

In this issue:

Sam Carson, James H. Collins, Walter de Leon, Claire Wallace Flynn, W. O. McGeehan, Samuel Merwin, A. Wallis Myers, Margaret Sangster



It's the last few shovelfuls that break the father's back!



You can reduce your shovelling, and your coal bill one-third.

Write on a postcard your name and address and the number of rooms in your house. You will receive full information about the size and type of IDEAL Boiler best suited to it.

You will be surprised to learn what immense progress has been made in recent years in the design of boilers for home heating under the leadership of this Company's Institute of Thermal Research.

An old heating plant—even though it may still be giving service—is an extravagance. An IDEAL Boiler, in its place, will save at least one-third of your fuel bills. Multiply your last coal bill by twenty and see what a one-third saving amounts to in twenty years.

A big item—why not save it?

Your postal card will involve no obligation. Mail it whether your house be large or small, whether it is built, being built, or merely being planned.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

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IDEAL BOILERS and AMERICAN RADIATORS save fuel

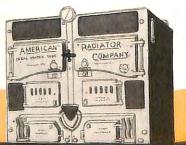
IDEAL ARCOLA



IDEAL TYPE A for medium-sized and larger homes



IDEAL 79-inch for larger buildings



What's Back of the Man Wins? Who [

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

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

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

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

nental—is ability to deliver.

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

There are many ways to CAIN experience.

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

The Confidence That Comes With Knowledge

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

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

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

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

ability, to the highest and most responsible

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

in this and subsequent quotations are ours):

"Take away all I have learned for close to 42 years, but leave me my five months' study, and I should not be a loser by any means. Before, I was merely a good chemist, but now I am a man, and am standing squarely on my feet. Accountancy is only a first step, but it is a splendid foundation. It should be supplemented with your course in Business Management. I have taken only three lessons of this last course, but it has opened my eyes. Now I am after a \$12,000 a year job. It is immaterial whether I get it or not. The point is that im my unner self I am convinced that I am worth it, and that I can deliver the goods."

R. H. BOTS, New Jersey.

The following quotations tell their own story:

"It took your course of instruction to give me

The following quotations tell their own story:

"It took your course of instruction to give me the courage and self-confidence to tackle the greater task and to enable me to make my dreams come true." (The writer, Mr. Orahood, increased his salary 191 per cent in less than three years.)

"Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today—thanks to your course in Modern Business Correspondence—I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to

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

L. A. M. LEWIS, Obio.

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

GERBARD A. SCHLEETER, Illinois.

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

mecessary to assume direction in the banking world.

ERIK HANSEN, Wisconsin.

"I have increased my earnings more than three hundred per cent. Strange as it may appear, however, the financial benefits have not made much impression on me. The fascination of the work—the solving of intricate problems—the feeling of dominion, the knowledge that every problem can be solved if we diligently apply ourselves, is worth much more than the financial increase."

C. W. SHELDON, Wyoming.

"When I enrolled, I was a clerk in the cost department of a large foundry. Today, I am office manager, with an increase of about 300 per cent in salary. This course certainly was the starting points for once a man gets the confidence in his ability that your training gives him, he can take a real job and handle it. Salary increases follow naturally."

W. F. STRUMKE, Wisconsin.

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

C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario, Canada.

Make Your Start TODAY!

Make Your Start TODAY!

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

These letters could be paralleled by thousands of similar letters-all taken from the files of LaSalle and quoted verbatim—yet there would still be men who would say, "That's all right for them, but it wouldn't help me"—or—"Some day, but not Now."

help me"—or—"Some day, but not Now."
LaSalle cannot supply initiative—the determination to get on. Men who lack these qualities will not gain by reading further.
Others—men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted—will profit greatly by the literature LaSalle will gladly send them—and they will send for it today.
The coupon will bring it to you without obligation.

ASALLE EXTENSION U

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World						
Please send me car	road or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc. Railway Station Management: Training for Station Accountants, Cashiers and Agents, Division Agents, Traveling Auditors, Transportation Inspectors, Traveling Freight Agents, etc. Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions. Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of Industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.	e course and service I have marked wi," all without obligation to me. Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice. Personnel and Employment Manage-	Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper. Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers. Commercial Spanish: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders Politicians, Clubmen, etc.			

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Two



Number Twelve

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

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

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and the feature of th

Said the engineer to the manufacturer:

"My business is different"

—but both sent for this Definite Plan and found it adaptable to their individual needs.

HOW is it possible for any one Course to meet the requirements of such a wide variety of men as are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute? You

can understand easily how a President would profit by it (27,000 Presidents have enrolled, and recommend it enthusiastically to their associates). But how can an architect be

helped? And a lawyer? And a manufacturer? And a newspaper man?



The principles are the same

Every man, no matter what his title, is in Business. He has goods or services to sell. He has accounts to keep, costs to determine, letters to be written; he has dealings with banks, and with the law. He cannot be a specialist in each of these departments of business, but he can know enough about each one to give himself a very great advantage over his competitors.

This advantage the Alexander Hamilton Institute puts into the hands of the men whom it enrols. By teaching them the fundamental principles of all sides of modern business, it gives them the grasp and the self-assurance that come to other men only after years of experience. In two years, on the average, an Institute man makes

as much business progress as an untrained man makes in ten.

Eight years saved, at a cost of a few cents a day, a few hours of pleasant reading a week! What

are eight years of your life worth to you? How much in money, as represented by your present earning power? How much in satisfaction, as measured by the satisfaction of succeeding while you are still young?

How much in peace of mind—the comfort of knowing that your family's future is safely assured?

Notice these three points:

- 1. The Alexander Hamilton Institute asks no man to take a chance. Thousands of Institute subscribers have proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the Institute can and does increase earning power.
- 2. It asks no man to wait for results in the vague future. From the moment you open the first volume of the Course you are conscious that here is something which you can put to work for you immediately.
- 3. It asks no man to incur expense. "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," describing clearly the Course and Service, will be sent by mail, without cost, and without obligation.

Is your business on this list?

Among the enrolments received by the Alexander Hamilton Institute in a single week were the following. Note the wide variety of occupation and interest.

PRESIDENTS

VICE PRESIDENTS SECRETARIES TREASURERS COMPTROLLERS AUDITORS, and others and A Chocolate Maker Two Visualizers in an advertising agency A Tree Specialist Optometrist Pharmacist Geologist Architect Consul General of a foreign country Cattleman X-Ray Technician College Professor Lawver Navy Commander Post Office Superintendent Musician Mining Prospector Metallurgist Civil Engineer City School Superintendent High School Teacher

Somewhere among the men enrolled with the Institute is a man whose position, salary and problems were precisely like yours. Send for "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," and let us tell you how the plan can be adapted to your own special needs.

Newspaper Publicity Man

Send for the facts

Does this sound fair to you? If it does, fill in the coupon below and give the Plan one evening of consideration in the quiet of your own Then, and only then, Surely the possibility of home. decide. putting ten years' progress into two years is worth the small effort of filling in the coupon. Do it todau.

No matter what your business, the book offered in this coupon will interest you.



Alexander	Hamilton		titute
98 Astor Place	New York	City	

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

Name..... Please write plainly Business Address.



Office of the

Grand Secretary

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

> Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill. May 1, 1924

Dear Brother Elks:

For all Elks and dependent members of their families only, who may visit Boston, Mass., during the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens July 7, 1924, the railroads have made a rate of one and one-half fare for the round trip, under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE PLAN. Children of five and under twelve years of age, when accompanied by parents or guardians, will be charged one-half the fare for adults. Under the fare and one-half rate, tickets will be good via the same route in both directions only. Special rates are also made for diverse routes, which information can be obtained from the Secretary of your Lodge, who will also advise you as to selling and return dates, and stop-over privileges.

The railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation under this rate unless the purchaser presents an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge, It therefore devolves upon you to decide as early as possible with reference to the Boston trip and, if you desire an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE, lose no time in notifying your Secretary to that effect, as he must obtain his supply of certificates from the office of the Grand Secretary.

Some members may prefer to purchase regular Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry a more liberal return date and a greater variety of routes. While these rates are higher than a fare and one-half from the central and eastern sections of the country, a lower basis applies from the Pacific coast and other far western and southwestern points and therefore it would be more advantageous for those from such territories to purchase Summer Excursion Tickets, which carry extended limits and privileges that those coming such long distances would naturally desire. Purchasers of these tickets will require no Identification Certificates.

I suggest that you discuss this at once with the Secretary of your Lodge, to whom I am mailing a more detailed circular. No matter in what territory you may reside, you should ascertain the Summer Excursion rates and privileges, as well as the rate on a one and one-half fare basis.

Finally, we urge you to be prompt in advising your Secretary as to your needs in the matter of IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES. In requiring the use of these certificates the railroads have placed on Subordinate Lodge Secretaries and on the office of the Grand Secretary a heavy burden, which can be lightened materially by your early co-operation.

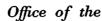
DIENCIANO DE LO PROPERCIONA DE LA COMPUNICIONA DE L

Bespeaking your assistance for the Secretary of your Lodge and my department, I am,

Yours for service,

That Robinson

Grand Secretary



Grand Esquire

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

1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. April 20th, 1924

Exalted Ruler and Members:

The thought uppermost in the mind of every loyal Elk is the Grand Lodge Reunion next July in the old historic City of Boston. While the plans are not sufficiently complete to permit of your Grand Esquire giving you the detailed program for this very important week of patriotic and fraternal activities, nevertheless, they have reached a condition to-day that causes me to feel absolutely confident in predicting that this will be the greatest Grand Lodge Reunion ever held. May I, therefore, my readers, bespeak your support in your home Lodge to insure the presence of your Officers' Band and Drill Corps so that your Lodge shall be adequately represented in what I feel will be a memorable demonstration of confidence in our Government and allegiance to her Doctrines. If your Lodge does not possess an Auxiliary Unit, you still must feel a pardonable pride in its success and want it to be represented; therefore, I ask that you send at least your Lodge Banner in the charge of someone who will see that you are represented in the Lodge Banner Section.

Can there be a greater or more convincing statement of our belief in these United States of America than for the greatest and most patriotic Organization in the country to hold their session in a City that is so rich in historical achievements and associations? The Boston Committee, an unusual Committee, are working day and night on the plans, and the Band and Drill Corps competitions cannot help but be of great interest. These will be held in the Braves' Ball Park, which has a seating capacity of 50,000 people.

Of this be assured, as your Grand Esquire I am keenly desirous of this Session closing in a magnificent manner. It will be in keeping with the very successful year our Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland has made possible.

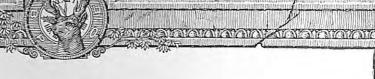
From now on until July, day and night, I am yours to command. I will appreciate your early reply to the communications that will be addressed to your Lodge from time to time.

Attention Brethren!—Forward March!—Our Destination is Boston!

Appreciatively yours,

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW

Grand Esquire



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, April 10, 1924

Laying of Cornerstone of National Memorial Headquarters Building

To the Officers and Members of All Subordinate Lodges:

On Saturday, June 7, 1924, the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by other Grand Lodge Officers, will lay the cornerstone of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building at Chicago. An elaborate program has been arranged, of a character and dignity in keeping with the importance of the occasion.

This building, which the Order is erecting in honor of those of our brothers who served in the World War, and particularly in loving memory of those Elks who made the supreme sacrifice in that service, will at that time have reached a construction stage that will enable you to visualize the magnificence and beauty of the completed memorial.

The occasion is one in which every loyal Elk will feel a keen interest born of his personal share in the great undertaking; and no formal invitation to attend the ceremonial would seem to be necessary. But it is desirable that there should be a large attendance by members from all parts of the country so that the occasion may be in every way worthy of the Order and of the noble purpose in view; and that it may be made not only an outstanding event in our fraternal history but one of national public interest as well.

Naturally the larger attendance will be from Lodges in close proximity to Chicago, many of which are arranging to send large delegations.

We take this method of calling the event to the attention of the individual members of the Order. And we urge as many as can do so to be present at the observance of this significant ceremonial.

No formal invitations will be sent to individual members or Lodges, so please consider this notice as addressed to each of you.

Fraternally yours,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION

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

Personalities and Appreciations

"LOLKS are most as queer as anybody." This sage reflection, from the lips of a man who had lived long and observed much, takes on a new significance when it is applied to readers of a magazine. It emphasizes the impossibility of laying down rules for publishing—at least the impossibility of laying down hard and fast, ironclad rules. It brings out the uncontrovertible truth that one man's tinned beef is, to

controvertible truth that one man's tinned beef is, to coin a phrase, another man's poison.

For example. We were speculating the other day as to which page or pages in The Elks Magazine were turned to first by the majority of you when a new copy arrives in your homes each month. Some of you, we know, turn first of all to the "Spreading Antlers," that department which chronicles the news of activities in subordinate lodges. Others, we know, immediately seek the two pages of Editorials to be found in every issue. Others look immediately at the theatrical pages, wherein are shown, from month to month, the most interesting of the current plays and motion-pictures. A third group, we feel sure, are beginning to look straightway for "The Sporting Angle," Bill McGeehan's recently instituted page of shrewd comment. Still others, we anticipate, will soon look at once for our new humorous page, "The Sun Parlor," a regular feature which made its bow in March. There are undended the theatries of the control our new humorous page, "The Sun Parlor," a regular feature which made its bow in March. There are undoubtedly thousands and thousands of you who start at the front and plough through doggedly, from cover to cover—which, by the way, is a method that insures you against missing anything. And thousands more, notably members of the advertising profession, probably begin at the back and work forward. Not to mention the host who, having become engrossed in the serial story, make a dive for the current instalment, regardless of everything else.

It would be interesting to know your own procedure

regardless of everything else.

It would be interesting to know your own procedure when the magazine comes to you. The next time you have a few minutes to spare, write us a note telling us what feature you look for first. A postcard will do; just a line or two like this: "I usually turn first to the stage pictures," or "I start in with the opening story every month," or whatever it may be that you do start in with. Your answers. in the aggregate, may teach us in with. Your answers, in the aggregate, may teach us something about your tastes that would be helpful in making a more and more appealing magazine.

For that is what we are trying very hard to do.

Good Things in the Offing

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD, who always has something to say and says it well, has just written an article for us entitled "Americans—Givers." In it he tells of the spirit of helpfulness which pervades American business to-day, calumniators and parlor Bolshevists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Bruce Barton, writer whose articles have been among the most popular of any we have published, is working on a new series for this magazine. The title of the first

on a new series for this magazine. The title of the first one will be announced shortly.

Achmed Abdullah, known everywhere for his colorful stories of the far East, has contributed a new novel of thrilling adventure in remote China. It is called "Grease Paint and Jade," and will appear serially following Samuel Merwin's "A Daughter of Ambition." Illustrations by C. Leroy Baldridge.

A feature for golfers: slow-motion pictures of three famous players, Havers, Sarazen and Hagen, showing how they make some of their best shots. Coming soon.

TO REPORT HE REPORTED IN THE REPORT OF THE REPORT OF THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE REPORT OF THE

For baseball fans: an article by Norman Beasley on Umpires and Umpiring—with a number of puzzling plays and interesting decisions.

And a host of other entertaining things too numerous

to mention.

The First Olympic Victory

James B. Connolly, author of "Historic Boston for Visiting Elks" (March); "Boston by the Ocean" (April) and "Grand Lodge Convention Week," which appears in this issue, is the famous writer of sea stories and a member of Boston Lodge. Mr. Connolly won the first victory—hop-step-and-jump—in the first of the modern series of Olympic Games, held at Athens in 1896. For our June issue Mr. Connolly has written his reminiscences of that historic Olympiad. It's an interesting story and one he has never told in print before.

When the March number had been out only a few days we were already beginning to receive letters of appreciation for Mildred Cram's story "Paderewski—Tonight" which appeared in that issue. We believe that Miss Cram will be recognized some day as one of the finest prose writers America has produced. Another of her short stories, "The Bright Lantern," will appear in this magazine soon.

Did You Read "Old One-Eye"?

ONE of our Hoosier readers, in a pleasant letter concerning the April number, wrote in part as

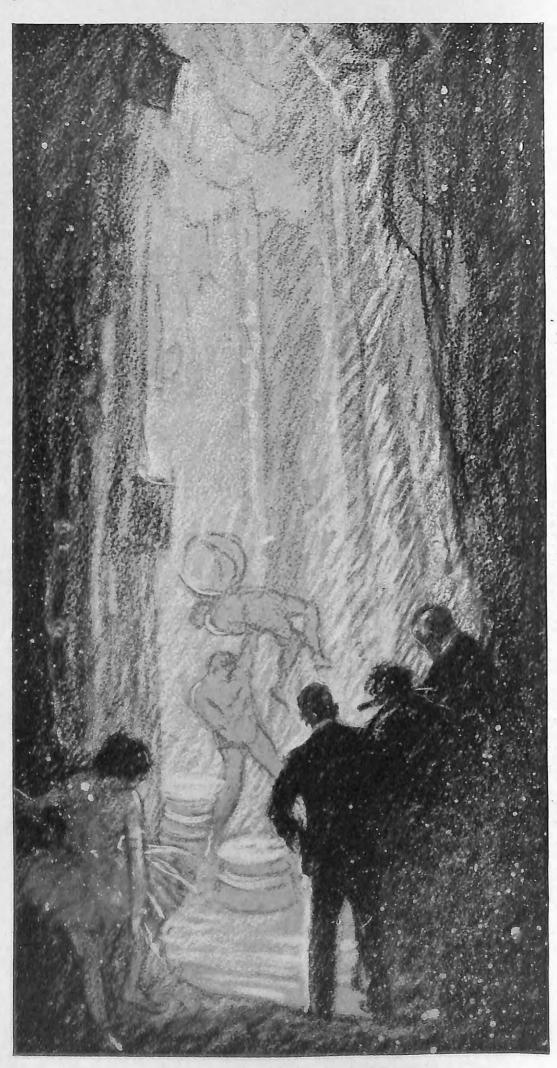
"... I can not help wondering at the steadily growing improvement in the reading matter broadcast among the brothers each month via the ELES MAGAZINE; and particularly did I note that you are giving the 'Old Timers,' huntsmen and fishermen, who sit around the Clubs these long winter evenings, something good in their special line. . . . "That heart stirring story 'Old One-Eye,' in the April number, will surely cause many an old brother to throw back his shoulders, his blood to quicken and to bless Bob Lemmon. It is certainly a hummer of a fishing story; and it has a new and novel note, too often lacking in the stories read in the sportsman magazines."

If you are a fisherman and failed to read "Old One-Eye," you owe it to yourself to do so. If you did read it, you will be glad to know that we have another Bob Lemmon trout story ready for early publication.

YOUR attention is called to the three official com-I munications, appearing on pages 4, 5, and 6 of this number, issued by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Esquire and the Elks National Memorial Headquarters

Commission.

All members who contemplate visiting Boston in July to attend the Grand Lodge Reunion with their families will find in the Grand Secretary's letter important information as to special railroad rates. All members who wish to see their home lodges adequately represented at the Reunion—in the hand and delib represented at the Reunion—in the band and drill team contests as well as in the parade—are urged to read the message from the Grand Esquire. And all members who can possibly find an opportunity to be in Chicago on June 7, to participate in the cornerstone-laying of the beautiful National Headquarters Building, are urged to do their utmost to be present.



WAITING in the wings, huddled together, the three Ryans watched the show—which was very long. The acrobats in pink tights, who opened the bill, had seen better days, too. The pink tights were darned skilfully in many places. Risking their necks to achieve an effect, they went off to the tune of half-hearted clapping—and so the program crept toward the turn of Signor Allesandro, the Man of Mystery



Signor Allesandro
—the man who
could do strange
tricks with an agile
wrist, with a sudden turn of slim, per-fectly controlled fingers; who could make a pack of cards go through a thousand antics

Quicker Than the Eye, Perhaps, but Slower Than the Heart—

The Hands of an Artist

LEXING his fingers, just a shade stiffly, the man picked up the worn pack of cards. And palmed one of them with the ease, the nonchalance, of long practice. But his eyes, behind their gilt-rimmed spectacles, were troubled. And his shoulders, in their comfortably worn black velvet house-jacket, did not straighten. He sighed, as he laid down the pack of cards, and his fine head—with its slightly long shock of grey hair—fell forward on his hands. His slim hands-graceful, white, beautifully cared for. The hands of an artist!

Treading softly, his wife came into the room. A plump, cheerful little woman of frank middle-age. An habitually happy woman who wore, as one unaccustomed to it.

a worried look.

"Any better, Sandy?" she queried anxiously, "do you notice a difference? Are you sure that you feel able to go ahead with it? I hope—"

The man threw back his head with a lionlike movement, that, despite its utter theatri-

calism, sat naturally upon him.

"I—I think so," he began to lie, gallantly, "the new liniment may be the best we've tried yet!" Again he reached for the cards—again he palmed them. A quarter of a pack at once, this time. But as he did so a spasm of compething that might have been pain. of something that might have been pain, or fear, or despair, contorted his features. And his wife's eyes, trained to see every detail, filled with quick tears.

"Oh, Sandy," she breathed, and all at

once her arm was tight about his shoulder-"Oh, Sandy—you weren't telling the truth! Your fingers do hurt. They are stiff. Why not give up this engagement? It isn't as if we actually needed the money. It isn't as if—"

The man did not answer, at first. Stolidly he stared, before him, into the most shadowy corner of the room. And then he had turned and his head was burrowing, as a baby's head burrows, into the warmth of his wife's shoulder. He was not crying, but his silence was much more pitiful than tears. It was a defeated silence, almost. A silence so sad that only one who loved, very much, would have been able to understand!

His wife loved him, very much. That was

By Margaret E. Sangster Illustrated by Grant Reynard

why she did not speak—why her tender hand stroked the mane of grey hair with a movement that was especially soothing because of its regularity; why she waited—as a mother waits for a child's halting confession-for the sound of the man's voice.

At last it came.

"It doesn't seem possible, somehow," said the voice, brokenly, "that the trick should be—finished. That it should be ready. ready. Ready! And then that I should be afraid, almost, to venture it. Because of with a movement at once passionate and beaten, he held out the white, wellcared-for fingers—"Because I'm too old to do my stuff! Too old to take greatness when it's waiting for me. . . ."

Quickly the woman answered. On the

defensive, at once.
"Not age," she said, "rheumatism. It

comes to real young folk, often. You're only fifty-five, Sandy. That's never old!"

The man had raised his head from his

wife's shoulder.

"It's not old," he said, "for some people. But it is for me, Mary. I know. I'm not the sort of a man who can go to children's parties, at seventy, and take rabbits out of a silk hat! For ten dollars the party. No! I've been at the top of the heap, Mary. I've done big things. I've perfected an il-



lusion that Keller would have been proud to That Thurston would give five years of his life to know about. An illusion that would make me famous, now. That would keep my name alive—after I'm gone. And I'm afraid that I'm not able—" at last the tears stood in his eyes, "I'm not able to go through with it! Now that I've the chance. . . ."

The woman did not answer. Wiser than many wives, she knew when not to say words of cheer. With her husband she was looking back, over a path made vivid by

the glow of footlights. Over a road made gay by the sound of clapping hands.

He had spoken truly. For he had been at the top. Signor Allesandro—the Man of Mystery. The man who could do strange trible with an agile with a part of the strange. of Mystery. The man who could do strange tricks with an agile wrist, with a sudden turn of slim, perfectly controlled fingers. Who could make a pack of cards go through a thousand antics. Who could produce illusions out of thin air. Signor Allesandrothe Magician!

CURIOUSLY enough—though his surname was Ryan—he had been baptized Allesandro—his hard working mother's one bow to romance! That his wife called him Sandy was an index of her character—there are other diminutives much more impressive to be derived from a name like Allesandro! That she had christened their only child Henry, after her father, was poignant.
"One Allesandro to a family's enough!"

she had said. And her husband had smiled, tenderly, over her vehemence.

The boy had come when they were almost ceasing to think of children. When she was over thirty-five, and he was nearing forty. At the height of Signor Allesandro's career, the stork had out-magiced him, causing the woman to be absent from the wings where she had always stood, no matter how draughty the house, nor how late the actto watch her husband at work; causing the magician's hand to tremble so that, twice, the cards spilled in a shower of black and white and red, upon the stage. There had been worried days, and nights. But the boy had made up for the worry. The boy their son!

He had grown fast. His chubby babyhood had lengthened and sobered in such a short time! A silent child, with a quick glance, and a sudden sweet smile. His mother's confident and willing helper. His father's adoring shadow.

And, as the boy had grown, so had Signor Allesandro's fame diminished. Not through

lack of skill, but because the younger generation had come crowding forward. New faces, new acts! The demand for specialty dances, for jazz bands, had pushed the old-timers into the background. Magicians were all right, in their way. course. To open a bill, to close a show. But as headliners-never!

And yet, though he real-

ized that his popularity was slipping, Signor Allesandro had not minded. Not much. For there had been the trick. The pinnacle of a great career. The illusion that he had thought out, had planned, had dreamed about. The one thing that would dreamed about. The one thing that would lift his name above the ranks of the little men-the men who entertained at children's parties! The one thing that would keep his memory green, long after he had passed on. That would prove him a master—a master

He had begun to experiment on it when the boy was small—a little toddler of three or four, in checked rompers. He had blocked out the skeleton idea of it, in his mind. His workroom, the room that was almost like a scientist's laboratory with a bit of the Arabian Nights thrown in, for good measure, was the place where he figured it out. The boy had often crept in to sit beside him-a still, small figure that watched with great, luminous eyes. Once, when he was nearly five, the boy had asked a question.

"When can I do tricks, daddy," he had asked wistfully, "like you do? When can

Signor Allesandro had paused in his work. Suddenly he was asking himself if he wanted the boy to be a magician-asking himself whether he wanted his child to know the same life that he had known. Working, always, on a tiny stage with cards, buttons, Always creating an silk handkerchiefs. illusion. For the first time he thought of the boy as a young man, facing the world. A young man with his way to make. A young man-then an older man. A man like himself. Drawing mirages from the air, so that a smattering of audience would applaud, for a moment. All at once Signor Allesandro had turned to the wistful child-had

spoken in a tone that was nearly sharp.
"Henry," he said, "remember this.
You're never going to do tricks, like daddy does. You're going to do bigger things, better things. Real things. Do you under-

stand!'

THE child's face had puckered up into a soft little knot. The tears had hung on his babyish lashes. But he had nodded,

solemnly.

And so, as the outline of the illusion grew, through the years, the boy's career was shaping, along other lines. Signor Alle-sandro insisted upon reading strangely Signor Allepractical stories to the child, at an early He bought toys that could be built into firm, solid structures-blocks that could be made into small buildings and bridges and trestles. Playthings that were constructive-that became, even under the hands of a child, something concrete. And, working ever from some cleverly shadowed stage,

drawing make-believes from the air-and flinging them back again-he earned the money with which the toys were bought. And, later, the money with which the boy was sent to a school that gave special technical training,

"I'd like him to be an architect," Signor Allesandro told the principal of the school; "I'd like him to be a great

civil enginner. Or something of the sort. I want him to make things with his hands-but things that will stay! That are-permanent. I have great hopes for the

boy!"
The principal of the school was not a frequenter of vaudeville houses. To him Signor Allesandro was Mr. Ryan, the father of one Henry Ryan who was a quiet

child and a good scholar—perhaps less prone to mischief than some of the other pupils. Mr. Ryan paid his bill promptly—and his whimsies must be dealt with in a patient way. "So—" said the principal. "So!" And then—"You think he shows such a talent for building, for creating?"

Signor Allesandro answered hurriedly—

almost too hurriedly.
"Oh, yes—" he answered. "Oh—yes, indeed!"

And so the boy had received the best of technical training. And had studied sturdily. If, more often than not, he took the heavy school books into his father's workshop when there were home lessons to be done, it was only natural. Any boy likes to be near his father! If his wistful eyes had a way of lifting—of looking over the top of the copy book into the heart of whatever magic was in progress—Signor Allesandro did He was too absorbed in his not notice.

Not, of course, that he was able to work constantly on the big illusion. That had to be sandwiched in, almost furtively, between the everyday tricks that earned butter and bread and rent and the bit that was always put away toward the boy's college The little tricks that must be constantly changed and renewed and garnished with the gilt of fresh imagery—they had to be created and practiced and made perfect. But, through the years, the illusion grew.



Bit by bit, fragment by fragment. Until, when the boy was sixteen, it was completed. Ready to launch in all of its subtle simplicity. In all of its color and veiled excitement.

And then came the enemy. An enemy unexpected. An enemy that struck, meanly, furtively. Rheumatism that stabbed, that made strange aches shoot through the suddenly drooping figure of Signor Allesandro. That sent his wife scurrying for specialists, regardless of expense. Regardless of anything but the leaping terror in her dear one's eyes. They did not quite know where the rheumatism had come from. A slight cold, perhaps, or damp feet on a deceptively sunny spring day. They did not know. But Signor Allesandro, feeling his slender fingers go stiff and taut, followed the doctor's instructions-that had to do with diet and exercises and salt baths-to the letter. And read, feverishly, advertisements of this ointment and of that pain killer. Squandering his substance in oils and liniments and certain cures."

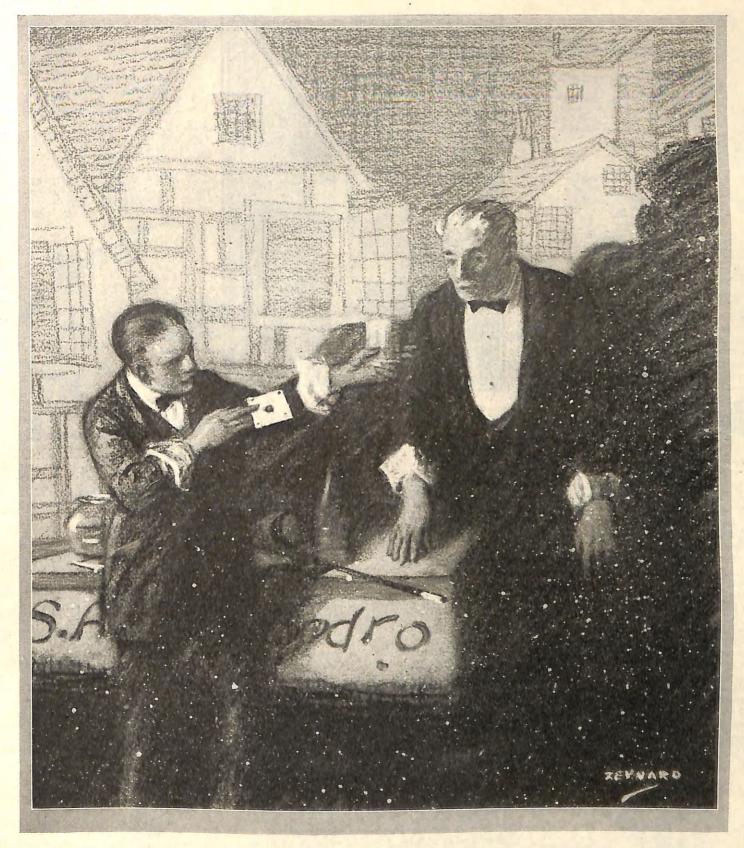
ENGAGEMENTS were cancelled, while Mrs. Ryan thanked fortune that she had always insisted upon a rainy day fund. The workroom—save when the boy slipped in with his textbooks, for an hour's study was quiet and shrouded in gloom. And hourly the fingers were massaged. Until they began to bend again, in an almost limber way. Until they began to feel as if they might, when given the opportunity, palm cards And again do their appointed tasks.

The boy, silent as ever, had helped to rub the saddened fingers. He, too, knew that the trick was finished-and all that its completion would have meant to his father. He had seen it in preparation these many years. But he did not ask questions. Only solved the problems in mathematics that were now a part of his school work. Only figured, accurately, the lines that went into his drawings of bridges and trestles. Some day—as his father had so long ago planned —he would be a great civil engineer. Some day, the plans of his brain would humble great mountains and span impressive chasms. The big things—the big things! The boy vaguely understood. But when, alone in the workshop, he fingered a worn pack of cards his face had a way of lighting up—as if a lamp were gleaming, somewhere behind the sober boyishness of it. And when-half reverently-his straying hands touched upon certain pieces of apparatus, a lump of magician's wax or a mechanical device, he glowed. Glowed from his eyes and from the soul in back of the eyes! But Signor Allesandro—planning for his son's future, dwelling in his own past, never glimpsed these moments. Never dreamed them.

It was when the fingers had reached that quiescent state-almost well, and yet not quite as they had been, not absolutely sure, that an engagement came to Signor Allesandro, the Man of Mystery. It was the first engagement that had come to him in many months, and even he realized that it must have been the outgrowth of a worried manager's emergency. A week in the three-a-day-a small theatre on a tawdry street. To take the place of an act that had been cancelled. A theatre that Signor Allesandro would not have recognized in the past. And yet, eagerly, he seized upon the opportunity. For he had felt, in moments of bitterness, that his opportunity

had passed. That the footlights had faded into a reflection of the yesterday.

"You're sure," his wife asked, anxiously, "that you're well enough—quite? You're sure that your fingers won't give out-in



the middle of a trick? You know what those cheap audiences are. Remember"—she paused, but Signor Allesandro filled in her unspoken sentence. He could remember the countless times when an act had failed to register—in the small houses where there was little pity; where the shouts, the applause, were given only to the skil-

"Yes—I'm sure—" he told his wife steadily. "I'm all right, now. And I've got to come back—sometime. Somewhere."

Curiously enough, it was in this small theatre—before the gamin eyes of a demanding audience—that he planned to do the trick, the great illusion, for the first time.

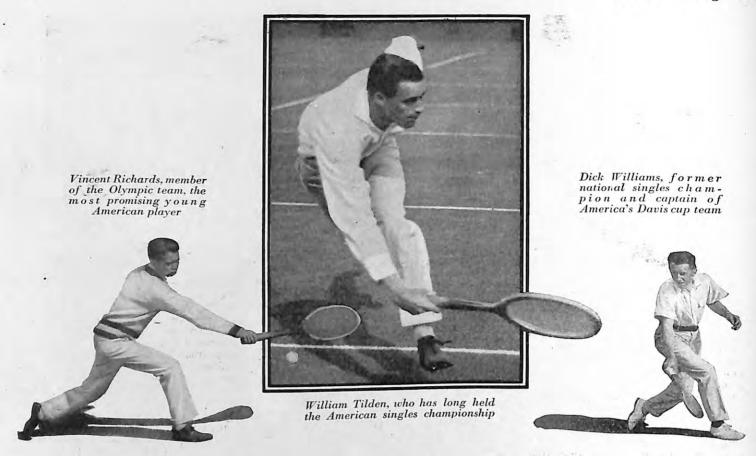
Signor Allesandro had stepped over toward the table . . . but the boy did not notice him . . . his fingers moving skilfully, delicately, from place to place, he was performing the illusion

Of course, he had dreamed of it, very differently, in other days. He had hoped to stand against a black velvet curtain in a great, glittering house—to produce his splendid triumph for men and women who were well dressed, polished, appreciative. But—well, that wasn't important any more! The important thing was to do the trick, to show it. No matter where. Just to show it. For, when it had been produced, fame would come. Fame and new engagements. And

praise. And the knowledge that no one-no one—had ever worked out anything better! A sure future-release from the tagging, nagging worries!

And so, with his stiffened hands, he did the trick. Pausing, between movements, to rub the tired joints with liniment. To let the wife, the boy, apply hot cloths to aching muscles. And, as the days of preparation went on, the fingers began to show real strength again. Only the woman, watching, allowed keen anxiety to pucker her smooth brow, only the boy, at his father's elbow, felt his own fingers twitching. Fingers stained with ink but not stubby and

(Continued on page 46)



America in the Olympic Tennis

AMERICA has only one tennis ambition unsatisfied. She holds and has held for the past four years the Davis Cup, symbol of the international championship. Her two great stalwarts, William Tilden and William Johnston, have both won the blue ribband of the lawn at Wimbledon, the first, on two occasions. Last year there was an all-American final in London; an American won the "world's" hard court championship in Paris. The record on the women's side may not be quite so dazzling, but a Californian has twice won the women's singles championship at Wimbledon. Miss Ryan, another Californian, has held the ladies' doubles championship for five successive years and is the present mixed doubles champion. The first international women's match between Britain and America—an



By A. Wallis Myers Photographs by Edwin Levick

event which dedicated the new national stadium at Forest Hills last August—gave the home side an overwhelming victory and Miss Helen Wills and Mrs. Mallory a great personal triumph. Finally, in Miss Wills, America, after diligent searching, has produced a girl player who, if she has not yet had an opportunity to challenge the supremacy of Mile. Lenglen, has proved that she possesses the stroke equipment and the temperament to face that test with composure, if not with confidence.

But although America's record since the war has been one of almost unbroken success, her players have yet to win the tennis events in the Olympic Games. Olympic gold medals have fallen in the past to England, France, New Zealand and South Africa. It is true the quest hitherto has been spasmodic and lukewarm. There were no American entrants at Antwerp four years ago; the two or three American players were unsuccessful at Stockholm in 1912; in London in 1908 America did not throw down the gauntlet. In point of fact, the United States has held aloof from Olympic tennis. While her track athletes, especially her sprinters, have won laurels and established records, the lawn tennis events have been neglected, chiefly, I suppose, because they have been staged at a time when the leading American players are concentrating on their national championships.

This year, the year when lawn tennis will celebrate its fifty years' reign, America will make the Olympic tournament in Paris a major event. She will essay to win all five competitions—the men's singles and doubles, the women's singles and doubles and the

mixed doubles. At Colombes, in the week beginning July 13, there will assemble on the hard non-turf courts, specially constructed for the Olympics, the finest international field in the history of lawn tennis. What are America's chances in each of these five events? Will the story of Forest Hills, of Philadelphia, of Wimbledon and of Auckland, the New Zealand venue of America's first Davis Cup challenge round since the war, be repeated?

Let us examine first the adverse factors which the American visiting team will have to face. They will have come from the turf courts of Wimbledon—for the team is to compete in the British championships—and they will thus enjoy only a week's knowledge of conditions which will be very dissimilar to those encountered in England.





It is true an American make of ball will be used in the Olympic tournament, but it will be a different ball from that employed at Wimbledon. The American game, with its speed and intensity, depends for efficiency more on equipment than any other type of game—much more so than the stoical, defensive British game. Therefore, having regard to precedent-to the fact that neither Tilden nor Johnston was at his best in Paris, the first in 1921 and the second in 1923-I do not think the grass-court form as we know it at Philadelphia or at Forest Hills is a reliable standard by which to measure the potentialities at Colombes. Just as the American women—Miss Goss is a case in point—have failed to reproduce anything like their American game on the Continent of Europe, so the American men are almost certain to experience some depression from their strange surroundings and the novel milieu in which this international tournament will be conducted. If there is one lesson more than another brought home to me after twenty years' experience of first class play in most parts of the world, it is that the home player, by virtue of his local knowledge and the confidence it inspires, has an advantage over the visitor. Tilden is at his greatest at Germantown because he was born in Philadelphia; Larned was never so good away from the Eastern States, nor Gore away from the centre court at the Old Wimbledon.

Mrs. Mallory, former National singles champion for many seasons



As it has been definitely announced that Johnston will not be a member of the American Olympic team—the Californian made good in Europe last year and will reserve himself this year for the American championship and the Davis Cup—the prospect of a Tilden-Johnston final in Paris must be ruled out. America is likely to be represented in the singles by Tilden, Williams, Vincent Richards, Washburn and Hunter. Their chief opponents will be, from France, Lacoste, Brugnon and Cochet; from Belgium, Jean Washer; from Spain, Manuel Alonso and Count de Gomar; from India, Mohammed Sleem; from South Africa, Louis Raymond and Charles Winslow; from Australia, Gerald Patterson and P. O'Hara Wood; from Holland, Diemer Kool and Van Lennep. The other European countries, England, Sweden, Denmark, Ireland, Italy and Switzerland and Czechovakia will put teams on court but, having regard to current form, I doubt whether any of their players will offer a serious challenge to the envoys of the first-mentioned countries. If Brian Norton should be nominated for South Africa, he would of course come into the first category. But for all practical purposes the contest for the singles gold medal will be between America, Australia, France, Belgium, Spain, South Africa and India.

THE favorite for the event will be Tilden. If any accident should befall the greatest player the world has yet produced—if Paris in 1924 should serve him as badly as it did in 1921, though he won the hard court championship on that occasion—then the title of Olympic champion would, in my opinion, lie between Williams, Vincent Richards, Lacoste, Alonso, Washer, Raymond and Sleem. Frank Hunter, though he improved his game appreciably last year, and is now a volleyer of the first water, is essentially a grass-court exponent; his fade-away volleys gather guile on turf, his forehand drive is less tameable on it; he cannot carry his weight as quickly across a sand floor. I am such a great admirer of Dick Williams'



Mlle. Lenglen, holder of the women's singles world's championship title



strokes-I think his style is superior to that of any other player in the world, and I would sooner teach it to the rising generation than the style of Tilden—that I can never dismiss his chances lightly even when the greatest prize is at stake. It seemed last summer until he made that fatal aberration against Norton in the semi-final of the championship—that Williams had regained the staple brilliance of an earlier decade. Certainly his play in doubles (and I watched him in all his chief matches) was of such a consistently high standard, never slumping in any one set, that he shone in every tournament, and at Forest Hills, in that memorable Davis Cup doubles, the longest on record, was the saviour of his side. In singles, however, this most fascinating fellow (whom I first played against on the Beau Site courts at Cannes, when he was a boy) is more likely to win two sets than three in a supreme test. Vincent Richards will have his backers, more especially after his recent feat in Mexico City where, with the odds against him and Alonso in full cry, he pulled a great final out of the fire. But I should not like to lay heavy money that Richards would beat Washer, the fierce driver of Belgium, if Washer, on a surface which suits his game to a nicety, reproduces the same game which carried Johnston into five sets last May at St. Cloud. "Vinnie" would have to be at his very best to win-his forearm drive, for example, would have to be quite loyal—and one would have to be sure that his sensitive nature would not be affected adversely by the strange atmosphere of Paris. To sum up these few reflections, it is by no means certain that if anything

> Helen Wills, who became the National singles champion last year

Gerald Patterson, former

world's champion, who plays for Australia

P. O'Hara Wood of Australia one of the best living doubles players



happens to Tilden America will win the singles in Paris.

The lists will contain two men who may I think be regarded as dark horses. These two are Raymond and Sleem. The present champion of South Africa, Louis Raymond, has not been in Europe since he won the Olympic singles at Antwerp four years ago. On that occasion he beat Kumagae, using very similar weapons to the Japanese and, like Kumagae, using his left arm. In that final the relatively weak backhand of Raymond assumed a strength which won him countless aces when it was attacked; it was much more dependable than Kumagae's backhand, and this disparity decided the issue. Raymond was carried into the thronged stadium by his jubilant compatriots after this triumph, and well he deserved his laurel wreath. In the interval he has strengthened his game. It may be that he still needs practice against greater men to bring out the best that is in him, but he will assuredly make his mark again when he returns to Europe.

