

# The Elks

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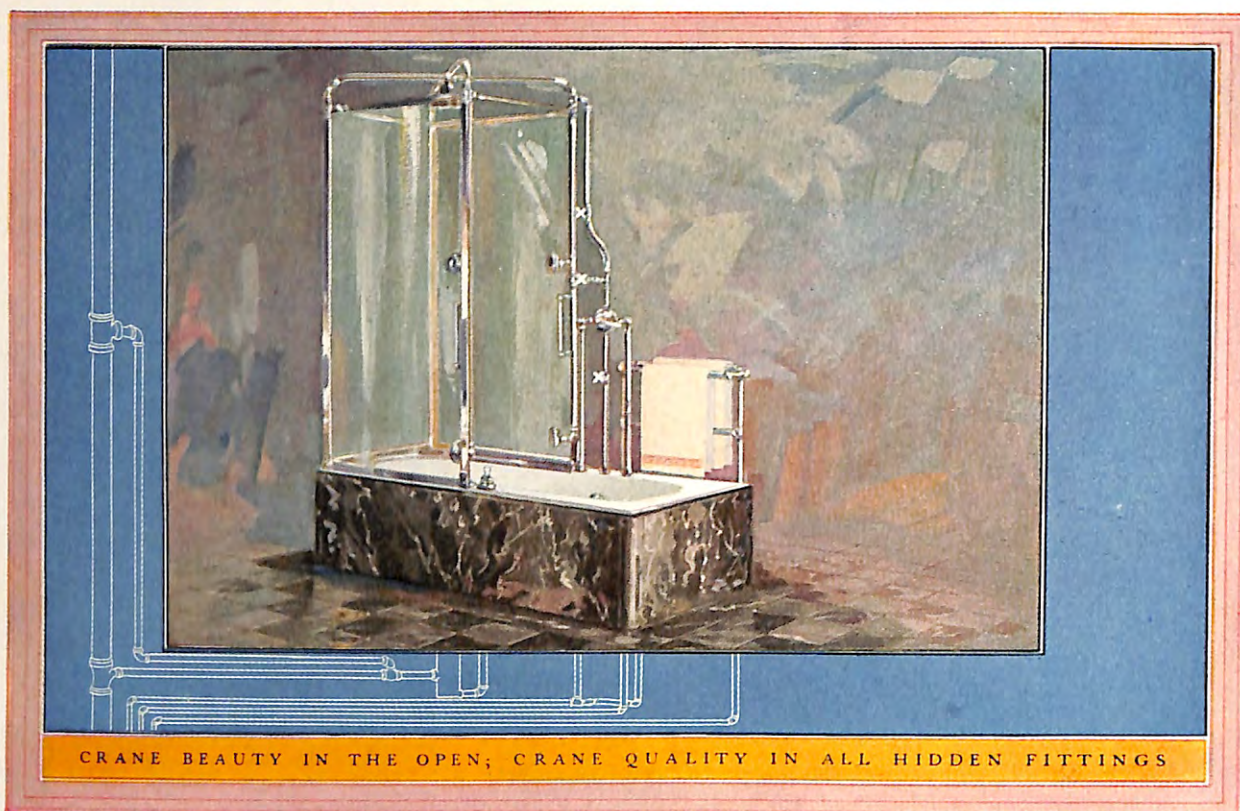
Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1924



Beginning "The Road to Fortune," a New Mystery Story by Frederick Arnold Kummer





The ease with which the combined *Tarnia* bath and *Crystal* shower can be adapted to any arrangement is a notable advantage in planning your bathroom. They can be installed in either of the three usual positions—right or left corner or recessed alcove. But their distinction and convenience are fully brought out only when they are set against a wall with both ends free, or in the open entirely away from the walls or corners.

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# Will You Be Outdistanced for Lack of Training?

**N**O, you DON'T have to make hard work of that job of yours—you DON'T have to blunder thru one task after another, slowly gathering "experience" by that ancient and painful method of "trial-and-error."

Other men—no older and no brainier than you—are handling similar jobs with all the ease of veterans. Moreover, their specialized knowledge, their facility, their confidence, is rapidly marking them out as the coming big executives in their respective companies.

Yet—they are no older and no brainier than YOU!

\* \* \*

What's the use in deceiving oneself?

Your business career may be compared to a race from a common starting point where thousands toe the mark, to a common goal—success.

"A continuous marathon"—that's what Hudson Maxim, distinguished inventor, scientist and author, calls it—"a foot-race, a hand-race and a brain-race, in which every individual is running against every other individual and against time for the rewards of pleasure, comfort, happiness."

Now what is the *shrewd* thing to do—in view of the fact that to save your life you can't succeed except by matching YOUR ability with the ability of COUNTLESS OTHERS?

Why, to SEIZE UPON EVERY POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE!

\* \* \*

Does physical strength determine the winner?—Only to the extent that strength means health.

Do good looks—rich fathers—college degrees—make a man inevitably victor?—Ask your charitable associations!

Fundamentally, the difference between success and failure in business lies in the amount of *trained ability* a man possesses and applies.

Get that training and *apply* it and you have changed your long, slow foot-race into an *automobile-race*, if you please—with you in the forefront, rapidly outdis-

tancing every man who has been so short-sighted as to neglect to train.

## Are You Living Up to Your Opportunities?

We at LaSalle sometimes weary of continually reminding men of what they already know but fail to act upon.

But we arouse ourselves to new efforts by the thought that each reminder helps



to waken in hundreds of men the reawakening of their potential capabilities—rouses them to a sense of their latent power.

Forgetting, for the moment, the gains in salary reported by LaSalle-trained men (and the *average* increase, as shown by our records, is 89 per cent), consider what it means to a man to be able sincerely and conscientiously to write such sentences as these:

"My course has benefitted me a 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."

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When Mr. Birkland wrote this he had just accepted a new position at a salary more than three times as large as his salary at the time of enrollment.

Will You Set the Pace or Follow?—Make Your Decision NOW

Whether we like it or not, there's a law that governs everyone of us on earth, and no man can escape it.

Let a man lag—let him sit by the roadside and twirl his thumbs—let him permit the months and years to slip away from him—none the less he must eventually pick up his steps and press forward with what speed he may toward the goal of his true desires.

Will you wait until other men who are now your rivals have outdistanced you?

Or will YOU be the one to set the pace—to enjoy the thrill with which no other thing on earth can compare—the thrill of LIVING UP TO YOUR OPPORTUNITIES?

Below this text there's a coupon—very similar to the one which has set many, many thousands on the path to success.

