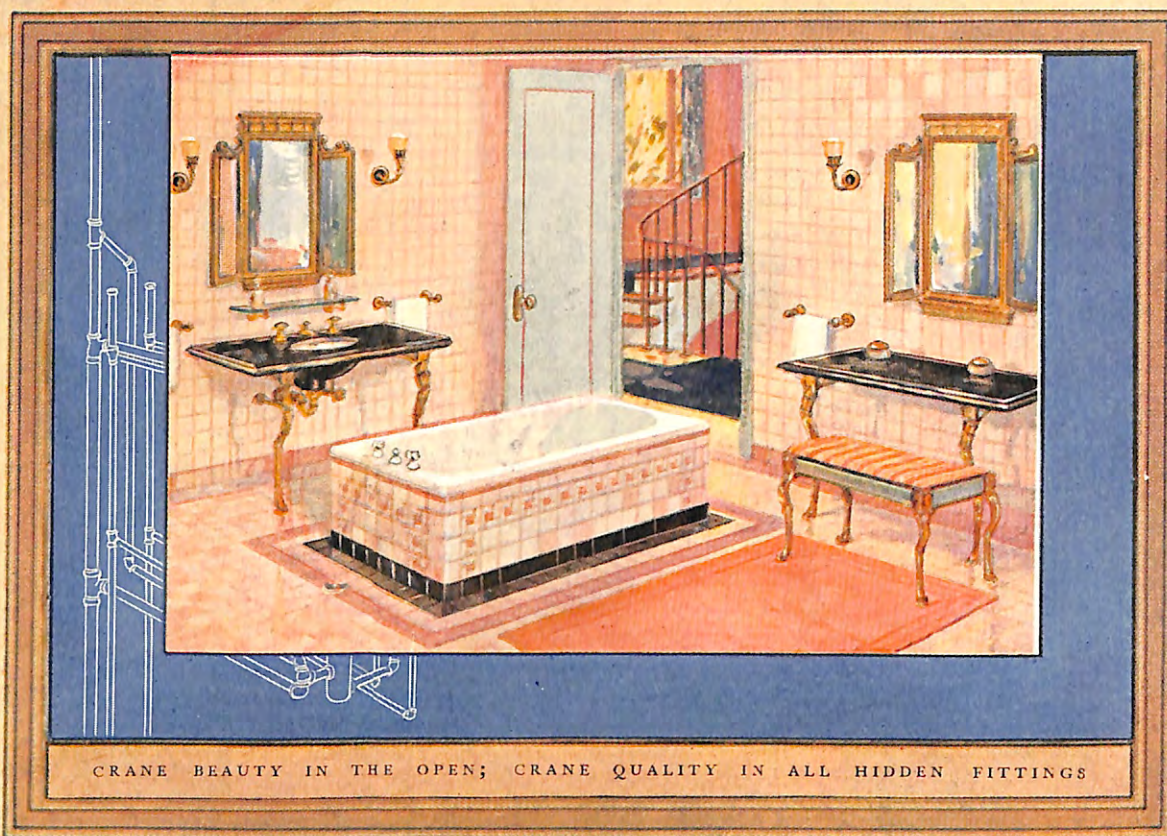
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