A MERICA caught a fleeting glimpse of

Sleem three years ago. A member of the India Davis Cup team, he defeated both Laurentz and Samazeuilh in Paris, thus securing the overthrow of France, before proceeding to Chicago. Here he fell to each of the two Japanese players, but he held Shimizu for two sets and it was obvious that he might have done much better in America if he had not been entirely new to the conditions. That was in 1921. In the interval this "man of mystery," as he has been called, has consolidated his game in all departments and his accuracy off the ground, especially when opposed to a volleyer, has

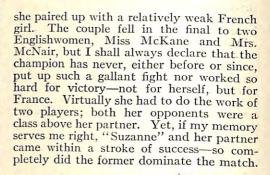
reached an almost uncanny standard. His friends in India declare that he is now superior to any player in the world save the first two or three Americans, and they go on to prophesy that since the date of the Olympic tournament is almost identical with



Manuel Alonso, who will compete for Spain in the Olympic tournament

the date four years earlier, when Sleem astonished the Frenchmen on their own courts, he is likely to provide the surprise next July. The dispassionate judge of international form, having regard to Sleem's absence from the best tournaments, will not accept this sanguine view, but he will agree that Sleem commands a surety of control, a swiftness of foot, a reserve of stamina and a knowledge of tactics that make him a dangerous opponent even for the elect. He lacks an aggressive service; he is essentially a base-line player. But we know how formidable Shimizu, another Oriental, could be without a weapon of initial attack. The Indian is quite as good to-day as the Japanese ever was.

I come now to the women's singles. This event ought to be even more interesting than the men's singles. It will be the first occasion in the history of the Olympic Games that anything like a representative entry has been secured. Mlle. Lenglen competed at Antwerp in 1920, but she was not seriously threatened in the singles. Her greatest skill was reserved for the doubles in which



THE serious women contenders in Paris will be Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Helen Wills, Mrs. Mallory, Miss Eleanor Goss and Miss McKane. Miss Ryan cannot be nominated for England and presumably will not be nominated for America; it is most unfortunate that she will not be in the lists. England is certain to have other strong players in court, probably Mrs. Covell, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mrs. Beamish, and of these three Mrs. Covell, with her greater versatility of stroke and her fine matchwinning temperament, is calculated to make

the greater advance in the intervening weeks. Since the competition will be on hard courts, I do not regard Mrs. Mallory's chances of success as favorable. Her relatively weak service, with its easily negotiable bound, offers the opposing driver an immediate opportunity for a forcing shot. The attack is given to the strikerout and since Mrs. Mallory cannot move as fast—cannot start as quickly, that is to say—on baked sand as she can on turf, her ability to reach the cross volley and to achieve her low cross drive is proportionately

reduced. Her disastrous match with Mlle. Lenglen at Nice last year, which I witnessed, was not exactly a "blood match." The American ex-champion was not in adequate training on the Riviera. Mrs. Mallory did (Continued on page 64)



Francis T. Hunter, one of America's first ten

Waiter, Bring the Bill-of-Fare

And Show Us Just How Cosmopolitan We Are

By James H. Collins

N THE day that Lloyd George landed in New York for his first visit to America, he didn't order a typical American dinner. Not that he isn't adroit enough in personal advertising to have done exactly that thing, had it occurred to him. It didn't.

But some keen-witted reporter thought he should have done it, and published a story saying he had, giving the menu of an American dinner served by Oscar, the famous

Lloyd George never ordered the American dinner.

Oscar never served it.

Apart from these details, the rest of the story was true and interesting. Thousands of indignant Americans—housewives, patriots and bon vivants—jumped with both feet on the American dinner Osca hadn't served nor Lloyd George eaten, maintaining that it wasn't American at all. Whereupon the harassed chef protested that the reporter's idea of an American dinner was not his, and suggested that he would have served Cape Cod oysters, chicken gumbo, filet of flounder with oyster-crab sauce, breast of Mallard duck with wild rice, alligator pear salad and pumpkin tartlets. An American dinner!

Why, the food resources of this country are so boundless and unique that a distinguished visitor, traveling only two or three hundred miles a day, might eat a typical and different American dinner every night. Not only would Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles each have its characteristic food specialties, but it would depend altogether on who cooked the dinner.

Picture a chef like Oscar trying to cook fried steak, mashed potatoes, hot biscuit, cold-slaw, lemon pie and boiled coffee as your Grandmother cooked them at home! He would be as hopelessly lost, with all his art, as Grandmother would have been outclassed in making souffle potatoes. I once heard a grandmotherly woman in a New York restaurant ask the French headwaiter how those balloon-fried potatoes were achieved, and he told her with a humorous shrug "I think zee chef blow zem up with his breath!"

WHEN it comes to food, this was a great country before the white man discovered it. Between them, North and South America contributed to the world's bill-of-fare white potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, chocolate, pineapple, alligator pears, turkey, new varieties of beans, pumpkins, squashes and peppers, and miscellaneous berries and fruits, not to mention wild game, ranging from the passenger pigeon and buffalo of the past, to the duck and terrapin and characteristic fishes we still enjoy. Beginning with Boston scrod or baby codfish, you can come pretty near telling what part of the United States you are in by scrutinizing the fish items alone on the bill-of-fare pompano or red snapper in the Gulf region, whitefish on the Great Lakes, catfish on the Mississippi or Missouri, salmon on the Columbia, sanddabs and baracouda in California.

"The Pilgrim Fathers starved to death during their first winter," says Dan Beard, not because there was any scarcity of food, but because they were devoid of woodcraft, and did not know how to utilize the abundance around them in the forests and the

The Arctic explorer, Stefansson, says that the starvation and cannibalism that marked

MANY are the additions that have been made to our billof-fare by the immigrant, the plant explorer, the agricultural specialist, the food merchant and manufacturer, the scientist and the inventor. There are more to come. For one, the cultivated mango, a luscious tropical delicacy, now being grown in Florida, and sure to make its way over the land when it can be shipped to arrive in good condition, and people get a taste of its rich orange-colored non-fibrous flesh. Truly ours is a country blessed with good things to eat, and we have enjoyed right at home a globe-trotter's education in all the varied pleasures of the table

many of the polar explorations during the nineteenth century were caused, not by any lack of food, but simply the white man's conservatism in sticking to his own kinds until they ran out, and his failure to live on the country as the Eskimos do.

To the hearty diet of the pioneers, our immigrants have been adding foods and dishes characteristic of their own countries the past hundred years. To-day, this is not only the land of abundance, but the land of infinite variety—it has an inter-national bill-of-fare, and the only one in

Had Lloyd George ordered a typical English dinner at home he would have got a meal thoroughly standardized—either the roast beef of old England with Yorkshire pudding, or boiled mutton, flanked by green beans or peas; cabbage or leeks, topped off with plum or apple tart. English diet is good, but has little variety, and the Englishman frankly dislikes strange dishes. In London there are a few Hindu restaurants around the law courts where you may eat curried dishes, and a fair range of French and Italian restaurants in Soho, with a Chinese place or two where the visiting American can get chop suey.

"How can the Americans eat them, sir!" asked the London greengrocer, referring to some clammy brown beans in his stock. Hearing that Americans liked peanuts, he has shelled them, roasted the kernels as brown as coffee berries, and then let them grow mushy in the moist English climate.

How, indeed!

In Paris there is more variety in the hun-

dreds of different eating-places, at all sorts of prices, with characteristic specialties, but they are all essentially French. The Frenchman is so conservative in his diet that he eats at the same restaurant each day, at the same hour, with the same waiter, but ninetynine dishes in the hundred are typically French—and so with German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Scandinavian or other dietaries

In other lands diet has become fixed. There is no adventure in the bill-of-fareno such possibility for surprise as Clemenceau's discovery of grapefruit on his visit to the U. S. A. Europeans have had that delicacy thrust under their noses for a hundred years or more—the British in India, the French, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese in their Oriental colonies. Far from using it for a breakfast relish, a lunch-eon dessert and a dinner salad, they have created a belief that it is harmful. It remained for us Americans to make it as characteristic of our menu as clam chowder or pumpkin pie.

In this country the bill-of-fare is both national and international. We have national and international. We have naturalized the Italian's macaroni, the German's sauerkraut, the Frenchman's salads and salad dressings, the Englishman's steak-and-kidney pie, the Spaniard's sweet red pimiento pepper, and continental Europe's great assortment of sausages and cheeses. Among the restaurants of even our smaller cities, you will find German Erench smaller cities, you will find German, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Jewish, Mexican, Hungarian, Hindu, and other fare.

Our way of making these foreign dishes one hundred per c.nt. American has been, first to laugh at them, then try them, and finally adopt them.

AN you remember back to the days, not so very long ago, when there were only two kinds of sausage in the butcher shop? Soft pork sausage—too greasy and peppery for the kid that you were then. But you hoped the butcher would give you a slice of bologna, because you liked its savory garlic flavor. The early German immigrants brought bologna to our shores, and were laughed at as "sausage eaters." No German comedy was sure fire without its reference to sausage, sauerkraut, pumpernickel or Limburger cheese.

Now, ages ago, Europe learned to live and be well nourished on things that we threw away—until living costs began to make us think. There may have been a make us think. There may have been a time when Europe enjoyed our abundance of meat and ate only the choicest cuts of beef, pork and mutton, but it must have been long before written history. Grim necessity compelled the eating of practically the whole meat animal, and European nations learned to make trimmings as tasty as the best cuts by turning them into various as the best cuts by turning them into various kinds of sausage. Beginning with bologna, we have learned to like sausage to such an extent that its production is to-day a very important part of the meat-packing industry, and the butcher, grocer and delicatessen dealer carry in stock dozens of sausages that were unknown to Americans a generation ago. After bologna came frankfurters, liver

(Continued on page 44)

The Sun Parlor

Too Much Culture

OH GOSH I am weary of high-brows OH GOSH I am weary of high-brows
They give me particular pain
Forevermore raising their eye-brows
Assuming an air of disdain
At everything "vulgar" and "common"
At everything "popular" too,
I'd love to be dropping a bomb on
That bland supercilious crew.

Yes, I am so weary of high-brows
With bored and superior air
Who look with decidedly wry brows
At things for which most of us care;
Who snift at whatever is Native
Our culture, our faith and our dress,
Who think that no art is "Creative"
That doesn't show life as a mess.

I don't mean the scholars and teachers I don't mean the scholars and leachers
Whose knowledge no wise man will scoff
I'm talking of self-assured creatures
Who tell us just where to get off;
Perhaps I'm revealing that my brows
Are low as a forehead can sink,
But I've grown so weary of high-brows—
I don't give a whoop what they think! -Berton Braley.

A Fish Story from Dr. Traprock

WE HAD the pleasure recently of attending a moving-picture show with our old friend, Dr. Walter E. Traprock, the noted traveller and explorer. Among the pictures shown were several camera studies of salmon leaping up stream. As we strolled homeward the Doctor recalled a fishing episode of his recent trip through the Desert of Sahara, which illustrated once more his versatility and resource.

"We had reached the Nile, just above the Fourth Cataract," he said. "My doolahs or bearers were wild for fresh fish after our long hike across the sand. The best they could get were the lipta, a sort of local gudgeon, very bony and having a peculiar flavor due to the fact that they feed on the alluvial deposit of prehistoric tombs. I asked them why they did not catch some of the great Nile Salmon (salmon salivaris) which I had seen in the river. To my surprise they answered that it was impossible to catch these fish. The natives, it appeared, had tried avery method, seining, trolling, bait fishing, all they answered that it was impossible to catch these fish. The natives, it appeared, had tried every method, seining, trolling, bait fishing, all without success. Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had one of these fish been taken. In fact they had become invested with a sort of sanctity, in competition with the sacred ibis and the holy cat.

"I could not help being amused, for in central China, in '93, I had fished for and caught large quantities of this same fish in the upper waters of the Pung Whang River. I immediately put the same method we had used into operation. It was briefly this:

method we had used into operation. It was briefly this:

"The salmon salivaris is extremely fond of the taste of tobacco. Taking a plug of American chewing tobacco I cut off small flakes and sprinkled them over the surface of the water. Instantly the beautiful creatures were attracted. I could see their curving silver bodies as they rose to nibble at the tobacco chips. For a few moments they sank to the bottom to chew the tobacco, but when, an instant later, they came up to spit it was a simple matter to club them over the head."

"No More Make-up for Chorus" Ziegfeld

NO MORE make-up? What is this?
Do I hear a-right?
No more chemist's artifice,
Making eyes more bright?
No more lips incarnadined
For the chorus fair?
Tell me, then, if you don't mind,
Just what will they wear?

-Lee Randolph.

"A Snitch in Time"

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the average husband (and, I am Average-husband just as I am Average-everything) spends about one-third of his married life waiting for his wife. An average day:

Idling until she finishes her toast and coffee. 17 minutes Waiting for her to make up the grocery list. 22 minutes Delay on going out of door (she thinks of something else). 6 minutes Kissing her "goodbye," and she discovers I haven't a clean handker-thick. 7 minutes 17 minutes 7 minutes T minute ping money ... 73 minutes

20 minutes 18 minutes .25 minutes macaroons..... 63 minutes

134 minutes

I'm not so good at figures myself but I have checked those totals into more than five hours when I am at rest on dead center.

—Hugh Monaghan.

Fugitives from Justice

A BIRD in the hand may sometimes be A BIRD it the half may sometimes
Worth a couple in a tree;—
That depends upon the kind
Of bird you caught and had in mind:
A lark in the air is worth, I think, A score of sparrows in a sink, And I'd much rather see birds fly Than catch one singing in a pie.

Early to bed and early to rise Preserves your liver, teeth, and eyes; To cheek imparts a rosy glow,— But for what purpose I don't know.

The loveliest rose will fade in time,
As men and beasts have got to;
There is no rancor in this rhyme,
Which merely says, "It ought to!"
The rose is lovelier since it can't
Behave just like a century plant.
A rose is something men may sigh for;
A century plant has naught to die for!

In the merry month of Spring Streams awake and robins sing, Grass grows green and sap begins To tickle trees about the shins, To texte trees about the shins,
Flowers' bestar the lively fields
And every cow her quota yields;
The air is soft, the sky is blue
And morning's diamonded with dew:
Now isn't this a silly thing
For any adult man to sing?

-Samuel Hoffenstein.

Quote Father, Unquote Baby

WHILE a mother may repeat cute sayings by baby every now and then, equally quaint remarks by father might just as well go unuttered for all the circulation they get.

A reversal of the practice would be refreshing and might actually be effected during those early months when by what some regard as the act of a kind Providence baby is unable to talk. Father will be found to be articulate then if one only a kind Providence baby is unable to talk. Father will be found to be articulate then, if one only listens to him. Later on when the cunning things baby says begin to mount up, the male parent enters upon a long silence. Therefore while there is yet time let mothers regale each other and all who will listen as follows:

"What do you suppose George said when he was first shown the baby? You'll never guess! The drollest thing! The nurse held baby up in front of him and he spoke right up and said, 'Gosh, it's red.'

"Father was in the room the other day when I was playing with our little new baby and talking baby talk. Father didn't seem to be listening but, believe me, he wasn't missing a word. He came right

didn't seem to be listening but, believe me, he wasn't missing a word. He came right out with just the brightest remark! When I called the baby a 'precious 'ittle darling,' Father, who had just received the doctor's and hospital bill, growled, 'Precious is right.'

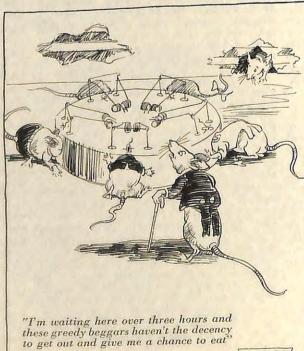
"Laugh? I thought I'd die! The way the baby's papa answered up when I

"Laugh? I thought I'd die! The way
the baby's papa answered up when I
asked him if he didn't think the child
looked like my mother. Quick as a flash
he replied, 'Can't say as I do.'
"I realize, my dear, that the baby is a
mere infant still, but last night I got
dreaming of her future while I was sewing
and Richard was reading his paper.

and Richard was reading his paper.
'Just think, Dick,' I said to him, 'some strange man is coming along some day and marry this little girl of ours.' 'I hope to Heaven one does,' said Richard. Imagine him thinking of that at his age!
"Oh, but you should have heard what papa said when the maid asked him if he didn't want to hold the baby a while.

didn't want to hold the baby a while. He didn't even have to stop and think, but told her quickly, 'Not me!'"

-Fairfax Downey.



A.W. NUGENT



YEARS ago Sally had been in vaudeville. Once during a lay-off in those old days, her youth or something went to her head and she married a non-professional Englishman, but two years later they parted. When Sally was past thirty-six, she realized that her stage future was behind her. So one day she smiled a lease out of a renting agent and opened up a boarding-house for the profession

The Best Room at Sally's

HEN Mr. Foote, the boss of the World's Worst Pictures Company, alias the Idol Film Corporation, came East to dare the distributors to tell him to his face a few of the crude criticisms they'd managed to get through the mails, he brought along with him Tom Kush, the director, and me and my camera.

I hadn't been in the Big Burg for six years, but taking a chance I gave the taxi driver the address of Sally Wynne's boarding-house in one of the Forties near Eighth Avenue. Sally, you must know, was an old friend of mine from the days when we were both in vaudeville, and for twenty years we hadn't missed a postal card at Christmas and on birthdays.

Once during a lay-off in those old days,

Sally's youth or something went to her head and she married a non-professional English-Two years after they had decided-on their honeymoon-that by her trouping around in vaudeville and him living stationary in Toronto they might both stay out of jail, he crossed the old River Jordan leaving a will in which he bequeathed all and sundry to his wandering wife.

The all consisted of a gold coat-of-arms ring and a ruby-set cigaret case, and the sundry included papers which showed that Sally was not the only one that loved him better a couple of thousand miles distant. For there was one document which indicated that his father in England, after a stroke of apoplexy, had concluded that he required a change of climate and constant travel-on the boy's part. Sally sent the ring and the cigaret case and all the papers, including their marriage certificate, to the old gentleman and started out again looking for work; and not finding much.

A long time after her thirty-sixth birthday Sally realized that her stage future was behind her. So one day she smiled a lease out of a renting agent and opened up a boardinghouse for the profession, hoping that by demanding a week's board in advance from the first applicant she'd at least get something to eat for herself.

By Walter De Leon

Illustrations by Donald Teague

That was the break in Sally's bad luck. Her recipe for hash and prunes was so economical and yet filling that the following year she rented the adjoining house. And the next year, with Sally approaching forty, her English father-in-law suddenly decided that he'd seen everything anyway, and closed his eyes for keeps, leaving his residue

Nobody knew how much Sally received. She never told any one. Turning aside a few leading questions, she went right on running her boarding-house, hiring and firing cooks and maids with the same old enthusiasm, and serving up cold meats and drinks on Sunday nights as gratis as before. So the bunch concluded that the old gentleman had done a Carnegie and had enjoyed the pleasure of spending his money himself.

Well, anyway, getting off the train I went straight to Sally's, mostly because I wanted to see her and partly because it was only the right thing to do. From past personal experience I knew that Sally operated her business in the theory that because a performence in the second of t former is broke in August is no reason he won't be dirty with money in January; and furthermore that an actor who looks as though he ate regularly and has another shirt in the bureau drawer always stands a better chance in a salary argument with a manager than the fellow who looks as though he hasn't worked since the last time he did K. P. with

the A. E. F.
"Pete Stevens!" Sally greeted me, throwing in a kiss for old time's sake. Then we stood looking at each other. Six years, even the six she's added to the forty she'd owned to when last I'd seen her, hadn't changed Sally Wynne much. Her small, roly-poly figure was maybe a little plumper and her dark hair showed a few more gray sisters perhaps, but her brown eyes were just as snappy, her clear voice just as chirpy and

her movements were just as quick and chip-

per as ever.
"You haven't changed a wrinkle," she told me.

And you"—I started.

"I know; I don't look a day over sixty." Sally laughed, leading the way into her living-room.

For five minutes it was nothing but questions and answers, on both sides and simultaneous, covering everything important that had happened in six years. I told her why I was in town and also that unless the boss could put over something pretty soon I would be interestedly investigating the supply and demand market for motion-picture camera operators.

"However, I'm not worrying, except on the boss's account," I told her, telling the truth. "And from the looks of things you haven't much to worry about, either. The haven't much to worry about, either. The boarding-house business has treated you well, hasn't it?"

SALLY sighed. "Yes, but it's a lot of trouble, Pete. Seems to me actors these days are different than we were at their age. They're not so independent or—or scrappy She picked up some sewing and threaded a

"Why let actors' worries annoy you?" said. "Which reminds me; have you got a I said. room for me?"

Sally shook her head. "Sorry, Pete; every room in the house is filled."

"It would be—in the summer—with you running it," I said.

Sally colored. "Pete, I'm ashamed to say I've never lost a nickel by carrying an actor through a lay-off. Sooner or later he always sends me what he owes. Half the time I feel like it's a food-and-sleep loan office I'm running instead of a boarding-house. There's only one man-

She checked herself. Her eyes glared at her sewing. Her mouth straightened out in as straight a line as it was capable of. Her chin lost one of its doubles as it protruded belligerently. Her head shook in a menacing manner. Then, suddenly, as an idea popped into her boiling brain, she bounced to her

"I'll give you Monty's room," she said.

"Who's Monty?"

"Montmorency du Bois-with a small d. His room is on the next floor, rear, two windows, the best room in the house. You'll like it, Pete.

"How will Monty like being evicted?" "He isn't being evicted," Sally snapped.
"He left—of his own fool wish—last
December."

"You've been holding his room for six

months?" I asked, surprised.
"I thought he'd be back. Every day I've kept thinking he'd come back the next day or the next week, just as he always has come back after"—she stopped, steaming up

"AFTER what?" I grinned. Sally always has struck me funny when she gets excited.

"After one of his get-rich-quick schemes

has flopped.'

"Who is this Montmorency du Bois? A

crook?"

"He's an old fool. I took him in about five years ago and graduated him into the best room in the house. He's done a little bit of everything in his day; medicine shows, boat-troupes, carnival companies, small-time vaudeville—I think he had a magic act until the Office got onto him. Anyway, he somehow managed to save and invest enough to give him an income that-that takes care of his board and room rent here. He's nearly fifty now, with the faith of a fifteen-year-old.

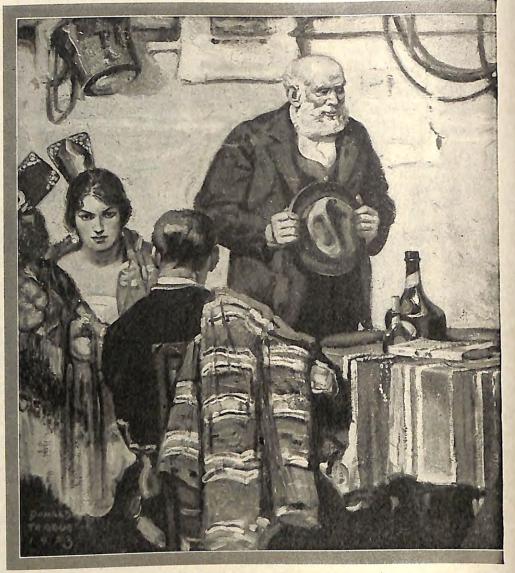
'Every once in a while he gets a job in a show or a picture—to pick up a little spending money, he says. I can always tell when he's saved up enough for a wild-cat promoter or stock-salesman to take. He comes home full of enthusiasm and figures showing the

millions he's going to make.

Sally's pudgy finger shook with exasperation as she pointed it in my direction. " the town full of responsible bankers selling perfectly good second mortgages and improved real estate bonds, Monty buys Iceland oil leases, and stock in automatic shoeshiners!'

"He's a gambler."
"He's a simple!" Sally's eyes clouded and a little quaver crept into her voice. "Simple and sensitive. Every time I've tried to talk a little reason to him he's got huffy. The last time, last December, I got so furious when I found he'd sunk four hundred dollars in a machine to extract gold from ocean water—it can be done, Pete, but Monty never thought to ask could it extract enough gold to pay for operating the machine; which it can't—I was so furious I asked Monty if I showed him plans for compressing mountain air and dew into diamonds would he give me the next money he earned. Right away Monty pulled himself into his shell, gave me the silent treatment the rest of the day—and the next morning he was

Sally blew her nose vigorously. "I'm glad of it. A man like that around the house is a constant irritation. And trouble. There's lots of things Monty should never eat. I used to have to watch him like a hawk. Probably now he'r Probably now he's at some cheap boarding-house laying a solid foundation for lifelong indigestion. I know what Monty's income is. I know how much he can pay for room and board, and I know he can't get the"—Sally interrupted herself. "Come on, Pete; I'll show you the room."



Ever had any movie experience?" Tom head and big round eves, his stooped looked like a kindly Bolshevik that

"Have you heard from Monty since he left?" I asked, following Sally up the

"Once. He's up in Connecticut somewhere.

As Sally opened a door at the end of the

hall a maid from downstairs called her.

"Make yourself comfortable, Pete," said
Sally. "Lunch will be ready in a few minutes."

I entered the room. It was some room. At the rear of the house, the quiet side, it caught a river breeze which blew through the windows-newly screened with bright copper screening—the scent of the flowers in the boxes outside the windows. There was a big easy chair with broad arm-rests beside a couch, both covered with cool, linen slipcovers. Besides a standing smoker's stand, there were deep brass ash-receivers on the dresser, on a table near the window and on a small stand at the head of the deep boxspring bed, immaculately spreaded and pillow-slipped. Also, on this stand, there was a hooded reading lamp at the end of a long flexible metal neck, and on a lower shelf half a dozen of the latest magazines. Everything was spotlessly clean, dustless. I couldn't help wondering at a can of pipe tobacco on the table, its seal still unbroken, and a box of a hundred cigarets, in which there were exactly a hundred cigarets, on the smoker's stand.

Looking at the date of a morning paper folded on the table I saw it had been placed And a few there that very morning. flowers in a small vase on the dresser had not been standing there long enough to discolor the water. "Monty gets what I call service," I told myself.

There were two doors in the room beside the one into the hall. One, of course, gave into a clothes closet. I opened the other. Sweet Curving Gold-fish, a private bathwith a shower-that the architect who designed the house never dreamed of.

KNOWING the value of rooms—private, boarding-house or hotel, as well as any trouper, I began figuring up the money Sally had lost by keeping the room vacant while waiting for Monty to return. But half-way through my mental addition I switched to puzzle over a couple of remarks Sally had made which didn't seem to jibe. She'd said she knew Monty's income; what he could afford to pay for room and board. But later she'd guessed that Monty was probably in some cheap boarding-house. What puzzled me was this: if Monty could not afford to live at a decent boarding-house out in the country, how could he afford the de luxe boudoir he had been occupying in New York?

I was nowhere near an answer when a bell summoned me below to a meal that satisfied me that Montmorency du Bois, laying the foundation of lifelong indigestion up in Connecticut somewhere, was mentally below par.



asked the man who, with his bald-top shoulders, rounded tummy and old clothes didn't quite know what it was all about

I had no chance to kid any curiosityquenching answers from Sally the rest of the day. And the next afternoon, meeting the boss at his hotel, he told me he'd made arrangements to rent the Tesla Studio out in the Bronx-three blocks further than the subway will ever go-and to report for work early Tuesday morning. I told Sally about it, thinking maybe I could ring in a couple

of her boarders for extra people.

Waiting for one of them—a woman, naturally—to finish dressing made me late at the studio Tuesday. A crowd had already collected and Tom Kush was looking them over, hunting for types. I introduced my two ringers and after they were signed on I stayed in the office with Tom, looking out through the door at the milling mob of job-

seekers.
"You!" Tom suddenly called, pointing

to a man near the outside door.

The first thing I noticed was the herbiage the old cluck had let grow unweeded and untrimmed on his face. With his bald-top head and big round eyes, his stooped shoulders, rounded tummy and old clothes, he looked like a kindly Bolshevik that didn't quite know what it was all about.
"It's those whiskers I want," Tom told

me as the Smith Brother came toward us. "Ever had any movie experience?" Tom

asked him.

Yes, sir." He mentioned bits he had

played in several pictures. "I've been out of the city for some time. Just got in from the country this morning, which is why I ain't dressed regular." He indicated his old, worn suit.

"That's all right," said Tom, used to queer alibis. "I think I can use you. The part doesn't pay much but it runs all through the picture—three weeks' work. How about—" He mentioned a fair salary. It was O. K. by Whiskers.

"Good. Give your name and address to the stenographer, Mr.-er, what is the name?

"Montmorency du Bois, with a small d," replied the old fellow. The address he gave made me chase out and phone Sally. I told her the studio was so far out and I was going to be so busy I'd decided to move closer to the end of the line. And when she asked me my real reason for giving up the best room in the house, I told her Monty was back in town-and hung up quick.

What with work, and a dinner, and a show, and after the show a big party the boss threw for a bunch of distributors, I didn't get to see Sally that night. And neither Tom nor I was feeling any too blithe and juvenile when we walked into the studio the next morning

to commence work.

"Good morning, Mr. Kush," a voice said as we entered. The speaker was a mediumsized, slightly stooped man in correct morning dress, cut-away coat, gray spats, choke collar, gloves and stick, complete. Under his silk hat, round blue eyes smiled out of a face decorated and distinguished by a small mustache and little French-cut beard.

"Who are you?" Tom growled.

"Montmorency du Bois-small d," smiled

the old fellow.
"Small d!" Tom howled. "You mean big D—a—double m! What have you done to yourself? Where are your whiskers?"
"I trimmed them."

"And trimmed yourself right out of the picture at the same time," Tom shouted. "I engaged your whiskers—not you!"

The old fellow's lip trembled. "I don't remember anything in the contract about whiskers," he said, trying to smile. "I always play gentlemen, in morning clothes."

Tom's quick temper was cooling off. "Of all the dumb-bells I ever met," he growled. "Oh, well, stick around. I'll use you—somehow."

Making friends with Monty wasn't hard, especially after he found that Sally and I had been friends for twenty years. I don't know what else Sally told him about me, but before the first week was out, Monty became

quite confidential with me.
"You know," he told me one day between scenes, "Miss Wynne is one of the finest women a good Lord ever put on earth. Yes, sir. She has only one fault. She thinks too much of money; a fine woman, but she values money too high. Me, I believe money is more trouble than it's worth. Yes, sir; I could've made a couple of fortunes in my day, but what's the use? I've got enough to live on. That's enough, ain't it?"

"The way you live at Sally's, it is," I said.

"That's a wonderful room you have there."
"Best room in the house," Monty promptly admitted, "and it don't cost no more than any of the other rooms. No, sir; that's the best part of it. You'd think, with Sally valuing money so high, that she'd charge more for that than the rest.'

"Why doesn't she?"

"The way Sally explained it to me was this: just like every other boarding-house keeper, she likes permanent boarders: under-stand? So them as are permanent she makes as comfortable as she can. The oldest boarder, meaning the one that's been with her longest, gets the best room, the next oldest the next best, and so on; understand? That's Sally's system.'

As long as Monty believed it, it wasn't up to me to muddy up the situation with my doubts. So I changed the subject.

"It seems peculiar to me that if you've got enough money already you keep work-

ing."
"I'll tell you, Mr. Stevens; I do it to keep
my mind occupied. Yes, sir; that's why I went up into Connecticut last winter—to keep my mind occupied."
"What did you occupy it with?"

IT WAS like this: I see a piece in the paper one day where somebody wanted a caretaker for their summer home. They offered a good piece of money for the job. It wasn't the money I wanted-I got a lot of stocks and bonds put away that are going to be worth a lot of money some dayanyway, I took that caretaker's job because I had an idea for a picture story in my head, and I figured up there, all alone, I'd have time and opportunity to write it. That's what I went up there for—to write my scenario. And I done it." Monty's eyes glowed. "Yes, sir; and got it copyrighted. Took me six months, but I've got something I ought to be able to sell for ten thousand dollars to any picture company. Yes, sir; ten thousand at the leastest. I—I'd like for you to read it some time." His voice shook with earnestness.
"I'd like to," I had to say.

"You read it, and then tell me if it ain't

worth ten thousand dollars to any one of

the big picture companies.'

I looked at the expression on Monty's face, twitching in the vivid light of the Cooper-Hewitts. Thinking of the sacrifice he had made, giving up the comfort and luxury at Sally's, risking the loss of the best room for the dreary loneliness of a long winter in an empty house, came a clear hunch that old Monty had been putting his pennies on last-hope long-shots for a purpose deeper than just the desire for quickly secured wealth. I had a feeling that a big sum of money would mean something to Monty that nobody else guessed. Maybe I've been filming cheap melodramas for too many years, but that was the hunch I got.

The next day Monty brought me his

script.

"I'VE got something in here—a couple of scenes—that ain't never been done in pictures," he told me.
"How do you know?" I kidded, recognizing the line that are a mateur author pulls

ing the line that every amateur author pulls when appraising his own work. "Have

when appraising his own work. "Have you seen them all?"

"N-no," Monty admitted, "but those I haven't seen I've heard about. Sally—she told me she'd never seen anything like the scenes I've got.'

"You read the script to her?"

Monty hesitated before answering. tell you, Mr. Stevens; you know Sally and can understand. On account of a few words we'd had about a little investment of mine, Sally got the idea that I left town because I was sore."

And you weren't?"

"No, sir. Maybe a little mite peeved, but not sore. No, sir; not at Sally. Fact is," Monty lowered his voice confidentially and a grin twitched his lips. "I thought the biggest peeve was on Sally's side. That's why I showed her my script-to prove I'd been working on something really impor-tant."

While we'd been talking the boss had come in. With him was a good-looking, snappily dressed man about half-way through his thirties, with the keenest, coolest eyes I ever saw in a human face. As the two of them walked around the studio I recognized the boss's manner as the one he used when he smelled money in the offing. Nothing servile or hypocritical; just the brisk, ready manner of a good salesman laying out his stock and boosting his goods to a big buyer.

Watching the face of the keen-eyed chap, guessed that movie studios, sets, props, lights and so forth weren't anything exactly new to him. Either that or the boss's talk wasn't making any indelible impression. They finally disappeared in the direction of

the boss's office.

Before we quit work that afternoon rumors were crowded so close together they were gasping for air. A movie studio has a newspaper office beaten seven ways when it comes to reports, rumors and allegations. The boss had landed a backer. The boss was going to sell out. A certain oil man, dripping with money, had guaranteed to back the boss if he'd star the oil-man's wife, an ex-chambermaid of Tulsa. The backer was a wealthy broker, a married man who'd forgotten it at certain occasions while in the society of a fading female star of the screen; and now the only way said broker could prevent the lady's self-respect from vanishing with her popularity was to apply a chunk of his bank-roll to the production costs of a picture.

The only person around the studio I found who knew anything definite was Monty.

"I just remember where I saw that fellow before," he told me. "It was when I was doing a picture with the Supreme Company. Remember last year they got into a jam—the Inter-Word Releasing Company refusing to handle their pictures had something to do with it-anyway, it looked for a while as though the Supreme outfit was going to smasȟ."

I nodded.
"Well, one day between scenes a few of us were wondering whether Supreme could last long enough to finish the film we were on, when this same snappy young fellow come into the studio. He walked around with Mr. Carter, the president, just like he walked around here to-day, looking at everything but not saying much, cool, like a cucumber. Two days later the Supreme got a loan that carried them through their troubles. Cass Williams, the press agent there, told me this young fellow was a lawyer, the personal representative of the millionaire savior of the company."

"What's his name?"

"I forget. Cass might remember." That night, crawling into bed and lighting a pipe to ease the strain of reading Monty's script, I thought I was already pretty tired. But it wasn't a marker to the tired feeling that crawled into every crease and crevice of my system as I followed the weird adventures of Monty's heroine, Olive Murphy, the shop-girl who became the reigning dance sensation of Broadway.

"Madame Irene, a Powerful Drama of Modern Life," read the title page and in the first reel Monty proved that Olive was no weakling. Tossing about with Monty's original, ungrammatical paragraphs, I understood why it had taken him six months to write the story. He needed that time to think up all the things that happened to Olive. hadn't overlooked one single bit of hokum

known to melodrama.

One right after the other Olive lost her job, her home, her ardent but distasteful admirer, her happiness, her pride and all but one dream. Having lost everything but her beauty and her virtue, she drags herself to an unoccupied bench in Central Park where she lolls fainting, receptive to the thought that a life of shame wouldn't be so worse if it would seduce a steak, some fried potatoes and a cup of coffee out of somebody.

THERE she is discovered by a high-minded young millionaire named Blake, who, after a few Harold Bell Wright words, stakes Olive to a meal and the very next day marries her to spite a society gal who, he has discovered, intended to marry Blake for his money while reserving her affections for The Other Man. As Monty described it in his script, "In Blake's apartment the minister joins them in holy wedlock and since marriage removes all stigma of sin Olive's fears for the future vanish. Blake is very kind to her and doesn't ask no unnecessary questions. Fade out."

But almost immediately after the wedding Olive finds out the real reason of her being unstigmatized. For some reason or other her heart nearly breaks to learn that the guy she's known about twenty-six hours not only doesn't love her with a lofty spiritual passion which nothing can blot nor obliterate, but instead has married her to double-cross another jane. And for the same reason, when Blake sees the wounded-deer expression in Olive's gazelle eyes, he decides to catch the four-twenty train to the West, where men are men, and skies are clean, and the air is blue, and the women—God bless 'em—are either ladies or not.

Olive, left alone in the apartment with a

liberal allowance, of course starts taking fencing lessons immediately. And soon after that, having nothing much else to do between meals, and no letters from her husband to answer, all by herself she creates a new and novel dance, so unheard of that a Broadway cabaret manager engages her to fascinate his patrons with it.

One night Blake comes on from Puyallop, Wash., and sees Madame Irene dance, exclaims dramatically, "My God, how beautiful?", tears around to her dressing-room and grabs Olive in a straining clinch for

the final fade-out.

The next morning when I woke up I couldn't remember for a minute whether I'd read the script or had a bad dream. And while remembering, I heard the gloomiest sound in the movie world—the patter of rain on the window panes. One look at the skies and I knew there'd be no work that day, for Tom had planned to take some exteriors while the stage-crew were knocking down the sets we'd finished with in the studio and were putting up new ones.

WHEN I reached the studio I found that Tom had already dismissed the company and was up in the office with the boss. Instead of the long face I expected to find on Mr. Foote as he thought of the extra day's overhead the rain was showering on him, the boss was cheerfully talking to some one on the phone when I entered the office.
"'Morning, Pete." he nodded, hanging up.

"What's that under your arm-the great

Marks that under your arm—the great American photo-play masterpiece?"
"'Madame Irene, A Powerful Drama of Modern Life,'" I quoted the title page.
"Is it powerful?" the boss grinned.
"Like Limburger," I told him.
"By Montmorency du Bois," Tom read,

over my shoulder.

"What's that name?" the boss asked

quickly.
"Montmorency du Bois, with a small d." The boss reached for the script; ran his

eye down the list of characters.
"You've read it, Pete, you say."

I nodded.
"What's the best thing you can say about "After reading it, I fell into the soundest

sleep I've had in months." Instead of the grin I expected, the boss

frowned, as though disappointed.
"Has Monty been pestering you to read

it?" I asked.
"No. I don't believe I'd know du Bois
T beard of this story through

if I saw him. I heard of this story through er, outside sources.' The natural thing to guess was that Monty sensibly had placed his script with

a play and scenario agency to sell for him.
"I understood," continued the box "I understood," continued the boss, "that the principal theme was the old,

sure-fire Cinderella thing."
"It is," I started, "but—" For no reason at all, there flashed into my mind the picture of Monty, his old face twitching under the greenish lights, begging me to read his story and tell him if it wasn't worth ten thousand dollars of any producer's money. And again came the hunch that that ten thousand would mean something tremendously more vital to him than he wanted any one to know. Even though the boss needed something big, a spectacular, big money production to put him on his feet and establish the prestige of the Idol Company among film distributors, the least I could do for Sally's star boarder was to give him a fair break.
"Listen, boss," I hedged, "candor com-

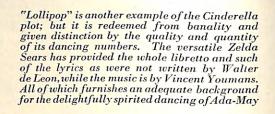
pels me to admit that Monty's story isn't

(Continued on page 60)



A Singer
Old Creole Songs

ON THIS balcony in New Orleans, Jenny Lind bowed acknowledgment to the plaudits of the crowd that followed her from the dock when Barnum first took her there. The shawl worn by Jenny Lind was given to Edna Thomas by the famous singer's daughter. Mrs. Thomas, celebrated for her interpretation of Creole songs and negro spirituals, recently began a world tour to study the folk songs of other nations.



Anton Ragatzy, hero of Dorothy Brandon's play, "The Outsider," is a surgical instrument maker, a mechanical genius who performs miraculous cures on hopeless cripples. In his chagrin at the refusal of the medical profession to admit him to their fraternity without benefit of a degree, he arrogantly undertakes the cure of Lalage Sturdee, daughter of an eminent surgeon. The interest of the resulting love story and its dramatic climax is greatly heightened by the fine performances of Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill in the leading roles



ALPRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

WHITE

The present gala revival of "Fashion," Anna Cora Mowatt's "sensational success of 1845," is a triumph in the art of delicate burlesque. The reading aloud of private letters, dramatic soliloquies and elaborate "asides"—all of these absurdities of the stage of eighty years ago are played with a keen sense of their ridiculousness which transforms an originally serious drama into the most delicious satirical comedy. The two members of the excellent cast shown here are Mary Blair and Harold McGee

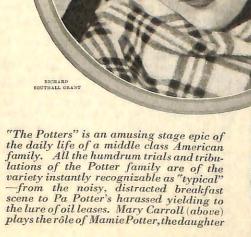
Morgan Farley and Orlando Daly in a scene from "Fata Morgana." Psychological comedy is perhaps the nearest classification for this interesting production by the Theatre Guild. In it Ernest Vajda has vividly portrayed the disillusioning of a very young and idealistic Hungarian student through a romantic love episode with a beautiful lady from Budapest.



NICKOLAS MURAY

Emma Haig (upper left), who plays a ragamuffin rôle in "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," a play brimming with novel and eccentric dancing which entertained New York and Boston most of the winter and has now started West on tour of the large cities, to spread the fame of one more George M. Cohan comedy

In "The Goose Hangs High" Lewis Beach has written quite an elaborate vindication of two thoroughly modern youngsters—Miriam Doyle, pictured below, plays one of them—who seem very selfish and scatter-brained until in the face of desperate financial calamity they show what fine stuff they're really made of





NICKULAR MURAY

The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

T IS much more difficult these days to bring about a heavyweight championship prizefight than it is to start an international war. If it were as hard to plunge two nations into war as it is to bring Jack Dempsey and a "logical con-tender" together for a few rounds

there would be plenty of time for that sober reflection which would prevent

all wars in the future.

At the current writing the chance of Jack Dempsey and a logical contender, as they call the person to be knocked out by the champion, being brought together might seem dim on the surface. Mr. Dempsey has announced that he has signed a contract to star as a moving-picture hero. This seems unusual, for Mr. Dempsey's peculiar style of pulchritude does not seem at all like that of any of the present Mertons. But perhaps the old notions of what constitutes screen beauty in the male is going out and the style of Mr. Dempsey is coming in. Pardon us, however, for being a little

To the astonishment of all concerned Señor Luis Angel Firpo announced that the jingle of the North American peso no longer was music to his ears. He was retiring permanently from the ring. He was weary of it all. This makes us recall the retirement of an artist in another line of endeavor, the late Mme. Adelina Patti. How many times did she bid farewell to the concert

The singer does not retire until the voice fades and the prize-fighter does not retire until he reclines in a horizontal position while a referee counts ten. Once an artist always an artist until convinced very thoroughly

to the contrary

But there will be months of negotiations before Mr. Jack Dempsey signs with any-body and there must be a guarantee of something like half a million dollars for the heavyweight champion before he will consent to sign the papers which will plunge him into a ten-minute war—or less, as the announcer would say.

Jack and the Brown Panther

MR. TEX RICKARD has undertaken the difficult task of promoting a bout between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills, a colored fighter, despite his experiences with the Jeffries-Johnson bout. It was the after-math of this affair that caused the Federal law against the transportation from state to state of pictures of prize-fights. There were race riots in all parts of the country where pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight were shown.