A good way to gauge your will-power and ambition is—by what you do with that coupon—NOW

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



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# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Six



## Features for November, 1924

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1924-1925.....	3	On the Job, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn.....	20
Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler for Armistice Day and Thanksgiving.....	4	Behind the Footlights and on the Screen .....	21
Thanksgiving Prayer, a poem by Margaret E. Sangster.....	5	The West of To-day, an article by Arthur Chapman.....	24
The Road to Fortune, a new mystery serial by Frederic Arnold Kummer.....	6	<i>Drawings by R. L. Lambdin</i>	
<i>Illustrations by Lui Trugo</i>		The Promise Song, a story by William Dudley Pelley.....	28
Sally's \$200,000 Ring, a story by Walter de Leon.....	12	<i>Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers</i>	
<i>Illustrations by Donald Teague</i>		Editorial.....	32
Never Mind—You May Get London To- night, sketches by Arthur G. Dove....	15	New Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge.....	34
The Sporting Angle, comment by W. O. McGeehan.....	16	Subordinate Lodge Activities in Social and Community Welfare.....	35
Cheer Up—The Worst Is Yet to Come, an article by Harris Dickson.....	17	A Group of New Lodge Buildings.....	37
<i>Illustrations by Henry Davis</i>		Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order.....	38
		More Financial Definitions, an article by Stephen Jessup.....	74
		Cover Design by Paul Stahr	



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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and

forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.





Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**Armistice Day—Thanksgiving Day**

*Columbus, Ohio, October 15, 1924*

*To All Elks—Greeting:*

On November 11th we will celebrate Armistice Day, which will mark the sixth anniversary of the cessation of hostilities in the great World War. It is significant that this glorious day comes in the month of America's Thanksgiving and there is every reason why the members of our Order, individually and collectively, should join in its observance.

Let us unite the celebration of Armistice Day with that of Thanksgiving Day and rejoice in the prospective culmination at an early date of that splendid monument which will rise on the shores of Lake Michigan, in the City of Chicago, to stand as a lasting memorial to the members of our Order, living and dead, who participated in the World War, which was the forerunner of Armistice Day, and let us return thanks to those who inspired its erection.

Let us join in a prayer of Thanksgiving for the national progress we are making as a people; for the splendid progress our Order has made thus far, and for the prospects that are before us, remembering always if we have disappointments that we should derive consolation from the fact that

"This world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
But whether good or whether bad,  
Depends on how you take it."

With best wishes for your every fireside,

Sincerely and fraternally,

*John G. Trice*

*Grand Exalted Ruler.*



# Thanksgiving Prayer

By Margaret E. Sangster

**T**O THOSE of us who have known only gladness,  
Whose lives have traveled pleasant, peaceful ways,  
Whose hearts have never felt the weight of sadness,  
Thanksgiving Day is just like other days!  
But, oh, to those of us whose feet have wandered  
Across the threshold of the house of fear,  
When love is swept away, and youth is squandered,  
There comes a prayer, when harvest time is near!

**T**HERE comes a prayer. And this its wistful murmur,  
Across the silences of doubt and pain—  
“God, make our shaking lips grow braver, firmer,  
And help our tortured souls to sing again!  
And help us to remember vanished faces,  
And help us to remember hands that clung;  
And let us thrill to dear, familiar places,  
That we have known when all the world was young!

“**G**OD, let us laugh because of carefree hours,  
That filled the past with color and with light;  
Let us remember gardens sweet with flowers,  
And stars, like silver music, in the night.  
Let us remember words that have been spoken,  
And other, golden words, long left unsaid—  
Let us forget, dear God, that hearts are broken—  
Let us remember happiness, instead!”



**T**O THOSE of us who have known only gladness,  
Whose lives have traveled peacefully along,  
Thanksgiving holds no hint of deeper meaning—  
The harvest song is just another song!  
But, oh, to those whose weary feet have stumbled,  
Whose tired hearts have learned to still their cry—  
The courage comes, though they are lonely, humbled—  
To thank their God for joys that have gone by!





## An Old Miser Murdered in a Lonely House Bequeathes His Heir a Baffling Jewel Mystery The Road to Fortune

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

*Illustrated by Lui Trugo*

THE rising moon was just touching the black tips of the cedars when the two men crept upon the lawn. The dogs which guarded the place, a pair of alert, vicious collies, had been disposed of a short time before, by means of drugged balls of meat, lightly tossed over the encircling hedge.

The creeping figures kept close within the shadows, moving from one clump of bushes to another, very silent, like marionettes. Beneath the group of cedars at the corner of the house they paused, rigid, listening to every vagrant sound, their eyes fixed upon a patch of moonlight which lay between them and the building wall. Into the patch presently came the figure of a bent, gray-haired man, walking cautiously across the unkempt grass, whistling for the missing dogs.

The older of the two men beneath the cedars made a gesture. Instantly his companion stepped forward and struck, swinging his arm in a high, swift arc. The figure in the moonlight shuddered to the grass, lay there, a silent, inert heap. Followed a quick conference in whispers, whereupon the two lifted the limp figure from the grass and went around to the rear of the house.

Here the yellow rectangle of an open doorway cut the darkness; they approached it cautiously and at last went in, closing the door, locking it, as soon as their burden had been placed upon the floor.

For a moment the two stood, listening, but the house was singularly still. Then, at a waved command from his companion, the younger man slipped noiselessly through pantry and hall to the door of a wide and pleasant library.

Before the fire an old man sat dozing, his stern, angular face rendered placid by sleep. His veined hands, folded in his lap, held a piece of jewelry, a bracelet of round, green stones, linked in a setting of gold. The intruder advanced cautiously on soft-shod feet, but in spite of his care the ancient floor-boards, as though in loyalty to the house they served, gave forth warning creaks.

The sleeper stirred, raised his head, just in time to receive upon it a heavy blow from a round object the intruder held in his

hand. The interval of wakefulness had been amazingly brief; the old man, having opened and closed his eyes, again slept, this time more heavily than before. With a swift glance over his shoulder the thief reached down, and snatching the bracelet from its owner's feeble grasp, thrust it into his pocket. Then he went back to the kitchen.

Another short whispered conference followed, then the two men, as though they found the burden they had carried thus far a burden still, lifted up the silent body and carried it into the library. A few moments later, bound and gagged, they had deposited it face downward upon a couch and turned their attention to more important business.

The older of the two men drew a sheet of paper from his pocket and examined it beneath the light of a lamp. The lines upon the sheet suggested the plan of a room. Replacing the paper in his pocket the man went to a high bookshelf built between the chimney breast and the further wall and began to open the doors of a series of closets which formed its base. The doors were unlocked; the central pair, on being opened, disclosed the front of a small steel safe.