"After the ball is over-"

Mr. Rickard had difficulties with this bout from the start. The site first chosen was San Francisco, California. Rickard had secured his permit from the city fathers for the bout and had his arena half built when the Governor of the state announced that there would be no bout and Rickard was forced to rush to Reno, Nevada, where he hastily erected another arena.

Immediately after the bout Nevada ceased to be a frontier state with wide open gambling and with the limit of "personal liberty" the high desert skies. The saturliberty" the high desert skies. The saturnalia preceding the Jeffries-Johnson bout seemed to have given the Nevadans a headache with the consequent remorse. Prize-

fighting was barred from Nevada.

The negro Wills is of an entirely different character from the negro Johnson. He is an industrious, law-abiding citizen and carries himself with a quiet dignity reminiscent of Joe Gans, the best liked of the colored boxers and one of the greatest artists, if not the greatest, the prize-ring ever has

When I talked to Wills not so long ago he made one significant remark. He said, "I am not trying to get too close to white people. I stick to my own people. They talk about the color line. Well, I draw the color line

But the prejudice against a negro being given the chance to attain this title of chamgiven the chance to attam this title of champion of champions seems to be so strong everywhere that Mr. Rickard will have trouble in staging his Dempsey-Wills bout. Even if he does stage it somewhere it is my opinion that Wills has no chance for the championship, not half the chance that Firpo seemed to have when he sent the champions. seemed to have when he sent the champion Dempsey hurtling through the ropes in the most dramatic fight ever held.

Still, Dempsey can't remain champion for-ever and strange things do happen.

"Kill the Big Bum'

SOMEBODY has asked me, "How much chivalry or spirit of chivalry is there in any of the sports?"

On the surface there are semblances but I doubt if the chivalrous man or woman suc-ceeds to any great extent in any of the

Dempsey of the Movies, Chivalry and the Fleshpots of Golf

competitive sports. The winner is the one who plays the game to win.

In the professional sports, such as boxing and baseball, they are very frank about that. The fighter who succeeds must have the killer instinct. His business calls for the beating down of a helpless antagonist. Frequently the fighter with the

undoubted advantage will ask the referee to stop it but not until he is absolutely sure that his antagonist is helpless. Dempsey, whom some class as the greatest of the fighters of all time, is your perfect killer.

In baseball, which is our national game and supposed to typify the national life, they are equally as frank. They take every advantage. They "razz" their opponents bitterly in the crises. Some of the most pungent repartee ever exchanged anywhere

pungent repartee ever exchanged anywhere is passed about during the ball game.

John McGraw, who is an affable and courteous gentleman away from the base-ball grounds, is a bitter person on the ball field. With his very retentive memory he always can recall some incident in the career of a ball player on the opposing club which he turns to advantage in shouted allusions at the psychological times. To kick at every close decision is the spirit of kick at every close decision is the spirit of the game, to concede anything to an opponent is idiocy and this spirit is shared by the baseball fans. At any rate there is no hypocrisy about professional baseball.

Good Losing Seldom Wins

TENNIS players frequently have pointed out to me that in their game there exists the spirit of chivalry. I admit all the outward signs such as the tossing aside of a point, which, by the way, has recently been forbidden by the American Lawn Tennis Association. But I am convinced that to play as hard a game as tennis one must have in his heart the same spirit that moves Jack Dempsey to land the knockout when the eyes of his opponent are glazed and his knees are sagging.

The ladies are more frank about this matter. Consider the two meetings of Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Mallory.

Intercollegiate football games are played by the highest type of American young men but if you think that these games are played with any spirit of chivalry or that there is any spirit of chivalry or that there is any spirit of chivalry in the hearts of the old grads looking on, read the chapter on "Bloody Angel" in the wonderful football book written by Big Bill Edwards. I do not mean that these football games lead to lifelong hatreds or anything of that sort, but they are played to win but they are played to win.

(Continued on page 64)

As the Story Goes

We Turn Over the Leaves of Ten Good Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Riceyman Steps By Arnold Bennett

DOUBLE prize—a great story by a great writer.

They do not always arrive simul-There have been times when Mr. Bennett, beyond all doubt a great writer, has wasted his powers on the cheapest And again we have read themes by stumbling scribblers so sensitive, so vivid or so menacing that they have cried aloud for Conrads, Whartons and Lewises to raise them to heaven. But here in Mr. Bennett's latest novel we are given the combination that spells masterpiece.

"Riceyman Steps" is the name of a short, back-water street in Clerkenwell. A street on different levels—steps—into which are washed drab, huddled bits of humanity.

A dusty, second-hand bookshop houses Henry Earlforward.

Mrs. Violet Arb's shabby "confectioner's" gives that worthy widow a meager sense of business and enterprise.

The Steps, too, provide Elsie, the slow minded, the golden souled, with labor for her strong young arms. She "chars" for both Mr. Earlforward and Mrs. Arb.

And, finally, the lurking shadows of Riceyman Steps, the forbidding corners and murky doorways exist as the prowling places of Joe, beloved of Elsie, a lank, irresolute nothing, who, shell shocked in the war, finds life an unequal struggle.

In "Riceyman Steps" Mr. Earlforward

cramps his soul and starves his body; here Mrs. Arb stamps on any ember of joy still alive in her great fear of a needy old age; here Joe attacks Elsie with a carving knife one drizzling, ominous night when she fails to keep an engagement with him.

Surely, a group of characters and a back-ground all desolate enough in the hands of less than a master. A story that easily might be depressingly reeking of the near-

slums and hopelessly dull.

But what happens? Simply, the magic of

genius steps in.

The tale grows and glows. Tragedy, penury, weakness, all are here, as we might find them in Grosvenor Square or Park Avenue. And here, also, those qualities that illumine great souls anywhere—love, service, fidelity, simplicity!

Elsie! What a girl!
Can't you see Laurette Taylor playing the part of this marvelous slavey in some stage version of the novel? Elsie was dark and La petite Taylor (see Woollcott's "Enchanted Aisles") is fair—but that's a detail.

Can't you see Peg of My Heart preparing those wedding surprises for the miserly bookseller and his Violet, no longer the Widow That cake-so dark and unconquerable, that later seemed to have marked the beginning of the decline and fall of the little book man.

Laurette Taylor stealing raw bacon to feed her faithful, hungry young body. Laurette Taylor nursing her man Joe back to strength, lighting illicit fires, purloining invalid food, keeping the boy secretly in her miserable room until a neighbor marches in and finds the exhausted girl kneeling beside the bed, her head on her Joe's breast.

"She's asleep," said the young man, in a low, deep tired voice. "Don't wake her.'
Well, there it is. At tale so sunk in the pitiful parsimony that humans are occasionally capable of that one shudders as one reads, and yet it is made electrically beautiful through one poor drudge. A star shining in a mud puddle.

Personally, we like "Riceyman Steps" better than any book that Bennett has ever

written. And that's that.

The Fabulous Forties By Meade Minnigerode

HERE is the very essence of history, not mere facts but the emotions that surrounded them. Mr. Minnigerode writes of America in the Forties, 1840-1850, a period like a "brilliant three ring circus, filled with marvelous side shows and prodigious natural curiosities, ... choked with the dust of

glorious caravans."

He fills in all the chinks of our preconceived ideas as to what life in this country was like when there were still twenty-one thousand veterans of the Revolution drawing pensions; when Albany was the threshold of the West; when Fannie Elssler, sweetheart of the young eaglet, son of Napoleon, danced before the elite of New York; when Chicago was a frontier town of five thousand brave souls while New Orleans was already an oldworld city of foreign tongues and with shady streets where little balconies almost met and

Books Reviewed This Month

Riceyman Steps, by Arnold Bennett.
(Doran, New York)

The Fabulous Forties, by Meade Minni-gerode. (Putnam, New York)

Enchanted Aisles, by Alexander Wooll-cott. (Putnam, New York) A Conqueror Passes, by Larry Barretto. (Putnam, New York)

We Explore the Great Lakes, by Webb Waldron. (Century Co., New York) Seeing the Middle West, by John T. Faris. (Lippincott, Philadelphia)

In the Footsleps of the Lincolns, by Ida M. Tarbell. (Harpers, New York)

Ghildren of the Age, by Knut Hamsun. (Knopf, New York)

Sport Lights of 1923, by Grantland Rice (Putnam, New York)

Making A Nation, by Melvin G. Winstock. (Making A Nation Company, Portland, Oregon)

made shade for the gay life that streamed below on what appeared a perpetual carnival.

The book is the liveliest, most enthralling motion picture in words that we have ever encountered. Across the sheet of the uproarious Forties rush drama, famous people, great events and, better than all, infinite detail, intimate and jolly, about the days of our great-grandfathers.

Mr. Minnigerode rebuilds the life that lies behind some of our terrifying old family portraits, those outrageous clothes, those bits of treasured furniture, those crackling bundles of letters, advertisements, bills,

deeds, wills and so on that abide in attics and tin trunks.

Old newspapers of the Forties are easy to come by, but must be handled with careful fingers. Yellow and brittle as the author must have found his copies of the New York Herald, the New York Tribune and other journals, he found back of the old pages all the heat and excitement of political campaigns, all the laughter and riotous "going's on" of the greatest social events. of the greatest social events of the day.

Mr. Minnigerode, who entranced us not so long ago with his "Oh, Susanna!" does not give us a story this time. He does, however, offer us the background, the leading characters, the human impulses that would go to make up a dozen tales. We thank him for this. It is a generous gesture on his part.

Our past is lengthening out. This new addition to the shelf of brilliant books concerning it clearly asserts to the world that in those fabulous days of the Forties this budding country, despite its awkardness and pomposity, had to its credit an amazing wealth of romance, piquancy and true impressiveness.

Enchanted Aisles By Alexander Woollcott

WE HAVE always harbored the fancy that the narrow, sometimes dim, aisles of a theatre are slanting paths to the land of illusion. Short, ecstatic roads headed straight for make-believe, dreams, music, color, love, adventure, fairy gold!

Childish? Perhaps. But this old conceit is always ready to spring up and take possession of us as we start down through a

theatre toward our seat.

And then along comes Alexander Wooll-cott, perhaps the best known dramatic critic of to-day, and publishes a delightful book all about famous stage folk and the sister arts of the drama, and—he calls the book "Enchanted Aisles." Of course, the title at once made us friendly toward his nice blue and gold volume before we had taken even a glimpse within.

Here is very warm-hearted, gallant stuff. Intimate, too, and that, whether it shows a truly delicate taste on our part or not, is

certainly what we want.

We delight, through Mr. Woollcott, to know that certain devoted admirers of Mrs. Fiske gave her, only a few months ago, a most quaint party at Fraunces' Tavern, the very spot in New York where Washington said farewell to his officers.

We are made to beam with pride for Irving Berlin when we get the picture of him banging away at a rattling piano in a sailors' hole-in-the-wall on the Bowery. Berlin's "income in those days... was pitched at

We see John Drew growing sentimental over the handful of rosemary Maude Adams sent him on one felicitous occasion. And we are appalled by our own creeping progress when we read of Morris Gest once upon a time cleaning monkey cages in a country circus, and painting sparrows yellow for the canary trade up in Maine. Fancy—Morris Gest of Chu Chin Chow and The Miracle!

(Continued on page 70)

It's a Way Kings Have

You Have Read Dozens of Stories of the Famous Kentucky Derby—But None More Appealing Than This

By Sam Carson

Illustrations by George Wright

OW scudding clouds spread a misty rain over Pimlico track and then hastened on to warn Baltimore of coming winter. An afternoon sun, long discouraged, had retired for the day. It was a bit chilly, but thousands, in the stands, on bleacher steps and clinging to the rail, forgot to shiver. Drab, dripping stands, peeling whitewash from fences and low roofed stables in the distance were only familiar bits of racing course landscapes to this welter of humanity whose surf-like roar boomed across the infield, to be hurled back in discordant echoes. For them, Pimlico had ceased to be, except as a stage setting. They were gazing —some glaring—at a field of ten two-year-old thoroughbreds tearing down the back

Perhaps more than a quarter of a mile away, these plunging forms took on the aspect of tiny, brownish craft racing down a choppy sea channel, the fence a gridironed dike. Heightened by the misty atmosphere, this illusion prevailed because the inside rail cut off all but a few brief flashes of

flying limbs.

Left arm gripping a support, a huge, ulsterclad man leaned outward from the lower corner of the grandstand to watch this tiny armada. A persistent trickle from the eaves began to play a tattoo upon his hat to spatter so that whitish globules gathered in his heavy eyebrows, spread over his firm, slightly flushed countenance and stubby, reddish mustache. If he heav's everage his reddish mustache. If he hadn't covered his eyes with glasses you could have seen that they were blue, the right sort of blue for a man whose name is Frisco Nolan. And as the group of horses, now in the curve of track above the home stretch, shifted in rapid, desperate battle for the rail, Frisco Nolan groaned. His argosy with purple and orange sails, his Futurity hope, had become King Richard, a tiring colt steadily dropping back, ridden by a prosaic jockey who knew his mount was

Frisco owned King Richard. That was why he relaxed, surrendered his outpost to a shricking dancing woman and her less irrational escort. All at once he was detached from his tumult engulfing the world; that was for the bay filly skimming along the rail, destined to win the Futurity. King Richard was seventh—a hopeless mud-caked seventh. And worst of all, Miss Odette had

shown him a clean pair of heels.

The babel diminished, swelled for a second, then gave way to noisy conversation. Men who had been leaping dervishes returned to normalcy, either to tear up tickets or race for paying-off booths. Frisco Nolan lumbered down a stairway, unconsciously crushing an unlighted cigar to bits. He had drawn a losing number in the lottery of racing; and it was the more bitter because he had been so certain of defeating Miss Odette, the eastern

Frisco's dejection was passing by the time he reached the track. Tad Wilkerson, his trainer, was approaching a pace ahead of Buster; the ebony hued stable man, in turn

was leading King Richard. Buster, it appeared, was offering a colorful series of alibis which Wilkerson ignored. The scene suggested an after-fight session of a defeated boxer's trainers, or headquarters of a political aspirant whose cause had been snowed under at the polls. Wilkerson looked the part of a grave deacon, devoted to the cause of solemnity. His length face seemed drawn out even longer than usual and his Adam's apple moved jerkily under repressed emotion. Frisco was a large man, but his laconic trainer topped him by an inch. Buster was short and black—very black. His face mirrored deep disappointment. The colt, puffing slightly and perspiring beneath a blanket, seemed the least concerned.

Frisco produced another cigar. "Too much weight?" he inquired.

Buster leaped at this excuse. "At's whut wuz Mist' Frisco. Yassuh. Hunred an' twenty-five pounds wuz more'n he could tote a mile in the mud."

But Wilkerson, picking his way around a murky pool, shook his gloomy face, mouth set tight. "Afraid he's a quitter," he observed. Then, as an afterthought; "in the mud, anyway.

Frisco dropped back, studying the horse thoughtfully. Later, he reflected, Wilker-son would go into details, explaining King

Richard's poor showing. Tad always considered the worst angles of a subject first. Besides, he had contended all along that the colt could not do his best on the Maryland track; it had been heavy ever since their arrival. Racing under an impost of a hundred and twenty-five pounds, top weight at that, was an alibi meriting consideration. In addition to that fact, Miss Odette, by virtue of winning a lesser number of purses, ran the Futurity with only a hundred and sixteen pounds. Equal rights don't prevail in the thoroughbred world; a colt must give a filly weight; but this time, King Richard had been ultra chivalrous.

CERTAINLY there was no cause for a yellow streak in the colt's makeup. King Richard's ancestry was his best argument against Wilkerson's decision. There was Richard the Great, New Jersey bred, listed among those first in the Belmont, Latonia Derby and Bowie Cup. And Shiel' Aroon, a dainty but extremely capable lady from England. but extremely capable lady from England, caused joy among the bookmakers when it was learned she had been sold to a California breeder and would sojourn in America.

Arthur Fiske, free lance trader and owner, of a nomadic stable, had purchased Shiel' Aroon in her later days. And in Kentucky, at Clinton Towers, a nursery farm circled by lazy blue hills of the Kentucky Blue Grass country, King Richard was foaled to Shiel' Aroon.

But Fiske was one of those men who view sports with commercial eyes. He appraised this son of Richard the Great, trained him

as a yearling and sent him to the barrier to win his maiden race. Then he met Frisco Nolan, whereupon the Fiske treasury was twenty thousand dollars better off.

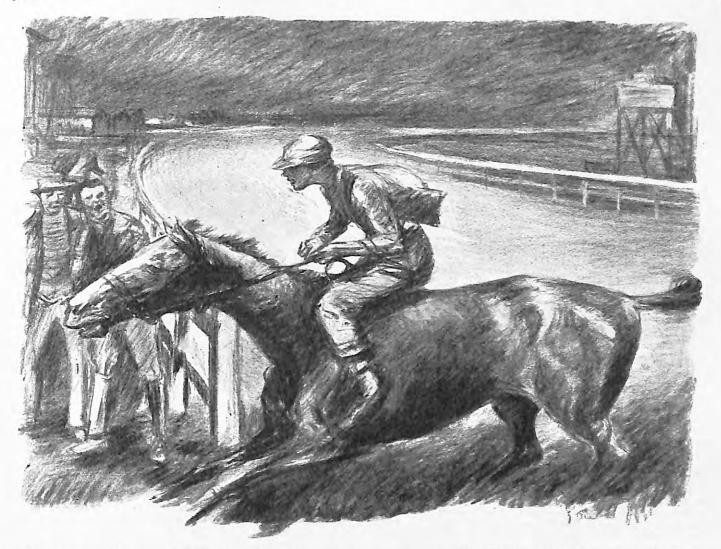
Frisco Nolan was more Californian than otherwise, but life had routed him over many curious paths. Somehow or other, this man whose eyes assured the world that the broad smile underneath was sincere, couldn't help but make money. The desert land he had picked up at a low price was blessed with an irrigation project. blessed with an irrigation project and now blossomed forth—a fruit ranch. A railroad decided to use a small strip of useless backdoor property for a new switching yard; and they bought it from Frisco Nolan. And there had been oil.

Lucky Frisco, some called him. But like many other men who reach success with middle age, unattained ambitions of youth revived.

Frsico Nolan's was a bit singular. He wanted to win the Kentucky Derby.

It had seemed the nadir of glory when Frisco was nineteen. For two years he was a hostler, too heavy to ride and without enough experience to train thoroughbreds. Perhaps it was the Gaelic urge, that loves horses and adores down at least he power. horses and adores dogs; at least he never questioned the impulse that set him wandering, serving, joying in stable smells, work of





preparing for races, the eternal thrill of watching thoroughbreds he served win their

And so it had happened. One day Frisco took stock, and learned he had earned the right to play as he chose. He went east, met Tad Wilkerson and began to build up a racing string. Now, they were in their second year. Tad, in his cautious way, had been mildly enthusiastic over King Richard; the colt was admittedly one of the best western prospects for the Derby. Brown in color, slim in conformation, he was a well proportioned racing machine—a symphony of rippling muscles whenever he moved. A half hand higher than the average for his age, the two-year-old was long of barrel, with a bottom that inclined upward, like the graceful curve of a greyhound. The slender ankles were a gift of Shiel' Aroon; slim, powerful flanks revealed lines passed on by Richard the Great.

Twice during the season, King Richard had run a mile in one minute and thirty-eight seconds. Therefore, it was disappointing that Miss Odette passed the judges first, the mile being but a fifth of a second short of one minute and forty seconds.

HE little procession reached the stable. Tad Wilkerson, without further ado, went about his business, his habit of whistling through his teeth an indication that he was unperturbed for all his mournful look. Frisco wandered about the building, giving the other horses a casual inspection. Rain had set in with such earnestness now that stable doors banged; and a chill wind was driving the crowds away from the course.

Presently it began to grow dark. Frisco moved in the semi-gloom to King Richard's

More figures, talking excitedly now, and then Blackie and King Richard sweeping around the lower turn, skimming along the fence, and whirling at the narrow gate

stall, where Buster was spreading straw over the floor.

"Didn't cut hisself down or nothing," the stable man announced, teeth showing. "Ef 't wuz me, I'd not worry none. This baby's all right. He jus' don' lak Pimlico."
Someone switched on the lights. The

colt, startled, raised his head. In that moment Frisco saw much-a cerise glow in the depths of King Richard's eyes—a blood revelation that belied the quitter charge. The owner chuckled. "Wish Tad could have seen that," he observed; "it would have done him good."

Wilkerson didn't see. But he heard; he had just come up. "Mud's mud," he remarked sadly; "and weight's weight. The colt'll behave better, when he's older. But he quit to-day.

Frisco rubbed his cheek, decided he needed a shave. "A king he is," he informed; "and a king he'll be. He'll run no more until next spring. I don't believe it's the colt's fault. A king—" he chuckled again, "—can do no wrong."

"Yassuh," chimed in Buster, whereupon

Wilkerson frowned.

Outside the stable a caller awaited upon Frisco, a dirty, ragbag clad youth whose hair was uncut and proclaimed the fact beneath a twisted, bibbed cap. A whimsical grin fought bravely for prominence against a tobacco stained mouth; and the stub nose seemed to apologize for its proximity to a pair of clear brown eyes. Everything about him broadcasted the smell of horses. When

Frisco appeared, the waiter waived deference and demanded a job. "Anything," he added, "—swipe, hostler, workout boy. Name's Blackie Myers.'

Frisco thought of the days when a grooming kit was his sole stock of tools. "Been working at this track?"

"Yep. With Mister Fiske. Wasn't fired just want a change."
"'Um-m," the owner considered,"—all

right. Go in and tell Wilkerson—no—wait." He scribbled on a pocket pad. "Give this to

A RTHUR FISKE, in spite of his trading shrewdness, had about the most loosely run establishment that ever swung down a racing circuit. Tad Wilkerson was thinking of that fact as he frowned over Frisco's note. The trainer preferred to choose his own men.

"Don't need a man," he protested.
"What's your line?"
"I'm the niftest wheelbarrow engineer that ever walked between the handles," Blackie informed. "I'm chambermaid de loox. Give me the leg up at daylight and I'll tamp the saddle as fast as they go."
"That's all?" Wilkerson's expression was

funereal indeed, but there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

Blackie thrust right hand into the many folds of his baggy trousers. Out came a pair of enormous, yellowed dice. Shaking them above his head, he unloosed them with an overhand delivery. The cubes flashed on the tanbark, a five and two uppermost. "Your gang fades me and I'll take the Saturday payroll," he boasted. "I can rustle my fists too."

"You start trouble," the trainer warned,



"and I'll start you over the track fence. Otherwise, you can show some of that chambermaiding de loox you mentioned.

Blackie grinned. "I'm ready-boss. Ten days later, Frisco was heading for California. Wilkerson and the horses had already reached Churchill Downs, there to spend the winter. The second year hadn't been a pronounced success; but again, Frisco had not lost much, excepting King Richard's purchase price. He was a bit surprised upon reaching his native city to be interviewed as a sportsman. And he was a bit more surprised to learn that a large number of his friends knew as much about his Derby candidate's record as he did himself. There was an impression that King Richard was not capable of winning distance races; that he was a sprinter. And when Frisco would protest heatedly, men would rap his shoulder and talk of other things; they liked Frisco too well to hurt his feelings. Several times he journeyed down to Tia Juana, but somehow, winter racing did not appeal. So he welcomed Wilkerson's letter, written the closing week of March, in which the trainer told of a drying track and short gallops. Another brief message and Frisco was traveling eastward -to Kentucky. He reached Louisville at daybreak, and an hour later, was at the

THE morning was crisp and tingling. Wilkerson had not sent the string out for exercises. "They're ready to go out," he explained, "—all of 'em."

Frisco breathed a bit faster. "Man," he announced; "that's what I came for. I'll eat breakfast later."

A smile threatened to erase the austere reaches of Wilkerson's face, hovered irresolutely and then abandoned the task as hope-The trainer turned, peered into the darkness of the stable. "Saddle up!" inner darkness of the stable.

Confusion arose as a half dozen youths, black and white, materialized from vacant stalls and ran for the stock room, "Who rides Pinky?" a voice demanded.

Frisco leaped to a chair, balanced unsteadily, . . . King Richard was on the outside, lapped on Lead All and matching leap for leap

"Blackie," another voice replied, chal-

Blackie—Pinky?" Frisco repeated. "Blackie's the boy you hired last fall-at Pimlico," Wilkerson reminded. "And Pinky," he sighed, "—that's Blackie's nickname for King Richard—the little fool," he added savagely.

Frisco smiled, led the way outside where produced two cigars. "How's everyhe produced two cigars.

thing?" he inquired.

Wilkerson studied the cigar as if he doubted it was the same quality as the wrapper inferred. "The horses—they're all right, mostly overweight. Old Hickory's stiff—cold weather. The colt—King Richard—is ready—conditioned. Had to fire the Claiborne boy. Him and Blackie got in a fight—over King Richard. Blackie licked. And then Claiborne went and got

a knife.
"Blackie," he continued with a mournful shake of head, "don't fit in real smooth. Got stewed one night. Buster found him

Got stewed one mg... asleep under the colt." asleep under the colt." What happened—get Frisco chuckled. kicked up any?"



"Not a frizzled thing. And that's the funny part about it. The colt stood as stiff as a statue until they drug the boy from under. Didn't fire him because he's got the Indian sign on King Richard—makes him do anything. And that's more than I can say for myself or Buster.

They had reached the track fence. The string, headed by Old Hickory, came up the track slowly. Wilkerson beckoned. "Take 'em over to the back stretch turn—break for three-eighths," he instructed. "Make it

snappy and then trot back."

They swept around the stretch turn in pairs, plunging hoofs sending forth a fanshaped spray of resisting mud. Frisco catalogued each without reference to the stop watch he held; that is he did until the last two leaped into action, out from the rail and eating up distance with the enthusiasm King Richard's first galvanic of vouth. jump, which ended in full stride, caused Frisco to press the watch lever. Paced by Contest, a sturdy filly, the son of Richard The Great skimmed the lumpy course, limbs extended to the utmost, covering twenty-five feet at a jump.

QUARTER in twenty-two and three-fifths," Frisco said in a strained voice, "—and a length ahead of the filly."
"Does it regularly," the trainer informed.

For the first time, Frisco noted the crouching figure atop the colt. His vest, in contrast with sweaters the others wore, was open and flopping in the wind. But he gave the three-year-old a faultless workout. Wilkerson dismissed the other exercise boys as they pulled up, reserving King Richard

for further inspection.
"Twenty pounds fat—that's all," shouted Blackie. "Pinky's got plenty of juice in his

knees.

Wilkerson scowled at the grinning, mudained face. "You can go back," he stained face. "You can go ba snapped. "We'll take the colt in."

Blackie alighted; and the hurt expression on his face was not overlooked by Frisco. He glanced swiftly at his employer, then slid over the fence. Frisco was gazing at

the retreating figure when King Richard, without warning of his intentions, whirled and brought both men down.

Frisco scrambled to his knees, Wilkerson's alarmed yell in his ears, to catch a glimpse of the colt dashing through the track entrance. A dozen horses were approaching, the entire string of another stable, bound for workouts.

Blackie turned, realized what had happened and the menace of a panic should King Richard gallop into the file of thoroughbreds already nervous.

"Pinky!" he shrilled and began to run. But there was really no need for that. The colt brought up, four feet skidding, then relaxed and waited for Blackie.
"Here's the colt," Blackie offered humbly

as Wilkerson and Frisco arrived. he thought I had some candy for him."

WILKERSON reached for the halter rope, eyes ablaze, but the owner ened. "Son, I expect you'd better intervened. lead the colt back to his stall," he said quietly. "And cool him off some before the regular rub-down too."

Frisco had but one objective; to prepare King Richard in such style that he would win the Derby. He valued Wilkerson above all other trainers obtainable for that accomplishment. And if there should be a disturbing element, he wanted it eliminated. Plainly there was an underflow of friction, revealed partially in the trainer's attitude. It was Wilkerson's privilege to discharge any of the stable employees; and if he disliked Blackie Myers, yet still retained the boy, then it was a problem worth studying. Frisco was too shrewd to make the blunder of interfering outright; he chose to wait. It was a week later, early in the evening. that Frisco received enlightenment. Buster was on his way downtown and ran into his employer at the stable gate. Wasting minutes in circuitous conversation, Frisco

smoothed the way for his question:
"Buster, you've been with me two years

"Yassuh. Yassuh, sho is."
"Well, if I'd been working for a man two years, and knew of anything that might hurt his chances to win the Derby, I'd tell him about it.'

The darky's teeth flashed. "Ain't nothing wuth while Mist' Frisco. You thinkin 'bout Blackie, isn't you?"

"Yes, I'm thinking about Blackie-and

Pinky—and Mister Wilkerson."
Buster nodded slowly. "Ain't nothin'. Buster nodded slowly. "Ain't nothin'. Colt laks Blackie—don' lak Mist' Tad, thassall. Reckon Mist' Tad's kinder peeved. Folks is built that way."

"Most of us are—that way," Frisco agreed. "Thanks, Buster. Guess I'll stroll around a while"

around a while."

The stroll Frisco mentioned brought him alongside the stable, to a stable window in fact, a point rendering King Richard's stall visible from the outside. The orange lighted interior seemed to breathe warmth as a vagrant breeze whispered around the corner and spoke of coming rain. King Richard was standing very alert before an impish figure seated in the feed box. Blackie's headgear was gone, his hair more of a mop than ever. He held a folded newspaper between his knees into which he dug his hand at intervals and produced brownish lumps which the colt consumed with relish.
"You old goat," the boy scolded; "got

stuck up because you showed some speed to-day-and then ran away, huh? Walk up and take your medicine."

King Richard extended his nose and Blackie administered five sharp raps with his fist. Next the boy produced a mouth organ. "Three tunes are all you hear to-night," he said. "Then we're going to sleep.

As the sobbing strains of the Memphis Blues floated outside, King Richard moved nearer, eyes as pleading as any rain-drenched waif of a pup suddenly enriched with the love of a master, and rested his head across Blackie's shoulder.

Frisco watched the pair until a lump began to swell within his throat. "The little cuss," he whispered, "—the blamed little rascal." He stole away, more quietly than he had some leaving the king and his than he had come, leaving the king and his jester undisturbed.

The night before Frisco's string entrained for the Lexington spring meeting, Blackie ran amuck. It wasn't a bit intentional; in a way it was thrust upon him. Blackie had planned to celebrate his departure with only a couple of drinks, as customary. But he reckoned not upon the quality of his liquor. The distiller thereof had accomplished a masterpiece of fluid energy. Judging from its effect, it must have been very near the scientist's dream of molecular destruction. Whatever its ingredients, it was four degrees more potent than squirrel whiskey, which, old-timers assert, can make a fullgrown man climb a sixty-foot poplar tree backward.

Blackie's first reaction was to assault a respectable South Louisville citizen on the sidewalk before the latter's residence. That condition was banished quickly by a desire to overtake a southbound freight train. He changed his mind while the locomotive was doing thirty miles an hour and did pin-wheels on the right of way four miles beyond the city limits.

Cinder riddled, bruised, he clambered over a wire fence and reached a macadam road. Here he underwent a metamorphosis; all at once he was a sprinter, outrunning a host. By accident, he headed toward the city, pausing at intervals to shout defiance at his phantom rivals.

OF COURSE city and county police heard of the disturbance; but Blackie couldn't be located. Besides, descriptions of the human dynamo didn't tally at all. So, unhindered, Blackie entered into his fourth incarnation. Unlike other impulses, this latter one increased, insistent for action. The moon was up; wherefore Wilkerson must be asleep over at the boarding-house. What a time it would be to sneak in the stable, saddle Pinky and win the Derby! Of course it would count. A Derby was a Derby, wasn't it—at a mile and quarter? If he rode Pinky now, he would beat a whole lot of colts to it. They'd wait for the daytimethe saps. Besides, there was a boy on a horse right now-up the road. Well just wait mister! Just wait.

The mounted policeman was still puzzled, fifteen minutes later, when his partner arrived. "That bird just naturally faded from around the curve," he announced. "Musta cut across lots. I was riding along kind of slow and this egg gives a whoop and is gone.'

Buster was a sound sleeper. The scuffle of hoofs intruded and blended with a (Continued on page 48)





A Daughter of Ambition

An Unforeseen Calamity Brings Hedda Unexpected Happiness

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

Part IV

T WAS not yet six o'clock. He caught Watson by telephone at his apartment and asked him to return to his office, whither Barset himself then dashed in a taxi. He handed Henry Chalfonte's letter over without a word; and without comment the manager read it through.

"Have you any letters from Mrs. Dilton here?" asked Barset.
Watson nodded, and turned to a filing cabinet. A moment later he laid a manila folder on the desk. They compared the letter with those in the folder. The hand was

the same slanting sprawl.

"I don't want to upset Hedda any more than I can help," said Barset. "We'll go to the Diltons first. They're still at this address?"

dress?"
"Yes. I'll bring the folder along, so she

can't deny her own writing."

They hailed a cruising taxi and drove to an uptown apartment hotel near Lexington Avenue. Watson gave their names to the switch-board girl, who listened intently at the instrument before saying, "Mrs. Dilton is very sorry, but she is dressing to go out for dinner and can't possibly see you now.

"Tell her," said Barset, quietly, firmly, "that if she won't see us at once I will be back within half an hour with a warrant for

her arrest.

The girl, startled, glanced up at him, considered the situation, then in considerable embarrassment delivered the message.

'She'll see you.

They were carried up in the elevator. They rang at a door. A frightened maid ushered them within. They sat waiting. Finally a door opened and Mrs. Dilton appeared. She stiffly regarded them.

"What do you want, Mr. Watson?" she

"This is Mr. Barset, Mrs. Dilton."

Her head inclined very slightly. She was a tall, stout woman, somewhat overdressed, with a domineering manner which she doubt-less felt to be forceful. She evidently had some picture in her mind of herself as a grand lady. In some less tense moment she might have been amusing.
Barset produced the Chalfonte letter.

"I demand to know who sent up that rude

"I demand to know who sent up that rude message." Her eyes fixed themselves sternly on Barset. "It was you, I think."

"I demanded that you see us, yes," he replied. "I have here a letter which you wrote to Henry Chalfonte and which you signed with the name of Mary B. Hansen."

"That is not true."

"IT IS true. And I warn you now that unless you do exactly as I instruct you I am

going directly to my lawyer this evening and push the case against you to the limit."

"I am a lady. You have forced yourselves into my home. If anybody calls for the police it will be me."

"You admitted us because you are guilty and you know it. The best advice I can offer you, Mrs. Dilton, is to sit down quietly and listen to what I have to say. I have no and listen to what I have to say. I have no time to waste on this bluffing."

"Bluffing! How dare you. . . ."
"Sit down."

Indignantly she obeyed.

First I am going to read you this letter." "I refuse to hear it."

"Of course you know every word of it."
"I do not!"

"Very well, then . . . as it is necessary and fair that you should understand the situation fully, I will read it."

He did so. She sat wretchedly in a stiff

chair, trying to look the outraged woman.

"Mrs. Hansen must have written it herself. She's fool enough."

"No, she didn't write it." Barset stood over her. She stirred unhappily. "Because here is a genuine letter from Mrs. Hansen. You will see the difference at once. No, this forgery was not written by a fool but by a

Her eyes shifted up and down, then from side to side. She couldn't escape this man who stood uncompromisingly over her and talked with irresistible, if quiet force. And Alexander Watson looked cynically on at

the curious scene.
"Here are other letters of yours, Mrs. Dilton. No jury would hesitate a moment in declaring that all these were written by the person who sent that letter to Henry Chalfonte. Our evidence against you is complete. We can prove that Mrs. Hansen never wrote it. We can establish your mo-tive in doing it. You are guilty of a particularly vicious and contemptible crime. Don't think, however, that I fail to understand the impulses that prompted you. I read you through and through. You were acting in what you believed to be the interests of your daughter's career. But you are none the less guilty. . . . Now come over here to your desk and write what I shall dictate to you."

The woman half rose, but then dropped back into her chair and broke into sobs. Barset, cold as ice, glanced about the room. Mrs. Dilton had left ajar the door through which she had entered. He thought now he glimpsed a pretty face in the shadows of the corridor beyond. girl, Henrietta Dilton. That would be the

The mother was frightened, was break-g. She couldn't lift her eyes, but continued to turn them from side to side. She was breathing heavily. Barset found a pen, dipped it in an inkwell and thrust it into

her hand.

NOW write this: To Alexander Watson. . . dear Mr. Watson .

writing you to confess. . . ."

The woman wrote the first words, faltered, and then with a gasping inhalation got to her feet.
"Sit down!" commanded Barset.

She obeyed.

"You will write on . . . to confess that on October 27th of this year I wrote to Henry Chalfonte, Archer Goodrich, and the other leading musical critics of New York a letter ridiculously overpraising the merits as a singer of Miss Hedda Hansen, to which I signed the name of Miss Hansen's mother, Mary B. Hansen. I hereby further confess that this letter was a deliberate forgery. . . go on, Mrs. Dilton; write exactly these words. . . a deliberate forgery designed to prejudice the critics against Miss Hansen and if possible cause them to refuse to attend her recital at Aeolian Hall on the thirty-first of October. I believed that the opportu-nity of my own daughter,

Henrietta Dilton, to engage their interest in her recital in Aeolian Hall this week would be enhanced by this act. I hereby express my profound regret for this act. I admit that it was criminal and contemptible. . . go on, Mrs. Dilton." She was sobbing, now, in a curiously quiet manner. . "and I hereby authorize you to exhibit this letter to the critics in question or to make it

public or to take any other steps you may think advisable in righting the wrong I have done Miss Hansen. Yours truly. . . . sign it!"

She was a long time over this. She cried, begged to be spared the humiliation, offered to go with them and confess in person to Mrs. Hansen. But Barset, pointing out that the injury had been

done in public, stood firmly on his attitude that nothing short of a public confession could serve. And throughout this scene a girl could be heard faintly sobbing behind that partly open door.

"If you have no pity for an overwrought mother. . . that's it, I was overwrought. at least can't you show a little decent kindness to a gifted girl who has sacrificed everything for her art and who yet has her way to make?" So wailed the woman. "You had no pity on Miss Hansen," re-

plied Barset. "I am really sorry for your daughter. . .

But it will ruin her career!"

"You tried to ruin Miss Hansen's. You have brought this on yourself.'

In the taxicab, on their way up Amsterdam Avenue, Barset read the confession over and nodded in grim satisfaction.

not only straighten this out publicly," said

"" make capital out of it." But Watson was silent.

They found Mrs. Hansen and Hedda at supper. Both tried to greet the two men cheerfully, but despite their efforts an air of frustration hung about them and about the dingy little living-room. Barset, with a quietly confident light in his eyes, laid his

documents on the table.

"We've run those critics down," he said gently, to Hedda. "And if we were to accomplish nothing more than to bring back your faith in yourself it would be more than worth while. But we shall accomplish a great deal more than that. I told you, Hedda, that they lied about you, and that I would find out why they lied. Well, I've found out." He related his conversation with Henry Chalfonte and went through the documents; finally, he read Mrs. Dilton's confession, tossing it on the table for them to read and excitedly talk over.

"She will hate us more than ever," ob-

served Mrs. Hansen. "Yes, but she'll never dare fight you One strong enemy is disposed of." 'What are you going to do with the letter?"

"Spread it broadcast. To-morrow, before her concert. To-night. I know some pretty strong men on the newspapers. It's too bad, but we have no right to hesitate. This confession is news, a pretty dramatic piece of news. We have only to put it into circulation."

Helda listened wide-eyed. Her color, even was creeping back. She was simply dressed in the street suit of the afternoon. All through the flutter of excitement over

her eyes on him. She had never looked more girlishly beautiful to him. Something, indeed, like that first unaccountable "flare-up" was stirring him now. And he thought she felt it, too, as she hung like a child on his words. Well, at least he had been able to drive that beaten look from her lovely face. A touch of spirit was stirring there now. . . . He felt that he had better go. If he lingered he'd be shipping Watson off, first thing he knew. Mrs. Hansen would slip into the other room. If he asked her out for a motor ride the mother would let her go without a word. It was. and the discomfort the first phase of their curious relationship had brought his bluntly upright nature was returning. . . it was, in a tacitly understood way, his right. Now, as much as before, he disliked this. child hadn't an ounce of reserve strength or courage. She must be schooled, hardened for the difficult appearance with the National Symphony. He mustn't let down those bars again. As he felt the situation, he couldn't. He'd be getting her nowhere. . . It seemed now that Watson was watching him cynically. What was going on behind that seamed, thin face with the graying hair above it?

MRS. HANSEN was saying, "It was so kind of you to send the car. We had a lovely ride. It did Hedda a world of good."

Then they were at the door. Hedda followed and held it open; her mother hung back, with a worn little smile of farewell. Watson moved on out toward the stairs. Barset stepped out, hesitated, and then turned back. Hedda drew the door open again and he stepped within. And there in the little hallway, by the bead portiere, he took her in his arms. She passively yielded her lips to his.

His heart seemed to be thumping in his

temples. His thoughts raced.
"It isn't fair," he muttered. "We can't do this sort of thing.'

There was a long silence; and then she whispered uncertainly, "I can't seem to make myself tell you

how wonderful you are to do all this for

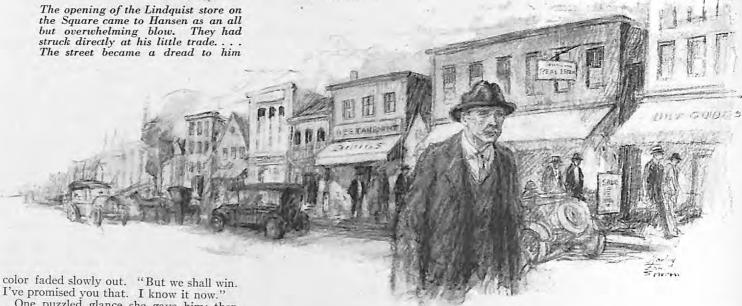
His arms had fallen to his side. Some curious struggle was going on within him that she couldn't undertsand. Though of course he was right. It had to be one thing or the other. And she was going on with the career. That much they had settled. She hadn't supposed men had this degree of delicacy. That wasn't how girls, older girls, talked of men. But this one had. He was determined to claim nothing, was almost queerly bitter about it. She didn't know what she thought or felt. She was just blindly going on; sometimes it seemed as if she were being dragged on.

"I shan't weaken like this again," he said, in that cloudy low voice. "I'm ashamed of my-self." . . . Once again self." . . . Once again he said that; and her lids drooped and her



ously at him

The opening of the Lindquist store on the Square came to Hansen as an all but overwhelming blow. They had struck directly at his little trade. . . . The street became a dread to him



One puzzled glance she gave him; then he was gone.

Again in the taxi with the manager Barset. remarked, "There's time, I believe, to reach the morning papers with this.'

And now Alexander Watson spoke. "It's

no good, Mr. Barset."
"What isn't?"

"We can't publish that letter. We can't say a word about it."
"Why not? I don't get you."

"THINK it over." But already, Barset's headlong rush had been arrested; he was soberly thinking. "Mrs. Dilton put it over on the critics. They fell for it. Anything you say about this mess is bound to show them up as a pack of prejudiced damn fools. Where'll that get us? No, we can't even spread it as gossip. For musical New York is a whispering gallery. It'll run right around to those same critics. It'll show how easily they fell for a bit of chicanery. The net of it can only be that they'll be down on Hedda Hansen. Certainly they're not going to eat their words. No, the most we can hope for the symphony appearance is that they'll say she's improving some. Just ease it off a little. That'll let 'em out."

Barset felt gloom in the man's brain.

"But that will hardly help us. Just a patronizing word or two."

Watson moved his head in the negative. "No, it won't help us a damn bit. If you don't mind my suggesting, Mr. Barset, I'd even be very careful what you say to Henry You'll have to give him back Chalfonte. his letter, of course. And I suppose it'll be natural to let him see Mrs. Dilton's confession. But I'd say very little. You see, anything you do say is likely to be used against us when he writes his review of the Symphony.

And that . . . Barset reflected later in the evening, greatly puzzled, baffled indeed . . .

was that!

He had found occasion to return the forgery to Henry and had, as well, let him read the confession. Nothing was said. Henry merely handed the confession back and walked away. Which didn't augur well for his next criticism.

How Watson hated the critics! And no wonder. Most of his energy was spent in driving over them, through them, around them. There was never any telling what they would do to you. Their power to destroy careers seemed appalling. But then he recalled Henry Chalfonte's outbreak, "God if you had to sit and listen to them year after year, the hundreds and

thousands of 'em!" Something in that. It was an unending conflict this, between the creators and the performers on the one hand and the critics on the other. The one group was crowding desperately upward, the other group was pushing them firmly, bitterly back. Both were doubtless right; and neither. The battle could never be settled. Just an unending conflict. .

Watson, though, was right about this forgery business. Barset came around to that, near midnight, as he stood before his mirror removing his necktie and collar. His pearl pin stood upright in the center of the square pincushion, as it had stood precisely every night for fifteen years. These methodical little ways meant much to him. .

No, the thing couldn't be published. And the criticisms of Hedda's next appearance wouldn't be enthusiastic enough to help. As things stood, the money put into the Aeolian Hall concert, the commissions paid Watson, the extra coaching, the four thousand dollars to be paid Max Koerstner, these items and more footed up as total loss. Even worse than that. They had actually slipped back.

"Really, Gorry, before you get drawn into that wretched game hearken to the words of a hard-boiled looker-on!" Henry had said that; with real feeling. And he had said, "It's always a heart-breaking

Was it always that? . . Not quite always. They were on the wrong trail, that was all. So mused the determined Barset as he slipped his feet into the slippers that every night were placed precisely so beside his bed. In any business campaign you had to experiment, feel your way, lose money at first. Perfectly normal, all that. You put capital in at the beginning in order to take profits out later.

He opened his window, and for a little time stood gazing out over Gramercy Park to the towering buildings and the immense pulsing city beyond. A mile up there, along the slanting line of Broadway, stood a vast old brick barn known as the Metropolitan

Opera House.

Before switching off the light at the head of his bed he reached for the telephone. It seemed almost worthwhile waking her to tell her of his new plan. . . already it was a plan. What the girl needed right now was sharp stimulus. Well, he'd supply it. They'd fight this thing out uncompromisingly. He was sorry for that moment of weakness. He shouldn't have kissed her. It wasn't cricket. But he'd make up for it. He'd rush her along, sweep her right up into a big success. At least he hadn't been wrong about her. Sh critics had angrily lied. She could sing.

He decided against waking her. child needed her sleep, as she needed her emotional strength. All that was to be manufactured into health and voice and

success. All of it.

The exquisite emotional quality he had felt in her in those rare vivid moments must be . . . what was the word the young Freudians were forever using? . . must be "sublimated." Sublimated into song!

He knew important persons at Metropolitan. He'd tell her in the morning.

And he'd move swiftly.

One other thing he mentally settled that There were to be no more flare ups. Of late he had fallen into the habit of brooding. Now brooding, all introspective or merely personal thinking, was bad. He had always believed that. It was the sort of thing he had turned instinctively away from.

Women were what disturbed a man's healthy, busy life. It was a woman who had so disturbed his. He was again behind with his manuscripts. These lay in piles in his study, on the desk and along the window seat . . . they accused him. The solution of that problem was simple enough; he promptly set to work reading them. He found extra time for it; rose early, gave up his pleasant social hours at the club. In this mood . . . and it was characteristic of the man, certainly of the man he had been . . . he took a savage sort of joy in giving up every pleasant contact. Work, endless hard work, was the thing.

TAMOUNTED, he told himself, to a complete personal reorganization. himself really going again. And with this merciless attitude toward himself came and grew the notion that in somewhat the same aggressive way he could organize Hedda. He told himself that he could now understand her situation sympathetically. She was, after all, only a girl. She hadn't much background. Within the space of a few weeks she had been rushed out of discouragement, through elation, into what seemed disaster. Naturally enough she had turned to him as to a fairy godfather. It couldn't

be that she loved him. She'd been too excited and confused to know what she felt. She was keeping her word; the daily round of preparation for her appearance with the orchestra had begun. But feeling that she was still somewhat down, was working in a rather dogged spirit, he decided to key her up to a more positive pitch. The excitement over Coué had begun sweeping the country; he sent her the first of the Coué books. There was the sort of forthright fighting spirit he could believe with all his soul. He called up often merely to speak in the hearty vigorous manner that had always proved stimulating among his business subordinates. He wrote frequent cheerful notes, telling her something or other of his various activities in order that she might not feel that he was slighting her. He even flattered her by giving her occasional manuscripts to read, though he didn't think of it as flattery. It was good for her, and for him an excellent way of sensing the taste of an unthinking but enthusiastic audience of girlish readers. . . . He stormed wholeheartedly at the problem of expanding the club; rushed the plans through, coolly and pleasantly faced two hundred somewhat excited men, initiated the drive for new members. . . . And he set himself firmly at the business of arranging a hearing for Hedda at the Metropolitan.

This he found surprisingly difficult. The Opera House proved to be a huge organism that was wholly absorbed in its own somewhat chaotic affairs. The atmosphere of it was European and strange. It was a foreign center. But he went at them with determination. Gossip he braved; he found

himself not caring so much, one way or the other, about that. He was out now to win. He sought counsel with certain influential ladies. Through acquaintances he met the man at the very top of this curious enterprise, and asked frankly that Hedda be given a hearing. At the Opera, he learned, it would be called an audition.

The audition was finally promised. A day was set; and then other days. delays were mystifying. Watson said that only the pupils of a certain conspicuous teacher found easy entrance to these occasions, and this teacher happened not to be Hedda's. Isabel stepped in then and arranged a tea on Fifth Avenue at which Hedda sang. One very great lady expressed friendly interest, took hold, and went in person with them. So it came about that Hedda found herself standing alone in the center of the vast stage, a timid little figure in a new brown suit, gazing out into an enormous dim auditorium where two great conductors sat and the courteous little man to whom all spoke with respect, and a few unexplained persons, and, at one side, her mother and Mr. Barset and Mr. Watson and the great lady of

Fifth Avenue in a distressingly unimportant little group. Cleaners were at work among the countless rows of seats. The huge horseshoe of boxes and galleries towered high and far away. . . . She sang her best, remembering that the immensity of the place mustn't frighten her into forcing her She was at last before the highest She must simply offer them, this cynical little audience, what voice might be honestly hers. And then take the consequences. That was all she could do. Other young women had just sung; still others would follow. Most of them had aggressive mothers and teachers fussing about them. Her own teacher stood reassuringly in the wings. She was glad her mother was not aggressive in manner. And then it was dispiritingly over. There was no applause, no excitement. One of the other singers took her hands and said, "My dear, you are exquisite!" She went around with her teacher into the auditorium and sat with that unimportant little group. Barset gripped her hand with a whispered "Splendid, Hedda!" And her mother smiled and nodded with anxious wrinkles in her forehead. Sidelong she watched the two great conductors. She felt that they were bored.

WHEN the last one had sung the conductors glanced at their watches and slipped away without a word. The impresario spoke courteously, saying, however, nothing whatever that they could hold to, and went out to his limousine.

A week passed without a word. The symphony appearance was nearly at hand. She mustn't let Mr. Barset know how she

dreaded it. She was working doggedly on. Barset, after that week, began cuietly using the telephone. Isabel and the Fifth Avenue lady bestirred themselves. And then, finally, came a brief, courteously phrased letter to Mrs. Hansen, saying that her daughter had undoubtedly a very pleasant personality and a promising voice, and advising two or three years in operatic routine abroad. He did say that they might be able to put her on at one of the Sunday evening concerts in the following year. And that was all from him. Isabel had a pretty friend who happened to be carrying on a flirtation with one of the two conductors and went to her. The report came back, about a week later, that Hedda seemed to have hardly the vigor for important operatic work. You had to be strong as a horse. And her upper register wasn't right. She'd have to work on that to get anywhere. . . . They didn't pass this on to the Hansens. Barset advised patience and tried to speak with enthusiasm of that Sunday appearance a year or more ahead.

The third of December came and somehow passed. Barset and Isabel were honestly enthusiastic over the way Hedda stepped out before those bored critics and pluckily gave all she had. "She's singing her little head off!" Isabel whispered. And next morning all these interested persons eagerly searched the papers. . . . Watson, they found, had prophesied shrewdly. The writers gave her only a few lines. Goodrich dwelt none too pleasantly on that upper register. Henry Chalfonte spoke of im-provement but gave them no glowing Not a word had yet been written phrases. that could be used in the advertising folder excepting the paid matter in the music journals. The presses still waited for that. But Watson did what he could; sent out letters and telegrams and a folder he had

Hedda worked on. Much was made in conversation of excellent engagements that were sure to come during the winter and spring in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and the other musical centers. But they saw less of Watson. This was his busy season.

It was Isabel who perceived that Hedda was tiring and advised something in the way of a vacation. this Isabel was right. Something of the fine flame in the girl had flickered low. She was pale and very quiet. Her mother seemed rather unseeing about this; but then that mother was alight with a still white flame of her own. And Gorry being more stupidly masculine than ever these days, driving everything before him in his

mercilessly forthright way. No man living could have done more for the woman he loved than Gorry was doing for Hedda, yet Isabel could not detect a trace of what had appeared, at first, to be an almost amusingly boyish love affair. Sometimes she believed that the two had arrived at a quiet understanding, at other times she was sure of nothing. They weren't seeing much of each (Continued on page 53)

written himself.

"Hedda!" His voice was husky. "Don't you see where this puts us?"



DITORIAL

THE MEMORIAL HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

HE announcement by the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, that the cornerstone of the Building will be laid with appropriate ceremonies on June 7th, is of interest to the entire membership. It is gratifying to know that the construction work on this splendid memorial to our hero brothers is progressing rapidly; and that it will soon be a wonderful reality, in which the whole Order will feel a just pride.

The date for the formal laying of the cornerstone was selected because of the annual meeting in Chicago at that time of the Illinois State Elks Association. This will insure the presence of such a large number of Elks, that the occasion will assume proportions of real magnitude, even from the mere standpoint of attendance.

Arrangements have been completed for a program of impressiveness and dignity that will mark the occasion as one of the outstanding events in the history of the Order.

MOTHERS' DAY

LAST year, partly in response to an editorial in these columns, Mothers' Day was observed by a greater number of the Subordinate Lodges than ever before. The notices of these occasions, and of the interest displayed in them by the membership, indicate that the Lodges will again very generally provide for special services in honor of Motherhood at the meeting set apart for the purpose by the Grand Lodge.

These special services were inaugurated by the adoption, at the 1917 Grand Lodge Session in Boston, of a resolution recommending that each Subordinate Lodge, on its nearest meeting night to the second Sunday in May each year, should commemorate Mothers' Day. A beautiful ritual was approved in 1918 at Atlantic City for optional use on these occasions.

It is to be assumed that where special services are held the members of the Lodges need only to be advised of the fact to insure their attendance. It is inconceivable that any true Elk would not welcome the opportunity to display his filial affection and loving memory by his presence at a ceremony dedicated to his mother.

The purpose of this reminder is merely to prompt the members of the Order to an inquiry as to the date for the ceremonies in their respective Lodges, so that they may contribute to the success of the occasion, and pay a deserved tribute to Mothers, by reverent participation therein.

BENEFICIAL INSURANCE

IS not an unusual thing for members of a Subordinate Lodge of the Order to attempt the organization of an association for the establishment and maintenance of a fund from which death benefits may be paid to the families of deceased members. And when advised that Elks are not permitted to do this, they naturally ask: "Why?" The reply is to be found in Article III, Section

19, of the Constitution, which is as follows:

'There shall be no branches or degrees of membership in the Order, nor any insurance or mutual benefit features; nor shall there be other adjuncts or auxiliaries other than the optional organization and maintenance of State Associations.

But this merely cites the fundamental law as it exists. The inquiry really goes beyond that and seeks the reason for this constitutional prohibition. If the Order is a charitable and benevolent fraternity, why does it not make definite provision for the families of its own deceased members; or at least permit its members as such to provide funds from which benefits may be paid to such beneficiaries as matter of right? The answer involves an explanation of the basic policy underlying our organization.

The Order of Elks is unique among fraternities in that it makes no appeal to one's self interest. It promises no rewards; it contracts for no benefits; it provides no cheap insurance feature; it holds out no material inducements to those who seek membership. On the contrary, its whole appeal is to that type and character of men who wish to contribute to, and have a share in, the humanitarian and patriotic service to others to which the Order is dedicated.

There are, obviously, many privileges and personal benefits which are naturally incident to membership and the fraternal associations which it involves. But they are not pecuniary. However substantial their value, they are not mate-



rial in character. The Order of Elks is composed of those who seek to serve others rather than to be served.

The Order does, of course, care for its needy members. And, just as truly of course, it does care for the families of its members who may be left in need. But it does this voluntarily, because of its recognition of a fraternal and humanitarian duty, not as a matter of contract. Its charity is dispensed with generous hand to those who need it because of their need, not because they are Elks or related to Elks.

To make such relief and assistance a matter of definite agreement would not only cheapen it and rob it of its real value as a beneficent service; but it would frequently result in contributions in cases where no real need exists, which is contrary to the fundamental idea of true and intelligently administered charity.

There can be no criticism of any organization or association that is designed for the definite benefit of its members and their families, either by insurance features, sick benefits, death benefits, or otherwise. Such a purpose is in every way a proper one and is wholly commendable. But the Order of Elks was not founded, and is not maintained, for such a purpose.

The Order is distinctive in many ways. It is peculiarly so in this wholly unselfish association of its members. Its remarkable increase in membership, its prestige and power, its continually growing capacity for service, are largely attributable to this characteristic feature; and it is to be hoped that its established policy with reference thereto will never be altered.

LODGE MUSIC

PPROPRIATE music lends beauty and APPROPRIATE music lends beauty and dignity to every ceremonial occasion. It creates an atmosphere that is all its own, the uplifting influence of which is felt by every person present. More than this, music has the peculiar effect of drawing into a closer communion of spirit all those who share either in its rendition or merely in enjoyment of it.

It is for these reasons that provision has been made for appropriate music in every ceremonial of our Order. Upon special occasions it is generally accorded its proper consideration. But in the ordinary meetings of the Subordinate Lodges it is too often neglected, or wholly eliminated; and the meetings lose immeasurably in interest and attractiveness.

A Lodge session where there is no incidental music during the opening and closing ceremonies, where the opening ode is dispensed with, where the initiation ritual is exemplified without its aid, is a drab and perfunctory performance as compared with one in which the ceremonials are attended by the prescribed musical features. Attendance upon the one is usually an uninteresting incident: attendance upon the other is an uplifting and inspiring experience that refreshes one's fraternal enthusiasm.

The problem of Lodge attendance is directly affected by the attractiveness of the sessions; and music offers a contribution to this feature the value of which should not be underestimated.

A NEW DAILY DOZEN

THE need of physical exercise by those who are not able to get out into the open, is met in many instances by prescribed home calisthenics. There are a number of broadly advertised courses of such exercises. The name of one of the most popular of these—"The Daily Dozen"—has become almost a slang expression of the day.

The physical benefit derived from such exercises regularly practiced, is universally conceded. And it prompts the suggestion that a similar plan might well be devised to strengthen and refresh one's moral and spiritual being. What a wonderful benefit would follow from the faithful performance of the following Daily Dozen, for which originality is not claimed but to which a hearty approval is hereby accorded:

- A little patience—at least once.
 A minute of unselfishness.
 A kind word—or two or three.
- 4. A bit of self control—somewhere.
 5. A flash of generosity.

- A flash of generosity.
 A prompt excuse—for someone else.
 A noble thought—perhaps a text recalled.
 A good deed—not left undone.
 A brief prayer—for a friend in trouble.
 A moment of thankfulness—for blessings enjoyed.
 A kindly smile—where it may brighten another.
- 12. A snatch of song-or hum of a tune.

Just think what it would mean, not only to themselves but to countless others, if a million Elks would sincerely undertake these daily spiritual exercises.

One of the buildings of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crip-pled Children given to Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge by Hon. Harry Bacharach and his brother Isaac Bacharach. This picture shows the main building before work on the extensive alter-ations was begun



Atlantic City Lodge Owns and Operates Institution for Cripples The Betty Bacharach Home

AST October through the generosity of two of its prominent members, Hon. Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City, and his brother, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 276, became the possessor of property valued at \$40,000. This property, situated in Longport, N. J., a few miles from Atlantic City on the bay, was given by the writhout encumbrance to the Lodge for them without encumbrance to the Lodge for use as a home for crippled children. It is ideally located for the purpose, having 15c feet frontage on the water. It includes a large house of fifteen rooms fully equipped, a boat house, tennis courts and garage. Shortly after accepting the gift, the Lodge, by a series of special entertainments that were generously supported by the membership, raised funds to go ahead with the necessary improvements and to insure the proper running and upkeep of the Home. At the time this is written the main building is being rebuilt in the following way:

The ground floor is being remodeled into a

dining room, kitchen, laundry, inside playroom, and a school room where a teacher will be employed for the education of the children. The entire section under the porch is being enclosed in glass so that the children can play there in bad weather without being exposed. It will be possible during the pleasant weather to remove the glass. The second floor is

being remodeled and rebuilt to contain two dormitories, with facilities, at the pre-sent, for thirty-two beds. On this floor

will also be established an isolation room where all the children will be kept for a period of two weeks before they are allowed access to the children in the dormitories.

Provision is also made for a physician's room and a head nurse's room, and a stock room for medical supplies, surgical apparatus, etc. A bathroom containing several miniature individual washstands and miniature tubs for the children is also provided for. The for the children is also provided for. The porch on this floor will be enclosed in glass and at least twenty additional beds can be placed there. This porch will be heated so that it can be used at all seasons of the year.

The third floor will contain a large bedroom for the head nurse and sleeping quarters for the additional nurses, and two other rooms which can be used for dormitories in

case of emergency.

With all the facilities available after the improvements, the present capacity for taking care of children should be at least sixty, with provisions for a greater number in the near future.

The boat house on the bay side of the property will be converted into a summer camp, and the garage in the front will be used for the ambulance which was recently

given to the Home by Harry P. Johnson, a member of Atlantic City Lodge.

The approximate cost of the improvements would ordinarily be \$15,000 or more, but the labor unions, including the carpenters, brick-layers, plasterers, plumbers, electricians, paper-hangers, painters, metal workers, latherers, and roofers have all donated their services free of charge, and the material men have donated all materials at cost, and in some instances without any cost whatever.

Further exemplifying their spirit, some of them have also made donations in money, in addition to their contributions of labor and material, so that the actual cost in improvements of the Home will be quite nominal. In addition many citizens of Atlantic City and numbers of the members of the Lodge have made donations in the form of annual contributions, not only of money, but of food stuffs and supplies such as meat, groceries, bread, ice, milk, water, coal, etc. All of this was done and is still being done

without any solicita-tion whatever on the part of Atlantic City

Lodge.

The Betty Bacharach Home, as it has been named, after the mother of the donors, will be conducted under true American principles with no thought to race, creed or color, taking in any crippled or afflicted child which lives within the boundary of Atlantic City. In the very near future,



The main building showing improvements. The boat house at the left. To right is the ambulance given to the Home by Harry P. Johnson, a member of Atlantic City Lodge

it will also take in any child of the State of New Jersey who is not provided for by the State, and eventually take care of any crippled or afflicted child regardless of the place of residence, whether in or out of the State

of New Jersey.

The Home will be conducted under the auspices of Atlantic City Lodge by a Board of Governors nominated and elected by it. The present Board of Governors consists of the following members: David C. Reed,

Eugene G. Schwinghammer, Elias Rosenbaum, Mrs. Millard Allman (a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary and wife of Past Exalted Ruler David Allman of the Lodge), James Pittinos, Hugh Genoe and Louis Steinbricker. Present estimates indicate that the approximate cost for the proper maintenance of the Home will be about \$10,000 a year, and of this amount a portion will be contributed by the donors of the

The Betty Bacharach Home is a great and noble undertaking on the part of Atlantic City Lodge, and the fine spirit of the donors and the way in which the membership has already expressed its enthusiasm assure the success and fame of the Home. The Lodge is probably the first in the Order to own and operate such an institution, and the uses to which it is to be applied will bring about restored health and happiness to many a poor, unfortunate child.

Grand Lodge Convention Week

Highlights of the Program Arranged for Visiting Elks and Their Families

By James B. Connolly

HE Elks National Convention to be held this year in Boston will be opened on Monday, July 7, by a reception to Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland, Grand Lodge Officers and visiting Elks in general. Such receptions have always proved to be pleasant, cordial affairs; the Boston Lodge members intend that this one shall be also.

The Opening Day will also be Navy Day, something new in our Convention Program. In the belief that a naval demonstration of some kind would prove a novel attraction to visitors from the interior of our country, Boston Lodge had arranged with Secretary Denby to have a squadron of big war ships assigned to the service of the Elks for this day in Boston Harbor. Mr. Denby has since gone out of office. At this writing, the Boston Lodge is corresponding with the new Secretary, Mr. Wilbur, to carry out Mr. Denby's intended program. Denby's intended program.

The program for the opening day will conclude with a peculiarly New England form of entertainment. Tens of thousands of Elks are of New England ancestry. Many of these have been demanding to know if in old New England we still serve the delectable meal, baked beans and codfish balls, of which they used to hear their old people talk; and so, the Boston Lodge is going to serve a baked bean and fish-ball supper for visiting Elks and their friends in spacious Mechanics

Hall on the evening of Monday, July 7th. Tuesday, July 8, is Boston Common Day. We have already in this National Convention propaganda mentioned Boston Common, without, however, attempting to explain what it means to the citizenry of this old city. There is not space enough in the entire Magazine to set forth all that it means. So we shall not attempt it now, for which our readers may perhaps be thankful, but we think we should mention that 300 years ago the authorities set aside this plot of land for the good of the people of the city for all time.

It is sacred ground. Every once in a while some vandal rises up in the Legislature to propose that this expansive territory (50 acres it is) in the heart of Boston be reduced in area for the greater service of our city. The usual suggestion is that a street be cut through it, so that it won't take all a busy man's morning to drive a car around it with traffic cops holding him up on each of its corners-two cops on some corners.

But when any impious wretch does so rise up to remark-Bam! he gets it. A generation ago the State Legislature ordered that about a ten-foot slice of land be cut off two sides of the Common, this to ease the traffic congestion. Every now and then since, some long-absent citizen has returned to his native city and learning of the vandalism has written passionate letters of protest to the Transcript about it. One citizen made mention of the impious fact in his will.

On that same old Common, on the same part of it where a British Army band played British troops to formation for the attack on Bunker Hill, on that same spot, on the same plot where a Boston fife and drum corps played Boston militiamen to meet General Washington, when he came to take command of the new Continental Armyon that same spot-the various Elk bands will be assembled in competition—surely on Tuesday, July 8, there should be inspiration to Elk bandmasters in that thought, for the prize contests.

Boston Common used to be the noise center of the universe on every Fourth of July. It was fireworks by day and fireworks by night. Orators—relays of orators—were turned loose. Bands played; when one fell out exhausted, a fresh one marched to the From within gaudy streamered booths husky-voiced hucksters proclaimed pink lemonade, hot corn and hot coffee and hot dogs, ham sandwiches, apple pie, doughnuts and cheese, tin whistles, flags—oh, everything. There were tent shows and lacrosse games—real Indians from Canada, with long feathers in their braided tresses. Visitors came in train-loads from the country districts and smiling, polite young men sold them admission tickets to the Common for half a dollar, some a dollar. The balloon used to go up; and next morning all Boston boydom had a peek into the family's favorite daily to see whether the balloon man drifted out to sea and got drowned, or only

fell into a tree and broke both legs.

Those were the happy days! The Boston

I odge is going to the both the both legs. Lodge is going to try to reproduce old Boston Common for one day during the Convention, with the same old booths and hucksters and pedlers and tin whistles and flags and so on. They can not reproduce the cannon crackers—the good laws forbid—and they are not yet certain about the balloon, but the smiling young men with the ticket of admission will be there; and the Elk who buys one will be escorted to the Psychopathic Ward for further observation

On that same day—it is still Tuesday—as each Lodge of Elks arrives and marches on to the Common its arrival will be immediately broadcasted by radio so that the home folks may know of their safe arrival and that thus far all is well with them.

After all the Lodges are assembled on the Parade Ground, their State standards will be gathered and grouped in a central spot. Our national flag will then be placed in the center of all. It is hoped that President Coolidge will then address the assembled Elks. Various orators in times past have addressed as many as 50,000 people on the Common. We hope to have more than 50,000 Elks alone listening to our President's voice this

day.

The Prize Parade will be held on Thurstures and highly original features in past parades. If several correspondents do not prove to be enthusiastic romancers there will be even more splendid and original features this year. In the interests of Convention publicity the Boston Committee would like to broadcast some of the special feature ideas, but we are pledged to withhold such disclosure until the day itself, when we may all see for ourselves. Up to date the Prize Committee have appropriated \$7,450 for the various competitions, apportioned as follows:

Band Contests—3 Prizes: First, \$600; Second, \$400; Third, \$200. Drill Teams—3 Prizes: First, \$500; Second, \$250; Third, \$100.

Parade—Greatest aggregate mileage based on number registering and appearing in line: 3 Prizes: First, \$350; Second, \$250; Third, \$150. Lodges West of Mississippi: 3 Prizes: First, \$350; Second, \$250; Third, \$150. Best appearance in line: 3 Prizes: First, \$350; Second, \$250, Third, \$150. Most novel display: 3 Prizes: First, \$500; Second, \$350; Third, \$200. Largest number of membership in line outside of New England: membership in line outside of New England: 3 Prizes: First, \$350; Second, \$250; Third, \$150. Largest membership in line from New England Lodge: 3 Prizes: First, \$250; Second, \$150; Third, \$100. Most Attrac-tive Float: 3 Prizes: First, \$400; Second, \$300; Third, \$150. The Boston Lodge, by reason of having all its members on the ground, and so holding a great advantage over any other Lodge, will not compete for any money prize.

WEDNESDAY, Friday and Saturday of the week will be given over to boat and train and motor-car trips to the beach resorts around Boston. Nantasket on the south shore and Revere on the north shore (two of the finest beaches in the world) will be included; as will also the more fashionable Newport. Characteristic sea-food meals will be served; clams, deep-sea fish and lobster (we have no oysters in July). There will be surf bathing, cabaret shows, fireworks, band concerts—everything that goes with a live beach outing in the warm summer-time; and always of course the multitude of natives who will be glad to see everybody.



LODGES which have not yet filled in and returned the questionnaire sent out some time ago by Col. John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, are requested by him to do so at once, so that the annual report of this Committee to the Grand Lodge now in preparation shall include complete data relating to the activities of every Lodge in this important field of work.

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Home-Coming of Aberdeen (S. Dak.) Lodge

The annual "Homecoming" of Aberdeen (S. Dak.) Lodge, No. 1046, was a gala event at which Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson were the guests of honor. There was an initiation of a large class of candidates, a concert by the famous male chorus of Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge, No. 44, a street parade, a banquet and a dance. Following the initiation, which was held in the Orpheum Theatre to accommodate the large audience, Mr. McFarland delivered a spirited address on the tenets of Americanization which was enthusiastically received. One hundred members of Watertown (S. Dak.) Lodge, No. 838, of which Mr. McFarland is a member, came to Aberdeen with him, accompanied by their band. All in all the "Homecoming" was one of the most successful and delightful events in the history of the Lodge.

New Orleans (La.) Lodge in Excellent Financial Condition

Without an appeal to the membership for a single dollar of additional assessment, New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, has consummated its refinancing program, which calls for a \$400,000 loan, and the process of liquidating the old bonds, notes and other indebtedness is now going forward. This sound financial condition definitely insures the carrying out of the Lodge's plans for rebuilding and refurnishing its Home.

Merced (Calif.) Lodge Initiates Class in Yosemite

The first initiation ever held in any of the national parks by the Order was held recently when Merced (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1240, took in a large class of candidates in the Yosemite. The officers of Merced Lodge, in conducting the initiation, were assisted by George F. Hudson member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, J. H. Plummer, Exalted Ruler of Stockton (Calif.) Lodge, No. 218, and L. E. C. Jordan, Secretary of that Lodge. All those who witnessed the ceremony will never forget its beauty and solemnity and the im-

pression made by the wonderful scenery of the great National Park. A special dispensation was granted by Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland permitting Merced Lodge to hold this session in the Yosemite.

Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge Gives Reception to District Deputy Hallinan

Reception to District Deputy Hallman

The "Home Coming" Reception tendered by Queens Borough (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 878, to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and to the Association of Past Exalted Rulers for the New York Southeastern District was in many ways the most brilliant and splendidly conducted affair of its kind ever held in this part of the State. Owing to the fact that the new Home of Queens Borough Lodge was still in the course of construction, New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, generously offered the use of its clubhouse for the reception and cooperated with the Lodge in making the event a success. One of the features of the evening was the initiation of a large class of candidates which was excellently conducted by the Exalted Rulers of all the Lodges within the District. Another number on the program which won the approval of the large gathering was the wonderful exhibition given by the Drill Teams of White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 535, Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 871, and Queens Borough Lodge. At the close of the initiation, Mr. Hallinan delivered a short and stirring address, and he was followed by Joseph Steinmeier, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Edward Leach; and Philip Clancy, President of the State Association. Just before the meeting closed Mr. Hallinan was presented with a handsome fully fitted traveling bag by Exalted Ruler John E. Kiffin on behalf of Queens Borough Lodge, and a beautiful basket of flowers was given him by Port Chester (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 863.

Many officials of the County State and City.

Many officials of the County, State and City were present, and so many members from Queens Borough Lodge and Lodges in the District that it was impossible to accommodate them all in the immense auditorium of No. 1. The reception was a wonderful and impressive tribute to Mr. Hallinan, who has so faithfully performed the duties of District Deputy for the present

At the close of the session the guests witnessed a remarkable vaudeville bill headed by Eddie Cantor and acts from the Follies, Winter Garden, and many other shows playing in New York City, which were presented through the efforts and generosity of Michael H. Glynne. When

the last curtain fell at 1:50 A.M., every one present voted the evening the greatest in the history of Queens Borough Lodge.

Richmond (Va.) Lodge Has Beautiful Home—Shows Large Gain in Members

Since Richmond (Va.) Lodge, No. 45, first occupied its new Home in April, 1923, its membership has increased 50 per cent. and it has broadened greatly the field of its activities. The Home is indeed one of the most beautiful buildings in the city and was purchased by the Lodge at a price of \$100,000. It contains among other features an extensive and well arranged reading room, gymnasium, swimming pool, radio parlor, dining room, pool and billiard room and a handsome Lodge room and an auditorium that accommodates 500. For its completeness and equipment it ranks among the best Homes in the South.

Homecoming of District Deputy Daly Celebrated by Lockport (N. Y.) Lodge

More than 500 members of the Order representing the various Lodges in New York West District gave District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. William Daly a great welcome on the occasion of his official visit and homecoming to Lockport (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 41. The initiation of a large class of candidates, music by the city band, and a special entertainment were features of the reception. A meeting of Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries held earlier in the day elected Mr. Daly President and W. R. Cullen Secretary of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association. Nine of the thirteen Lodges in the District were represented.

the District were represented.

Lockport Lodge is planning to build a twostory brick addition at the rear of its present
Home to cost between \$70,000 and \$80,000.
This will give the Lodge a new club room, dance
hall and bowling alleys.

Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge Plans Huge

Carnival for May

Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1477, instituted only a few months ago, has decided to stage a mammoth combination circus and carnival on its grounds on North Washington Avenue for the week of Saturday, May 24th, to Saturday, May 31st, inclusive. Among the circus attractions promised are elephants and camels for the children to ride, a menagerie and side shows. The carnival features are to include numerous booths, as well as a ferris wheel, carousel, swings and all the accessories, and there will be fireworks and music every night. One of the prizes to be awarded in various contests will be a Special Six Studebaker, fully

equipped. Popularity contests for a king and queen of the carnival, together with a prize baby show, are also being gotten under way, Candidacy for king will be limited to Elks, but the contest for queen will be free to all comers. May 31st will be the Mardi Gras night, when the winners in the contests will be announced.

the contest for queen will be free to all comers. May 31st will be the Mardi Gras night, when the winners in the contests will be announced.

Plans submitted by Bergenfield Lodge for a new \$100,000 Home have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees, and the profits realized by the carnival will go toward this building fund.

Valuable Property Purchased by Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge

Glen Cove (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1458, now owns its own Home. The title to the large plot of ground in Glen Cove, heretofore known as the Appleby estate, was recently transferred to No. 1458, and henceforth the valuable property will be designated as the Elks Estate. Due to the successful sale of the Building bonds, the entire purchase price of \$75,000 was paid. Glen Cove Lodge is now considering plans for improving the plot and the erection of a new building.

Pennsylvania Southwest Association Holds Interesting Meeting

Nearly two hundred delegates from Pennsylvania Elks Southwest Association, comprising Exalted Rulers and Secretaries from the twenty-three Lodges in the District, met recently at Etna (Pa.) Lodge, No. 932. A novel and patriotic feature agreed to by each representative in the District was to celebrate Flag Day by offering prizes of \$100 and \$50 to the boy or girl in Grade schools in each District for the best composition written on the American Flag. Pittsburgh (Pa.) Lodge, No. 11, will hold a public demonstration at which the prize essays will be read and the prizes awarded. After the meeting Etna Lodge banqueted the delegates and an elaborate musical entertainment followed.

Chattanooga (Tenn.) Lodge Active— Has Forty-Piece Band

Chattanooga (Tenn.) Lodge, No. 91, has organized a forty-piece band, composed of its members. The band is considered the best musical organization in the State and it is the intention of Chattanooga Lodge to send it to the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Boston this July. Among other activities which the Lodge has under way for the summer is Kiddies' Day, a repetition of last year's outing for the city's children, but on a much larger scale.

Thomas F. Nally Honored by Springfield (Mass.) Lodge

A testimonial was recently given to Thomas F. Nally, for ten years Secretary of Springfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 61, by the members at a banquet in his honor at the Kimball Hotel. A gold card with five diamonds collectively weighing four carats and signifying honorable life membership in the Lodge was awarded by a unanimous vote and was presented to Mr. Nally with the members standing and cheering. One of the features of the occasion was the number of the "old guard" members who have been Elks for years, attending out of regard for Mr. Nally. Past Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, made the presentation speech. Judge Nelson P. Brown also voiced his appreciation. Past Exalted Ruler John M. Sullivan gave the time-honored 11 o'Clock Toast. Martin Delaney gave the toast to a good fellow, and James H. Mulcare, a paraphrase of "Abou Ben Adhem," with Mr. Nally substituted for the original character in the poem. Many other distinguished members of Springfield Lodge were present at the speakers' table. Following the banquet there was special music and other entertainment features.

Herd of Live Elks May Graze In Boston Common

Lodges in Utah, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana are working together to perfect a plan whereby a herd of live elks shall be shipped to Boston for the Grand Lodge Convention. The idea is to corral the animals in Boston Common during the week of the Convention and to present them at its close to Mayor James M. Curley for the city on behalf of the western Lodges.

New York State Elks Association Makes Arrangements for Convention

At the meeting of the Committee in charge of the arrangements for the Convention of the New York State Elks Association to be held in Buffalo June 2-4 the following program was adopted:

Public Exercises on Sunday evening, June 1st, place to be announced later. Opening of Convention, Hotel Statler Ballroom, 10 A.M., Monday, June 2nd. At 2 P.M. Monday fifty mile boat ride on Crystal Beach Company boat. Monday evening the delegates will be the guests of the Fort Erie Beach Company; an elaborate program has been arranged including fireworks. The Ritualistic contest will also be held on Monday evening. On Tuesday, Niagara Falls Lodge will entertain the visitors, returning to Buffalo for the Grand Ball at Hotel Statler in the evening. Drill Team contests at Front, Wednesday, at 10 o'clock. Grand Parade at 2 P.M. Wednesday, followed by massed bands. During the three days of the Convention the 11 o'clock toast will be given at different points throughout the city.

Worcester (Mass.) Lodge Dedicates New \$100,000 Auditorium

The new \$100,000 auditorium on Elm Street of Worcester (Mass.) Lodge, No. 243, was recently dedicated with appropriate exercises attended by about 1000 members and invited guests, in addition to officials of the Order from practically every Lodge in New England. Among the distinguished visitors were Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Donovan, Hon. Charles G. Washburn and John F. Tinsley, President of the Worcester Chamber of Commerce. Following the dedication short addresses were made by Mayor Curley and other guests of honor.

Frankfort (Ky.) Lodge Furnishes and Endows Room in Hospital

One of the most helpful things done by Frankfort (Ky.) Lodge, No. 530, in some time was its recent action in furnishing and endowing a room in the new Mary Todd Watson Memorial Addition of the King's Daughters Hospital. This room, known as "Elks Room," has been handsomely and completely equipped at a cost of over \$250 and is now in use. The endowment expenses which will be paid by the Lodge will come close to \$200 a year.

Banquet and Annual Ball at Anchorage (Alaska) Lodge

A "homecoming" for all members was recently held by Anchorage (Alaska) Lodge, No. 1351. The first day of the celebration was given over to the initiation of a large class of



candidates, followed by a banquet in the evening which was enlivened by speeches and special entertainment. The following night the Annual Ball of the Lodge drew a large gathering to Eagle Hall where music and many novelties contributed to the merriment of the evening.

Franklin (Pa.) Lodge Celebrates Its Thirty-fifth Anniversary

Nearly 200 members and representatives of Lodges in the State attended the banquet celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of Franklin (Pa.) Lodge, No. 110. The Home was elaborately decorated for the occasion with purple and white ribbons and large American flags. Harry I. Koch of Allentown (Pa.) Lodge, No. 130, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, was the guest of honor and the principal speaker of the evening.

New Rochelle (N. Y.) Lodge Conducts Successful Charity Event

The Bridge and Dance recently conducted by New Rochelle (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 756, was a real success. The money realized by the event will go into the Lodge's Charity Fund for use in connection with the work being done for the poor and the crippled of the community.

the crippled of the community.

New Rochelle Lodge is in reasing its membership rapidly and will soon have over a thousand names on its roll.

"Elks' Protege" Idea Taken Up by San Diego (Calif.) Lodge

San Diego (Calif.) Lodge, No. 168, has recently adopted the "Elks' Protege" plan inaugurated some months ago with great success by Logan (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 1391, which was described in the January (1924) issue of The Elks Magazine. The plan briefly is to present a button bearing the inscription "Elks' Protege" to the school boys who attain a percentage of ninety on their report cards in deportment and study, and to give special attention and help to these boys on all occasions. San Diego Lodge has received a whole-hearted endorsement of the plan from the Superintendent of City Schools and the assurance of the cooperation of the various Principals in making it a success.

Minstrels of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge Perform for Flint (Mich.) Lodge

The famous minstrels of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, recently gave two performances in the High School Auditorium at Flint, Mich., under the auspices of Flint (Mich.) Lodge No. 222. A considerable sum was raised for Flint Lodge which will go toward the expenses of forming a Drill Squad and sending it to represent the Lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston this July. The team will consist of forty-eight men and two officers, and Flint Lodge plans to make it a permanent organization.

Seattle (Wash.) Lodge Host to Great Gathering of Veterans

All ex-service men in Seattle and western Washington—veterans of all wars, from grizzled old men of the '60s to the youngsters of the World War—were invited to attend the Service Men's Night recently conducted by Seattle (Wash.) Lodge, No. 92. The event was held in the Armory where a most elaborate program, including excellent music, vocal and instrumental, and many spectacular vaudeville acts, was presented for the amusement of the largest gathering of veterans ever assembled in Seattle.

Boston (Mass.) Lodge Elects Mayor Curley to Life Membership

In recognition of the fidelity and loyalty of the Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, and in appreciation of his great services to Boston (Mass.) Lodge, No. 10, the Lodge recently elected him to honorary life membership.

Old-Timers of Manila (P. I.) Lodge Disprove Popular Saying

It has often been stated that a white man can not live long in the tropics. That this is evi-

dently another popular fallacy was proved recently at "Old-Timers" night held by Manila (P. I.) Lodge, No. 761, when there were about twenty-five members present, with service in the Islands ranging from twenty years up.

Junction City (Kans.) Lodge Has Good Record for Past Year

Junction City (Kans.) Lodge, No. 1037, has made an excellent record during the past Lodge In addition to acquiring a very desirable new Home, over 100 members have been added to the rolls. Before the present year is out, Junction City Lodge expects to have a membership well over 500.

Drill Team of Eureka (Calif.) Lodge Out to Win Convention Prize

High hopes are entertained by members of Eureka (Calif.) Lodge, No. 652, for the success of their drill team at the Convention of the California State Elks Association to be held this year at Long Beach. The team has shown remarkable advance in skill under the able leadership of the drill master, W. L. Lambert. The Lodge is planning to give a large dance for the benefit of the Team from which it is expected that a considerable sum of money will be set that a considerable sum of money will be set aside for expenses.

James K. Carmack Honored by Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge

At a recent meeting of Atlantic City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 276, designated as "Charter Members' Night," James K. Carmack, one of the original members of the Lodge, its Second Exalted Ruler, and its treasurer for twenty-one years, was presented with an excellent oil paintof the high appreciation in which Mr. Carmack is held by his fellows of Atlantic City, Harry Bacharach on behalf of the members of the Lodge. Mr. Bacharach, offered the painting as a token of the high appreciation in which Mr. Carmack is held by his fellows of Atlantic City Lodge.

Sunbury (Pa.) Lodge Takes Lead In Welfare Work

Sunbury (Pa.) Lodge, No. 267, closed a Lodge year that was crowded with social activities and welfare work. In addition to endowing a ward in the Mary M. Packer Hospital, the Lodge has furnished the poor children of the schools with milk daily, given the needy gifts at Christmas and conducted numerous outings for the youngsters during the year. The Lodge has also registered a healthy increase in members and is looking forward to building a new Home in the near future.

New Haven (Conn.) Lodge Has Anniversary Banquet

Over 300 members were present at the birth-day party held in the Hotel Garde celebrating the fortieth anniversary of New Haven (Conn.) Lodge, No. 25. The toastmaster of the evening was Past Exalted Ruler Samuel E. Hoyt whose was Past Exalted Ruler Samuel E. Hoyt whose opening remarks regarding the possibility of a new Home for New Haven Lodge were received with great enthusiasm. William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, the officers of which instituted New Haven Lodge forty years ago, was one of the principal speakers. Many other distinguished visitors were present to congratulate the Lodge on its fine record of achievement and growth.

Lodges of North Dakota Join in Flag Day Essay Contest

Working in conjunction with the North Dakota State Elks Association, the various Lodges throughout the State are offering prizes to the school children for the best essays on the Flag. By cooperation with County Superintendents the state will be covered in a very systematic manner including the rural schools. Each Lodge will judge the essays written by the school children within its jurisdiction and award prizes when the winning essays are read on Flag Day. The winning essays will be sent to a committee of the State Association where they

will compete for additional prizes offered by that body.