The younger man grinned as he saw it, showing irregular, cigarette-stained teeth. Then he knelt down and began to twirl the knob of the combination lock. Upon his hands he wore thin rubber gloves, such as are used by surgeons. His companion, meanwhile, went over to the man in the chair and carefully searched his pockets, turning

them inside out, one by one, an evil, repulsive vulture. There was no sound in the room except the faint breathing of the men, the soft click of the tumblers in the lock of the safe as they fell in response to the whirling knob. By the time the older man had ended his methodical search, the simple combination had been solved, the safe door thrown open.

The two crouched before it, their eyes bent eagerly upon a number of little chamois-skin bags which stood upon the shelves, tiny, fat little bags, their necks fastened with

drawstrings of tape. With a grunt of satisfaction the older man snatched one of the bags from its place and opening it, poured a glittering stream of jewels into the palm of his hand.

The firelight, the glow from the lamp upon the table, caused the cascade of stones to gleam with a thousand enticing hues, red, green, blue, purple, amber, all the primary colors in a fascinating, iridescent heap. The younger man bared his yellow teeth still further, like some eager, savage rat, as his companion poured the jewels back into the bag. The sight of the loot made them work quickly; in a few seconds the leader of the two had transferred the remaining bags to his coat pockets and risen to his feet.

The two left hurriedly, so hurriedly in fact that they almost fell over the body of a dog, lying just outside the door of the kitchen. A moment later the darkness of the road had engulfed them.

### II

AUDREY BLAIR'S face went white as she gazed into the window of the little antique shop. There were many quaint bits of jewelry upon its crowded shelves, but only one of them held her keen and breathless attention.

Flanked by a cigarette-holder of carved cinnabar on one side, a Russian amethyst brooch on the other, lay a circular medallion of jade some inch or more in diameter, displayed upon a square of faded white satin.

The interest which Audrey showed as she peered so eagerly through the dust-covered window was something more than that of the mere collector. Her eyes flamed as they rested upon the bit of green stone, with its interlacing Chinese characters. Drawing a deep breath she went into the store.

The narrow room held glass-topped showcases along its sides, upon the sliding trays of which were displayed a confusion of rings, prayer wheels of ivory and tallow jade, cigarette-holders, necklaces and strings of multi-colored beads, carved bits of tortoise-shell and pink coral, earrings, chains. Above were shelves, crowded with Chinese and Indian Buddhas in brass, bronze and gilded wood, Korean pipes, figurines of ivory, silver, porcelain—a thousand and one curious objects which





might have come from every port in the Seven Seas. There was even the hideous face of a dried and smoked human head, trophy of some Malayan head-hunter.

The fat, bald-headed man who bent over a work-bench at the rear of the store put down the engraving tool he had been using and glanced at Audrey inquiringly. She thought his heavy, squat figure not unlike that of one of his many Buddhas.

"That piece of jade in the window," she said. "The engraved pendant. How much is it?"

The man got up from his bench rather heavily and going to the window took out the bit of stone.

"Fifty dollars," he said, peering over his large glasses.

"Isn't that a great deal?" Audrey asked, fingering her purse.

"No. Not for a piece of that shade. And the carving. It is really worth more." He gazed somewhat curiously at Audrey's eager face, now lent by excitement an unusual warmth of color.

"Very well. I'll take it. But I should like to make one condition."

"Condition?" The old man smiled indulgently. "I don't know what you mean."

For a moment Audrey hesitated, a frown of uncertainty playing about her eyes. When she spoke it was with sudden and almost passionate vehemence.

"There were originally six of these medallions!" she exclaimed. "My condition is that you will help me to find the other five."

The shopkeeper stared and stared, blinking his fat eyes in astonishment.

"But," he objected, "how did you know there were six?"

"Because I have seen them. They were once part of a—a family heirloom—a bracelet. I recognized the one in the window the moment I saw it—the Chinese lettering, the queer pattern around the edge."

"This is very astonishing!" the antique dealer exclaimed. "You are right. There were six. But when I bought them I knew nothing about any bracelet. They were sold to me by a man"—for the briefest moment he hesitated—"by a man from whom I occasionally buy such things—odds and ends—of no great value."

"Then you have the others?" Audrey's eyes grew suddenly very eager. "Please let me see them."

"That is impossible. They have been sold."

"Oh." The disappointment in the girl's voice was pathetic. "But you can tell me the names of the persons who bought them."

"I do not know. Many customers pay cash, and I keep no record of their names. Of course, where there is work to be done—"

"You mean when things are to be set, and—"

"My recollection is that in the case of the pieces of jade, I either set them, made them into brooches, you understand, or drilled and mounted them for pendants. If I am right, my books—"

"Oh, please look at them," Audrey urged, laying her hand on the old man's arm.

He smiled rather wearily, as one long since proof against the blandishments of women, but Audrey seemed scarcely more than a child.

"Very well," he said. "I will look. It may take some time. You had better sit down." He went to his work bench and drew from beneath it a large and rusty account book.

Audrey waited impatiently, hoping that she had not shown too much eagerness. The finding of the medallion had been the end of a long and patient quest—a quest which had at times seemed an impossible one. She stared at the rows of elephants and figurines and Buddhas until they seemed living things, ready to move, to walk. Then came the owner of them all stumping toward her, a slip of paper in his hand.

"I haven't asked you, miss," he said, "what use you mean to make of this list, but I assume that you hope to buy the other medallions, have the bracelet reset. I'm afraid you won't succeed. My customers are usually people of means. If they did not wish to sell, the matter of price would make little difference to them. You might be able to persuade them of course, but"—he shrugged his heavy shoulders—"I doubt it. If I let you have these names, I must ask you to promise me to be careful how you make use of them. I can understand your desire to recover something of sentimental value, but naturally I don't want to lose any customers."

"I promise you to be very careful," Audrey replied in a rather meek voice, "very careful indeed." She handed him some bills, put the list of names in her pocketbook. The medallion she still held in her hand.

"By the way," she said, "I wonder if you read Chinese." The old man's precise English had made her think it possible, but he shook his head.



While the old man looked up the names in an old ledger, Audrey waited, hoping she had not shown too much eagerness



"No," he replied, smiling. "I do not. But I know what the lettering on the medallion means, if that is what you are after. A student at Columbia, a Chinese, came in here the other day, and looked at some pieces of jade. I showed him this, among others, and he said the inscription means 'The Lotus Bud.' He had no idea why the words had been cut on the medallion unless they were the name of some woman or child to whom it had been given as a present."

"I see." Audrey gazed at the green surface of the stone for several moments in silence. Then she thrust it into her purse.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr.—"  
"Sternberg," he replied. "Jonas Sternberg."

"Thanks. I'll stop in again."

"Do. I shall be curious to know how matters turn out. And if you recover the stones, perhaps you would like me to set them for you."

"I promise you the work," Audrey said, and went out. A certain disappointment shadowed her eyes as she passed through the door.