A New Million Dollar Home For Oakland (Calif.) Lodge

Following months of study, and planning to combine the best features of club buildings in America and Europe, the plans for the new Home of Oakland (Calif.) Lodge, No. 171, have been presented to the membership and actual work on the structure begun. The new Home, when built, furnished and equipped, will represent an investment of more than a million dollars in addition to the property value of the location. The main portion of the structure will be eight stories high, while the wing given over to private dining-rooms, showers and baths will reach a height of nearly 180 feet. Only two other Oakland buildings will be higher. The building will include fifty-five living-rooms, bowling alleys, handball courts, a complete gymnasium, as well as numerous committee rooms, lounge rooms and other facilities. The Lodge room on the fourth floor will be the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast. On top of the building will be a roof garden. Complete elevator service will be provided throughout the structure.

Murphysboro (Ill.) Lodge Makes Many Improvements in Home

The Indoor Carnival recently given by Murphysboro (Ill.) Lodge, No. 572, netted \$3,500, which will be used in making improvements in its Home. The floors are to be laid with tarazza, the entire building redecorated and many other changes made for the convenience of the members.

One of the most interesting things in the Home of Murphysboro Lodge is the recently installed memorial tablet. This is constructed of art glass, the names of the departed members being lighted individually with electric lights. The tablet cost \$2,500.

Greeley (Colo.) Lodge Will Help Boys and Girls of Community

Greeley (Colo.) Lodge, No. 809, is drawing up plans for helping the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls. This is in line with a recent report of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee which recommended that these two organizations be made the most important social service work of the Lodge and that they should be regarded and treated as brother and sister movements.

Work on New Million Dollar Home of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge Progresses

Work on the new million-dollar Home of Milwaukee (Wis.) Lodge, No. 46, is going ahead rapidly. This new building will be one of the finest in the country and will embody all the finest in the country and will embody all the conveniences and facilities of the most exclusive social clubs. There will be large public and private dining-rooms, gymnasium, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, roof gardens, lounging and reading rooms, swimming pool, shower baths, and 200 living rooms equipped with baths. One of the features of the building will be the great Lodge room 28 x 122 feet located on the the great Lodge room 78 x 122 feet located on the fifth floor. This room will have a balcony providing space for organ and choir. The room will contain 439 permanent seats, with sufficient contain 439 permanent seats, with sufficient floor space available for additional temporary chairs on special occasions.

Results of Annual Tournament of Elks Bowling Association

The Seventh Annual Tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America was recently held at Lima, Ohio. One hundred and thirty-seven five-man teams, 285 two-man teams and 557 individual entries took part. These teams represented thirty Lodges from different parts of the United States. Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, for the fifth consecutive time, was the winner in the five-man event. The team captured the diamond medals and first-money prize with the excellent score of 2887. Eddie Meyer and Jess Pritchett, the stars of Indianapolis (Ind.) Lodge, No. 13, received the medals and first place in the two-man event with a score

of 1,250. W. Ruchel of Fort Wayne (Ind.) Lodge, No. 155, scored 670 and won the individual event. Eddie Meyer was also the winner of the all-event with 1,860 pins to his credit. Taking into consideration the fact that the Tournament was shot across six alleys, great credit is due the contestants for the exceptional scores made. At the annual meeting of the Association the following officers were elected:

Association the following officers were elected: President, John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis.; Treasurer, Jack Hagerty, Toledo, Ohio; Secretary, John M. A. Galen, Detroit, Mich The next tournament will be held in Toledo, Ohio, and will begin on the last Saturday in March, 1925. Every Lodge in the country is invied to be represented by at least one team. For further information regarding the next tournament write John M. A. Galen, 2531 Fairview Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge Sells Property at Big Profit

Los Angeles (Calif.) Lodge, No. 99 has sold Los Angeles (Calli.) Lodge, No. 99 has solutist Flower Street lot, which it purchased in 1919 for approximately \$250,000, for \$850,000—thereby realizing a profit which will help nicely toward the cost of the new Home at Sixth and Parkview Streets, shortly to be constructed.

Biloxi (Miss.) Lodge Does Good Work in Community

Biloxi (Miss.) Lodge, No. 606, has made a distinct record for itself in Social and Community Welfare work during the past Lodge year. Besides unusual activities at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge supported the formation of an Elks' ward in the city hospital and voted a fund for its upkeep.

New Home of Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge Dedicated by Judge Kennan

The culmination of sixteen years of persistent and untiring effort by Ellensburg (Wash.) Lodge, No. 1102, was recently celebrated by Lodge, No. 1102, was recently celebrated by members and representatives from many Lodges of the State when its new \$70,000 Home was officially dedicated by Judge Henry L. Kennan, member of the Grand Forum. A large street parade, in which the representatives and bands of various Washington Lodges took part, preceded the ceremony. An outstanding feature of the dedication was the stirring address made by Hon. Robert E. Evans, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, a member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee. In the evening the members and visitors gathered in the new Home for the Dedication Ball. As a token of appreciaton for its achievement, Ellenstoken of appreciation for its achievement, Ellensburg Lodge received from the Washington State Elks Association a baby grand piano valued at \$1,500 for its new Home.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees:

Haverstraw (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 877. Purchase of a building site at a cost of \$6,450, and the erection of a Home at a cost of \$113,000. The plot of ground has a frontage of 325 feet and a depth of 331 feet. The building will be of brickand stone. and stone.

Bergenfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1477. Purchase of a Home consisting of three acres of ground and a nine-room house at \$10,000, with an addition to be erected at a cost of \$80,000

an addition to be erected at a cost of \$80,000 and furnishings at \$7,000.

Greenville (S. C.) Lodge, No. 858. Purchase of a building site 67 x 147 feet, located in the center of the city, at a cost of \$20,000.

Pekin (Ill.) Lodge, No. 1271. Erection of a two-story brick building at a cost of \$80,000 and furnishings at \$15,000. The Lodge already owns the lot valued at \$5,000.

Princeton (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 1459. Purchase of a lot 75 x 145 feet at a cost of \$2,400 and the erection of a three-story brick building to cost \$15,000.

cost \$15,000.

Dodge City (Kansas) Lodge, No. 1406. Purchase of property at a cost of \$12,500. Present building on lot to be remodeled at cost of \$1,500. Cost of furnishings \$1,000.

Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34. Purchase of building site at a cost of \$585,000, and the erection of a building to cost \$1,000,000.

Huntington (Ind.) Lodge, No. 805. Erection of building at a cost of \$70,000 with furnishings

at \$15,000. .

Ovation Given District Deputy Rowell At Visit to Berkeley (Calif.) Lodge

An ovation from 600 members of Lodges in the Bay District, including the Exalted Rulers and other officers of many Lodges, was given District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Hubert N. Rowell on the occasion of his official visit to Berkeley (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1002. A large class of candidates—the largest since Berkeley Lodge was instituted—was initiated and there was a banquet to the visitors. Short addresses were made by James M. Shanly, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Hardy C. Hutchinson, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, and other distinguished guests. One of the pleasing features of the evening was the conferring upon Past Exalted Ruler James M. Koford of an honorary life membership.

Recently Instituted Lodge Buys Fine New Home

Lancaster (N. Y.) Lodge, No 1478, has purchased the property known as the Parish House at the corner of East Main Street and Lake Avenue which will be used by it as a Home and Club house. The remarkable feature of this is that Lancaster Lodge was but recently instituted, which speaks very highly for the character and progressiveness of its officers and members.

Lodges Requested to Assist in Development of Citizens' Camp Idea

William J. Sinek, Exalted Ruler of Chicago (Ill.) Lodge, No. 4, is a member of a committee of prominent Chicago citizens whose aim is to give wide publicity to our government training camps. One of the means of attracting special attention to the movement will be a large baseball over seven feet in diameter which will be rolled from coast to coast by Citizens' Military Training Camp students and Boy Scouts. Brigadier-General George Van Horn Moseley and Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago are also members of the Committee which officially starts the ball. In a letter sent out to various Lodges, Mr. Sinek asks for the cooperation of the Lodges in cities that will be visited en route. The ball will be rolled in front of the Home of each Lodge and Captain G. H. Maines of Flint (Mich.) Lodge, No. 222, will accompany it on its journey.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensation for New Lodges

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

Kelso (Wash).) Lodge, No. 1482. Cordova (Alaska) Lodge, No. 1483. Oroville (Calif.) Lodge, No. 1484. Hempstead (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1485. Ossining (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1486.

LaFayette (Ind.) Lodge Awards Medals To Purdue Wrestlers

At the annual banquet given by LaFayette (Ind.) Lodge, No. 143, for the Purdue University wrestling team, according to a custom inaugurated last year, R. H. Turner was awarded the medal for high points, M. J. Koldyke the medal for best improvement during the year, and E. R. Dye the medal for valuable services to the team. The custom of LaFayette Lodge awarding medals to the wrestlers of Purdue University has aroused very favorable comment throughout the State and has been a means of stimulating new interest in this sport.

New \$250,000 Home Will House Santa Rosa (Calif.) Lodge

Santa Rosa (Calif.) Lodge, No. 646, plans to erect a new two-story Home at a cost of approximately \$250,000 and to spend an additional \$30,000 in furnishing it. The structure will be one of the most imposing in the district and will contain augmentation of the structure of the same fort of the contain every convenience for the comfort of the members. Work is to start at once so the building will be finished, in all probability, early in the Fall. The Lodge owns the lot 200x120 feet which is valued at \$58,000.

Iowa State Elks Association To Meet at Clinton

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association will be held at Clinton May 27-29. Great preparations have been made for the entertainment of the visitors and there will be a ritualistic contest, athletic games, a parade, a barbecue and picnic, steamboat rides and many other attractions. Clinton (Iowa) Lodge, No. 199, expects one of the largest crowds in its history.

Mangum (Okla.) Lodge Active in Welfare and Patriotic Work

Mangum (Okla.) Lodge, No. 1169, is active in welfare and patriotic work. Recently the Lodge voted to give three prizes to school children for the best essays on the subject "History of the American Flag and Its Origin." The Lodge has also voted to furnish tents for the local Boy Scout Troop for use on their summer camping trip. In addition to these charitable acts. ing trip. In addition to these charitable acts, Mangum Lodge recently gave a large banquet to which the various Lodges in its section were invited. A fine entertainment marked the evening.

Dinner Given in Honor of District Deputy Erich

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. Erich recently made his official visit to Chester (Pa.) Lodge, No. 488, where he was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Washington Hotel. Mr. Erich delivered an interesting address to the members and witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates at the meeting that followed in the property of the guests. lowed. Later a luncheon was served the guests and an entertainment was given for their benefit in the club rooms.

Suffolk (Va.) Lodge Building New Home

Suffolk (Va.) Lodge, No. 685, has begun the erection of its new two-story Home. The main erection of its new two-story Home. The main structure will be 50x150 feet and the Lodge will have its quarters on the second floor. The first floor will be rented for business purposes.

Work of Roanoke (Va.) Lodge at Elks National Home Praised

The Board of Grand Trustees has officially complimented Roanoke (Va.) Lodge, No. 197, for the extraordinary attention it has paid to the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., during the year.

Parkersburg (W. Va.) Lodge Has Crack Degree Team

The Degree Team of Parkersburg (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 198, is winning an enviable name for itself throughout the district. Recently they initiated a large class of candidates for Wheeling (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 28, drawing high praise for their excellent work. Another highly successful initiation was conducted by them for Grafton (W. Va.) Lodge, No. 308. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles C. Mayhall, who is a member of Parkersburg Lodge, making his official visit on the same night, joined in the enthusiasm of the members in congratulating the Degree Team on its brilliant performance.

Allegheny (Pa.) Lodge Completely Destroyed by Fire

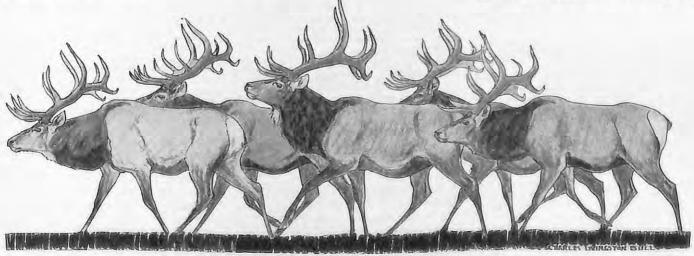
Fire of an unknown origin recently visited the Fire of an unknown origin recently visited the Home of Allegheny (Pa.) Lodge, No. 339, completely destroying the building and furnishings. The building was one of the most imposing structures in Western Pennsylvania, being built in 1905 at a cost of \$125,000. The elaborate furnishings were estimated at \$100,000. Trustees of the Lodge met on the following day with the fire insurance underwriters and laid tentative plans for rebuilding their Home. for rebuilding their Home.

Charity Minstrel Show Given by Latrobe (Pa.) Lodge

Latrobe (Pa.) Lodge, No. 907, held its annual Minstrel Show recently with great success. This show is put on every year and the entire proceeds go to charity. The show was given in the local High School Auditorium, which seats were and the bouse was packed both with The 1000, and the house was packed both nights. By special request of the authorities of St. Vincent's Arch Abbey, the cast later gave a performance at that institution.

Athletics Will Play Big Part in Life Of Louisville (Ky.) Lodge Members

Athletics will play a prominent part in the life of the members of Louisville (Ky.) Lodge, No. 8, as soon as the new building is completed. One of as soon as the new building is completed. One of the finest gymnasiums and accompanying re-quisites in the country have been made a part of the new Home. Leaving nothing undone to put the Lodge on a par with leading athletic clubs, the Board of Directors have recently engaged



a famous physical director, who will be in charge of both gymnasium and swimming-tank.

Alabama State Elks Association Meets in Montgomery May 13-14

Plans for the entertainment of the Alabama State Elks Association have been perfected by Montgomery (Ala.) Lodge, No. 596, which will be host to the Convention on May 13-14. This year's meeting is expected to be one of the largest in the history of the Association.

Bronze Honor Tablet Unveiled by Albany (N. Y.) Lodge

The unveiling of a bronze honor tablet in the lobby of the Home of Albany (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 49, was an event which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Prominent members of the Order from all over the State were present to assist Albany Lodge in thus honoring its members who served during the World War.

Success Attends Indoor Circus Given By Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge

The big indoor circus at the Fourth Regiment Armory, put on by Jersey City (N. J.) Lodge, No. 211, opened on April 22 and will run until May 2. The indications are that a fine sum will be put into the treasury of Jersey City Lodge by the success of this event, thus assuring a good-sized fund for the entertainment of the delegates to the Convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association, meeting in Jersey City, June 6-7.

Ashland (Ore.) Lodge Big Brother To Boys of the City

Following along the lines of community welfare work as suggested by the Grand Lodge, Ashland (Ore.) Lodge, No. 944, has started a movement whereby the boys of the city between the ages of 17 and 21 will be invited to indulge in the privilege of its club rooms one night a week. This movement is only a forerunner to the formation of a permanent boys' club in the city, in which Ashland Lodge plans to take a leading part.

Trap-Shoot to Be a Feature of Pennsylvania Association Meeting

One of the features of the elaborate entertainment program being arranged by Williamsport (Pa.) Lodge, No. 173, for the Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, to be held there August 25-28, will be a real clay-pigeon shoot. This will be staged at the Antlers' Club, the beautiful summer home of Williamsport Lodge. Every Lodge in the State is urged to organize a five-man team and to enter it in this important event.

Elks Band of Morristown (N. J.) Lodge Gives Concert for Blind Children

The Elks Band of Morristown (N. J.) Lodge, No. 815, recently went to Summit, N. J., where they gave a concert at the Blind Children's Home, under the auspices of Summit (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1246. After the concert the Band and a host of members from Morristown Lodge were entertained in the new Home of Summit Lodge.

Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge to Build \$100,000 Annex

Ambridge (Pa.) Lodge, No. 983, has approved plans for building an annex to its present Home, to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. Ambridge Lodge has been very active in the last two years in Social and Community Welfare Work and has shown a large growth in membership.

Veatures of the Coming Convention ()f the California Association

Among the attractions at the Convention of California State Elks Association, to be held at Catalina Island September 17-20, will be: Day and night trips to the marine gardens in the glass-bottom boats—Trip to Seal Rocks, the home of the seals—Boat trips around the Island and to the Isthmus—Night trips to see the flying-

fish—Automobile sight-seeing trips to points of interest—Dancing, deep-sea and bay fishing and swimming—Golf and tennis—Sight-seeing airplane and hydroplane trips—Monster barbecue and clam-bake—Horseback-riding and hiking.

Long Beach (Calif.) Lodge, No. 888, which will be host to the delegates and visitors, is laying plans to assure one of the most enjoyable meetings ever held by the Association.

Salem (Ore.) Lodge Will Build New Home

Salem (Ore.) Lodge, No. 336, is arranging to erect a new Home in the near future. Plans are being drawn up for a modern structure that will cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

Many Lodges Join to Honor District Deputy Donovan

Over 100 members of North Adams (Mass.) Lodge, No. 487, recently visited Adams (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1335, on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. John E. Donovan's official visitation to his home Lodge. An excellent program of entertainment was presented, and members from Natick, Milford, Springfield, Northampton and Greenfield Lodges came to do honor to Dr. Donovan.

Phoenix (Ariz.) Lodge Plans Building New Home Soon

Phoenix (Ariz.) Lodge, No. 335, is working out plans for building a new Home on property already owned by the Lodge at Second Avenue and Adams Street. It will be a two-story structure and will embody every convenience for the comfort of the members. The damage recently done by fire to the present Home has been repaired, and meetings will be held there until the new building is ready.

District Deputy Blue Compliments Eufaula (Ala.) Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harvey M. Blue recently paid his official visit to Eufaula (Ala.) Lodge, No. 912, where he spoke highly of the enterprise and achievements of the members. The meeting was preceded by a reception and dinner, at which the District Deputy was the guest of honor.

New Home of Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge Going Up Rapidly

The new Home of Fargo (N. Dak.) Lodge, No. 260, now in course of construction, will have among other features a large gymnasium, handball courts, bowling alleys, one of the best equipped lodge-rooms and ballrooms in the northwest, and an up-to-date roof-garden. The membership is already contemplating plans to celebrate the formal dedication, which will take place in the early fall.

Good Library a Feature of Bay City (Mich.) Lodge

Substantial gifts have been recently made to the library of Bay City (Mich.) Lodge No. 88, so that the members now have available for their use a large number of interesting and helpful books. A special book-plate has been designed, in which are noted the names of the donors.

Montclair (N. J.) Lodge Building Handsome New Home

Montclair (N. J.) Lodge, No. 891, is going ahead with the construction of its handsome new Home, which will be a three-story brick structure of colonial design. Some of the features of the building will be the bowling-alleys, the large auditorium with a stage and dressing-rooms, and the exceptionally fine lodge-room.

New Jersey State Elks Association Holds Quarterly Meeting

A very profitable quarterly meeting was recently held by officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association and delegates from various Lodges at Bloomfield (N. J.) Lodge, No. 788.

The report of the State Chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee was read and discussed, and the question of redistricting the Lodge jurisdictions in New Jersey was also a topic considered by the representatives. After the meeting a dinner was served to the visitors in the large auditorium of the new building of Bloomfield Lodge.

Beaumont (Texas) Lodge Goes Ahead With New Home

Beaumont (Texas) Lodge, No. 311, has completed the financial and structural plans for its new Home, so that definite work on its construction is expected at an early date. The new building will be one of the finest in the State and will represent an investment of over \$120,000.

Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge Gives Charity Entertainment at Fort McPherson

Atlanta (Ga.) Lodge, No. 78, recently staged a charity entertainment for the Ladies' Chapel Guild in the Post theatre at Fort McPherson. Practically the entire company of the 1923 Elks Revue was on hand, and, with a few minor changes, gave the same show that scored such a big hit in Atlanta last December. Despite the inclement weather, an audience of nearly 1,000 was present to enjoy the show.

Wynne (Ark.) Lodge Initiates Class at Harrisburg

Members of Wynne (Ark.) Lodge, No. 1369, recently chartered a special train to Harrisburg, Ark., where they initiated a large class of candidates. A parade was organized, and following the ceremony a banquet was tendered the visitors by the new members, closing a most enjoyable day. A special dispensation was granted by the Grand Exalted Ruler to allow the initiation at Harrisburg.

Member of New Orleans (La.) Lodge Gives Chimes to State University

Edward G. Schlieder, a prominent member of New Orleans (La.) Lodge, No. 30, recently presented the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge with a beautiful set of chimes. The chimes, which will be placed in a memorial tower on the campus of the University are eighteen in number and are said to be the largest in the world. Mr. Schlieder was assisted in the selection of the chimes by Governor John M. Parker, who is also a member of New Orleans Lodge.

Holyoke (Mass.) Lodge Makes Handsome Gift to New Lodge

When Westfield (Mass.) Lodge, No. 1481, was recently instituted, Holyoke (Mass.) Lodge, No. 902, whose jurisdiction had included Westfield, suffered a loss of 135 of its members. Instead of being dissatisfied, Holyoke Lodge gave every assistance possible in obtaining the dispensation and on the night of the institution of Westfield Lodge presented it with a gift of \$1000 to show its friendly spirit.

Freehold (N. J.) Lodge Winner of Ritualistic Contest

In the New Jersey Ritualistic contest recently held at Elizabeth (N. J.) Lodge, No. 289, Freehold (N. J.) Lodge, No. 1454, again won the highest honors, giving it two plates on the Hackensack tablet. It is necessary to win three years in succession to keep the tablet permanently. Freehold Lodge won its first victory last year when it had only been instituted nine months. Following are the percentages of the contesting teams: Freehold Lodge, 98.35; Rutherford Lodge, No. 547, 98.24; East Orange Lodge, No. 630, 98.20; Dover Lodge, No. 782, 97.45.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Under special dispensation Wenatchee (Wash.)
Lodge initiated 120 candidates at Okanogan,
Wash. Officers and members of Wenatchee
Lodge made the trip to and from Okanogan in
(Continued on page 68)



Famous Essex Performance With Hudson Smoothness

To the performance that made Essex world famous is now added the smooth, delightful operation and reliability of a 6-cylinder motor, built on Hudson patents.

That not only speaks for brilliant responsiveness in any service throughout the wanted range of speeds. It means—in this sturdy car, at \$975—you get the very qualities that made Hudson notable for long life, reliability and fine performance.

It is the most talked of car ever brought out by Essex. Thousands who examine and ride in it daily are proclaiming qualities never expected in a car of its price. They call it the easiest riding car they ever knew. Safe, comfortable and steady on all roads at all speeds.

Even those who keep but casual track of gasoline and oil mileage, are astonished at its economy in those respects. And the minimum service cost policy, continues these economies in inexpensive maintenance throughout all the years it serves you. Ask your dealer for the parts price list.

Take a ride in the New Essex Coach. It will convince you that ideal transportation in terms of economy, comfort, performance and lasting reliability is fully realized in the New Essex—at a price for all.

The ESSEX Coach \$975

Touring Model \$850 Freight and Tax Extra

A Six Built By Hudson Under Hudson Patents



Shaving sticks -like men-differ in the grasp they offer

THIS new Williams Doublecap Stick offers you a man's grasp obviously better than the slippery, finger-tip hold of old-style shaving sticks.

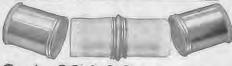
The metal holder goes clear to the middle of this stick. There's plenty of room for your fingers. And the big hold stays the same from first to last! When both ends of the stick are worn down, the remaining thin wafer of soap fits nicely on a Williams Re-load.

Williams Re-loads cost less than the original package. The metal Doublecap container lasts indefinitely. It is highly polished, non-corrosive, a fit neighbor for your handsomest silver toilet articles.

The soap in Doublecap gives that same shave for which Williams is noted—faster softening of the beard; smoother, easier cutting because of the lubric element in the lather; and finally, delightful after-care of the skin. You'll find Double-cap the perfect stick cap the perfect stick.

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We've scored again ! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific formula for use after shaving. Forfreetrial bottle, write Dept. 55.



Doublecap Shaving Stick

By the makers of the famous Williams Holder Top Stick, and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

Waiter, Bring the Bill-of-Fare

(Continued from page 15)

sausage, blood sausage, head-cheese and the like, and more recently the hard, dry salami introduced by the Italians, which will keep for

introduced by the Italians, which will keep for years in a dry, cool place, and the Italian fresh mortadelli sausage, made of minced pork and beef, some raw, some boiled, pickled tongue, sardines, pistaschio nuts, spices and a little rum for seasoning—practically a bill of-fare in itself.

Then there are the cheeses. Just as Europe learned centuries ago what to do with meat trimmings, so it learned what to do with the perishable milk of cows, goats, sheep and even horses. When the German brought over his famous Limburger, practically the only cheese we knew was the American cream cheese—called "Cheddar" among cheese-makers. But we knew was the American cream cheese-called "Cheddar" among cheese-makers. But gradually Americans learned to like Swiss cheese, Dutch or Edam, then riper kinds like Roquefort, and then the still riper Camembert, until finally, under other names, they are now eating the Limburger of Dutch comedy without knowing it! "Limburger" sounds as German as German can be, but this cheese really originated in the town of Limburg, Belgium. Laugh at it if you will, but know also that it is one of the richest and most carefully made of all cheeses, and when just ripe enough should be eaten within a few days. A very large part of our own domestic cheese industry concentrates on the making of Limburger, and with hardly an exception we now manufacture in the United States all the popular types of European cheese, States all the popular types of European cheese, and the dairy farmer has reason to be glad that our national menu has been broadened in this

WHEN the Italian came to our shores, he, likewise, was promptly dubbed a "macaroni" after his most characteristic food staple—in "Yankee Doodle" the words mean a fop or dude. after his most characteristic food staple—in "Yankee Doodle" the words mean a fop or dude. After we had had our joke, however, we tried macaroni, and to-day are rapidly adopting all the tasty, nourishing European paste foods, ranging from fresh noodles to the variegated spaghetti family, which includes round rods of different sizes, flat kinds, twisted masses, fancy shapes like stars, crescents, squares, animals, letters—the Italian grocer would be ashamed to have less than three or four dozen kinds of "pastas" in stock. To my way of thinking, even the Italians themselves in this country have still to discover the finest of them all, very popular in Argentina—green spaghetti, made fresh every day like noodles, containing creamy spinach.

Who invented the "pastas"? The Chinese claim credit—you can get Chinese spaghetti in any chop suey restaurant, boiled like noodles if you ask for "yakamain" or fried as "chowmain." The Japanese also claim the invention, and it is said the Germans introduced it into Europe as noodles. But the Italians have made it their national dish, for bread and paste foods comprise sixty per cent of their diet.

Really, we got our first paste food from the Germans, who brought their homemade egg

Really, we got our first paste food from the Germans, who brought their homemade egg noodles. Did you ever see a German housewife noodles. Did you ever see a German housewife roll the dough out thin, cut it into strips, dry it on the back of a chair, and then put it in the soup, or make a noodle pudding flavored with hickory nuts? When the Italian came with his dried dough tube "macaroni," the American housewife learned to cook it with cheese. Then we learned to eat the rod-like spaghetti with garlic-flavored tomato sauce in Italian restaurants washed down with the "red ink" of those by-gone times. by-gone times.

A good many Americans like spaghetti in Italian restaurants, but do not know how to cook the sauce at home. Here is something richer than any Italian sauce I ever tasted:

For three or four people, take a casserole or saucepan holding about two quarts and put into it these things: One three-pound can of tomatoes or a half-pound can of concentrated tomato paste, purchasable at any Italian grocery; half cup olive oil; half pound chopped fresh beef, or a quarter pound beef and a quarter pound of chicken livers—or a half pound of fresh or canned mushrooms; quarter teaspoon sugar: cancer livers—or a half pound of fresh of canned mushrooms; quarter teaspoon sugar; quarter teaspoon thyme; two tablespoons chopped parsley; teaspoon chopped garlic; half teaspoon salt. Add enough water to make a thin paste, bring to boil in oven, cover, turn down fire, and simmer two hours. Serve this sauce on

plain boiled spaghetti with powdered cheese, Italian style.

They say that when an Italian's wife cooks spaghetti, he stands over her with a stick to see that it boils just so long, and no longer. The salted water must be brought to a boil, and the rods of spaghetti put in on end. Never break them in pieces—they will soften and settle. Boil until neither doughy nor mushy, generally from ten to fifteen minutes, according to thickness—rany folks like spaghettinni, which is smaller

than spaghetti proper.

Some years ago, warm noon-day lunches were provided for New York school children for a few pennies, after the discovery that backwardness in study was due to undernourishment. At first the bill-of-fare comprised American dishes, but the foreign-born children wanted their dishes too. So things like spaghetti were added to the menu, and it was found that they not only gave more nourishment for the money, but that many of the American youngsters liked them better!

A little more than fifty years ago the largest manufacturer of macaroni in this country, a German immigrant, started making noodles in his own kitchen and peddling them about in a basket among his German neighbors. To-day, his business has grown into a factory capable of making six tons of macaroni and spaghetti an hour, with two tons of egg noodles, a German paste food for which nine million eggs a year

For a good many years most of our spaghetti come from Italy, because there was not enough demand among Americans to support a home demand among Americans to support a home industry. Likewise, Italian paste foods were better, because made of the peculiar durum or macaroni wheat, rich in gluten, which the Italians imported from Russia. Then Uncle Sam showed Western farmers how to grow this macaroni wheat, derisively known as "goose wheat," on land not suited to other varieties, with the purpose of selling it to the Italians for spaghetti. But the growing appetite for paste foods at home created a great demand for durum wheat, and now the Italian-American, who formerly insisted upon having nothing but imformerly insisted upon having nothing but imported spaghetti, admits that the domestic article is better, because the Italians have difficulty in obtaining this glutenous wheat since

difficulty in obtaining this glutenous wheat since the Russian revolution.

Waiter! Bring the salad bowl and fixings.

Our hearty forefathers knew only two dishes that were anything like salad. They served lettuce in a bowl of vinegar, sometimes sprinkled with sugar, and again caten wrinkled after it had soaked all night. And they chopped up cabbage and served it with a cooked dressing, as cold-slaw. But our immigrants have taught as cold-slaw. But our immigrants have taught us a few things about the salad bowl. For one, to use olive oil, with a suspicion of garlic, and to be miserly with the vinegar. Besides leaf be miserly with the vinegar. Besides leaf lettuce, they have introduced the head varieties and the long leaf kind known as "cos" and sometimes "romaine," with endive, chickory, dandelion, cress, and a dozen other green things, and artichoke, asparagus and cooked vegetables, with fruit, fish, poultry and so forth, not to forget the many salad dressings, from French

Did you know that cauliflower was not only a novelty in this country less than a hundred years ago, but an imported delicacy, called "cabbage with a college education." It is a somewhat exacting vegetable to grow, and when Americans adopted it and created a market demand, a few of the fine old agricultural farming families down on the eastern end of Long Island mastered its culture and monopolized its growing in the United States. Certain secrets that you can now get from any seedsman, such as planting where it will have the cool weather as planting where it will have the cool weather needed to form heads, and the proper care of the young seedlings, were carefully guarded by this Long Island farming aristocracy. Brussels sprouts were introduced later in much

the same way, and by the same Long Island farmers—after the secrets of cauliflower growing had leaked out, and the crops spread to other sections, they made a mystery of Brussels An American will try anything once, provided it is something he can eat.

Witness the tomato: Less than a hundred

years ago it was thought poisonous, being re-lated to deadly nightshade, and grown only in flower gardens as an ornament. Inquisitive Americans tried it as food, and discovered that it was not poisonous. "Well, why eat it anyway?" doctors asked. "It hasn't the least bit of nour-ishment." But for some strange reason people insisted on eating tomatoes, and the consumption grew, especially after canned tomatoes were "invented." They are and are, and couldn't say why, until just the other day. Then the say why, until just the other day. Then the mysterious vitamins, that everybody needs, but nobody has ever seen, were discovered through their effects—and tomatoes found particularly rich in them.

particularly rich in them.

Fifty years ago an American went to Costa Rica to build a railroad through the tropical jungle, giving San Jose, the capital of that country, its first connection with the Atlantic coast. The job took nearly twenty years, though the system was less than one hundred miles long, and the first twenty-five miles, through leading fover infected coast country, cost the low-lying fever-infested coast country, cost the lives of more than four thousand men. When the low-lying fever-infested coast country, cost the lives of more than four thousand men. When the railroad was finished, it needed freight to supplement passenger traffic—and there wasn't any freight! Whereupon the railroad builder decided to create freight by clearing the jungle, planting bananas, bringing them down by rail to the seacoast, and selling them in the United States. At that time, the banana was virtually unknown in this country, except in Florida. The railroad builder himself had never seen a banana until he visited Panama. The American people liked bananas as soon as they were available. With railroad and steamship facilities it was possible to bring the fruit, before that procurable only in the tropics, to the great consuming centers of the United States. We were the first nation in the temperate zone to add bananas to our diet. Now we eat four billion a year, and have banana interests all around the Spanish Main, a monument to Minor C. Keith, who tackled the Costa

interests all around the Spanish Main, a monument to Minor C. Keith, who tackled the Costa Rican railroad building job at twenty-three.

In the first winter of the World War, when steamship transportation all over the globe was chaotic, an ocean tramp came into Baltimore after several weeks voyage from South Africa.

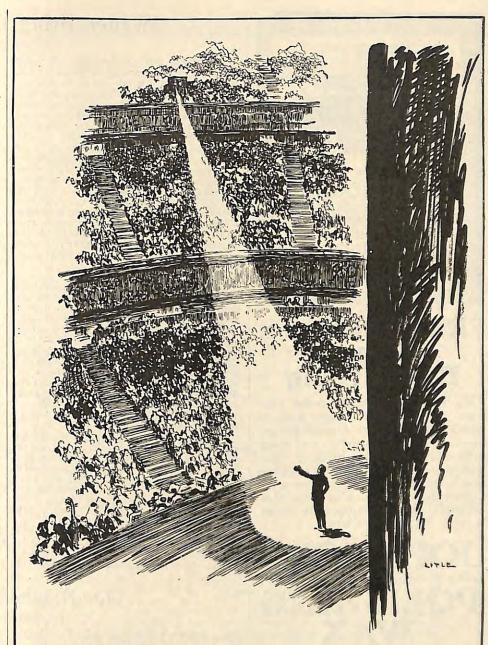
Lashed on her decks were several casks consigned the a New York commission merchant. They to a New York commission merchant. They to a New York commission merchant. They contained melons, at that season of the year a rare delicacy in this country—then. Many were rotted, but the fruit dealer sold the good ones for five dollars apiece, saved the seeds from the rotted ones, sent them to California, and had a new kind of melon grown, which he put on the market, naming it after his wife. The "Lola" melon

ONLY yesterday we had two kinds of melon—the watermelon and a big fat muskmelon raised in home gardens. Then it was found that the smaller cantaloupe not only grew with excepthe smaller cantaloupe not only grew with excep-tional flavor in Colorado, but that they could be shipped to Eastern markets. Rocky Ford's cantaloupes were soon so popular that new vari-eties of melon were either brought from other countries or created by cross-breeding. To-day we have the Casaba, the Honeydew, and various varieties of melon from Africa and the Orient, and are lengthening the season during which they are on the bill of fare by bringing them from Chile in mid-winter.

Figs have been grown in this country several

hundred years, but only the small black kind known as "Mediterranean," until a California plant specialist undertook to find out why the large purple figs grown in Smyrna would not bear fruit in the United States. The black fig is, generally, the kind you buy preserved in syrup, while the Smyrna fig is the dried kind, pressed in

Trees were brought from Smyrna and planted in California. They bore fruit, but it dropped off before maturing. The Californians thought that wily dealers in Smyrna had cheated them. It was learned that fig-growers in Smyrna hung in the trees of this variety a small wild Caprifig at the time of blossoming. The Californians got Capri figs and hung them in their Smyrna trees—and still no mature fruit. In 1890, George S. Roeding demonstrated that the Capri Series S. Roeding demonstrated that the Capring has a pollen necessary for fertilizing the Smyrna fig, and showed that the pollenization is done by a very tiny wasp, the "blastophaga," small enough to pass through ordinary cheese-cloth. Efforts were made to bring these wasps (Continued on page 46)



Such popularity must be deserved

POPULARITY isn't luck—there is I no royal road to the spotlight. Popularity, today, means "delivering the goods!"

So Chesterfield's swift rise was no accident. Smokers wanted a better cigarette-Chesterfield made good!

Its taste has won the approval of smokers the country over.

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Mail coupon below for the Johnson Book on Home Beautifying and a generous sample of Johnson's Polishing Wax-enough for-several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

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Waiter, Bring the Bill-of-Fare

(Continued from page 45)

from Smyrna, but without success for nearly ten years. Finally, in 1899, Mr. Roeding got the wasp alive, and it is now one of the insects of California, and the California-Smyrna fig is becoming known all over the United States. It is common enough dried, and may be purchased preserved in cans. But the real addition to our bill of fare will be fresh Smyrna figs sliced and eaten with cream, heretofore not obtainable very far from California. because the fresh fruit very far from California, because the fresh fruit very far from Canforna, because the restriction is very perishable. But after years of experiment in packing and shipping, fresh Smyrna figs are now reaching the Atlantic seacoast in good condition, and will undoubtedly be as well known

nationally in a few years as oranges or bananas.

Many are the additions that have been made to our bill of fare by the immigrant, the plant explorer, the agricultural specialist, the food merchant and manufacturer, the scientist and the inventor.

There are more to come.
For one, the cultivated mango, a luscious tropiror one, the cultivated mango, a luscious tropical delicacy, now being grown in Florida, and sure to make its way over the land when it can be shipped to arrive in good shape, and people get a taste of its rich orange-colored non-fibrous flesh.

For another, the Australian passion fruit, grown on the "passion vine," well known in our Southern States as a small flowering plant with

grown on the "passion vine," well known in our Southern States as a small flowering plant with a cross on its blossom, hence the name. Its small fruit is known as the "may-pop" down South, but the Australian variety grows much larger, producing a fruit the size of a small pear. It makes a salad for which every exiled Australian longs with all his soul.

There are the custardy pulp fruits of the tropics, like the cherimoya, the bread fruit, the chayote or tropical squash, the Chinese lichi "nut," pretty well known in the dried form, with its nobbed thin husk and gingery meat, which is not a nut at all, but a delicious fruit when eaten fresh—some idea of its quality can be had by ordering canned lichis in a Chinese restaurant.

Americans down on the Canal Zone have discovered the delicious papaya, a sort of melon that grows on a tree, sliced and eaten like a melon. It is of particularly good quality in

Panama, and sooner or later will appear on our home bill-of-fare when the two commonest difficulties are overcome—shipping in good condition and letting enough people know how good it is so market demand can be created for shippers the good in the control of th ment in quantities

ment in quantities.

For those who like game, its present scarcity and costliness are likely to be remedied in several ways. Reindeer meat is coming from Alaska. Venison is being grown in private preserves for the market. Wild ducks and other birds are being increased in numbers by providing feeding places—just as many as ever are bred in the northern countries, but when they come south the draining of wet lands leaves them without a boarding house, so to speak, and boarding houses for wild duck and geese are now being provided by land owners and communities. And we are beginning to draw upon the abundance of game birds in Argentina and Uruguay, the teeming bird life of Egypt, the cultivated game birds of England and Europe.

England and Europe.

England and Europe.

And fish! Why, one of the world's greatest reservoirs of sea food is off our Atlantic coast. We have hardly begun to draw upon it. For where the Britisher eats his sixty pounds of fish yearly, we eat hardly fifteen pounds per capita. We haven't begun to eat in quantity, nor in quality. Some of the finest fish that swim are neglected by Americans because they do not know how good they are, and confine themselves. know how good they are, and confine themselves to the few they do know. Some day, for example, to the few they do know. Some day, for example, the Italians in our midst will teach us to relish their "ink fish" and we will discover that the squid, or baby octopus, which we formerly used only for bait, is a fine tidbit. It is said that the Greek Church authorities liked it so well centuries ago that, to make it permissible on their fast days, when even fish was prohibited, they declared it neither meat nor fish—and we use it for bait!

Truly ours is a country blessed with good things to eat, and we have enjoyed right at home a globe-trotter's education in the pleasures of the table.

The very enumeration of its foods and dishes

makes one hungry.
Waiter! Bring the bill-of-fare!

The Hands of an Artist

(Continued from page 11)

blunt edged. Not typical schoolboy hands. The hands of an artist—his father's hands!

The big night came. The night upon which the engagement commenced. All afternoon, feverishly, Signor Allesandro had practiced. A mimic youth looked out of his two bright eyes, and his face was flushed. But his wife's cheeks were slightly rale; her mouth was just a trifle

feverishly, Signor Alesandro had placticut. An mimic youth looked out of his two bright eyes, and his face was flushed. But his wife's cheeks were slightly pale; her mouth was just a trifle drawn. And the boy, as they ate their hasty supper, had nothing to say.

They drove to the theatre in a taxi—the three of them. Very early. Signor Allesandro, a romantic figure in his black felt hat, and his long cape. With his bag, a black bag that held all the magic of his life—all the hope of the days to be—under his arm. And Mrs. Ryan—as plump and worried as a proud little hen with an adventurous, defenseless chicken to protect. And the boy. Seeming older, all at once, and quite mature. And if possible, more silent.

Arrived at the theatre it was discovered that Signor Allesandro went on late in the evening. That he was to appear, briefly, just before the motion picture that closed the show. A bad place even when one is sure of himself. For an audience—tired from several hours of sitting in cramped theatre chairs, is supercritical of the act that comes last. Signor Allesandro, working his fingers back and forth spasmodically, wished that he had been put first. That he might do his trick while confidence ran high in his heart and go home—until the theatre, next afternoon, should throw wide its door.

Waiting in the wings, huddled together, the three Ryans watched the show—which was very long. The acrobats in pink tights, who opened the bill, had seen better days, too. The pink tights were darned skilfully in many places. Risking their necks to achieve an effect, they went off to the tune of half-hearted clapping.

went off to the tune of half-hearted clapping,

And the trained dogs came on. And did their dances and their drills with eyes glancing, furwith a guttural accent and carried a heavy black whip. When one puppy slipped from a ladder and went limping across the stage in fear and disgrace, Signor Allesandro felt his wife's tight-

disgrace, Signor Allesandro felt his wife's tightening fingers upon his arm. And understood. The program crept on. The society entertainments, the stout blonde who imitated Elsie Janis, the black-faced comedians. The jazz band and the toe dancers. The whirling violinists—who played and pirouetted in a flash of color and sound. And then—Signor Allesandro, the Man of Mystery.

Nervously—he had not known that he could be so shaken—Signor Allesandro walked out before the footlights. A slim, impressive figure with an aura of grey hair made silver by the shine of the spot; who, as he placed a small stand in the center of the stage, as he arranged upon it certan objects, kept up a running fire upon it certan objects, kept up a running fire of conversation. The magician's patter, designed to keep the inquisitive mind of the audience occupied. To keep the eyes of the audience ence focussed upon his face.

Three simple tricks, first. Tricks that Signor Allesandro regarded scornfully. Child tricks. But they went over rather well for the people, out front, had liked the whirling violinist, and

out front, had liked the whirling violinist, and were still in a pleased glow of friendliness.

Three simple tricks. And then, all at once, Signor Allesandro was standing more proudly erect in his place—was rolling the sleeves away from his thin wrists. Was speaking—not patter, this time, to the people who watched him.

"And now," he was saying, "I have a new illusion for you. Something that has never been done before—by any one. It has taken me years to perfect it and now—it is finished. You

must watch me closely. . ." he paused and, in the wings, a pale boy and a plump little woman caught at each other's hands—"You must watch me very closely. I have here a flower pot, filled with earth. See. I will spread the earth out upon this sheet of newspaper. Usually the dirt is in the newspaper—" he waited for his laugh, got it, and went on—"I will run my fingers through it so that you may see how fine it is—so that you may see that I have concealed nothing in it. I have also a pack of cards. And a glass of water, with a live goldfish swimming in it. And a candle. And a knife. . . With the knife I will cut from my coat a single button——"

A GAIN Signor Allesandro paused. And noted, with satisfaction, that the audience was really interested. He reached steadily for the knife—and then—then, like bands of steel, the pain crept over his fingers. Stiffening them. Bending them, knottily, into aching lumps of flesh and bone. And the knife fell, clattering, to the floor at his feet.

For a second Signor Allesandro stood there. For only a second. But, in that pulse beat, the blood drained from his face. And the audience, sensing that something had gone wrong, began

to cough, to shuffle its feet.
And then suddenly, from the wings came a burst of laughter. And a figure walked out, into the footlighted space. A boy figure—lanky, but all at once unconscious of self. And a boy's voice—high, but with a murmur of stage mirth behind it space. behind it, spoke.

"You're a fine one," said the voice, "took you

years to learn the trick, you said! And now—darned if you ain't forgotten it!"

For another second Signor Allesandro, speechless, stared into the eyes of his son. And found there a something gallant, a something that gave him the courage to lightly pass off the tragedy of his whole life. To rise to a heart-breaking eggazion

occasion.
"Well," he answered in mimic rage, "what if I have forgotten it? What's it to you? I suppose you could do it yourself?—Why don't you try—why don't you?"

The audience was settling back in its place.

pose you could do it yourself?—Why don't you try—why don't you?"

The audience was settling back in its place. It was a comedy act, after all! The old man was pretty good—he'd seemed so serious, at first. The audience laughed. While the boy, with unwavering glance, answered his father.
"I can do the trick," said the boy steadily. "Shall I?" His eyes asked the question, too.
Signor Allesandro chuckled—the while his soul was shrinking. But underneath the forced chuckle lay the realization that his son, his curiously silent child, had saved an ugly situation.

ously silent child, had saved an ugly situation. A born showman, the boy! With his easy voice and his unafraid manner. A born showman and his unafraid manner. A born showman who would take the precious elements of the illusion into his two hands: Who would mix them with studiedly clumsy fingers. Who would falter and make absurd mistakes. While the audience, never knowing what they had missed—would laugh again. Never knowing what they had missed—never knowing that Signor Allesandro had failed! The man spoke, with each casual word an effort, to his son.

Allesandro had tailed! The man spoke, with each casual word an effort, to his son.

"If you think you're so smart," he answered blandly, "try to do it—the trick. But don't say, afterward, that I didn't warn you—" he stood back, still chuckling, and his eyes, in turn, gave silent permission. And the boy moved forward.

"This flowerpot is filled with dirt," said the boy easily—while Signor Allesandro's soul cried out in anguish, and the plump little woman in the wings leaned forward. "see, I will shake the cut—the dirt—on this opened newspaper. it out—the dirt—on this opened newspaper.

And then-

The boy's face was rapt, absorbed. There was a high, shining look in his eyes. With unshaking hands he had lifted the cards, was shuf-

shaking hands he had lifted the cards, was shuffling them. Was mixing them into the so-fine dirt. Stooping he picked up the knife from the floor and, with unconscious drama, severed a button from his coat. While the audience sat up, again, and began to take notice.

"I will hold this button, so, between my thumb and forefinger—" said the boy, "watch me, always, very closely. And then I will put it with the cards and the dirt. And then, with my eyes closed, I will fold the newspaper—and when it is folded—cut a slit in it. And reaching through the slit—" he was suiting the action to the word, "with my eyes still closed, I will draw (Continued on page 48)

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The Hands of an Artist

(Continued from page 47)

out the ace of hearts. And you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that the button is firmly fastened over the single heart in the center of the card—"

Signor Allesandro had stepped over toward the table, his aching hands outflung. But the boy did not notice him. For the boy—his fingers moving skilfully, delicately, from place to place, was performing the illusion. He was place, was performing the illusion. He was placing the card, with the attached button, face placing the card, with the attached button, face downward over the glass of water—in which the live goldfish swam steadily and in an endless circle. He was working out the most difficult bit with an ease, a precision—a genius! Signor Allesandro, watching his son, was remembering, in lightning flashes, certain poignant moments in the boy's life. Was remembering the tears that stood in the eyes of a wee child—scarcely more than a baby—at the gruff answer to a question. Was remembering how the youngster had always wanted to study in the crowded room where tricks were made. Was remembering how uncomplainingly the school work—that would lead to the building of bridges, of buildings, of trestles—had been accomplished. And was realizing that they—these great things that were to have lasted—had been the smaller ones, after all. Was realizing that the smaller ones, after all. Was realizing that the boy, with his eyes fixed on a drab, solid future, had been making the great sacrifice. The greatest sacrifice!

A born showman—and a magician after his father's own heart! If Signor Allesandro felt, suddenly, very old, his eager tense face did not show a single hint of that feeling. While exclamations of surprise ran up and down the aisles of the theatre, his every emotion, his every thought, was centered upon the flying fingers of his son. It was only when, with the many intricate details accomplished, the boy was setting the candle against the ragged edge of the

cloth—the place, on his coat, from which the button had been severed—that Signor Alle-sandro dared to relax. And the pride that twisted the rigid line of his mouth was very close

to pain.

The odor of burning wool crept down over the The odor of burning wool crept down over the footlights. There was a quick puff of smoke. And the boy was smiling into the face of the audience. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "you will see that the button—" With a gesture that, despite its utter theatricalism, sat naturally upon him, he raised the could be his line, and blow out the flame. And

callesm, sat naturally upon thin, he hased the candle to his lips, and blew out the flame. And there, revealed to the hundreds of startled eyes, was the button. Sewed neatly, again, to the coat.

The audience was calling. Not as a well-bred audience shows approval, but as the patrons

audience shows approval, but as the patrons of the three-a-day, eager for a sensation, award the crown. Shouts, the stamping of feet, the clatter of hands brought sharply together. And, in the midst of it all, suddenly awkward and conscious of self, the boy stood. And stared into the eyes of a curiously bent man with an aura of grey hair. And, as he stared, began to stumble backward, toward the wings where a woman stood, sobbing, with her two plump arms waiting to receive him.

The applause grew, while Signor Allesandro—alone again upon the stage—began to gather up the litter of things that crowded the small table. But as the boy, urged forward by some unseen force, came out clumsily to take a bow, the man's figure straightened. And he spoke, loudly and in the best comedy manner. So that his voice carried, above the tumult, into the

his voice carried, above the tumult, into the farthest recess of the high gallery.

"Do you know who that is, folks," he said; "do you know who it was did that trick? Well, I'm his father!"

His hand, committee the sport of the said; "His hand, committee the said; "His hand, committee the said; "The hand, committee the said; "His hand, committee the said; "The hand, com

His hand, creeping upward, as if with an effort, brushed something from his cheek. Something that glittered in the light of the spot!

It's a Way Kings Have

perfectly good dream about a barbecue. And then Blackie's voice, triumphant, brought him upright on his cot, fumbling for his shoes. He stumbled to the stable door and what he saw drained his knees of stiffness. "Lawd!" he sobbed, "oh Lawd!"

sobbed, "oh Lawd!"

Men emerged from other stables, hastened to the track rail. And in amazed silence they stared at a shouting youth atop a whirlwind of legs and body tearing down the backstretch. Blackie was riding without a saddle—without bridle—clinging to the halter rope.

More figures, talking excitedly now, and then Blackie and King Richard sweeping around the lower turn, skimming along the fence, to whirl at the narrow gate, flash across a rutted street and pull up at the stable door.

at the narrow gate, hash across a rutted street and pull up at the stable door. "Lawd—Blackie boy—what you done?" Buster cried. "If you ruint at colt, they'll kill

Blackie slid to the ground, reeled. Grinning blackie slid to the ground, recled. Grinning vacantly, he ran a finger along the colt's heaving belly, leaving a brown trail through thickening lather. "Won Derby," he announced thickly; "won Derby. Go sleep now—sleep." And with that, he staggered on to the three-year-old's stall, dropped the halter rope and fell, inert, already snoring.

already snoring.

For an hour Buster led King Richard around
Then the stable path until the colt had cooled. Then the stable path until the colt had cooled. Then he spent another hour massaging limbs and body muscles, his eyes alert for signs of trouble. But the son of Richard the Great had been lucky. He had suffered no immediate disaster; time alone would tell if his carefully trained body had been subjected to a strain too great to overcome before the Derby. It was early morning when Buster rolled the somnolent Blackie to one side before leading King Richard into the stall. Thereafter he mounted guard, a vigil he maintained until feeding time. The vigil he maintained until feeding time. The darky was worried; he hated to bear witness against Blackie Myers. But he knew the episode would be track gossip by workout time; and if he kept silent, he would bear partial

Wilkerson came over at feeding time. Making his usual round of the stalls, he looked at King Richard's drooping figure, then at Blackie's slumbering form.
"Soused?" he inquired of Buster.

And then he heard the news. It was amazing, even with the darky's attempt to gloss things over. The trainer rushed to a telephone, called a veterinarian, then Frisco. Afterward he a veterinarian, then Frisco. Afterward he returned to the colt, verified Buster's judgment, then gazed speculatively at the recumbent Blackie. Wilkerson's expression wasn't malevolent, nor exactly lugubrious; rather, it was regretful. He knew Blackie Myers was about to sever relations with Frisco's stable. Presently Buster slouched up, bearing information from a hostler who had learned the police would be down shortly. down shortly.

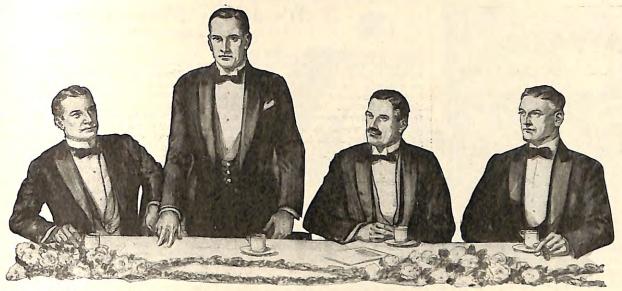
down shortly.

But it was one thing to fire Blackie, and another to turn him over to the law. Wilkerson lived by the code of his queer world. Blackie had violated a tradition beyond pardoning; and there was no excusing. Still, it was up to the trainer to send the youth on his way. Blackie would be blacklisted by every stable in the West when his escapade became public property; and that, Wilkerson realized, would be punishment enough.

So a half hour later, Wilkerson called in Buster and a husky swipe, whom he ordered to bear the sleeping exercise boy to an ancient flivver. the sleeping exercise boy to an ancient flivver. The trainer took the wheel and drove to the farther boundaries of Iroquois park, the most southerly of Louisville's park system. There, on a hillside sloping down to a railroad line, he deposited Blackie, laid him beneath a beech tree, stuffed three bills into the boy's pocket and pinned an envelope to his vest. The note was brief, but it told what had happened. And Wilkerson knew it would suffice; Blackie would depart.

King Richard recuperated swiftly, without lameness, but displaying a growing temper. Frisco, as terrified as if the colt had been a child, spent a ridiculous amount of money for expert

(Continued on page 50)



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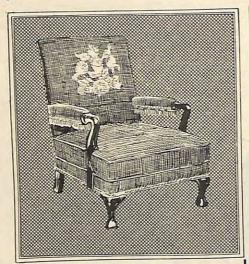
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It's a Way Kings Have

(Continued from page 48)

advice, which didn't improve the situation. Lexington King Richard became notorious for his erratic behavior, throwing exercise boys with monotonous regularity. He tolerated Buster, but made it clear that he chose no demonstrations of affection. Wilkerson gave up entering the stall after successfully dodging a vicious kick which would have ended his career as Frisco's trainer, had it been an inch more to the

left.

Jimmy Evans arrived to carry out his riding contract. Hearing of King Richard's transformation, the jockey offered to do the workouts, and did. Jimmy, it seemed, had been reared in a riding country. But if he did command the colt's respect, he failed to overcome King Richard's enmity. The three-year-old revolted openly a few days later when he refused to budge as the barrier lifted for the Spring Juvenile Stakes.

BUT Jimmy Evans was persistent; his freckled nose flushed and his grey eyes hardened. He believed in the doctrine of force against sulkiness. And ride King Richard he did, in workouts and at barrier school, in a battle of muscle and wits that we gried both how and mount. that wearied both boy and mount.

Then came a handicap on getaway day for three-year-olds intended as a tryout for Derby candidates. Eight entries faced the starter for the mile and an eighth run, King Richard at the rail. He held the position—out in front—for a candidates. Eight entries faced the starter for the mile and an eighth run, King Richard at the rail. He held the position—out in front—for a furlong before achieving a coup that must have been lurking in his mind for days. Urged to break through a gap when outside horses began to overlap, the colt swerved, and without advance notice, pitched, then lashed out with both hind legs. Evans shot forward to the track, his right arm broken. Rid of his annoyance, King Richard went to the front, weaving through the field, to the accompaniment of prayers and curses from fearful jockeys. It required a dozen stable employees to halt the colt a half mile beyond the judges' stand.

Dusk had come—the hour of stable vespers—when men sing unwritten epics and thorough-breds sigh contentedly before ample feed boxes. Rows of distant arc lights flashed, winked mischievously and then began the business of lighting the city's streets. Here and there were laughing groups; farther away arose a plaintive tune, product of a persistent guitar player. And in the midst of this Frisco Nolan leaned gloomily against a harness rack beside the stable. He was worried over the element of time.

tune, product of a persistent guitar player. And in the midst of this Frisco Nolan leaned gloomily against a harness rack beside the stable. He was worried over the element of time.

"Seven days until the Derby," he muttered. "Oleander's for sale—the only colt worth a continental—on the market right now." Far to the south a low hung cloud bank quivered with light. It caught Frisco's eye. "Seven days—and Oleander's in Maryland." There was more lightning. "Bet there's a muddy track to-morrow. I could buy him by wire. But how good is he? Seven days—shucks!"

So Frisco's argument came out the same door it had entered. There was no other exit. All these years he had been building an arch of triumph; and now the keystone had crumbled. So near completion too. Frisco doubted the soundness of buying a three-year-old on short notice. It wasn't reasonable to expect a colt to be ready for a mile and a quarter race against the pick of the country unless some obliging fairy should accomplish a miracle; and miracles, he reflected, are uncommonly scarce nowadays. So the owner laid his problem away for the time and went in to see King Richard.

Buster was bedding down for the night. Wilkerson and the others had gone to supper. Dusty bulbs strung from cobwebbed rafters

Buster was bedding down for the night. Wilkerson and the others had gone to supper. Dusty bulbs strung from cobwebbed rafters flooded the interior and gave the colt's hair an amber tint. He appeared a bit jaded, stringy. As a matter of fact, King Richard was in exact condition for the Derby. Wilkerson had few equals in the matter of physical preparation; there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh revealed. revealed.

The colt turned his head as if curious at his The colt turned his head as if curious at his master's visit. For a time the two exchanged appraising glances, King Richard's ears pointed forward. "You're a heck of a fellow," Frisco scolded. "Here I go and pay out twenty grand for you and tell the world I'm out to get the Derby—and then you throw me down." He

fumbled for a cigar, about to turn away when Buster, with the air of one who must perform a thankless but necessary duty, slid his pitchfork into a rack. "Pinky minded Blackie," he announced determinedly. "Wasn't no trouble

then."

"What d'you call trouble," Frisco demanded testily; "not half killing the colt?"

"One time," Buster elucidated, "one time Blackie done wrong. Boy ain't no bad actor—he's a good boy—he is."

With the directness of a child, and Buster was third of the cookless the darky argued the

a child of the stables, the darky argued the defense of Blackie Myers. He knew King Richard wanted his friend back—wanted him

Richard wanted his friend back—wanted him with all the petulance of a five-year-old boy. He was loyal to Frisco; and he loved the colt. These two things spurred him on.

"Pinky ain't gone clear bad Mist' Frisco. Blackie boy c'n make him laft—make him run. Bring th' boy back Mist' Frisco. You'n Mist' Tad c'n fin' him. Bring him back an' let him ride Pinky in th' Derby."

Buster ran down suddenly. He stuttered once or twice, seemed to realize all at once the enormity of his act in offering Frisco advice, then slouched away, mumbling and shaking his head.

Frisco Nolan began to think hard; the darky had offered a simple remedy. Despite knowledge of the close bonds between Blackie and King Richard, the owner had never associated the colt's souring temper with his loneliness. Besides, Blackie's escapade had been without defense until Buster had spoken. Perhaps the boy had been punished enough. But Blackie as a jockey—um—that was another proposition.
"Guess I'll talk it over with Wilkerson,"

Frisco decided.

Frisco decided.

The trainer was in his room; he did not seem surprised at his employer's visit. Yes, he'd been thinking about Blackie. In fact Buster had been over, an hour before. "Figured on saying something about it after we got back to Louisville," he said. "Looks so desperate we might—uh—consider hunting up the boy." Frisco puffed fiercely at his cigar. "Wouldn't look foolish, would it—if it got out about us?" Wilkerson's face lost some of its solemnity. "No more than a certain party I know—been wearing the same britches to the Derby for ten

wearing the same britches to the Derby for ten years. Says it gives him luck." Frisco chuckled. "Does it?"

Frisco chuckled. "Does it?"
"Well, he picked Exterminator in 1918—and
Morvich. But about Blackie Myers. I made

"Letter!" Frisco shouted—"from Blackie?"
"Didn't that old darky say anything about

it—show it to you?"
Frisco shook his head.

Wilkerson smiled shyly; it lent a kindiy touch his austere features. "Buster's an old fox. to his austere features. "Buster's an old fox. Blackie's with a telephone crew, driving a mule team, down in Columbia, Tennessee. Some letter he wrote—asked all about the colt—and if the police still wanted him. Sent it a week

ago."
"H'm," Frisco grunted, then jumped to his feet. "Put everything on the train in the morning, Tad. I'm going to Columbia to-night."

A May sun found Churchill Downs awake but sleepy, drowsy figures busy feeding thorough-breds or saddling them for swift workouts in the tingling morning air. Stable roofs were dew silvered; and even the dust was reluctant to rise beneath the sudden impact of flying hoofs.

Buster was returning from the grain room, laden with buckets, when he saw two figures at "Hot ziggidy!" he whooped. "C'mere Mist'
Tad! C'mere everybody! Wake up Pinky—
Blackie boy's done come home."

Blackie, abashed for once, entered behind

gloom, hardly making out Buster's dancing form, when Wilkerson, who had jumped from his cot in the tiny office, came to the door rubbing his eyes. At sight of the newcomer his menth expected to breaden into a wild him. mouth opened, to broaden into a widening grin. Frisco stared at this near miracle with interest. It was more wonderful than the trainer's attenuated limbs, visible beneath a wrinkled nightshirt. In turn, Wilkerson was

marveling at Blackie's recrudescence, taking in trousers, yet creased, a neat hair cut and new cap. The vest was the same, dun colored and ancient.

"Howdy Mister Tad," Blackie greeted meekly.
And then Wilkerson achieved the impossible, an act that caused Frisco Nolan to lean against

the office wall and laugh immoderately, and for

the office wall and laugh immoderately, and for no specific reason at all.

"You little rascal," the trainer exulted, teeth shining as he threw an arm about Blackie's shoulder; "you little, no-good, tobacco-chewing rascal. Get back and tell Pinky you're here."

Blackie swallowed hard. "He's got to be the same old Pinky Mister Tad—he's just got to be."

So the little group went to King Richard's stall, Blackie leading, Wilkerson going along, forgetful of his scant clothing. Other stablemen joined Buster, bringing up the rear. Like Frisco, they wanted to witness that reunion.

King Richard was a bit impatient because Buster hadn't brought his breakfast. At the sound of voices he turned his head ready to protest at any monkey business. And then he saw Blackie.

protest at any monkey dusiness. And then he saw Blackie.

"Pinky—Pinky—you old goat!"
Blackie moved into the stall; and the others hardly breathed, hoping against fear. "You yellow livered excuse of a dray horse," Blackie continued; "been hearing bad tales about you." And all the time King Richard remained stiff; only his nostrils quivered, dilated. As of old

continued; "been hearing bad tales about you." And all the time King Richard remained stiff; only his nostrils quivered, dilated. As of old, the boy clambered into the feed box, sat down. "Sure, this is me. Been driving mules; an' they're better natured than you. I thought so—you—old—goat."

King Richard had moved up, thrust his head across Blackie's shoulder and was breathing deeply. "Pinky, Pinky, mind's all kinky," Blackie repeated, then laughed uncertainly. "Crazy, ain't it? Nope, Buster—don't feed him now. Let's saddle up. We're gonna get ready for the Derby right now—this minute. Here's all he eats for a half hour." He pulled a bag from his trousers pocket and produced four dark colored lumps, feeding them to the colt. "Still like 'em, huh?"

Frisco blew his nose loudly, turned to his trainer and grinned happily. "Paid a wop restaurant man five dollars to let the kid mess with that sack full," he said. "You ought to have been with me—when I found him. It was dusk. Kid jumped from his wagon and beat it inside the company warehouse. After having too blamed near licked the foreman and explaining to Blackie through the door, he finally stuck his nose outside." He laughed shortly. "When I told him I'd give him a chance to ride Pinky in the Derby, he—he bawled."

"Then I'm glad I wasn't there," Wilkerson observed contentedly. "Let's go over to the fence and watch the kid."

KING RICHARD was cantering until he reached the turn below the clubhouse, where Blackie leaned forward and spoke. There were some startled clockers along the

rail that morning.

rail that morning.

When you enter Churchill Downs, if you glance upward, you will notice panel upon panel bordering the eaves of stands and betting pavilion. And upon each is inscribed a name—and date. It is a roster of Derby winners, beginning with Aristides and traveling down through the years. In a way, this border of names tells the story why men spend fortunes, year in and year out, for the glory of winning the three-year-old classic. To-day, a half hour before the race, there was one blank panel, down near the clubhouse. To-morrow a painter, with many flourishes, would spell out another name.

rame.

Frisco Nolan thought of that blank panel and all of its significance as he paused, for several minutes, beside the infield hedge borderseveral minutes, beside the infield hedge bordering a garden which bloomed in many colors. Before him a wide welter of humanity shifted, electric with anticipation. Here was an entire social measure spread before Frisco, stratum upon stratum, from the exotic splendor of the clubhouse where Kentucky dressed its lavish best, on through the palpitating, blended masses overflowing the grandstand, bizarre and noisy, and northward to the paddock, where children of the stables, black and white, rubbed shoulders with fashionably clad men and women. Beneath the stands, motion was hardly possible, yet (Continued on page 52)



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It's a Way Kings Have

(Continued from page 51)

newcomers were constantly joining queues aimed at ticket sellers. Little groups rested underneath trees with whitewashed trunks and a stream poured steadily across the track to infield, chiefly men, intent upon obtaining a view of the coming race.

Inside the paddock King Richard was moving quietly around the tanbark, metal number plate clinking against bridle ring. He seemed not at all concerned because, presently, he would face the barrier with nine other colts and fillies, there to begin a contest of speed and stamina which would endure for a mile and one-quarter.

FRISCO went across the track and entered the paddock, taking his position in a stall which bore the numeral five. That would be King Richard's place at the post. Wilkerson was already there, face as somber as ever, nervous hands alone betraying the excitement within. "All right, Buster," he called. The darky led King Richard into the stall. The owner endeavored to appear unperturbed, but his heart kept up its increased gait. He discovered an unlighted cigar between his fingers. When Wilkerson dipped a sponge into a bucket rather swiftly and laved the colt's nostrils, Frisco became alarmed. But he restrained an impulse to seek reassurance; it was nothing his mind insisted. He felt like an actor with the curtain up; there seemed nothing but faces—strained, inquisitive faces lining the paddock railing. A bugle sounded—voices—and Blackie Myers, strangely efficient and appearing unnatural in riding breeches and blouse, materialized. The boy was gazing shyly down at the purple and orange colors, whispering something from the corner of his mouth. But Frisco didn'thear. Somehow Blackie's silly jingle—"Pinky, Pinky, mind's all kinky," was whirring through his brain.

The bugle again! Spectators whirling and racing for the terrace! Wilkerson whispering to Blackie, then throwing the boy into the saddle! Almost before he realized, Blackie and King Richard were leaving, off for the post.

Frisco turned from the deserted paddock. He had lost Wilkerson. Just as well go to the box he had leased. What a crowd! Hard to make headway. He was mounting a stairway, flowing upward in a stream, shoving and noisy, that paused on a narrow aisle and then cascaded, to spread and overflow tiers of boxes below. He thrust chairs aside; everyone was standing. There they were—the Derby entries—turned back from parading before the stands, cantering toward the head of the stretch turn. Number Five! Gosh, how he moved. He could visualize Blackie's impish grin.

Northmere, the third horse, held the attention of thousands, jockey's black and green c FRISCO went across the track and entered the

back from parading before the stands, cattering toward the head of the stretch turn. Number Five! Gosh, how he moved. He could visualize Blackie's impish grin.

Northmere, the third horse, held the attention of thousands, jockey's black and green colors rippling in the sun. Northmere was one of the best favored. He was loping alongside Duke D'arcy, sporting the white and purple sash of the Manassas Stables. Both were easterners.

It was the Blakely pair Frisco feared the more. Big Jim Blakely had an annual habit of showing up with most excellent thoroughbreds for the Derby. And this time a filly and colt were under the blue and scarlet maltese cross. First, there was Lead All, a rangy bay colt. And High Tide was the best of her sex, particularly since Miss Odett's owners had kept her in the East. They were a royal couple.

One of thousands staring at the tiny brown forms a quarter of a mile away, Frisco gave up for a second when widening rings disturbed his vision. Then he unslung his glasses. The third horse was giving trouble—Northmere. Now he was back in line. They were set—ah-h!

"They're o-f-f!?" rolled along the stands. Down the track they came, a plunging line, topped by a confusion of colors, leaving a low hung dust cloud in their wake. Something was out in front—along the rail—a Blakely horse. Frisco glanced swiftly at his program. High Tide was leading. Blakely had sent her out for the early pace, in the hope of killing early contenders. In turf parlance, Blakely was doubleshooting, saving Lead All for the last quarter of a mile run.

Closer! And Frisco, face twitching, saw King Richard fourth, between Northmere and Duke D'arcy. With a rush they swept by, High Tide hugging the fence, a sight that brought joy to

those exotic thousands who were backing the Blakely entry. Across the track men were running, leaping, making brief circles to keep in view of the field.

Around the turn, past the mile chute opening and then into the back stretch, with the Blakely filly still in the lead. Frisco rubbed his glasses, as if that would help him see better. Ah! They were shifting—two horses were coming up. He made out Northmere's colors, then Duke D'arcy's. And glory be! King Richard was

D'arcy's. And glory be! King Richard was still between.

And now Frisco suffered the agonies every owner undergoes. Was the colt going to fail? Was Blackie asleep, to realize his chances seconds too late? They were even with the stands now, moving with the inevitable effect of gliding along the inner fence. Lead All broke from the second division, drawing abreast of King Richard.

King Richard.

"Watch him Blackie," Frisco whispered.

Now, he shouted. But his words were lost in the volume of sound sluicing out from the stands. volume of sound slutcing out from the stands. There was no surflike roar to-day, just one steady, high pitched scream that surely reached an airplane circling high over the course.

"Come on Pinky—Blackie!" Frisco bellowed;

"—come on—come on!"

Into the last turn they shot, horses and riders shuffling so quickly that for seconds, no one could identify for certain, the colt gaining an opening and cutting to the rail. And all at once they were heading toward the stands, just short of the home stretch. Duke D'arcy was out in front, coming like a house afire.

A woman—another—and then mufti clad forms tumbled into Frisco's box, thrust from the aisle in the mad scramble for better positions. aisle in the mad scramble for better positions. Frisco paid no attention; instead, he leaped to a chair, balanced unsteadily, resting his knee against a man's heaving shoulder. King Richard! There he was—on the outside, lapped on Lead All and matching leap for leap. They were overhauling the flashy Duke D'arcy—as surely as the approach of doomsday. And Frisco realized, from his years of experience, that his colt and Lead All would have the battle won—all but their own little duel for supremacy—within another hundred yards.

On the expanse between stands and fence.

within another hundred yards.

On the expanse between stands and fence, the agitated crowd fabric worked jerkily, men, here and there, leaping upward like loom shuttles weaving a fantastic pattern. The infield crowd, as if under the direction of a stentorian captain, broke through hedges and stormed gorgeous flower beds, engulfing a widely spaced platoon of mounted policemen. And everywhere this frenzied babel grew louder—louder.

On and on and on! And Duke D'arcy dropped back, eclipsed by this splendid pair—King Richard and Lead All. A shrieking world bade them run their hearts out—as if they weren't!

A hundred yards from the finish posts they came, racing like a well matched team. Neither could forge ahead; but the Blakely colt was feeling the whip. And Blackie Myers, a prayer forcing through grim lips, was depending upon love of King Richard and a spirit he had always understood.

"Planky!" he shrilled granking forther up the

understood.
"Pinky!" he shrilled, crawling farther up the colt's neck; "Pinky!"

That was Blackie's utmost-his penultimate

appeal. Frisco, glasses now discarded, raised on tiptoe. "Lord!" he begged, "help Pinky!"

Twenty yards to go, Lead All spurting in erratic jumps, urged by an incessant lashing. But the brief for whips was losing. King Richard had his nose ahead. One more convulsive leap and his head was clear. "Pinky!" Blackie

yipped.

They passed the finish posts that way. King' Richard had set a new track record at two

minutes and two seconds.

The tumult began to ebb. Hundreds began to leap the rail, whirling in a noisy eddy before the judges' pagoda. Like others about him, Frisco slumped to his chair, weak and filled with a longing to burst into tears. Already a tall, frock-coated man—the governor of Kentucky—was smiling in Frisco's direction. Two men appeared on the track, holding upright a floral borseshee: and they were gazing down the floral horseshoe; and they were gazing down the course, where a wan, tearful Blackie Myers was riding King Richard back to salute the stewards.

A band sounded, the music softened; they were playing "Kentucky Home." It was then Frisco's eyes filled, began to overflow. And he was unashamed. He couldn't even recognize the exultant figure who shoved into his box and grasped his hand, later to escort him down to the stewards. "Pinky, Pinky, mind's all kinky," buzzed through Frisco's mind. The Kentucky

Derby his—Pinky's—

"Nossir," Buster announced to a newly employed, tar-faced hostler. "I beds down Pinky's stall myself. Comes a strange nigger an' maybe he wouldn't like it. Besides—here

Pinky's stall myself. Comes a strange nigger an' maybe he wouldn't like it. Besides—here comes my Blackie boy—hot ziggidy. Got new clothes an' everything."

It was even so. Blackie was wonderfully dressed; but his left cheek bulged with tobacco. "Swell front Buster," he commented. "Frisco bought the outfit two days ago. Thought I'd put off wearing 'em till after the race. Well, Pinky, you old goat, how's your health? Hungry as usual huh? Well, here's a couple of lumps of fudge." He entered the stall and sat upon the feed box. "It's a funny old world," he mused. "I'd been shoving a wheelbarrow if I hadn't hooked up with Pinky. And look what he done after the way I treated him. He's a prince." "He's a king," Buster reminded, teeth showing; "ats what Mist' Frisco said one day—before he hunted you up."

Blackie ran his hand over the colt's nose. "Pinky, how'd you like for me to go over and ante up a couple of hundred for Jimmy Evans—the kid you throwed and laid up. Wouldn't kick huh?" He looked up at the darky. "What was it Frisco said about kings?" "Said a king must have his—his jetsuh—his pal. Allowed it's a way kings have. An' a king," Buster asserted with philosophic profundity, "c'n do no wrong."

A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 33)

other, she knew that. Her own attitude toward other, she knew that. Her own attitude toward Hedda, however complicated by maturity and sophistication, was by no means lacking in generosity. . . . Isabel was not a mean person . . . but she was determined to keep herself closely in the running; and accordingly, perhaps with the thought of gaining two objectives at one stroke, she stepped abruptly and charmingly into the situation one day, broke all Hedda's engagements for a week, and carried her off to Atlantic City. It would be interesting Hedda's engagements for a week, and carried her off to Atlantic City. It would be interesting to see if a long letter would come every day from Gorry. She rather looked for that. He might even come charging naïvely down in person and show all his hand. And it was pleasant to reflect that the little shakeup was bound to help the girl. Isabel planned long hours of sleep for her, and plenty of exercise, with baths and massage and the mental restorative of watching thousands of prosperous folk all at play. The child really should know attractive young men and get back to dancing and all that sort of thing. It would be healthier, from every point of view, thought Isabel.

But letters did not come every day addressed in Gorry's finely legible hand; merely a few friendly notes. Hedda let her read them; seemed, Isabel reflected, almost eager to have her read them. And Isabel, who understood every angle of human weakness and desire, found the situation a bit puzzling. What could Gorry be up to? Was it possible that he could be subtler than she had supposed.

One in particular of Henry Chalfonte's vivid One in particular of Henry Chalfonte's vivid phrases had found permanent lodgement in Barset's mind. "They're always popping up, these girls, thousands of them. Every one has a story back of her, of an ambitious family and excited friends. Every one represents either a family running into debt and going to pot or else she has dug into some rich old fool to the extent of a young fortune." Thus Chalfonte; and then, "Even the few that do get anywhere, the very few successes, have a long trail of and then, "Even the few that do get anywhere, the very few successes, have a long trail of wreckage behind them." Only by living more and more intensely in his work could Barset keep from dwelling, in the way his whole being resisted, on those old fools. It was the truth, of course; every word. And the wreckage, in the (Continued on page 54)

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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 53)

case of the particular girl, he had glimpsed frequently. He had seen it in Hedda's sadness of late when things were not going so well, and in a deeply unhappy expression that left her sensi-tive face only when she was speaking or when she roused herself to smile. And he had found himself reading it among the fine wrinkles of Mrs. Hansen's forehead and the look in her eyes when she did not know she was under observation. But the details of this story he was to put together later, bit by bit, as they came through to him. The picture was never to be wholly complete. And he was never to know fully the events to which the purpose of this narrative now compels us to turn.

The hardware store of John P. Hansen stood in the middle of a block of low structures of wood and of Milwaukee white brick on the main street of Exeter, Minnesota. The front of the store had long needed paint. During more than a year it had been Mr. Hansen's declared intention to paint it. The dingy show windows on either side of the single doorway were crowded with tinware, washing machines, gardening tools and cans of paint. There was a trick of making even such windows attractive through clever arrangement against neatly devised background; you noted it in walking through the shopping districts of St. Paul; and even, lately in the thriving new branch department store of Lindquist Brothers on the corner of the Square op-posite the Farmers' State Bank; but this trick lay beyond the somewhat stodgy mental equip-ment of John P. Hansen. And his store was neith of John F. Halsen. And in store was neither on the Square nor on a corner. At the time of his marriage to the gifted but then discouraged Mary Brett, John Hansen had been buyer of tinware for this same Lindquist Brothers in the larger city. He was young then, and full of fight. He had wished to strike out for himself in his home town. Lindquist Brothers had stood back of him with merchandise and nad stood back of him with merchandise and credit. For a number of years he had the local agency for one of the great harvester concerns. But he was fifty now. The fight had been taken, little by little, out of him. The harvester people had put their own men in the field. The amazing developments of the automobile and of the mail order houses had brought the city directly into contact with the remotest country. directly into contact with the remotest countryside, crippling the local dealers, and John Hansen had been able to see no way to adapt himself to the new conditions.

WITH the change, moreover, had come a new generation of business men, with a strange jargon of expert cost accounting and quick turnover of capital. He had no capital, merely a small going business. These men of the new sort played golf, and kept themselves mystifyingly cheerful and vigorous. Exeter had now a flourishing and not inexpensive country club. a flourishing and not inexpensive country club. He might, perhaps, have gone into that sort of thing, just at the beginning; but already, when the country club was formed, he was a little down in spirit. He thought it idling; like his forefathers he had always worked long hours and taken few holidays. These other men somehow made money and sent their daughters away at an early age to boarding schools. They built homes of a new sort of architecture on the bluff with a pleasant river view and their wives laid out pretty old-fashioned gardens and drove out pretty old-fashioned gardens and drove smart little cars of the less expensive makes. He, on the other hand, found it necessary to put a mortgage on the old house which stood in its narrow yard on a side street not far from the tracks. Occasionally he had the Ford painted, but it remained the old sort with an angular but it remained the old sort with an angular brass band about the radiator and it rattled more loudly each year. His daughters attended the public schools. He had stolidly maintained that there was no better schooling than was to be had right here in Exeter. Hedda had been graduated at the high school, and had been a local sensation in "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." The two younger girls had begun there though Brenda now seventeen was keenthere, though Brenda, now seventeen, was keeping the books in the store. Six months back he had sold the Ford for a hundred dollars. He was worried now about his health. The forty years and more of eating bread, potatoes, meat pie, with few fruits and vegetables, were bringing him to the inevitable accounting with his digestive apparatus. He had had several attacks of rheumatism. Of late years he had suffered from indigestion, and beginning with bicarbonate of soda and sodium phosphate as a daily habit ran on into a steady consumption of patent medicines. It used to worry the girls that he never would measure the doses accurately

that he need would measure the doses accurately but drank them directly from the bottle.

The son, John P. Jr., had contrived to make his way through a business college in St. Paul, and then had worked for a time in the store. But he was eager, as his father had been before him, and more restive. He had come along, much to his own regret, too late for the war. A few months before Mrs. Hansen, guided by the still white flame that burned behind her quiet still white hame that burned betind her quiet eyes, set out on the great adventure with the gifted Hedda, John Jr. had struck out for himself and was now, after lesser adventures, clerking in a shop in Duluth. He earned too little to help at home. The best thing that could be said of him at the moment was that he was at least off the list of the household burdens.

The opening of the Lindquist store on the Square came to the father as an all but overwhelming blow. He had always assumed that the Lindquists were friendly, even if his credit had gradually weakened there. But now they had struck directly at his little trade, moving in their vigorous impressive way over his head, over him, without a word. He had meant not to let Mary know of it, but Brenda unthinkingly to let Mary know of it, but Brenda unthinkingly wrote the news before he spoke. A second blow, harder still for him because it had to come from himself, was the decision to call Mary and Hedda home. But a miracle had intervened at that point; the single miracle of his life. Hedda was making good in New York. Wealthy friends had stepped in to carry her along, and that burden also was lifted. But still there wasn't money enough to go around. He seemed somehow to be always miscalculating. A concern that had sold him washing machines abruptly withdrew their credit and gave Lindquist Brothers the sole agency. The thing became a dread with him. He took to walking around through the back street rather than pass the big through the back street rather than pass the big through the back street rather than pass the big store on the corner. The day came when he had to bring himself to tell Mary that she must give up high school and find a job. Jim Inglehart was willing to take her into the bakery as a waitress. No skill was required. She would have her lunches and a small wage. John worried over it, particularly over the men who would be eating in there and talking with her. Mary was only fifteen, but well grown and dangerously pretty. But he saw no way out of it. He usually ate his own lunches there, and determined to keep an eye on her. ined to keep an eye on her.

One day after lunch he stepped into Helstrom's drug store across from the bakery for a bromo seltzer and a cheap cigar. At intervals for a year he had suffered from pains in his chest, and couldn't help thinking of rheumatism of the heart. The doctor had warned him. Though and couldn't help thinking of rheumatism of the heart. The doctor had warned him. Though his liver, he knew, was sluggish. He often took calomel for that. On this occasion he was particularly uncomfortable. Beginning shortly before lunch a sense of great discomfort directly beneath his chest and apparently not in his stomach had been deepening into spasms of pain. He thought a stiff soda might help. He drank it, lighted his cigar and chatted in his sober way with Ed Helstrom. He said he didn't feel very well, but found the pain by this time so threatening that he didn't like to speak definitely of it. He turned to go out and back to the store; did get as far as the door; but hesitated there. The pain was now shooting through his chest from the back. He didn't understand that. It was too high for the old kidney trouble, and not like the rheumatism he had known. He found his breathing affected, too. He turned back from the door and sank into one of the little wire chairs by a table where ice cream soda was served.

was served.

Ed Helstrom had gone back of the prescription screen. For some little time Hansen sat there. Young persons came in to the soda fountain. One or two even nodded to the gaunt sandy-haired man who was sitting there, still smoking his familiar cigar. But the hand holding the cigar sank slowly to the table. He straightened out his legs and leaned sidewise

over the table trying, with as little movement as possible, to breathe. The pain was intense, gripping his chest and middle. The boy behind the soda fountain . . Ed had put in a new fountain of white marble and big mirrors . . . glanced curiously at him; hesitated; put a shaker on the electric vibrating estands description. on the electric vibrating stand; glanced again; and then went back and spoke to Ed.

"It isn't much," John said, speaking with the greatest difficulty. "Just can't get my breath for a minute. I've had these before."

But the cigar had dropped to the floor. Ed steadied him in the chair. John became aware that others were crowding about him and grew angry, even tried weakly to order them away. He saw Mary's face. And then the doctor's.

BARSET knew nothing of Isabel's return from Atlantic City until one evening she called him up at the club. He had to leave a directors' meeting to go to the booth off the grill

"I meant to call you up earlier, Gorry," she said. "We came up this morning." . . . She had the girl quite in her hands now. You felt that. She was confident as one in authority. had the girl quite.

that. She was confident as one in authority.

"But it has been a pretty eventful afternoon. Mrs. Hansen had a wire. Her husband was operated on last night for gallstones. He's evidently in a pretty bad way. And I take it their little family is pretty well broken up. She has gone. I put her on the Lake Shore Limited their little family is pretty bad way. And I take it their little family is pretty well broken up. She has gone. I put her on the Lake Shore Limited this afternoon. Hedda is down here with me. I just packed up some of her things and brought her along. At first she was determined to go with her mother. . . . Gorry, she wants to talk with you. She is in a very grave mood, naturally. Though it doesn't seem to be just this trouble of her father's. I can't quite read her. But she's a dear, Gorry. My faith in her grows. We've been pretty close, of course, living together down there. Back of her charm and girlishness there's something pretty sturdy, I think. . . . Tell you what you'd better do. I've got a meeting tomorrow afternoon. Why don't you run over here for tea and a chat with her? You can have the place to yourselves. It's better she shouldn't be too much alone these days, anyway."

"Thanks," said Barset, when she paused. "I should be able to make it about fourthirty."

"Excellent. I'll tell her."

But as he listened, and spoke, Barset decided that the talk should take place decays and the salk should take place decays and sales and should be able to make it about four-thirty."

"Excellent. I'll tell her."
But as he listened, and spoke, Barset decided that the talk should take place elsewhere than in Isabel's apartment. He rebelled against her plans. She would come in on them before Hedda could finish whatever she might have soberly to say, and would study them. She would plan that. And she would take hold. Accordingly, he took Hedda to the Brevoort. Once again they sat in a corner of the basement restaurant, in the quiet hour of the late afternoon.

restaurant, in the quiet hour of the late afternoon. They were seated, indeed, before he became aware that the table was the identical one across which had been woven those strands of magic; the first, really, he had known. She was deeply preoccupied, chatting quietly of the marvels of Atlantic City and of the open ocean which, despite her nearly two years in the East she had seen there for the first time. He was in gentle mood, making talk easy for her, even venturing on a humorous phrase or two which brought a twisted smile to her grave pale face. The waiter brought tea and cinnamon toast. She liked cinnamon toast. And he could see her mind working around, not without difficulty, toward the thing she felt she must say.

Finally it came. She looked at him, and again faintly smiled. The toast lay cooling on her plate, untouched. restaurant, in the quiet hour of the late afternoon.

again faintly smiled. The toast lay cooling on her plate, untouched.

"Mr. Watson told Mother that not a single engagement has come in. He hasn't been able to do a thing."