### III

DUDLEY RIVES gave a swift and searching look about the room as he closed the door behind him. Small, rather dingy, it contained a scratched walnut desk with a dirty blue blotter pad upon it, two or three nondescript chairs, and a book-rack on which stood some cardboard letter files. Across the ground glass of the door was painted the legend, "S. Morton. Investments." Mr. Rives concluded that the heavy set, warty looking man with his feet on the desk was probably the one he sought.

"Mr. Morton?" he asked.

The man at the desk did not move, beyond taking the cigar from his mouth. He stared at his visitor with hard, unwavering eyes.

"Well?" he grunted.

"My name is Rives. Dudley Rives. Better known as Spike. Mandel said you wanted to see me."

"What Mandel?" The stout man's eyes were almost lost beneath their bristling gray brows as he glowered upon his caller.

"Lew Mandel, down on Third Street. You know—damned well what Mandel I mean. What do you want with me?"

"First, how do I know you come from Mandel at all?" Mr. Morton asked with lupine caution.

By way of reply Mr. Rives tossed a note upon the desk, then sat down in one of the battered chairs. His expensively tailored suit, his hose, his shoes, the gold cigarette case he presently drew from his pocket, all suggested a smart and cynical prosperity.

"Good enough?" he asked, tossing a burnt match on the floor.

Mr. Morton examined the few scrawled words of the note with great care. Then he went to the telephone and called up a number, his visitor watching him meanwhile with a certain bored indifference.

"This you, Lew?" Mr. Morton presently said. "Sam. Yes. You know."

About that man I asked for. He's here. Yes—he brought a note. Repeat to me just what you said in it." His eyes were fixed upon the sheet of paper in his hand; he nodded from time to time like an automaton. When he finally replaced the receiver upon its hook the suspicion in his

eyes had vanished. The caution, however, remained, together with an habitual and rather deadly scowl.

"What did Mandel tell you?" he asked, resuming his seat.

"Nothing. He said you'd explain."

"All right. I will. Remember the case of a man named Harvey, died at his place up near Tarrytown last fall?"

"Sure I do." Mr. Rives replied, with a cynical smile. "Murdered, in a jewel robbery, wasn't he?"

"That's what the police say. I think he had heart failure, myself."

"Well? What about it?" Mr. Rives crossed his legs and casually inspected the perfect crease in his trousers. "Mandel said you had a job you wanted done."

"Did he tell you who I was?"

"No. Say, what's the big idea? Either you trust me, or you don't. If you've got anything to say, spill it. I don't work in the dark."

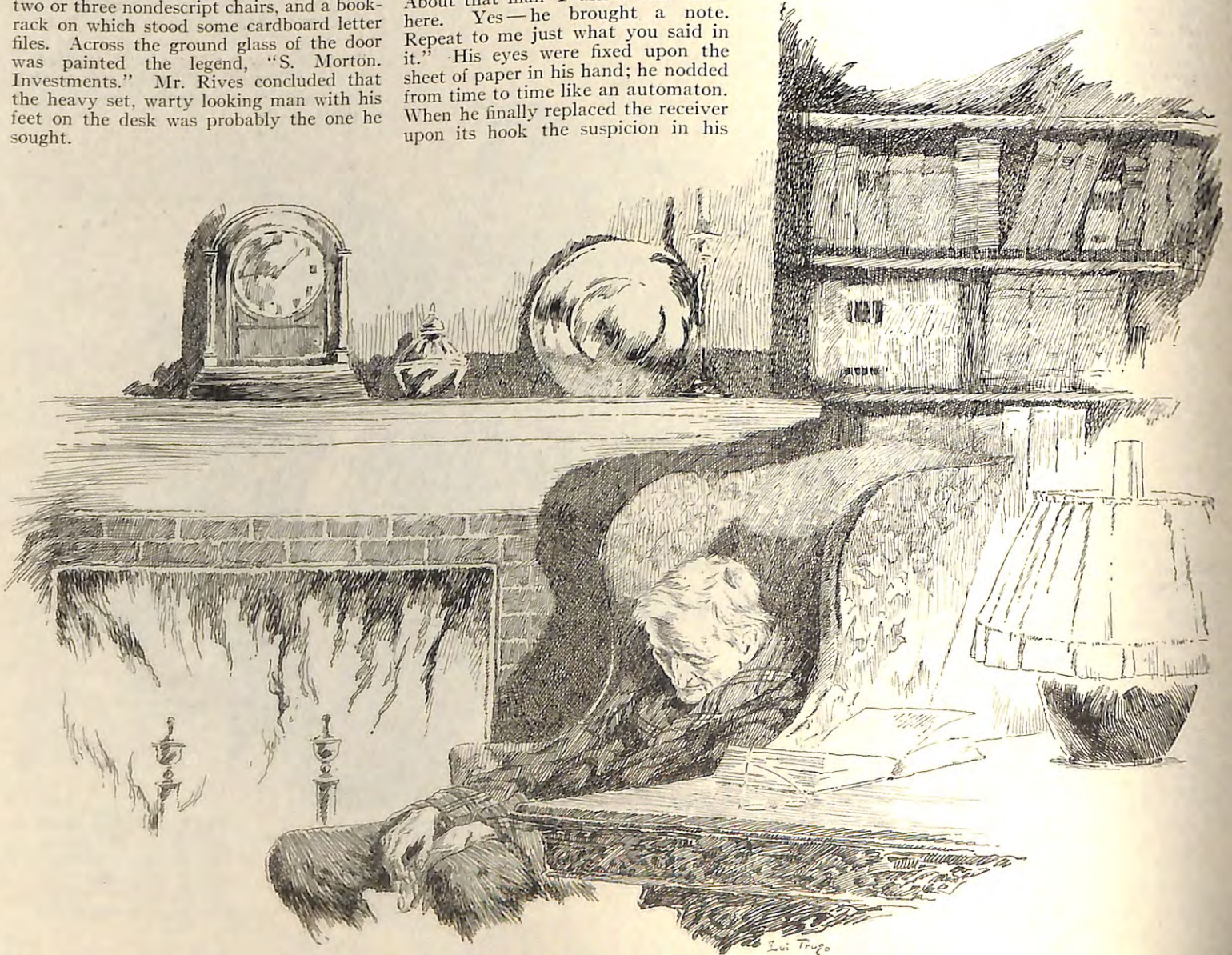
"You're being paid, aren't you?"

"I'm being promised."

Mr. Morton chewed on his cigar in a way that made his ears move slowly forward and back as though he was trying to flap them.

"All right," he said at length. "Here's the dope. But if you ever try to double cross me, young fellow, you'll never have a chance to try it again—on me, or anybody else. Get me?"

"Say your piece," remarked Mr. Rives,





glancing pointedly at his watch, "and cut out the chatter. I'm busy."

"H—m. Well—here's what I want. Friend of mine, we'll call him Pete for short"—he laughed at his own heavy wit—"happened to be around old man Harvey's the night he was—the night he died."

"Doing what?" Mr. Rives asked tersely. "Just—nosing around. Well, he saw the kitchen door open, and went in. Looked over the place. Picked up a piece of jewelry, a bracelet, on the floor. Went into the library, saw a man sitting in a chair, like he was dead, and beat it. Afraid to give the alarm, thinking he might get mixed up in the affair. That's all he knows about it."

"Well?" Mr. Rives' interest seemed flagging.

"Well, this fellow Pete waits a while until the thing has blown over, and then, being a natural born damn fool he takes the stones out of the bracelet and sells them—

for cigarette money. If he'd said anything to me about it—if I'd known he had snitched the thing, I'd have"—he paused; the violence of his emotions had carried him further than he intended.

"Who did he sell them to?"

"Mandel. For a hundred bucks. Six of them. Round pieces of green stone. Jade."

"Well—what about it? Mandel's safe."

"I know. But old man Harvey left a granddaughter. Young girl named Blair. She goes nosing around, sees one of the stones in the window of an antique shop, recognizes it. Buys it, too, and gets the fool Dutchman who keeps the shop, fellow named Sternberg, to give her the names of the customers who'd bought the other five. Said the bracelet belonged in her family, and she wanted to buy the stones back, if she could, and have them reset."

"I see." Mr. Rives' manner had become a trifle detached; he seemed to be trying to solve some problem which puzzled him. "How did Sternberg happen to get hold of the thing?"

"Why—Mandel sold them to him—all six pieces. And after the girl had gone, the Dutchman begins to get cold feet. Thinks things over and wonders if he's got himself mixed up in some phony deal. So as soon as he shuts up shop for the night he goes to Mandel—has a talk with him—asks him where he got the stones. Mandel quiets him down, says everything is all right, but after he's gone he sends word to me."

"Why not to your friend Pete?" asked Mr. Rives quickly.

"He couldn't. Pete's away. Out West somewhere. So knowing I'm a friend of his, he comes to me. And I've got to do something, quick."

"Why?"

"It's plain enough. If that girl gets hold of those medallions, see, traces them through Sternberg to Mandel, why Mandel will get into trouble with the police. They have been trying hard enough to get some clue to this Harvey murder, as they call it. Suppose they give Mandel the third degree and he squeals, brings Pete into the thing. Prove the bracelet was Harvey's property. It would lead straight back to the old man's murder, wouldn't it?"

"But you said your friend Pete picked the thing up—"

"I know."

But maybe the police wouldn't believe him. Maybe"—he paused, contemplating some prospect which, from the expression on his face, must have been a terrifying one.

"So you think the girl wants the stones

so she can pin her grandfather's murder on somebody?"

"What other reason—"

"A family heirloom—"

"Apple sauce. She's dangerous. What she's after isn't heirlooms. It's revenge. So I been figuring out the quickest way to stop her is to go after them medallions ourselves—beat her to it. All six of them. That includes the one she's bought herself. Once I get them stones in my hand, everybody's safe. The police can do all the guessing they please—but they won't have the proof—see. Mandel, Pete, everybody, can just say they don't know anything about it. Get me?"

"Yes. I get you." Mr. Rives' voice was dry as gritstone. "You want me to get those medallions."

"Right. And quick. I can't do it myself. Pete couldn't, even if he were here. Too dangerous, for him. You ain't known in this thing. You can do it, easy. The stones ain't worth much. Say fifty bucks apiece. Not like going after anything big—jewels—things people keep locked up in safes. I told Mandel I wanted somebody who could play the society game—work on the inside—"

"What do I get out of it?" Mr. Rives asked quickly.

"Five hundred apiece. Say three thousand for the lot."

"Make it five and you're on. Five thousand for the six. Nothing, if I don't bring in the whole bunch. How's that?"

"All right," Mr. Morton grumbled, in the manner of one who had expected to pay more. "But you got to work quick."

Mr. Rives settled his broad shoulders into his well-fitting coat and rose.

"I'll do that little thing. So long." He went out, closing the door after him with what Mr. Morton thought unnecessary violence.

#### IV

AUDREY gave a start of alarm as she heard the sudden knock upon her door, but when she opened it, saw the pale, gray little man who stood upon the threshold, her expression changed to one of relief.

"Oh—it's you, Stetson," she laughed. "Come in."

The wizened little man smiled apologetically, twirling a shabby hat between his fingers.

"It don't seem exactly right, Miss Audrey, my coming here—"

"Oh, piffle!" Audrey drew him into the room by the sleeve of his coat, closed the door after him. "I've got a lot to tell you, Stetson. And to ask you, too. Take off your things and sit down."

"Thanks, miss." Very carefully the old man laid his folded coat upon a chair, placed his hat and muffler on top of it. Then he sat down, in the manner of one who feels he has no right to such liberty, and glanced about the cheery little apartment.

"Stetson," Audrey said triumphantly, "as I told you in my note, I've found one of the jade medallions. That's why I've sent for you. Look." She took the bit of green stone from a desk drawer and laid it in his hand.

The old man gazed at it eagerly, yet with a trace of sadness in his faded eyes.

"That's one of them all right, miss. I'd know it anywhere."

"I thought it was, Stetson, but I wanted to be sure. I only saw the bracelet, you remember, during that visit I made at the house last year. I suppose you've seen it a thousand times."



Before the fire an old man sat dozing. His veined hands, folded in his lap, held a piece of jewelry, a bracelet of carved round green stones, linked in a setting of gold



"At least that, miss."

"Now, Stetson, I want you to tell me, very carefully, everything you can about this bracelet, and about grandfather's death, and what he said and did, during those months between my visit and that terrible night when—when—"

"I know, miss. When those men came, and killed poor Mr. Harvey, and took the fortune he had been keeping for you. Nothing left, miss, but that one small diamond I found on the floor, just in front of the safe, the one I gave you, when you came—"

Audrey rummaged about in the drawer of the desk and presently drew out a stone, weighing perhaps three or four carats. She gazed at it cynically for a moment, then dropped it back into the drawer.

"Not much of a fortune, was it?" she said.

"Not much, miss, with bags of them—"

"Never mind about that, Stetson. It only makes me feel badly. Luckily my father left me enough to—well—exist on."

But about the bracelet. You told me, months ago, that grandfather always said if anything happened to him, that you were to give it to me yourself."

"Yes, miss. The only order he ever gave me, miss, after twenty-three years of service, that I couldn't carry out. His last wishes, Miss Audrey. And I failed him."