"T'm not sure that we need take that very seriously, Hedda."

"Henrietta Dilton had no trouble getting them." Hedda was speaking very deliberately, evidently still working toward a point. "Even after the way the critics slighted her."

"We did make a small point there."

"Yes, but it hasn't seemed to make a difference. She is booked for a tour out through Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and Cincinnati. I've even heard she was to sing at St. Paul." Again the twisted smile. Then (Continued on page 56) (Continued on page 56)







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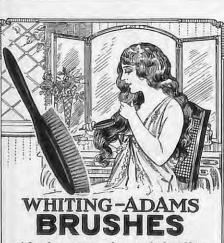
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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 55)

quickly she sobered and spread her supple hands. "While I've got nothing."

"Has it occurred to you that they may have bought those engagements?"
She nodded. "I've thought of that. But Mother felt that Mr. Watson was pretty discouraged. I don't see how we can go on just buying our way.'
"Why not?"

"I mean there'd have to be a turning point

"I mean there'd have to be a turning point somewhere pretty soon. It would be . ."
"Do you know, Hedda," said he, gravely but, she felt, very kindly; and she felt too the strong light in his eyes. . . . "I believe that more than anything else in life I like fighting . . . and winning. And I like to see things grow."
"I've felt that."
"You've seen me, in a way, at my worst

"You've seen me, in a way, at my worst. But I won't go into that now. Except to say

that I won't go into that now. Except to say that I feel a good deal of responsibility about you."

"I don't know that I . . ."

"Really, I'm afraid that you'll have to let me feel that. You see this fight is almost as much mine as yours. I've staked my judgment, you know. I've done nothing all my life but back my judgment."

She folded her hands and rested them on the

She folded her hands and rested them on the edge of the table and stared down at them.
"Suppose," said he, gently, "you just talk

right out."

"I'm . . . trying to."

"Let's understand each other. We're pretty deep in this partnership, Hedda. And you, after all, are the important one. I'm only the silent partner. Better let me have your whole state of mind."

She deneed up once, twice; then sank back in

She glanced up once, twice; then sank back in her chair and let her hands fall to her lap.

"It's the hardest thing I ever had to say. You see, lately, especially since Mrs. Halling took me down there . . . it was the first time in years I've been away from Mother even for a day. It was the first time I've ever had a heave to think a little for myself. chance to think a little for myself. . . . Mother is very gentle and quiet, but she's a very strong person. I think she had absorbed me more than I knew. . . . Well, I made up my mind I had to try and face the facts. I've been so bewildered."

bewildered. . . ."
"It's only fair to remember this, Hedda. Nobody on earth could hold you responsible for your bewilderment. I simply caught you up and rushed you away."

"It was wonderful! But . . ."

"Even if I wasn't wholly sane at the mo-

"Even if I wash t wholy ment . . ."

"Don't you see that that . . ."

"I've been sane since, Hedda. I'm altogether myself, now. And I say let's fight it through. I can afford it. It won't cripple me a bit, or injure my aunt or my sister. And I believe I'll get my money back. Or even if I don't get it all back I believe I shall see you succeed. And that would be a victory. I'd pay something for that. Don't you see, why, Hedda? There'd be a thrill in it. I'd see you winning and growing. I'd feel that the situation was healthy. Let's put it that I'm too settled and businesslike an old bachelor to work out any sort of success as a flirt, but I have a pretty sound constructive gift, and . . ."

and . . ."

She broke in. She hadn't yet said it, but now it was coming. "I want to tell you, I've faced it all out. We can't go on with this."

"Oh come, Hedda!" He was smiling.

"You see . . I'm wrong. I'm the wrong sort. . . First Mother fired me and dragged me along. And then you. . ."

"And then I dragged you further along."

"Well, yes. With all your wonderful kindness you've done just that. I've tried to do my best. . ."

my best. . . ."
"I never was so proud of anybody as I was of you when you faced that Symphony audience and made them accept you. And don't forget that Max Koerstner stepped down and shook your hand."

"I've tried. But I'm not . . . oh, I know it now". . . that twisted smile again. . . "I'm not a careering person. It's Mother. It's her broken career I've been trying to live out

"Are you sure you're not just in a mood, Hedda?"

Her head moved deliberately in the affirma-tive. "Perfectly. I've thought it all out. The great singers are tremendous driving personalities. Their egos swallow everything in sight. I'm not like that. You see, they, that kind, have only the world and the Diltons to fight. They've got something inside of them that carries them through. Something ruthless. Something almost savage. But I'd have to fight the world and the Diltons and myself besides. All the time. And I know now that it can't be

All the time. And I know now that it can't be done that way. It just can't. . . I don't know if I can express myself clearly."

"I understand, I think," said he, his eyes soberly taking her in. But he didn't understand. The materialistic American gospel of success was more deeply woven into his fiber than he knew. He hesitated to believe that the girl who had rather magnificently stood up at the National Symphony concert and sung those hostile critics into a shamed silence could be beaten. She didn't look beaten now. Her eyes were glistening, but she wasn't going to cry. He felt that. Indeed, he felt determination in her. It was an ordeal for her, a situation she had had to set herself to bring about and then go through with. And she was going through.

"IVE got to try to tell you all I've been thinking." She looked down again at her quietly folded hands, then up. And now he felt more than determination in her; he felt strength; not the masculine strength that is commonly as-sociated with firm chins and brisk, prosperous business habits, for she was a softly beautiful girl, very small, with gentle manners and adorgirl, very small, with gentle manners and adorable amber hair that peeped out under the edges of her little hat, but the strength of honest thought. Her judgment might be at fault . . . he still wished to believe her wrong . . but character was inherent there and must be reckoned with. She went on.

"I told you I've never before been away from Mother. I'm not sure I can make you see all that means. She has been with me almost every minute for years, cooking just the right things

minute for years, cooking just the right things for my meals, working on my clothes, driving for my meals, working on my clothes, driving ahead with my education, talking to me. I really haven't known any other influence until you . . . until I met you. It has been my life. And you've believed in me, too. Like Mother, only harder. You've been wonderful. I never dreamed there could be . . . this is pretty hard to say. . . You see, one way and another, I've had no chance to think for myself. Not until the stay in Atlantic City. And now this terrible thing has come to Father. . . I've been thinking back over everything. Those nervous upsets . . ."

"They were natural enough," said he, contriving a smile. "Considering all you were going through, the fight and all. And how you did go through!"

No. They meant something."

did go through!"

"No. They meant something."

"A singer is entitled to an occasional outburst of temperament."

"I'm not. It wasn't like me. I see it pretty clearly now. It was "... the crooked smile came, and went ... "a complex. I was fighting myself. Really at war with myself. And that isn't sound. You see, the crash at home has brought me up short. It has cleared my mind, I think. Mother knows now, just as I know, that her game is up. She was wrong. She's been wonderful, absolutely heedless of herself, but wrong. She was living through me. And she was absorbing me. She had to leave the family to do it, and the family has gone to smash. Father's in the hospital. I'm afraid he'll lose the store. Brenda, my next younger sister, works there. And Mary had to leave high school to work in the bakery lunch. You see ... well, what I'm getting at is that Mother won't be back. She felt that when she left. She'll have all she can do back home trying to pull the family together. She had a pretty bad sort of awakening. And so did I. She ... broke down. She was crying when she got on the train. I haven't been able to sleep much since. I don't need to go into all this with you, but ... the point of it seems to be that I've been thrown on my own (Continued on page 58)



See How III at Ease They Seem
Wherever they go, people who are not sure of
themselves are being constantly subjected to
little embarrassments. One can tell at a slance
that the young people in this picture are not accustomed to the usages of good society.



Again She Orders "A Chicken Salad, Please"

She is trying to impress him-make him earea little.

Then ... Why had she ordered that again? She
wasn't sure of herself. She didn't know how to
order a correct dinner. She was unfrmiliar with



Mistakes that leave you shaken and ashamed, sudden conspicuous blunders, embarrassing moments that rob you of all poise and self-possession—do you recall them with a pang of regret that you were not better prepared to meet life's social problems, that you were not better protected against the humiliation of social errors?



"Good-bye, I'm Glad to Have Met You"

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would give anything to have avoided this embarrassment. Can you point out the reason for his discomfort?



What's Wrong In This Picture? It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misiudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are made in this picture?

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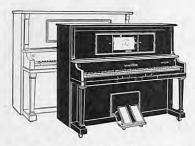
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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 56)

resources for the first time in my life. I've had to look things in the face. I'm . . well, I'm pretty sick over the whole business. But I have, at least, thought it out. The one beautiful thing about it has been your faith and your wonderful generosity. Especially your faith."

Her eyes quickly filled. Perhaps she would cry, after all. But she controlled herself, and continued

continued.

"I can't tell you how I feel about that. I shall never forget it. I'm going to pay back the money. It will take some time. I'm afraid you'll just have to be pretty patient with me."

"I don't think it will be so hard. I've already made inquiries about a job in some music store or publishing house. Mrs. Halling can help. And perhaps you could. I think I ought to be able, before such a great while, to pick up a pretty good church position, too. And there would probably be opportunities to sing here and there, at receptions and concerts or in oratorio. It seems to me I ought to do pretty well, cance I can get organized. It won't cost me much to live. And I can pay you a little every week or "I don't think it will be so hard. I've already to live. And I can pay you a little every week or every month. I'll really be happy, in a way, doing that. I'll feel that I'm some good."

DURING this long explanation she had hardly moved. Her little hands were still lightly clasped against the table-edge. More than ever he felt and was puzzled by her strength. It was in those quiet hands, as in her frank eyes and in her repose of body. She had as she said.

in those quiet hands, as in her traine of the repose of body. She had, as she said, worked the thing out.

"The thing to do," said he, less convincingly than he wished, "is to drive straight on, Hedda. You've been through a double strain. You're tired. We all have moods when we'd like to give up the battle. It's just as I said. I want to back my judgment. We haven't really more than begun to fight. I'm game if you are. I do hate to be beaten."

"No." Thoughtfully, gravely, her head moved in the negative. "There's only one

moved in the negative. "There's on thing that would justify my fighting on." "What's that?"

"A feeling right in my own heart that I could do it, the definite knowledge that I'm, first, the right sort of person to push it ruthlessly through, and, second, that I have the physique and the voice to do it with."

"We know that you have the voice."

"We know that you have the voice."

"We know that you have the voice."

"No, honestly we don't. That's the first bit of hard truth I've had to face out. You know, when a girl is young and fresh and has a nice enough voice everybody flatters her, and I suppose you can't blame her for believing all of it. Her family and friends can't help it. But the teachers are the worst. They lead you on. It's their business. So do the managers. For your money. Or somebody's money. I've been through all that. But I've come to my senses now. My voice is really not right in the upper register. I've tried to make myself believe it was, but in my heart I must have known better was, but in my heart I must have known better all along."

We can build that out." "We can build that out."

"Perhaps. Please understand. I'd be perfectly willing to try, if that were the only thing in the way. But at best it would take several years. I see that now. And there's always the chance of giving it to the wrong teacher. What I'm trying to say is, it would have to be an expensive speculation. The voice is not right. Not now. It would still have to be made right. The critics were fair enough about that. It isn't tell now. It would still have to be made right. The critics were fair enough about that. It isn't even so good as Henrietta Dilton's. I didn't tell you that I slipped into her recital."

"No."

"Mother didn't know either. She's really pretty good. The voice is there, all through her range. And she's had more schooling than I have, or else she took to it more quickly. That's why she was offered engagements and I wasn't."

"I'm not sure of that."

"I'm not sure of that."

"I'm not sure of that."
"I am. Even in the musical world you can't keep a good thing down forever. . . Another thing; it would take years to develop my technique. I think I've been fooled about that. Your friends are so eager to praise. My voice, when all's caid and done is pretty light. It never Your friends are so eager to praise. My voice, when all's said and done, is pretty light. It never will be a big dramatic organ. I simply haven't the physique for it. The only thing left, there-

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fore, is to master coloratura singing. But that's a terrific task. Oh, years and years! You see, nobody made all this plain to me when I started. I've lost a lot of time."

"We'll make that time up," said he, soberly.

"We'll keep at it, and win."

Her head moved again in the negative. "No, I've worked it out. I see the whole thing. I'm years short of being equipped for the real work

years short of being equipped for the real work I'd have to do. I'm just one of the hundreds of sopranos who are surprisingly good but just not good enough. Take the matter of an operatic repertoire, a real routine. Five to ten years! In Europe they begin in their teens. Even so, if I have a horr singer if I had that rejeiting if I were a born singer, if I had that primitive fire and drive in me, the terrific ego, the blind selfishness, I might go on with the fight. The chances are I'd never really win. So few do really win. But I'd probably fight on until I dropped. But I tell you I've thought it all out and I know I'm not that kind. The decision must be made now before we get in any cision must be made, now, before we get in any deeper. I can't go on. I'd simply be making a bad matter worse. It wouldn't be natural to me. All that side of it was my mother."

"And me?".

"Well."..... Her eyes filled again, and her

"Well.". Her eyes filled again, and her lip trembled. But still her hands remained quietly clasped.

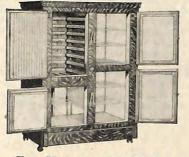
He sipped his tea. Then he lighted a cigar. He even said, "I sometimes think I smoke too much." She didn't understand this, unless it much." She didn't understand this, unless it was that he was covering certain sober thoughts of his own that he hadn't yet worked out. Perhaps he despised her. To him she was very likely putting herself in a pitiably weak light. But she couldn't help that. At least, and at last, she was living the truth. It was all she could do. . . . New York was the city of hard, brilliant success. Gorham Barset was a successful New Yorker. Perhaps he would be really unable to understand that through her yery honesty now, and through her courage in very honesty now, and through her courage in meeting the issue squarely, she was winning a battle. But she couldn't help that either.

SHE had never seen him in such sober mood. Once he seemed about to speak, but thought better of it and smoked on. The tea hour had passed; couples from Greenwich Village and the lower Avenue were drifting in and finding seats. She looked about at them with half-seeing eyes, then again at him, and then down at her hands. She wondered how he could smoke so quietly. It was almost irritating. Behind this quiet presentment of her determined little self her presentment of her determined little self her nerves were drumming. But there would be no hysterics. For she wasn't now at war with herself. . . . He had said that more than anything else he liked fighting and winning. And that he didn't like to be beaten. It was a true self-characterization. She had from the first felt this drive in him. Yes, he would think her weak. "Beaten." The word stung. She wished he hadn't used it. How difficult it all was! And yet she was right. She knew she was right. The actual chances were too strongly against her. She couldn't go on taking his was right. The actual chances were too strongly against her. She couldn't go on taking his money. thus crudely, in a bewildered way, she put it to herself. without at least a fair assurance that her position was sound. And it wasn't sound. She had taken too much as it stood, but there was, perhaps, time to work the thing out. All her strength must go into that fight now, not into the terrible struggle to become a prima donna. Even if he, with his resistless strength, should be disgusted with her. She felt that he was, that he must be.

Barset couldn't, during these ripe years, look anything but strong. His firm habits had built that outer man. But he was depressed now, behind the thin veil of cigar smoke. There

now, behind the thin veil of cigar smoke. There had been perhaps a trace of over-assertion in his "I'm altogether myself." Was he altogether himself? Had he been backing his judgment . . . or his infatuation? That question, in later saner hours might not so easily answer itself. . . "Women are the realists"; somewhere or other he had read that. She had never stirred him so deeply. Certainly she was realistic enough. Perhaps she was right. He felt profoundly the honesty, and yes, the courage in her proposal to cut losses, take the whole burden on her slim shoulders, pay back every cent. She was bewilderingly desirable. He wanted to say, "You can pay me nothing!" But how could he say that? His depression deepened. (Continued on page 60) now, behind the thin veil of cigar smoke.





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A Daughter of Ambition

(Continued from page 59)

Somehow she was resolutely cutting him off. She was going on without him. She didn't need

The silence dragged on. What had he to say? Her proposal was clarity itself, and must be met. He smoked and smoked. Finally he ground the cigar out on his plate. An anxious waiter hovered. He realized that the room was full of dipers

"We may as well order dinner, Hedda."

He glanced at his watch. "It's going on seven."

"I couldn't eat."

"I'm not sure I could either. . . . See here,

Hedda, you must see why I'm so puzzled. I can't insist on your simply forgetting the

Firmly, with tight lips, she moved her head in

the negative.
"But this, I think, I have a right to ask you
"But this, I think, I have a right to ask you
Then eagerly he "But this, I think, I have a right to ask you that we share the loss." Then eagerly he went on. "It's only fair to recognize that I plunged you into this. I've spent most of it without even consulting you. You had no chance to bring your judgment into play. And I did all that with my eyes open. I really don't feel that it's fair for you to shoulder a cent of it."

Her exquisite sad face was unyielding.

Her exquisite sad face was unyielding.

". . . but if you insist on taking part of it I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll figure it up and let you carry a third. Not a cent more."

She considered this for a long time, in resistant mood. Thoughtfully, considerately, he marshalled his arguments. His wits were returning. That was something. But with increasing force they pointed out the blunt truth that she was cutting him off. And nothing else mattered. mattered.

mattered.

"All right," she said at last, rather wearily.

"We'll let it stand that way. I don't want to be pigheaded. But I've got to carry some of it. It . . . it's the only way out for me." She thought he winced, and added more gently, and a trifle hurriedly, "I think we'd better go back. Mrs. Halling will be wondering."

He assented. Bitterness mounted in his

He assented. Bitterness mounted in his He assented. Bitterness mounted in his brain. Isabel would be wondering; no doubt about that. And Hedda meant not to ignore Isabel's interest in the business. He felt, as he held the door for her and they mounted the steps to the sidewalk, utterly beaten. She was the strong one. In defeat she had found herself

self.

That thought lingered. It was true. She had found herself in defeat. Very well, why couldn't he find himself. Character and experience were his, or ought to be his. Was he to give her up without a fight?

They walked slowly past the yellow taxis and on to the corner. She wouldn't want him to take her back in a taxi. For surely his hand would grope for hers and his arm draw her lovely face blindly to his. It wouldn't be fair. Even if, in emotional reaction, they should flare

up again, it wouldn't make her his. It could bring them no nearer while she felt like this.

They were approaching the corner. A new thought entered his mind, hesitantly at first, then blazed there. He stopped short.

"What . . . what is it?" she asked.

He caught her arm, more firmly than he knew, and drew her before him. Passers-by icettled and looked.

knew, and drew her before mm. Passers-by jostled and looked.

"Hedda!" His voice was husky; he heard it so, as if it were the voice of somebody else.

"Hedda, dcn't you see where this puts us?"

She didn't She was crushed by the weight of the problem. There was room in her mind

for nothing else with it.

"I've got to say this, child. And then you've simply got to say what you honestly feel. That's all. Settle things." He had her other arm now and was holding her squarely in front of him. "Don't you see that in giving up the of him. "Don't you see that in giving up the career we've wiped out one of the only two reasons that stand in the way of our marriage. The other is that you don't want me. I'm fifteen years older than you. I have no right to assume anything. I'll take my medicine, whatever it is to be. But I've got to have your answer. Do you want me?"

He saw, by the light from the corner lamp, the color leave her face. Her eyes hung bewildered

color leave her face. Her eyes hung bewildered

on his.
"Don't you see, Hedda? We've already faced this. It was the career or marriage. The career is off. Well?"

Her color was returning in a flame. He dragged her to the curb and whistled; then waved his free hand and called, "Taxi! Taxi!"

Dinner was over at the Hallings. Fred had wandered to the club. Isabel, in a pretty frock from Paris, sat in her favorite seat by the fire-

she wasn't reading. She was wondering.

The bell rang. She went herself. It was Hedda and Gorry. She took them in quickly, brightly. They looked as if they had been giggling. Hedda's eyes and mouth were strangely gling. Hedda's eyes and mouth were sold soft. She went right on in, without removing her hat or wrap, and sat down at the piano.

Isabel followed Gorry up the hall while he

took off his coat.

"What have you two been up to, Gorry?"
"We've solved the problem, Isabel. We're going to be . . . well, married." Then, louder—"I'm announcing it, Hedda!"

For just one fleeting moment the tip of a claw showed through the soft fur of Isabel's nature. She said, her eyes very bright, "You're moving pretty rapidly, Gorry Barset. I hope you've . . . thought."

He glanced uncomfortably away. But then he heard the exquisite floating tones of Hedda's middle voice humming a song. And with a quick smile at Isabel he hurried in there (The End)

The Best Room at Sally's

(Continued from page 20)

so very much more putrid than one or two of the films the Idol Company has been guilty of perpetrating. And it has two scenes that might—
I say might be developed into something akin to novelty."

"What are they?" Mr. Foote asked crisply.
"A scene in a cheap, East-side cabaret; patrons at tables; three-piece jazz band playing on a slightly raised platform; Olive, the shop-girl heroine, sitting at a table, afraid to go home to hear drauken father and simple sister because her drunken father and simple sister because she's lost her job and can't find another one;

she's waiting for the big burly Bouncer of the cafe who has asked her to marry him; Olive dreads his coming; she's almost sure she's going

of joy-seekers, starts describing an occasion in which he was summoned to appear before a European court to entertain; as he talks, the cheap cabaret dissolves gradually into a palace reception room. Piano-player dissolves into King; the lady cornetist into Queen; the trap-drummer becomes the Prince. The tough

patrons at the tables dissolve into Lords, Ladies, nobility in silks and laces, Olive along with the rest, all exactly in the same relative positions as they were in the cabaret."

"Nothing particularly new in that," Tom

Kush interrupted

"No. But here's Monty's twist. Into the royal reception room walks the big, tough Bouncer, cigar in mouth, brown derby over one eye, yellow shoes and all. As he starts toward Olive, looking like a what-ho shepherdess, the Olive, looking like a what-no snepherdess, the scene quickly begins to fade, dissolving back into the cheap cabaret again with Olive crushing in her hand a bill for last month's rent as the Bouncer approaches her."

"Umph!" grunted the boss, his eyes squinted, trying to picture the scene. "What's the other

trying to picture the scene. "What's the other scene?"
"The stage-setting for Olive's big dance, after she becomes Madame Irene. It's a huge gilded bird cage, set in the well of a curving flight of wide stairs. When the curtain rises, Olive is in the cage, dressed as a bird. A big cat comes

I stopped as the boss reached for the script. One reason why we all like to work for Mr. Foote is because he doesn't take a week and a lawyer's

is because he doesn't take a week and a lawyer's consent to make up his mind.
"Clear out, boys; I'm going to read this. Tell the girl at the telephone board outside that I don't want to be disturbed."

I was still kidding with the girl at the board when the boss came out of his office about three-

quarters of an hour later.
"Where can I find Mr. Montmorency du
Bois?" he asked.

"I'll go with you," I offered, feeling he needed

a guardian.

The boss must have read my mind. "Don't worry," he grinned. "I'll take Newman, my lawyer, along with me. The fact is," he lowered his voice so it wouldn't reach the girl at the switchboard, "I think I can get in touch with a wealthy party who has the finest sort of moving. wealthy party who has the finest sort of moving picture business connections and who would back a picture like *Madame Irene*."

Naturally I gave him the address and telephone number at Sally's.

"Thanks, Pete." He turned to the switchboard operator. "Get me Mr. Smithson's office, Bryant 90009, I think. I'll be waiting inside."

"Smithson," I said, taking a long chance as I hung over the top of the telephone board. "That's the fellow the boss was showing around the studio yesterday, isn't it?"

The girl nodded. "Um-hum; the nifty looker with the grey eyes."

SATURDAY nights I'd been taking Sally to the theatre so when I called for her that night I asked if Monty was at home, anxious to find out if anything had happened. Sally told me that a phone call had come for him just before noon; that after answering it Monty had gone out and hadn't returned as

gone out and hadn't returned yet.
"Was it the boss, Mr. Foote, who called Monty?" I asked.

"Sally shook her head—no.
"Was it a man named Smithson?"
"I think that was the name." Sally didn't seem any too positive. "Who is he, do you know?'

I told her all I could, and also how the boss had seen enough in Monty's story to nerve him to brace a backer for production costs.

"Can you imagine—that scream script?" I finished.

"It didn't make me laugh," Sally returned, a bit tartly. "There are lots of pictures making money that wouldn't listen any better on paper than Monty's."

"But those titles, Sally; those spoken dialogue

"The town is full of good scenario writers out of jobs who'll title a picture from beginning to end for a couple of hundred dollars," Sally interrupted.

"Sure. But no director or continuity writer—"
"Directors and continuity writers," Sally snorted. "When they finish tinkering with any story what's left of it but the idea? I'll bet you, Pete, when this company that's filming the Discovery of America finishes cutting and titling, Columbus himself wouldn't recognize it."
Sally threw a cloak over her shoulders and

Sally threw a cloak over her shoulders and started for the door. "It's the idea in a picture story that counts, Pete; nothing but the idea. If that isn't swamped in the making, if the star can draw at all, the rest is exploitation and making it worth the distributors' while to shove the

"Where did you learn so much about the picture game?" I asked, admitting she was pretty close to the truth.

"You learn a lot of things, running a boarding-house," Sally smiled, her good nature reappearing as we turned toward the bright lights of

I didn't learn anything on Monday. Neither the boss nor Monty showed up at the studio all

About seven o'clock that evening I rang up Sally.
"Monty there?" I asked.
"Ma'll be in be

"Not yet. He'll be in before eight, though."
She seemed positive.
"What makes you think and "I hill."

"What makes you think so?" I kidded.
"This is Monday, isn't it?"
"What's that got to do with it?" (Continued on page 62)

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proved it.

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One salesman stated that what was furnished him was responsible for the establishing of more than 100 new accounts in his territory and a large increase with his old trade.

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C. J. JONES, Ontario.

C. J. JONES, Ontario.

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The Best Room at Sally's

(Continued from page 61)

"We always take in the show at the Tivoli Monday nights."
"Oh. Any news?"

"Not a thing. Well, enjoy yourselves.
'Night."

Tuesday morning hanging around waiting for Tom to start work I felt a touch on my arm.

Iom to start work I felt a touch on my arm. It was Monty.

"Mr Stevens," he was rubbing his hands to hide their trembling, "Mr. Foote has just sent for me—to sign a contract. He's buying my story, you know. You—you're responsible and I'd like, if you don't mind, I'd like for you to come with me, just to see that everything's—all right."

In the office with the boss were Newman, his attorney, and the dapper, quiet, Smithson.
After introductions were done with, Newman
started reading the contract.
It stated that for fifteen thousand dollars in

the hand paid, and other valuable considerations including a fat per centage of the gross profits, Montmo ency du Bois was to give the Idol Film Corporation the entire and exclusive picturiza-Corporation the entire and exclusive picturization rights of his story. And that, in turn, the Idol Film Corporation agreed to produce said picture within a certain specified time, with the further guarantee that Mae Murdock would appear in the role of Olive. And also that the Idol Film Company contracted to expend a certain named ample sum for exploitation purposes and furthermore to secure the Tivoli Theater situate in Broadway, New York City, for the period of two weeks in which to exhibit the picture. And herewith and appended hereto was a copy of the contract signed by the Inter-World Releasing Company wherein they agreed to take over said film and distribute it, etc., etc., etc.

A BOUT half-way through the reading I saw that Monty mentally had swooned. I couldn't blame him. The only thing that kept me hanging on was joy on the boss's account. For the contract put the boss and an Idol Film product on the books of the Inter-World Releasing Company, the biggest and most powerful of them all!

ful of them all!

And Mae Murdock! A genuine star whose pictures of Broadway nightlife had made millions for the Supreme Company since they had signed her to a contract. She was the one woman in the business to play Olive. Just picturing her in the part made the whole story seem alive. With her husband directing her—he always directed her pictures—and the Inter-World back of it, the picture was a success before a camera crank was turned!

Knowing the tough inside of the picture game.

Knowing the tough inside of the picture game, to me it sounded like a fairy tale in which Monty had rubbed a ring and a good fairy had suddenly appeared, waving a wand which sprinkled certified checks where they'd do the most good. The most good. That's what the backer, represented by the keen-eyed Smithson, had accomplished for us all; for Monty, for Foote, for the Idol organization, for even Mae Murdock who spent half her life leaking for stories of her type and half her life looking for stories of her type and worrying the other half because they were so hard to get. I wondered who the good fairy

Monty finally revived enough to sign his name to the contract and take the check the boss

offered him.

offered him.

"And now, Mr. du Bois," Mr. Foote said, "if you'll step into the inside office I'll introduce you to Russell Delan. Do you know him?"

I understood exactly why Monty grabbed the back of a chair to steady himself. Russ Delan, whose price for writing continuities was one thousand dollars per reel, was getting it because he hadn't turned out a flop in three years.

"He'll make the continuity for Madame Irene," the boss continued. "Before starting, he wants to run through the script with you, to get your ideas."

It took all three of them, Foote, Newman and Simpson, to steer Monty's tottering steps into

the next room. Left alone, thinking over the good luck that had swooped down on Monty, checking one clause of his contract against another started me wondering, puzzling over several odd things,

especially the unknown backer and the ungodly influence he appeared to exert. Taking for granted that he was the same party the boss had said he was going to get in touch with, he had, according to Mr. Foote, "the finest moving-picture business connections." All right. But that did not explain why Hard Egg Rosencratt had signed to run in his private mint a picture that hadn't even been cast yet. When it came to business, Hard Egg had no connections. The Inter-World had not forced him to book the Erg—and hadn't placed a picture in the Tivoli for seven months afterwards. Rosencratt was sole lessee, manager and booker, and he ran only pictures that he himself liked Who had made him like a picture that nobody yet had seen?

WHAT had induced the Inter-World to agree WHAT had induced the Inter-World to agree to take over the picture before seeing a foot of film? Not because Mae Murdock was to be the star. There were several stars whose pictures the Inter-World plugged harder than Mae's. Speaking of her, if she was, as everybody in the business knew she was, the Supreme's biggest money-maker, who was the bird that could turn down the screws tight enough to make Supreme lend her to the Idol? And why, oh, why and what had steamed up the backer to the point of putting on all the pressure he had applied?

of putting on all the pressure he had applied?

A puff of breeze through the office window lifted some papers on the desk. Absorbed in my riddles, I walked to the desk to put a weight on Induces, I waked to the desk to put a weight on them. Across the top of the uppermost paper I couldn't help but see—"Private Agreement Between B. B. Foote and S. W. Crumbely."

Crumbely! That name carried me back

twenty years.

—"and it is expressly agreed that S. W. Crumbely, in name or person, is to be mentioned in no manner in connection with the production of Madame Irene, neither as backer nor partner"—

Cabbins and the Madame Irene, neither as backer nor partner.

Grabbing my hat I ran out of the onice.
You can find anything in New York if you know where to look for it. I spent no more time in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two in the Inter-World office than it took to ask two intersecond answer referred me to a Mr. Smithson, attorney-at-law.

Dogging it over to the Supreme office I was lucky enough to find Cass Williams, their press agent, who'd been a buddy of mine before ever there were any five-reel dramas. Letting me know that the information was Masonic, he answered my first question.
"Thanks, Cass. Who is this fellow Crumbely?

What's his business?"

"Search me. We never saw anything of him except his attorney, Smithson."

A few minutes later the girl in the box-office at the Tivoli gave me a blank look instead of an answer, and then referred me to the door-man, who referred me to the head usher who referred me—I kept being referred in and out of offices in several different buildings for an hour before I found out what I wanted. And the fellow that finally satisfied me added, "I'm sure I'm right, but you had better ask Mr. Smithson. He handles Crumbely's interest."

handles Crumbely's interest."
So it was late that afternoon when I reached Sally's house and walked into the living-room where she was sewing
"What have you been doing all day, Pete?" she asked, sociably
"Digging up dope on S. W. Crumbely," I told her. "I was surprised to find what a busy party Crumbely is."
"Yes?" said Sally, her eyes on her needle.
"Yes. Quite by accident I happened to learn that this Crumbely party is backing a picture the Inter-World contracted to handle without the Inter-World contracted to handle without knowing anything much about it. That struck me as mighty queer. Wouldn't it you?" "Yes, indeed," said Sally, her thimble flashing

"Yes, indeed," said Sally, her thimble flashing back and forth.
"Well, when I grew curious enough to ask the president's stenographer if they knew anything much of a party by that name, the steno told me that there was an S. W. Crumbely on their Board of Directors. That explained that. But in the elevator, going downstairs, I got itching to know how Mae Murdock could break her



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iron-clad contract with Supreme to do a picture for anybody else. Cass Williams, their publicity man, explained it by saying that Supreme didn't mind lending their biggest drawing card on this occasion because the check for the money that saved them last year was signed 'S. W. Crum-

Sally's head was bent over, so I couldn't see the expression that went with the surprised tchk-tchk I heard.

"Passing the Tivoli a few minutes later, I couldn't help wondering why Hard Egg was so willing to book apicture on which the working continuity hasn't been even thought out yet. Knowing that Rosencratt owns everything around the joint except maybe the ground it's built on, I dropped into a real estate office to ask who the property belongs to. The agent told me—S. W.

"But the funny part, Sally," I said, taking her sewing out of her hands, "the funny part is that nobody knows this S. W. Crumbely by sight. All deals, loans and everything else are handled by an attorney named Smithson. All anybody has ever seen of this Crumbely party is the signature, S. W. Crumbely—Crumbely, if I remember right, being the name of the crumb you turned me down to marry twenty-odd years ago."

I felt like a dirty deuce when I saw Sally was crying. But before I could gather any words, she'd dried her tears and was looking at me with assault in one eye and battery in the other.
"Pete Stevens, if you ever breathe a word of

what you've found out to Monty"—
"I won't," I promised, "if you'll give me the

explanation."

Sally was silent a moment. "Can you understand, Pete, that I didn't want the money old Mr. Crumbely left me? I—I hadn't earned it So I tried to spend it. First I engaged an expensive lawyer—by the year. Gave him a long contract—and he's done nothing but make more

money for me ever since.

"For instance; one of my boarders told me he couldn't pay his bill because his company was on the verge of bankruptcy and wasn't paying any salaries. So I called Smithson in and told im to lend my boarder's boss some money so he could pay my boarder so my boarder could pay me. Yes." Sally sniffed. "The outcome of that was that I acquired so much stock in the Inter-World that they had to put me on the board of

SALLY jabbed her needle into a cushion viciously. 'When I bought the property where the Tivoli is now in order to tear down the dirty old ramshackle theatrical hotel on it because every boarder that came from there brought something with him into my nice clean house, could I guess that my busy little lawyer would instigate a corporation to build a movie house there that in twenty-five years will be mine without it costing me a nickle except the complexity. mission I pay the agent for collecting the ex-horbitant rent?"

horbitant rent?"

"Great Scot, Sally, you talk as though you were sore about it?"

"I am. And I'm scared to death Monty will find out all about it. It—it would just about break his heart. Pete," Sally's voice softened, "for four years Monty has tried every known way to roll a ten-cent piece into a thousand-dollar stake overnight. And it wasn't until last night, when he knew his story was going to be bought, that I knew for a positive certainty why."

why."

"Why was it?" I asked, realizing my hunch was right. "What is the money going to mean to Monty?"

"Monty?"

"Monty's a relic of an older generation, Pete, when a man believed he should have enough

when a man believed he should have enough money before marrying to support his wife in the style to which she was accustomed. You see," Sally's eyes dropped. She smoothed the silk over her plump hips. "Monty hopes I'll say yes when he asks me to marry him." -when he asks me to marry him."
"Marry Monty! You! Sally-er-would

"He hasn't asked me yet." Sally hurried on.
"And he never would if he should happen to learn that I'll always have more than enough for us—until I fire Smithson. That was why I felt so good when he read me his scenario, the story had a printer as a last feel so that for the story had a printer as a last feel so good. he'd written as a last forlorn shot at a fortune. It gave me the chance to put him in a position where—where he could incriminate himself."

(Continued on page 64)





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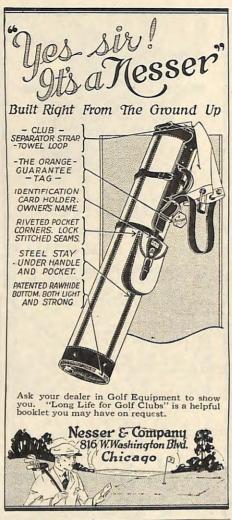
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The Best Room at Sally's

(Continued from page 63)

"Sally! You are going to marry Mo—"
"You'd told me the troubles Mr. Foote was having," Sally rattled on, "so all I had to do was whisper a few words into my demon attorney's ear and"—Sally faced me anxiously. "They signed the contract to-day, didn't they?"

I nodded.

"I figure it will cost me a lot of money, but—"

"Cost you money?" I shouted. "You're lucky if you make less than forty thousand out of it."

Sally started to answer, then stopped as she looked through the window toward Eighth Avenue. I followed her glance.

There came old Montmorency du Bois, head up, shoulders thrown back, heels hitting tri-umphantly on the pavement, striding wide and free, and on his old face an expression of deter-mination that brought a lump to my throat and

mination that brought a lump to my throat and a little sigh from Sally's.

"Listen, Sally," I said, picking up my hat, "it looks as though there'd be some rearrangements in the house soon. In case you can give me that room on the second floor—"

"The best room in the house?" Sally shook her head. "I'm sorry, Pete; I guess I'm growing foolish in my old age, but that will always be Monty's—the best room in the house." Monty's-the best room in the house.'

America in the Olympic Tennis

(Continued from page 14)

not win a single game on that occasion nor, in the first set, did she come within a stroke of winning a game. But if Mlle. did not actually overwhelm her opponent—there were many long rallies—she proved conclusively that her equip-ment of stroke is much superior to that of Mrs. Mallory and that her strategic sense is more highly developed. By virtue of her service and volleying Miss Goss is more dangerous on hard courts than Mrs. Mallory, but her European record has been disappointing in the past. Perhaps the extra confidence which came to her in America last summer—with it she beat both Miss Wills and Mrs. Mallory—will remain with her in Paris this year; in that event, she cannot be ruled out as a possible finalist. Miss McKane has played three matches with Mlle. Lenglen on a non-turf surface. In two of them she has has played three matches with Mlle. Lenglen on a non-turf surface. In two of them she has pressed the champion into a vantage set. At Wimbledon and in Paris last year, however, she gave the French girl light work to win: the issue was never in doubt. There remains Miss Wills. My opinion is that Helen Wills will have a greater chance of beating "Suzanne" at Wimbledon than in Paris. The cooler weather of London in June will be a more favorable factor; and if the American champion is to gain points outright with her service, the turf of the new center court will assist her. Moreover, the footwork of Mlle. Lenglen has been trained to its high state of perfection on dirt courts. In Paris footwork of Mlle. Lenglen has been trained to its high state of perfection on dirt courts. In Paris she will be playing before her own people; sustained by the *milieu* of Paris she will be at her best. On the other hand I question whether the champion's staying power is proof against a sustained attack which carries with it the hint of a triumphant challenge. Helen and Suzanne may never meet in the Olympic tournament. If they do it will be in the final round. That will

mean that Miss Wills has survived a test of real severity: she would come to the supreme real severity: she would come to the supreme struggle with accumulated experience and wisdom. Of one thing I am quite sure—the match would provide an exhibition of woman's tennis unsurpassed for skill and speed. Much more than in the men's events, psychology will play its part. It would be impossible to conceive two players whose personality is more distinct. That fact will intrigue the crowd; it may also influence the sensitive French girl. My impression is that if these two meet the result will

pression is that if these two meet the result will be closer than many people suppose.

To sum up our reflections, I predict that Tilden will win the men's singles, that Mlle. Lenglen ought to win, but may not win, the women's singles. Australia should dispute with America the men's doubles. France and America should fight out the mixed doubles. If Tilden pairs with Helen Wills I should be disposed to support their chances against Cochet and Mlle. Lenglen

their chances against Cochet and Mlle. Lenglen. The women's doubles is a more open event. There is no French player with whom as a partner Mlle. Lenglen can command victory. Antwerp proved that in 1920. Miss McKane will play with her sister, Mrs. Stocks, or with Mrs. Covell. Mrs. Wightman and Miss Wills in alliance would make the strongest American combination. As a tactician Mrs. Wightman is superior to any woman player I have ever met. Without her personal influence and knowledge of court-craft, the American women would certainly not have won their whole-sale triumph at Forest Hills last August. No other women's team competing in the Olympic Games will possess an asset so valuable as Mrs. Wightman's leadership. It can not guarantee success, but it will assuredly help to promote it. their chances against Cochet and Mlle. Lenglen.

The Sporting Angle

Some time ago the colleges ruled against the methods of the professional baseball players being used in the intercollegiate games. The students are forbidden to "razz" the pitchers, which denatured the game to some extent. While the students may observe the rules they are bursting with repression at the intercollegiate baseball games. The very strong desire to "razz" is most certainly there, ready to break all restraint.

to "razz" is most certainly there, ready to break all restraint.

Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, formerly part owner of the Yankees, once said to me, "There is no such thing as a graceful loser in any sort of sport played in America. A man who can be a graceful loser is doomed to lose. Of course one can pretend to lose gracefully but if he feels it in his heart he is no true player. It was the frank spirit of the American game of was the frank spirit of the American game of baseball which says 'I do not congratulate you on beating me. I can lick you next time we meet' that made the American troops so useful

"If the A. E. F. had been made up of potential good losers the war might easily have been lost."

The Flesh-pots of Golf

There are those who are inclined to think

that the time is coming when the reigning professional golfer will be drawing an income equal to that now drawn by Babe Ruth, whose salary with the Yankees is \$52,000 a year—and this does not represent the entire annual income of the Babe.

THE best known of the golf professionals now THE best known of the golf professionals now pick up something more than pin money on their exhibition tours. In fact the professional golfers clean up on their travels more than Mr. Jack Curley's wrestling champions used to pull down in a season. With the increase in the number of golfers and the growing interest in the game the pros will become quite as plutforgation. number of golfers and the growing interest in the game the pros will become quite as plutocratic as the ball players. In fact I am not sure that the income of a well-known pro is not on a par with that of the best known ball players—with the exception of the Babe.

If Mr. Walter Hagen were the Babe Ruth of golf—say five years from now—he probably would be paying a higher income tax than the Babe. This professional came to his best a little

Babe. This professional came to his best a little too early. Young Mr. Gene Sarazen, the graduate caddie, with his affluence has fired the ambition of all the caddies of the land. Also he has shown that the chances for a rise to affluence through professional golf is not limited to 'addies of Scottish descent.

It Was REAL FUN Learning to Play the Piano in 90 Days

By a Wife

E had been married only three years, and what should have been happy days for me were in reality days of misery. For, for some reason which I could not at that time determine, I felt that Bob's love for me was slipping.

I tried to do everything in my power to retain it—yet nothing seemed to help. Bob remained his kind self as of old, but underneath the surface, I somehow felt that there was a gap.

Instead of remaining in in the evenings, he preferred to spend his time elsewhere, or, if he did remain at home, he would devote most of his time to playing on his violin, entirely indifferent to me. Yes, he played beautifully, and I loved to listen to him. But often after playing for about a half hour or so, he would dejectedly lay down the instrument, shrug his shoulders, and stalk off to the library.

At first I attached no importance to these moods, thinking he was tired. But when they became more frequent, I began to worry about them. Once I approached the subject timidly, but very tactfully Bob turned the conversation, and for a long time after I saw no display of moodiness again. Yet it left me puzzled.

One day while listlessly looking through a magazine, I accidentally came across an amazing story. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! I stared at it, utterly astonished. I didn't believe such a thing possible. Fascinated, I read on and on, and learned how this woman had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time at home, without the help of a teacher. And what seemed best of all, the method she had followed necessitated no tedious scales, no heart breaking exercises, no tiresome practising.