"Nonsense. You couldn't help it, if the bracelet was stolen. It wasn't your fault. What I want to know is how my grandfather lived, what he occupied himself with, during his long illness. If he only hadn't hated my father so—mother, too, I'm afraid, after she defied him—I should have been with him—have nursed him—"

"I know, miss. It was most unfortunate."

"What I can't understand, Stetson, is that nobody seems to know anything about him. Of course, living alone the way he did, with no one to wait on him but you—"

"Yes, miss. Nobody would. Nobody cared, I guess. At least he thought so. Your grandfather was a fine man, Miss Audrey—a fine man, and a just one, but he had very few friends. Almost none. Maybe it was because he was a little queer. Eccentric. That's what they used to say about him, tapping their heads. Maybe it was because he was sick. I don't know. But nobody ever came to the house to see him, after you and your mother and Mr. Arthur went away."

"Poor grandfather. He must have been terribly lonely."

"I don't know, miss. Maybe not. He had his books. And he was that queer he'd sometimes read all day and half the night as well. It's a wonder he didn't lose his eyesight. About once a week, during the last year or two, he'd go to town. On business, he said. Changing his investments. Then he'd come back and show me some big diamond, or ruby, or emerald he'd bought—"

play with it at the dinner table like a child, rolling it about on the white cloth, this way and that, laughing and talking to it like it was a living thing."

"Pretty baby," he'd say. 'You'll never change, will you? Always the same. Good as gold, and a thousand times easier to carry about. Stetson,' he'd say to me, 'do you realize that a man can carry a million dollars' worth of jewels in his waistcoat pocket? Think of that, Stetson.' Then he'd take a handful of stones and roll them about on the table like so many marbles."

"THAT'S why he never wanted any one to come to the house. He was afraid they would find out about the jewels. He made me swear on the Bible that I'd never tell any one, although of course I never would have, Bible or no Bible. I was too devoted to him for that. And he let on to the people in the village that he was poor as a church-mouse. They didn't believe him, of course. Called him a damned old miser, begging your pardon, miss, for using such profane language. Said he had millions, laid away in his safe deposit box in town. They must have been wrong, though, for I'm told it was empty when the executor, Mr. Tresdale, opened it. Nothing in it but a note saying, 'Fooled you, didn't I, Tresdale?' I knew about the note, for he showed it to me one night, laughing like a madman all the time. 'They shan't have it, Stetson,' he said. 'They shan't have it!' Do you understand, Miss Audrey, what he meant?"

"Yes, Stetson, I think I do. Mr. Tresdale married my aunt, you know, grandfather's sister. There had always been trouble between them, about money matters. Mr. Tresdale claimed a larger share of the estate. I suppose grandfather thought that if he should die, and Mr. Tresdale had himself appointed executor, he would get control of the Harvey money, and—not turn it over to me."

"I suppose that must have been his meaning, miss, though he never said as much to me. And when I warned him that it was not safe to have such valuable jewels in the house, he would only laugh and say that as long as nobody knew about it but me, everything was all right. He never played with the stones except at dinner-time, when the blinds were down and the dogs let out. You remember the two big collies, miss? Dock and Doris? They were both killed, the night your grandfather went—"

"Yes, Stetson. I remember them very well. But go on."

"I told him once, miss, when he was boasting how safe everything was, that maybe people in town might come to hear how he was selling off his stocks and bonds and putting the money in jewels, but he said he was too careful, that he never told the dealers he bought from his name. But I believe that somebody found out, because it was on account of the jewels

that they killed him, and took away the fortune that should have been yours."

"It was just after you left that he spoke to me about the bracelet. He'd have it made, he said, especially for you, and when I told him, begging your pardon, miss, that I didn't think it good enough, just some odd bits of green stone set in a chain of gold, he said, 'Stetson, this trifle is worth as much as anything I've got. More, perhaps.' Toward the end, miss, his mind was very queer. I didn't say anything, making it a point never to oppose him. But I had my thoughts."

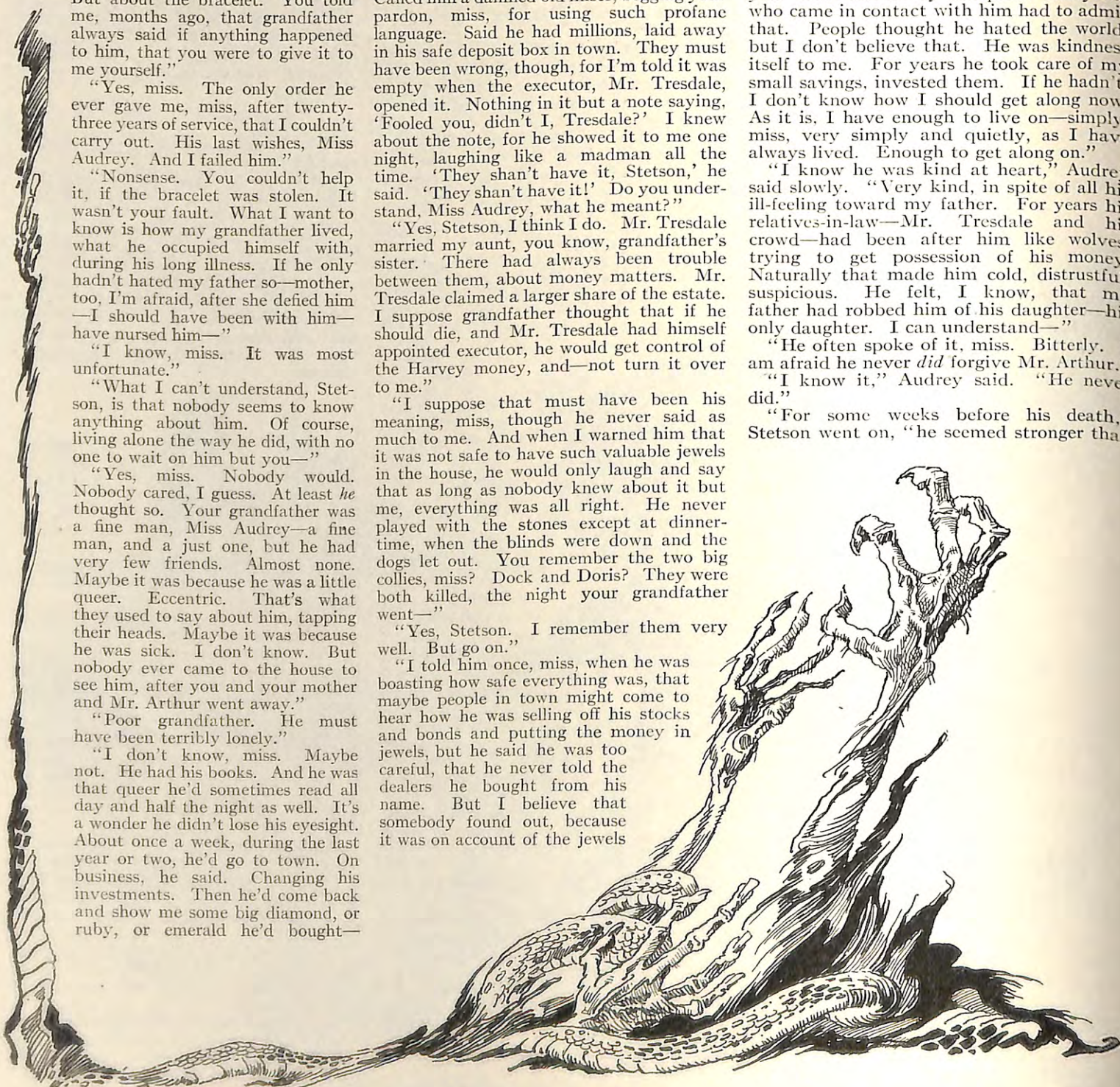
"If anything should happen, Stetson—if I should wake up some morning, dead," he laughed at that, as though it were a joke of some sort, 'give Miss Audrey this bracelet and tell her it is all I have to leave her. Everything, Stetson.' He made a great point of that, miss—a very great point—and I must admit it distressed me at the time, distressed me, and hurt me, too, because I had always supposed he was very fond of you. But Mr. Harvey was queer. Every one who came in contact with him had to admit that. People thought he hated the world, but I don't believe that. He was kindness itself to me. For years he took care of my small savings, invested them. If he hadn't, I don't know how I should get along now. As it is, I have enough to live on—simply, miss, very simply and quietly, as I have always lived. Enough to get along on."

"I know he was kind at heart," Audrey said slowly. "Very kind, in spite of all his ill-feeling toward my father. For years his relatives-in-law—Mr. Tresdale and his crowd—had been after him like wolves, trying to get possession of his money. Naturally that made him cold, distrustful, suspicious. He felt, I know, that my father had robbed him of his daughter—his only daughter. I can understand—"

"He often spoke of it, miss. Bitterly. I am afraid he never *did* forgive Mr. Arthur."

"I know it," Audrey said. "He never did."

"For some weeks before his death," Stetson went on, "he seemed stronger than







Mr. Morton shared a corner table with a pasty-faced man. "Want to see you," said Rives, approaching jauntily

he had been for a long time. More cheerful. Better in every way. He even got so he walked in the garden afternoons, usually down toward the bench beyond the sundial. Here he would sit, reading, or else pottering about among his flowers. Then came that terrible night.

"I had let the two dogs out, I remember, and gone into the kitchen to wash up the dinner dishes. Mr. Harvey was sitting before the fire in the library, very quiet and peaceful, not doing anything at all. When I left him, he had the jade bracelet in his hands. I never could understand why he always carried it about with him. He liked a low, pleasant light after dinner—a quiet, restful hour. Sometimes I think he slept although he never would admit it. So I left him and went to wash up the dishes. You know, I think, that I did all the work. We had very simple things—very simple things indeed. Right things, for two old and simple men. Well, I'd just finished straightening up for the night when I heard one of the dogs, outside the kitchen door, moaning very low and pitiful, as though he had been hurt. I opened the door at once, thinking he might be sick, and he was. In fact, miss, he was dead by the time I reached him, it was that quick.

"I was frightened a bit. I admit that, for I knew the dog had been perfectly well an hour or two before. And I was particularly frightened because there was no sign of Doris. You know how the two dogs loved each other. How inseparable they were. So I felt, because Doris was not there, that something must have happened to her, too. I called, but she did not come, so, thinking that I heard a sound out toward the driveway, I went around to see if she was there. When I got to the clump of cedars near the east corner of the house, something struck me. Something dull and soft. A sandbag it was—we found it in the library the next morning. After that I did not remember anything for a long time. When I came to I was lying on the sofa in the library, very tightly bound with strips of silk the robbers had torn from the curtains. Mr. Harvey was sitting where I had left him, before the

fire. I could see his feet, under the chair, but not his head, because the high chair-back hid it. I tried

to call to him, but there was something in my mouth that gagged me."

"Terrible!" Audrey whispered.

"It was indeed, miss. Everything so silent, so still. Not a sound, except the rats running up and down in the walls, and an occasional far-off whistle from the railroad. My head hurt so much it made me sick, and yet I scarcely thought of that. All I wanted to know was that Mr. Harvey was safe. And something told me that he wasn't. You might not understand, Miss Audrey, but when you are near a person like that, a dead person, something tells you of it. Some icy thing in the air—"

"I know, Stetson. Go ahead."

"There's very little more to tell, miss. It was nine in the morning before anybody came. The boy from the butcher's, calling for his order. He found the dog lying dead before the kitchen door and that made him think something was wrong, so he came in. When he had cut the cords with which they had tied me, I could scarcely stand. But between us we managed to find out that Mr. Harvey was dead, and that the safe was open, and everything in it gone. That's the whole story, miss, as far as I know it. I found the diamond I gave you on the floor, and knew the robbers had taken the rest. Including the jade bracelet."

"Stetson," Audrey said slowly, "I want you to help me get that bracelet back."

"Why not turn the whole matter over to the police, miss?"

"No, Stetson. I have my reasons."

"Very good, miss. I'll give you all the help I can."

"Thank you, Stetson. Do you know, I have an idea that my grandfather was not nearly so crazy as people think."

THE main hall of the country club was so crowded with dancers that movement in any but a vertical direction was practically out of the question. This, however, did not

concern Audrey greatly since her purpose in coming had not been to dance.

She stood for a moment in the doorway, gazing at the whirling, bobbing crowd. Then, oblivious to the admiring glances of a group of men near the door, she began to make her way around the fringe of dancers toward the foot of the main staircase.

Some palms grouped there afforded a sort of breakwater against the circling crowd. She managed to force her slim figure to a position beside them and so stood, silent, watchful, searching the faces of those who passed with grave, alert eyes. Many of the dancers, seeing her there alone, wondered that she should be content to stand so aloof, instead of joining the gay throng.

She was not, however, entirely without attention. The young man who had with some difficulty followed her along the swaying edge of the crowd now stood but a few feet away, watching her with the same close attention that she was bestowing upon the passers-by. Whether his interest arose from admiration, or from some more compelling motive, was not apparent in the expression of his lean and determined face. It might very well have been admiration, however. Audrey was a joyous thing to look upon, from the youthful curves of her ankles to the dark crown of her bobbed and provoking hair. Its darkness was at variance with the clear blue of her eyes, but excitement had made them dark, too, for the moment, and set patches of vivid crimson over her high cheekbones. A darling, Mr. Spike Rives whispered to himself, trying hard to preserve the immobility of his rigid poker face.