I stopped. A wonderful thought had occurred to me. Why couldn't I do what this woman had done? And—how happy Bob would be if I could accompany him on the piano! What a surprise it would be to him! I already imagined the glow of delight and satisfaction spreading over his face.

So, full of enthusiasm, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music and received their course. I, who had never known a single thing about music, was absolutely astonished at the remarkable simplicity of their wonderful method. As easy as the A.B.C.'s is the print-and-picture system they use. Why, a mere child can master it.

Through this delightful method, I quickly learned how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections of music which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. You see, through this amazing short cut method, all the difficult, confusing, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simple, easy-to-understand method, which any one can follow with ease.

But my greatest happiness was still to come—the day that Bob found out. Will I ever forget it! This is how it happened. Bob was tuning his violin, preparatory to playing one of his favorite selections, when, without a word, I calmly seated myself at the piano and waited for him to commence.

Words can't describe his look of astonishment. "Why—why"—he floundered. I simply smiled, entirely confident of myself. And then, of course, Bob insisted that I tell him all about it—where I had learned, when I had learned, and how. What a revelation! And what a

revelation! And what a change seemed to come over Bob as he eagerly drank in every word I uttered. Then it was I realized what music had meant to him. He loved his violin devotedly, but as he expressed it, playing the violin was absolutely flat without the accompaniment of a piano. I went to bed happier than I had been for over a year, secure once more in the knowledge of Bob's love.

Today Bob finds new delight in his violin, and I have kept right on with my piano studies. Almost two years have gone by, yet I am just as interested in music as I was at the very beginning. Our musical evenings are a marked success, and we are able to offer our friends entertainment they enjoy. Every one compliments me on my ability to render with ease and expression some of the most difficult selections.

To me, however, it still seems almost a miracle that I could—and did—actually learn to play the piano this delightful, new way, and in so much less time than it would have taken with a teacher.

Do you like music? Do you like to listen to it? Hum it? Do you find yourself tapping with your foot or drumming with your fingers when music plays? Then by all means, write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" together with an illustrated folder, explaining the easy print-and-picture method. The booklet gives complete information about this wonderful course in music, also about their special, short-time Reduced Price Offer.

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What Is Short Selling?

By Stephen Jessup

HORT selling is a term used to describe the Selling of something—usually stock—that one does not own in the expectation of repurchasing it at a lower figure, thus making

In the minds of many people, short selling is the precise opposite of buying on margin, and both are speculative operations; the man who buys stocks "long" risks some money as his "margin" and hopes that the stock will rise above his purchase price, while the man who sells stock "short" risks a similar sum of money as margin and hopes that the stock will decline

below his sale price.

The comparison is hardly correct. The man who buys stock on margin is not necessarily a speculator. The term "margin" should not be always regarded as an anathema. Frequently the deposit of margin is nothing less than the first of a series of partial payments, full owner-ship being the end in view. If you have bought a security and made a marginal or partial payment, you can pay the balance due at any time and obtain possession of the security. Mean-while it is held as collateral security for the balance due on which you pay interest. In other words, your ownership has begun with your first payment and is simply delayed until you

have made full payment.

During the late war many people bought
Liberty Bonds in this manner. A man who bought a \$1,000 Liberty Bond and paid a first instalment of \$100 was in the position of not having the bond but being able to obtain it upon paying the balance of \$000. His position was precisely the same as that of another man who bought and paid in full for a \$1,000 Liberty Bond and then hypothecated, or mortgaged, it with his bank for a loan of \$000. While the first man had laid out only \$100, his ownership status was identical with the second man's.

While, therefore, a purchaser of stock on

margin or partial payments may be a speculator or an investor, the same cannot be said of a seller of stock "short." The short seller is a speculator and nothing else. This does not mean that he serves no useful purpose. Much has been said and written about the desirability, propri-ety and even morality of short selling. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the pros and cons of the question, but merely to describe

Although short selling.

Although short selling is legal to-day, this has not always been so. Much legislation has been passed concerning it in the past. The first prohibition of short selling was in England in 1734, when a law was passed known as Sir John Barnard's Act. A similar law was passed in Barnard's Act. A similar law was passed in New York in 1827, but repealed in 1858. There was also the Bank of England or Leeman Act, passed in 1864; the legislation in Germany in 1896, and the Hatch Industrial Commission inquiry in this country in 1898. One of the leading decisions here upholding short selling was that in 1907, when the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia held:

"A short sale is not a gambling operation; the testimony shows that on a short sale delivery of the stock is made and the purchase price paid. It may be speculative—it is speculative—but commercial transactions generally are more or less speculative, the speculative element varying mainly in degree."

It will be noticed as a curious coincidence that the judge who wrote that decision was named Barnard, the same name as that of the English-man who had held a contrary view 173 years

In 1912 the Pujo Committee held an investigation of the stock market and finally reported:

"There seems no greater reason for prohibiting speculation for the fall than for the rise."

It can hardly be denied, however, that short selling is purely a margin transaction, entered into for speculative profit, and contains no element of investment. For the man of moderate means who is not in Wall Street as his business or profession it may be said to be as unwise as or profession it may be said to be as unwise as buying stocks on margin, if not more so, for it is obviously an operation attended by much risk. It is trite to say that such transactions

should not be entered into by those who can not afford to lose the money they put up. The man of moderate means would do far better to invest his surplus funds in good securities. Their name is Legion—Government bonds; state bonds; municipal bonds; industrial bonds; railroad bonds; public utility bonds; guaranteed realestate mortgage bonds; high-grade preferred stocks, which have carned and paid their dividuals beneather the property of the content of the con dends by a substantial margin over a period of time, and, in some cases, strong common stocks. Detailed information regarding investments to suit every taste and purse can be obtained from Stock Exchange houses and substantial security dealers of reputation and prestige. Whenever you are in doubt, consult your own banker. He is more interested in seeing you keep your money than speculate with it.

Just as selling stock you own is the opposite of buying stock outright, so selling short is the opposite of buying "long" on margin. The difference lies in the selling preceding the buying,

instead of the buying preceding the selling.

How can one sell before he has bought—that is, sell something he does not own? This is the chief puzzle to those who are unfamiliar with

chief puzzle to those who are unfamiliar with short selling.

The sale is made in exactly the same way as if the seller owned the stock. The rules of the Stock Exchange require payment of money for stocks bought and delivery of certificates for stocks sold by 2.15 p.m. on the following day. Delivery of a short sale is therefore accomplished by borrowing the stock. The stock thus borrowed is subject to the demand of the lender. Sooner or later it has to be returned to him. or later it has to be returned to him.

A short sale obviously is a margin transaction. Perhaps its method of accomplishment will be clearer if buying on margin is briefly described.

ET us suppose that Steel stock is selling at \$100 per share. You think it is going to be worth more. You want to buy 100 shares. Instead of having the necessary purchase price of \$10,000 you have \$1,000. You buy the 100 shares on what is called a ten-point margin, \$10 per share. what is called a ten-point margin, \$10 per share. You put up your \$1,000 with your broker, and he supplies the other \$9,000. He charges you interest on the \$9,000 loan and keeps the 100-share certificate as security. The \$9,000 together with the broker's commission and interest on the loan is called your "debit balance." You may obtain the 100-share certificate at any time by paying him the debit balance, plus accrued interest to date.

The broker finances the transaction by sup-

plying the \$9,000 in one of several ways, which will be described in more detail later. Generally he obtains it by borrowing from his bank, using the 100-share certificate as collateral security along with other certificates for stock that he has bought and is "carrying" for other

customers.

If the price of the stock rises above 100 you have a profit of \$100 for every point, or dollar per share. If it declines below 100 you have a loss of \$100 for every point. Should the price decline to 90, you have lost your \$1,000. The value of the stock at 90 protects the broker for his \$0,000 loan to you. Before the price approaches 90, however, you are called upon to replenish your protection by furnishing more money to the broker. Such a request is known as a "margin call." The broker requires that the \$10 per share margin be maintained constant. This is simply sound business prudence on his part. If he were not so careful the stock might, in a sharp bear decline, drop below 90, in which case the broker would face possible loss. In actual practice you would receive a in which case the broker would face possible loss. In actual practice you would receive a margin call if the price declined to 95 or so. If you failed to respond to it the broker would probably sell your stock at about 91. Out of the \$100 equity then remaining to your credit he would take accrued interest and his selling commission, and the balance would be turned over to you. over to you.

Suppose, however, that instead of thinking the stock will sell higher than 100, you think it will sell lower. You wish to sell 100 shares "short" in the expectation of buying them back at 90. You give the broker your \$1,000 as mar-



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sailings	. I	wan	t to	vis	it

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gin to protect him against a rise of ten points or \$10 per share, and he executes your

He receives \$10,000 from the purchaser the next day and delivers to him 100 shares of stock. To obtain the stock he borrows a 100-share certificate from another broker, with whom he deposits the \$10,000 that he received from the purchaser. Thus both the purchaser and the other broker have received what is due to them.

It is much the same as if the lending broker had sold the stock to your broker, except that the transaction is known to be a loan and the lending broker can return the \$10,000 and demand the 100-share certificate at any time.

The other broker is able to lend the 100-share certificate because he has it in his office. It is part of the general "floating supply" of the stock—that is, the shares not held by investors in their own names and kept in their own safe deposit or strong hove. It is the "street cerdeposit or strong boxes. It is the "street cer-tificate" that has been described in a previous

He is probably carrying the stock for a customer who has bought it on margin. He lends the stock to your broker as an alternative to borrowing upon it at his bank. The reason he prefers to lend the stock instead of borrowing on it is that by lending it he receives as a deposit the full market price, \$10,000, while his bank would lend him only 60% to 80% of that price.

A NOTHER reason for his willingness to lend the stock is that he would have to pay interest on the loan made to him by his bank, while on the money deposited with him by your broker he might, or might not, have to pay interest.

Moreover, the interest rate might be somewhat
less than the rate charged by the bank.

The payment of interest on money deposited

against borrowed stock depends, just as security prices do, on the supply and demand at the

If there is not much demand for the stock, If there is not much demand for the stock, the broker having it on hand is glad to lend it and to pay a small rate of interest on the money he receives. The rate of this interest varies, just as the rate of interest on call money varies. ("Call" money is money loaned on demand in Wall Street with securities as collateral. Repayment of such loans can be demanded at any time without notice.)

If there is a fair amount of demand for the stock, that is, if several brokers besides yours wish to borrow it, the broker having it on hand may be able to lend it without paying any interest on the money he receives. In this case the stock is said to "loan flat."

(To be continued)

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.

"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

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.

Geo. M. Forman & Co. of Chicago, have recently issued an interesting booklet entitled "How to Select Safe Bonds." Send for this, mentioning THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Noyes & Jackson, 42 Broadway, N. Y. City, will send on request an interesting booklet regarding Jordan Motor Stock.

Are You the Man We Want in Your Town?

Remarkable Opportunity Is Extended to One Man in Each Community by a Leading Investment House

THIS is an oppor-tunity which merits the attention of any man wishing to increase his income by \$1,200 to \$12,000 a year. It is an opportunity to represent one of the oldest and most conservative and most conservative investment houses in America selling First Mortgage Gold Bonds, with a record of 39 years without loss to a customer. We are de-sirous of appointing a substantial business or professional man in every town as our resident representative, and offer an association that will prove perma-nent and profitable.

\$100 to \$1,000 a Month

This institution offers resident representatives a chance to make \$100 to \$1,000 a month. Some who have been associated with us a considerable time are earning even with us a considerable time are earning even more. In their communities they have become recognized as investment counsellors, protecting the investments of friends and associates by the broad experience and proved conservatism of this institution. As such investment counsellor the representative we select is shown how to test the safety of every investment; how to distinguish high-grade securities from speculative ones and grade securities from speculative ones and how to tell what kind of securities are best suited to each individual's investment needs

and requirements.

Thus trained, our representative fills a truly high place in his community, because in every community hundreds of persons want to invest their surplus funds and monthly want to invest their surplus funds and monthly savings safely. They want to know that their money will yield a satisfactory return. And yet they do not, rightly, want to speculate and risk their money in questionable, uncertain enterprises. They realize that others become prosperous, by knowing how to invest safely, and obtain 6%, 6½% and 7% absolutely without risk. It is these hundreds in every community our representative serves. tive serves.

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We do not require present knowledge of investments or finances. We consider character and standing in your community the important factor. We are known as one of the oldest, largest and most reliable investment houses in America. Association with us can be permanent and unquestionably profitable—many of our representatives have found they can easily make \$100 to \$1,000 a month without interfering with their present occupations. If you desire an association like this, and a permanent connection, kindly fill out the coupon below at once. An officer of our institution will gladly reply and give you complete information.

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Common Stock

Now Yielding over 11%

WE have prepared a Study in Values on the Common Stock of The Jordan Motor Car Co. We have applied nine factors of valuation and conclusions are based on fundamentals. The stock has just recently been listed on The New York Stock Exchange.

Circular sent upon request.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

a special train, and were royally entertained in their neighboring city.

Eveleth (Minn.) Lodge has dedicated its new \$100,000 building.

Decatur (Ill.) Lodge, which has trebled its membership in the past three years, initiated a class of approximately four hundred in April.

South Brownsville (Pa.) Lodge recently held a gigantic indoor ircus in .ts new building.

The annual golf tournament recently conducted by Sacramento Calif.) Lodge drew out some excellent players. Many prizes were

General Clarence Edwards was he guest of honor at a "Military Night" recently celebrated by Waltham (Mass.) Lodge.

Willimantic (Conn.) Lodge celebrated its Tenth Anniversary with a banquet and entertainment.

The officers and degree team of Battle Creek (Mich.)Lodge recently journeyed to Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge where they initiated a large class of candidates, winning high praise for their work from the members

A Life Membership testimonial banquet in honor of twenty-seven members was recently given by Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Lodge.

Port Angeles "Naval" (Wash.) Lodge, though owning a fine building, is contemplating the erection of a \$200,000 Home.

The Annual Minstrel Show put on by Chippewa Falls (Wis.) Lodge ran to packed houses each night and was a financial success

Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge has inaugurated a movement for the erection of a public Rest Room in that cit

Dodge City (Kans.) Lodge is planning to purchase a new Home.

Moline (Ill.) Lodge has completed the sale of \$200,000 in bonds for its new Home.

Ballard (Wash.) Lodge recently held a carnival for the benefit of its band, which will giv a series of open-air concerts this summer.

Roanoke (Va.) Lodge is considering plans to enlarge its building.

As a result of the success of its recent festival McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge was enabled to pay off on its mortgage debt the handsome sum of \$11,000.

A large number of new members were added to the roster of Butte (Mont.) Lodge as a result of i s successful invitational membership cam-

Arlington (Mass.) Lodge recently entertained the boys at the West Roxbury Veterans'

Canonsburg (Pa.) Lodge is laying plans for a new Home.

The Drill Team of Des Moines (Iowa) Lodge conducted the initia ion of a large class of candidates for Waterloo (Iowa) Lodge.

A large smoker, for which wenty professional entertainers were engaged, was recently held by Lansford (Pa.) Lodge.

Cabaret acts and the Elks Little Symphony Orchestra were among the features on the program of the Frolic recently conducted by Lewiston (Me.) Lodge.

Enlarging its work among the disabled World War Veterans, Louisville (Ky.) Lodge recently visited the U. S. Marine Hospital and the Dawson Springs Hospital, where entertainments were given the disabled soldiers.

Officers of the Maryland State Elks Association recently held a business meeting at Hagerstown, Md., after which they attended a meeting of Hagerstown Lodge.

The Charity Ball of Pawtucket (R. I.) Lodge was the most successful event socially and fi-nancially that has been held under the auspices of the Lodge for some time.

The Elks Band of Wenatchee (Wash.) Lodge gave their annual concert at the Liberty Theatre before a large house.

San Francisco (Calif.) Lodge recently enter-tained the Athletic Team of the city's police

Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges in Central District Association Rulers of Lodges in Central District Association of Pennsylvania recently held a meeting at Connellsville (Pa.) Lodge. This meeting also served as a District meeting such as was held last fall at Latrobe (Pa.) Lodge. The meeting was called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George D. Albert.

The Annual Minstrel Show helped to swell the charity fund of San Antonio (Texas) Lodge.

A large charity costume party was held by Chelsea (Mass.) Lodge in the State Armory.

Peekskil' (N. Y.) Lodge is considering the purchase of property adjoining its present

Over 1,000 attended the Nineteenth Annual Assembly of Shenandoah (Pa.) Lodge.

Fine music and other features were on the program of the large dance recently given by members of Hoquiam (Wash.) Lodge.

The Swanee River Quartet was one of the features of an entertainment recently given by Franklin (N. H.) Lodge.

The anniversary dinner of Bloomsburg (Pa.) Lodge commemorating the purchase of its present Home was one of the most enjoyable events ever conducted by the Lodge. More than 350 were seated at the tables.

The Minstrel and Musical Revue produced by Braddock (Pa.) Lodge for two evenings in Carnegie Hall was an unparalleled success and more money was realized for the Lodge treasury from this entertainment than from any show ever given by the Lodge.

A sea-food dinner, followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates, was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given under the auspices of Newark (Ohio) Lodge.

Returning a previous visit, officers of Princeton (Ill.) Lodge recently came to Mendota (Ill.) Lodge where they initiated a large class of candidates. A reception to the visitors followed the ceremony.

Meadville (Pa.) Lodge is considering a plan to promote and finance a troop of Boy Scouts.

Celebrating a successful Lodge year, members of Ontario (Calif.) Lodge staged a lively stag

Pottstown (Pa.) Lodge will build an addition to its present Home.

The saxophone band recently organized by Norristown (Pa.) has already achieved an enviable reputation.

Members of Walla Walla (Wash) Lodge are acting as coaches to the ball team of the various local schools.

A large reception was given District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick on the occasion of his official visit to Newport (Ky.)

Cohoes (N. Y.) Lodge has donated a sum of money to the Troy Council (which includes Cohoes) of the Boy Scouts.

Bristol (Pa.) Lodge is making many improvements on its Home.

The annual banquet given by Dixon (Ill.) Lodge was one of the best attended social events of the Lodge's calendar.

Ashland (Ore.) Lodge celebrated its nineteenth anniversary with a program of music and a banquet.

Fort Worth (Tex.) Lodge recently conducted a successful Fun Fest and Charity Frolic.

Omaha (Neb.) Lodge expects to dedicate its

magnificent new building about May 1.

Lawrence (Kans.) Lodge put on an Elks Dixie Minstrel Show for the benefit of its Charity

North Adams (Mass.) Lodge will celebrate its Silver Anniversary on May 9. One of the fea-tures of the occasion will be the presence of all the original officers of the Lodge.

Mount Vernon (N. Y.) Lodge has formed a new Degree Team.

McKeesport (Pa.) Lodge recently conducted a public Charity Ball and a prize Euchre, which netted a goodly sum for welfare purposes.

Six star vaudeville acts and special music were some of the features of the Beefsteak Dinner recently enjoyed by members of Yonkers (N. Y.) Lodge.

The membership of Salt Lake City (Utah) Lodge will soon pass the 4000 mark.

Union Hill (N.J.) Lodge expects to occupy its magnificent new Home about the first of June.

Lewiston (Idaho) Lodge is working on plans to build a new Home.

Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Lodge staged one of the best amateur shows ever seen in Northern New York.

The officers of Asbury Park (N. J.) Lodge recently visited Freehold (N. J.) Lodge where they conferred the degree on a class of candidates.

The entertainment committee of Milton (Pa.) Lodge recently staged a most successful smoker and show.

Ketchikan (Alaska) Lodge has organized a Glee Club.

Rare fun was had by the many members of Newark (N. J.) Lodge who attended the smoker recently given on Proctor's Roof by the Lodge's theatre committee. Many top-notch vaudeville acts were on the program.

The "Indoor Kermiss" put on by Minneapolis (Minn.) Lodge drew large crowds, and added a nice sum to the Treasury of he Lodge.

Bronx (N. Y.) Lodge showed its appreciation of the work of retiring Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly by voting him an honorary life membership and by presenting him with a jewel-studded gold card case.

Plans have been completed by White Plains (N. Y.) Lodge for a new Home, and work is about to proceed on the structure.

A novel entertainment, ending with a large dance, followed the laying of the cornerstone of the new addition to the Home of Rochester (N. Y.) Lodge.

The membership of Rahway (N. J.) Lodge is now close to the 1000 mark.

The new Home of Allentown (Pa.) Lodge is rapidly nearing completion

Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Lodge is backing a troop of Boy Scouts.

Baltimore (Md.) Lodge won the ritualistic contest for the silver cup donated by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James L. Ward.

The recent initiation of a large class of candidates carried the membership of McCook (Neb.) Lodge over 500.

The 1924 Minstrel Show put on by Hacksensack (N. J.) Lodge ran for three nights at the Lyric Theatre, where it was warmly received by packed houses.

Special features and midnight suppers enliven the dancing parties given by Jamestown (N. Dak.) Lodge.

The orphans and poor children of the city were admitted free to a special matinee for their benefit at the circus put on by Montgomery (Ala.) Lodge.

Pontiac (Mich.) Lodge is going ahead with plans for building a new Home.

The Dalles (Ore.) Lodge has donated a sum of money to the Boy Scouts to be used in maintaining a summer camp.

The Glee Club of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, recently gave a "Harrigan and Hart" entertainment at which the songs of old New York were sung before a large gathering of the members

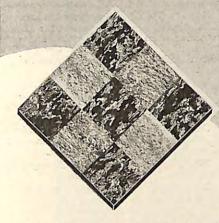
Marshfield (Ore.) Lodge is proud of the success of its recent adventure into theatricals. Over \$1,100 was realized by the Lodge from its production of "The Sultan of Sulu."

The monthly "get-together" dinners being given by Little Rock (Ark.) Lodge are proving a great success.

Over 1000 attended the Dutch party recently given by Harrisburg (Pa.) Lodge. Representatives from many Lodges in the region were on hand for the fun.

The work of the Hoosier State Motor Association was endorsed at a recent meeting of La Fayette (Ind.) Lodge and a membership in the Association taken out. Maps, road information, (Continued on page 70)

"U.S." TILE FLOORING of reinforced rubber



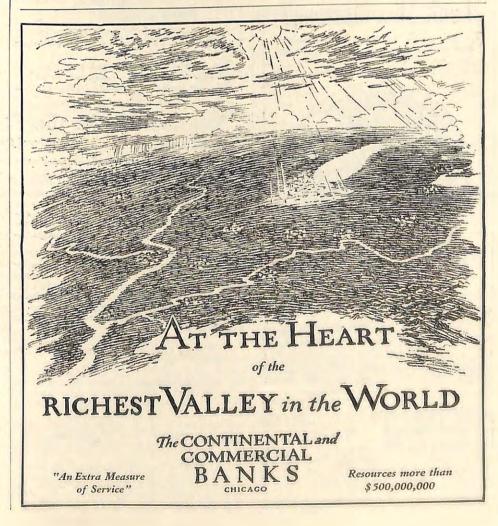
FOR your home, lodge, or office—a floor of decorative tile, mirroring the beauty of marble, and combining the quietness and comfortable resiliency of the finest rubber with a durability which approaches permanency. Decorative, practical and economical, "U. S." Tile Flooring of reinforced rubber is the ideal solution of the flooring problem.

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To wait until you must have a pair of "Bostons" is to court danger. To feel well dressed always your garters must be fresh.



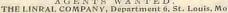
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Lessons specially prepared for from study. Endorsed by Paderewski. Not a new method. Long established school now celebrating its 20th Anniversary. Any Instrument Mytte maming course you are interested Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guttar, Panjo or Reed Organ—and we will send FREE CATALOG, SEND for it NOW!

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY 905 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illin-

Under the Spreading Antlers (Continued from page 69)

etc., provided by the Association, will be posted in the club-rooms for the benefit of traveling members.

The entire proceeds of the Auto-Fashion Show conducted by New Orleans (La.) Lodge were given to the Child Welfare Association.

Augusta (Ga.) Lodge presented a successful Elks Minstrel Show. At present the Lodge is preparing plans for the reception and enter-tainment of delegates to the Georgia State Elks Association, which meets in that city in May.

Those members of New York (N. Y.) Lodge, No. 1, who are Theatrical Mechanics, recently held a special session in the club-rooms, where they presented a fine bill of entertainment.

St. Louis (Mo.) Lodge recently held its Annual Kids' Party for Grown-Ups which was a source of much merriment for the members.

Nearly \$3,000 was realized by Nutley (N. J.) Lodge from its recent Elks Bazaar.

When fire recently damaged the local Episcopal Church, the members held a portion of their services in the lodge-room of Mason City (Iowa) Lodge.

Over 150 performers from Detroit theatres recently entertained the members of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge and their families.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. G. Cluett recently spoke from the Omaha, Neb., Radio Station on "The Teachings and the Ideals of the Order."

The band of Norwalk (Conn.) Lodge will play a conspicuous part in the Serenade Minstrels and Musical Comedy to be put on by the members, May 5-6.

San Mateo (Calif.) Lodge recently held its annual banquet. A list of distinguished speakers and a fine entertainment made the event a notable one.

Clinton (Iowa) Lodge recently dedicated its new Home.

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Casper (Wyo.) Lodge recently gave an exhibition before the members, embracing the many features of their every-day training, such as fire-lighting without matches, first aid, splint-work, bandaging and signaling ing and signaling.

The most successful banquet ever given by Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Lodge was served to about 200 local and visiting members who

gathered to participate in the annual affair. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Herbert C. Jussen of Ironwood (Mich.) Lodge was the

Port Jervis (N. Y.) Lodge recently conducted a handicap billiard cournament which created great interest throughout the district. John Daley, the winner of the tournament, challenges all comers to a game at the Home of Port Jervis

The secretary of Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Lodge will be glad to receive any information as to the whereabouts of Peter V. Keller, a member of the Lodge, who disappeared from his home on March o.

Kearny (N. J.) Lodge arranged an impressive reception for George L. Hirtzel, Jr., President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who recently visited the Lodge.

Tacoma (Wash.)Lodge held a largely attended annual banquet.

The officers and drill team of Dixon (Ill.) Lodge recently initiated a class of 100 candidates for Aurora (Ill.) Lodge.

Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge is making great preparation for the entertainment of delegates and visitors who will attend the Convention of the Washington State Elks Association on July

Many distinguished members of the Order attended the ground-breaking for the new Home of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge.

Streator (Ill.) Lodge won the silver loving-cup in the recent tournament of the La Salle County Bowling League.

Gary (Ind.) Lodge recently laid the corner-stone of its new Home.

Ballard (Wash.) Lodge celebrated the closing of a prosperous Lodge year by retiring a large block of its building bonds and by initiating the largest class of candidates of the year. A fine vaudeville entertainment also marked the evening.

Officers and second-degree team of Rahway (N. J.) Lodge recently visited Lakewood (N. J.) where they initiated a class of candidates and were pleasantly entertained by their hosts.

The band of Sacramento (Calif.) Lodge recently entertained the patients of the Wiemar Tubercular Sanitarium with a concert, after which the minstrels gave a special performance.

As the Story Goes

(Continued from page 25)

There are heaps of that sort of thing, and even better, in "Enchanted Aisles."

Mr. Woollcott has fun in his book. He con-

terribly frank about actors and plays—as he imagines they might appear in some impossibly honest era. He waxes serious, reflective, critical, gay by turns, and always interesting.

teresting.

The value of this reminiscent and thoughtful The value of this reminiscent and thoughtful piece of work lies mainly, we think, in its power to stimulate while it entertains. At the same time it provides endless material for lively talk. For, though the well known "Alec" may have come by these yarns first hand, what is there to prevent us from becoming sparkling with "As Woollcott says—" Woollcott says-

A Conqueror Passes By Larry Barretto

A ROAD leading from a demobilization camp. The Great War is over. Clouds of dust as car after car passes with its heaping load of soldiers, headed for the railway.

Then the C.ty, the great terminal. The returned conquerors "like puffs of brown smoke, were being blown toward the exits." Home at

Mr. Barretto's arresting romance is the tale of one of these boys of the A. E. F. A story of what, now that he is back in civilian life, he finds has happened to his heart, his mind, his emotions and his character. Not a clinical

story, but passionately human, heart-breaking

and exciting.

In a little article that someone wrested from In a little article that someone wrested from young Mr. Barretto, he says: "Probably no one considered for a moment one reaction—the glamour of war. Doubtless the overworked statesmen, diplomats and politicians thought that the casualty lists would take care of that. But they didn't."

And so he has written about Stephen Will.

But they didn't."

And so he has written about Stephen Wicker, ambulance driver, and how he managed to "find" himself after he left the army. It is a first book and a startlingly good piece of work. Color, romance, the tempests and torments of youth. These are woven into a most readable and enlightening novel. Besides a nice depth of feeling, we find a careful and fe icitous use of English, thoroughly of to-day but rich with meaning. meaning.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Barretto has written from his heart. The development of his hero's character speaks eloquently of the actual

hero's character speaks eloquently of the actual restlessness, inability of adjustment and the longings, depressions and recklessness of one who went through the World War perilously susceptive to every impression.

We experienced a curious sense of the perpetual simi itude of dramatic situations when we reached the chapter in Stephen Wicker's adventures where he, ex-soldier and gentleman, finds himself cold, ragged and sick, sleeping at night in a doorway near the waterfront of New York. It is there that Minna Geiger finds him.

Drawing him to his wavering feet, she leads

him past wharves and dark forests of masts and warehouses to a sagging little house almost crushed to pieces between its neighbors. Minna has a room here and into it she steers the feverblighted Stephen. Minna is always doing such things. Sick animals, starvelings, down-and-outs! Minna, who has never had a chance in the world.

She takes off the man's water-soaked shoes, his dripping coat and, in an evil smel ing yellow circle of gas light, surveys her latest piece of

In its implication, its stage arrangements, its tenderness and astounding decency, here is the same scene that we find in Arnold Bennett's "Riceyman Steps" where Elsie, the rarest of slavies, discovers her Joe lying on the floor of the old bookshop spent with chills and fever and soaked with London rain.

"She seized Joe in her arms—she was very strong from continual hard manual labor, and he was very thin—and carried him up to her room, and, because he was wet, put him on the floor there. Breathless for a minute, she brought in the candle and closed and locked the door."

Given the kind of simple, maternal, protecting women that Minna and Elsic are and throw into their arms two such battered young creatures as Joe and Stephen, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Barretto feel no questioning as to what would happen. Both these women are of a class in which, if a human need arises, no hair splitting over ridiculous conventions is allowed to intrude itself—if, indeed, such conventions even are

realized to exist.

And, to Mr. Barretto's credit, his chapter stands up well by comparison. No mean feat.

That "A Conqueror Passes" has a happy ending is a great point in its favor. It is happy by the sheer right and naturalness of such a fallow as State Wicker coming out on top. The fellow as Steve Wicker coming out on top. The whole story is merely a phase in his life after all. He belongs obviously amidst youth and joy and

We Explore the Great Lakes By Webb Waldron

THE author journeyed from Buffalo to Lake Superior on an ore freighter—a nice nonconformist method of travel which starts the book off beautifully.

off beautifully.

Mr. Waldron does not say: "Now, I'll write a book about these here Great Lakes, their history, their amazing cities, their famous people, their great commerce, their romance. And, if anyone reading the darn thing cares to get a vicarious trip out of it, well and good!" Not he. His soliloquy runs more in this wise.

"There are some incredibly nice folk who would like to take this jaunt with me. Guess I'll pretend they are along. It will make us all

chummy.'

Well, whatever it was he said, here is travel literature in its freshest, checriest vein. The descriptions and anecdotes are nobly abetted by Mrs. Waldron's very interesting sketches—the first of hers, we understand, to find themselves reproduced in a book.

reproduced in a book.

Good things abound, like plums in a rich cake.

The red, red dust of the iron mines.

The close-up of Eddie Guest.

The fabulous stories of "Paul Bunyon," a mythical figure of the lumber camps.

Best of all, the yarn of the "Bemis," lake steamer, whose cargo caught fire and whose cargo is and group layered the heat will. steamer, whose cargo caught he and whose captain and crew lowered the boats, piled in and rowed away, certain that the old ship was doomed. Later, when they pulled into Detour, there was the "Bemis" safe and sound, having been picked up and her fire extinguished by a strange crew who boarded her from a passing boat.

What does that make you think of? What but Conrad's "Lord Jim."

Did someone ever tell Conrad that almost laughable bit of Lake gossip? And did he, wizard-wise, see in it the germ of one of the most dramatic incidents of the sea that has ever been written?

Or, are such cowardly abandonments not so foreign to the life on great waters as we like to think them?

The interesting thing, though, is the extra-ordinary and stark resemblance in the rough outline of the stories.

(Continued on pag 72)



music-maker manufactured. Its construction caused the United States Government to designate it one of eight greatest inventions of the decade. It brings customers and profits to you.

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As the Story Goes

(Continued from page 71)

Seeing the Middle West By John T. Faris

WHILE we are on the subject of the Middle West and full of it from Mr. Waldron's captivating book, we might as well augment our knowledge with Faris's "Seeing the Middle West"—the latest of his most worthy series or

west —the latest or his most worthy series of seeing the whole country.

In a way, it is a more impressive piece of work than Mr. Waldron's. But, after all, it is unfair to make any comparison. The books are written from such totally opposite points of view.

However, if you are looking for stacked up information, well, presented—history, politics,

information, well presented—history, politics, geography, industry, all in one capital volume, you get it in Faris. If you want the story of a happy, open-eyed bit of travel on which was gathered many startling and worth-while facts, read Walkers. read Waldron

Better still-read both.

In the Footsteps of the Lincolns By Ida M. Tarbell

BACK in 1637, at Hingham, Massachusetts, there landed amongst other courageous pilgrims, an English boy about eighteen years of age—a weaver, a lad seeking adventure and a new home. That boy was Samuel Lincoln, great-great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln.

Between these two stretch generation after generation of liberty-loving pioneers who pushed on from one receding frontier to another as the opportunities in the new country beckoned, until in Kentucky, in 1809, there was born in a now almost sacred log cabin on a small farm the

Great American.

The trail from Hingham to Hodgenville-New England to New Jersey, to Pennsylvania, to Virginia, to Kentucky—has been retraveled by Ida M. Tarbell. The brush and undergrowth of obscurity have been cleared away. The lives of seven generations of Lincolns have been forged forever into one iron chain of true American ore. And with every substantiation of her facts, this splendid historian and biographer has banished utterly the old legend of Lincoln's shiftless fore-bears, the scandal so continually connected with his birth, and the gossip connected with his own

Miss Tarbell's book, thrilling to every American heart, proves Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, 1861 to 1865, to have been no

accident but the result of a long line of typical, energetic, God-fearing pioneers.

True, hardships and poverty surrounded them, Lincoln's father and Lincoln himself included, but "they were never hopeless, therefore never sordid"

Miss Tarbell undertook a colossal job, a work that has meant years and years of research, of keeping faith with her cherished beliefs and laughing at blind alleys and stone walls when these must have forever seemed to be blocking her way. But real enthusiasm, real love for a piece of work, holds. The result is always

Get Miss Tarbell's book and see what clear, intent, crystal writing, delicate human insight and a vivid imagination can accomplish! Add it to your collection, your library of sterling books of American biography. Here is a volume to help one's own uncertain footsteps. A volume to give one's son.

Children of The Age By Knut Hamsun

IN 1920, Knut Hamsun, a Norwegian author, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The next year every one in America who cared for good writing was reading his "Growth of The

Soil" and saying that here at last was a "realist" who wrote without crudity or offense. Of the peasant characters in that book, H. G. Wells said "they are a triumph of creative understanding.

Several other works of Hamsun's have been translated and eagerly followed over here, giving us all a new insight into Scandinavian psychology

and a quickened appreciation of the values and conditions of life in the Nordland.

A new novel just published and said to reveal Hamsun at his best is "Children of The Age." Its opening sentence gives, in almost a word, the background and social evolution of the

leading character in the story-

"At one time the whole neighborhood was one property, and what is now the Segelfoss Manor was the owner's seat and home-farm."

It is of the third in line from the founder of this village dynasty that the story concerns itself—Lieutenant Willatz Holmsen. In this isolated, proud man the Holmsens reach their most distinctive son. The whole neighborhood revolves around his well being and prosperity. Then comes the inevitable fall from power as a new era dawns.

A book for careful reading. Its tragic points are produced so naturally that one has almost to search for them. It is, when all is said, an exceptional character study, a novel which once begun, can not but attract us to the perusal of

other works by this fine writer.

Sport Lights of 1923 By Grantland Rice

"A throw-back to the Neolithic or Pleistocene Ages—a cross section lifted from the first dim dawn of mankind—a primeval battle to survive—all bounded within four minutes through the most sensational fighting ever seen in any ring back through the ages of the ancient game—
"Here you have within a few lines an inkling of what happened when Jack Dempsey the above in

happened when Jack Dempsey, the champion, knocked out Luis Firpo, the challenger, on a September night at the Polo Grounds."

"'Give me an iron,' (said Robert Tyre Jones, open golf champion of the United States) and he took just one second to play the greatest golf shot any man ever

"It was not so much that Zev raced with hurricane speed, for he did not. The big shock came when Papyrus, after ordinary speed three-fourths of the way, had nothing left to meet Zev's dash for the wire."

"It is doubtful if any country ever dominated a sport more than stars from the United States dominated tennis throughout the year.

"The ancient slogan still rides down the ages—"Ruth crushed to earth shall rise again."

These excerpts are from an enlivening résumé of last year's leading sporting events by Grant-land Rice, sporting editor of the New York Tribune.

Interesting enough "stories" to hold any reader-fan or not.

Making a Nation By Melvin G. Winstock

MR. WINSTOCK'S ambition is, in his own words, to foster a more profound study among the youth of America of the lives of our great men. To this end he has devoted his book "Making a Nation" to the histories of many of our early heroes and a few of our later ones. This volume, from its very aim, takes on a somewhat pedagogical style, but this is counteracted by the friendly atmosphere that pervades these by the friendly atmosphere that pervades these careful and significant essays.



That Proneer Instinct!

Do you heed it or do you smother it daily? That yearning for the woods and lakes?

It is inbred in every man to be a pioneer. This is our heritage from the time when primordial men matched their wits with the elements and with the wild beasts to win existence. Then every man was a hunter, fisherman, trapper, backwoodsman perforce in order to have an abode and food.



Hiking and Canoeing

A practical story of travelling through field and stream, supplemented with Indian songs, and a background of historical events of pioneering a hundred years ago. This volume is Mr. Seton's "Rolf in the Woods."

2. Animals and Birds

The amazing stories of certain animals. The epic Coaly—the outlaw horse—and his spirit of eternal freedom, is one of the greatest animal revelations ever written. This volume is "Wild Animal Ways."

3. Indiancraft

A book of the deep woods and how to live there. This tale is glorious with outdoor philosophy—bows and arrows, camperaft, deer-hunts, the ways and signs of Indians. It is "Two Little Savages."

To-day we still hear the call o' the wild. It is the balance for our whirling wheel of modern life. To roam the woods is to stretch cramped limbs where time and space are plentiful. To sit on a pine log, and smoke your pipe—to listen to the call of the night owl—to sharpen your appetite with a hike or a fishing trip is to obey that pioneer instinct and to win freedom.

You can pity him who does not know how to expand his chest and to rejoice in the open air! He has lost the urge of woods and stream and field, and cut himself off from the love and adventure and health that Nature provides, and that she gives us the emotion to enjoy.

They say that every man is just a big boy. Good. Turn yourself loose! Provide yourself with a knowledge of the woods. The magic of the moccasin still makes good medicine.

The greatest threat of our civilization is that it may dull those instincts of the cave-man, tree-man, woodsman, fisherman, within us, and these are the characteristics of our people.

For it was a love of adventure and exploration that inspired Columbus to set sail. It was a zest for discovery and new knowledge that lured Balboa over the unknown mountains to an unknown sea. It was a passion for freedom that brought our forefathers to these shores. It was inborn hardihood that impelled the pioneers across our Western prairies or woodsmen like Daniel Boone to open up the wilds for our habitations, or to match wits with the Red Men.

We are pioneers, the offspring of pioneers. Civilization has not yet effaced those hearty, wholesome brave impulses. But it behooves us to foster in ourselves and in our children those qualities of skill, courage and resourcefulness that belong to Americans above all, because of their history.

The science of woodcraft, Indiancraft, camperaft, and wild animal lore, does not measure the cut of a man's coat, nor notice the kind of a fork he uses, nor count the cost of coal. It measures the quickness of his eye, the skill of his hands, the resourcefulness of his brain, the courage of his heart, the generosity of his nature.

But to be lured by the camp-fire and the trail; to learn how to read the stories spread out in the heavens—the constellations, the dippers, the signs of the Zodiac; to tell the tales of the wilds; to know the habits and haunts of the bear, the beaver, and the deer; to be taught in these things by a real backwoodsman who is at the same time a naturalist and artist of world-wide fame—this is the experience provided by the books of Ernest Thompson Seton.

The voices of the woods and streams are calling. Let Seton be your guide. Take him with you to the country this summer where he can teach you the laws and the romance of the open. Or else bring him into your home where your boy, or the boy in you, can hear the tales and learn the lessons of woodcraft from one of the greatest and most beloved Pioneers who has ever lived.

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4. Woodcraft

In 590 pages and 500 drawings you have perhaps the most fascinating encyclopedia of woodcraft, forestry and natural history supplemented with campfire stories of Indian character and the immortal "Message of the Indian." Here is the famous "Book of Woodcraft."

5. Outdoors and the Heavens

Beginning with "things to see in the springtime" this extraordinary volume introduces all the seasons and it is an eye-opener for natural marvels and quaint discoveries. It sums up with "things to remember" and a rousing woodland song with music. This is "Woodland Tales."

6. Bears to Squirrels

This is the famous exposition of wild animal lore, that Seton knows and loves so well. It is one of the most photographic volumes of the set. Some of the photos are shown like a moving-picture strip to display the behavior of the animals. This is "Wild Animals At Home."

Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft

FREE INSPECTION

Ernest Thompson Seton's books are well-known but the greatest value of them is recognized to-day more than ever. This uniform six-volume set affords the best opportunity at a low price, and in a handy durable size for procuring Seton's most inspiring works. The books are illustrated with more than 1455 drawings and photographs from the author's own sketch-book and camera. As long as such books are available the outdoors, its glory and its science, can penetrate your city home, or enrich your life in the country.



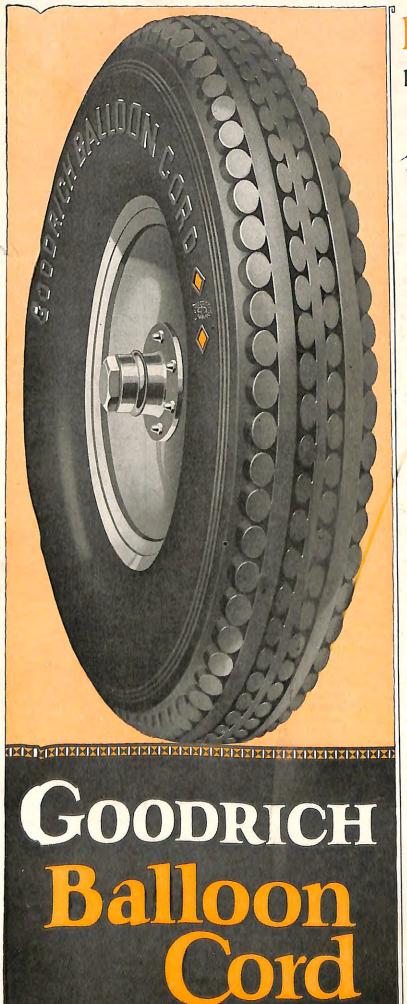


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