For many minutes the two stood silent, alert, Audrey gazing at the passing crowd with slightly parted lips. Mr. Rives, his mouth a straight red line, staring with equal attention at her. Presently he became aware that her gaze was fixed upon a woman of thirty, with corn-colored hair, who passed and repassed them in the arms of a middle-aged and rather portly man. And it was without the least surprise that Mr. Rives noted, about the neck of the woman in

(Continued on page 48)



# Sally's \$200,000 Ring

By Walter De Leon

Illustrated by Donald Teague

**M**AYBE you remember me telling about the hokum movie scenario that old Montmorency du Bois once rid his system of; and how Sally Wynne, who runs a theatrical boarding house in one of the Forties near Eighth Avenue, when she heard about it, how she finiggled around with a certain picture company until she got fifteen thousand berries for said sad scenario, paid in the hand in one lump to her star but broke boarder—and did it all without Monty guessing she had anything to do with him acquiring the money he wanted to have before asking Sally to marry him.

I happened to know about it because Sally and I had been friends from the old days when we were both frolicking around in vaudeville, long before I quit acting to crank movie cameras on other guys who hadn't yet found out they couldn't act, and long before Sally opened up the boarding house where she hoped to surprise and delight her constitution by eating regular. Only a few

old-timers remembered the Englishman Sally had married, parted from and

hair. Because you naturally expected a lot of lines in a face that had been in as many tough places and had seen as many catless days as his, but didn't see any, you got the idea that Monty must never have spent many burning hours working out the details of a satisfying assault and battery. Stooped a bit, he was, with a rounded tummy; but when he dressed up to earn a little money doing extra work or small bits for the movie studios, he was always cast as a gentleman.

Fussing over him, taking care of him, gradually promoting him during the next three years into the best room in the house, roly-poly little Sally, with her snappy black eyes and chirpy voice, let herself reach the stage where all she needed was one question to team double with Monty the rest of the journey; and that in spite of the fact that every so often there was crepe hung all over the place as a result of Sally bursting out with vivid opinions on Monty's habit of presenting his savings to the stock-salesman who talked in the biggest figures.

But Sally's principal worry I didn't learn until the day I accidentally discovered that S. W. Crumbely owned a lot of stock in the picture concern that was buying Monty's scenario—Crumbely being the name of the crumb she had turned me down to marry years before.

"Listen, Pete," Sally told me when I suggested I'd be interested in an explanation. "Monty is so old-fashioned he believes before a man asks a woman to marry him he should have enough to support her. The only reason I don't save myself money by closing up my boarding house and living on what I was left, is that I'm afraid if Monty knew I had that much he never would ask me to marry him. Maybe some day, if all goes well, by following Monty's tips I'll be able to lose enough of my money—which I didn't earn, Pete; not a nickel of it did I really earn—anyway, I hope to lose enough to—to kind of even things up between us and—and keep me from feeling so guilty."

**W**ELL, you never saw two middle-aged, nor yet young people so tickled with the world and themselves as Sally and Monty were the day Monty came home with his fifteen thousand dollar check. I wasn't boarding at Sally's at the time—no room for me—and I was very busy cranking yards of film on a rush job. So it was a good three weeks before I drifted into Sally's late one afternoon for a talk.

"Where's Monty?" I asked, picking out a comfortable chair in her cozy sitting room. "Out!" said Sally, yanking her needle through her sewing so hard the thread broke.

laid away all in a year. And only Simpson, Sally's youngish-looking lawyer with the cool grey eyes, knew how much, if any, money she had received when the surviving members of her never-seen father-in-law's family sent her a copy of his last will and testament with cheque to cover same.

Sally was about forty-two at that time, spry and chipper and juvenile as ever, but plenty old enough to know better when, after thirty odd years of drifting around with medicine shows, boat troupes, carnival companies and small-time vaudeville acts, Monty du Bois strolled into her life and boarding house. Nobody could help liking Monty. First, you noticed his blue eyes, trusting and clear; then his sensitive mouth; then his—what there was left of it—white



"And so, gentlemen, let us face the facts as revealed by investigation," the lawyer was saying. "You have been robbed systematically. Are you going to permit the company to be put into the hands of a receiver, or, gentlemen, will you accept a loan?"



## *It Would Have Been a Rare Bargain Even at Double the Price Monty Paid*

It didn't take a weather expert to know that a vehement storm had recently rent the atmosphere without clearing it.

"Did he go, or was he put—out?" I grinned. Like a sleek, fat brown hen ruffling her feathers and excitedly cut-cut-cut-cut-*ak*-ing herself red-eyed, Sally always is funny to me when she's peeved.

"**H**E WENT, like he always does, looking like he was being put out." Sally's needle started flashing through her sewing again. "I swear, Pete, there's no sense of anybody being as sensitive as Monty is; as sensitive and—simple."

"Cheer up, Sally. After you're married—"

"Married! Ha!" Sally exploded mirthlessly.

"What's the matter?"

"We're a long way from being married yet. And the way I've been feeling the last couple of days I—" The way Sally felt was evidently nothing a lady could express in lady-like words.

"How did the quarrel start?"

"There was no quarrel. Just a few jesting words, then the old Silent Treatment and injured exit. I leave it to you, Pete—" Sally settled her billowy embonpoint more comfortably in her chair. "You know what



a long-shot gambler Monty always has been. Nothing that promises less than twenty to one on his investment ever interests him. I told you about the ready talker that took Monty last fall on Perpetual Ice, didn't I?"

"No."

"Fellow looked like a college professor; had maps and photographs and a lot of scientific opinions to prove that there is a solid core of ice extending through the middle of the earth from the North Pole to the South Pole; in fact, the poles are just the ends of the long stick. Well, according to the plans he showed, he'd located a farm over in Jersey which was directly above this big ice axle. His idea was to dig a big hole down and tap the ice-vein. Then what he called the centrifugal force of the whirling globe could be depended on to keep heaving large chunks of ice up to the surface; a perpetual ice supply winter and summer. He

wouldn't let Monty buy stock in the ice company. He just wanted Monty to help buy the farm. Monty did."

"Has he still got it?"

"Not exactly. Even if all the other come-ons who also bought the land should die off, there'd still be the Title Guarantee Company to convince that the property didn't belong to the State."

Sally sighed.

"Well, that being only one of too many similar investments I'd seen Monty plunge on during the last few years, you can imagine I haven't been sleeping so good at nights, thinking of all the things that could be sold to Monty for his fifteen thousand. So, day before yesterday, trying to lead up gradually to the statement that there was no disgrace

in owning bank stocks and first mortgage bonds, I mentioned that I'd seen in the paper where some fellow had bought a quarter interest in the Bronx Zoo for three thousand dollars.

"Is there anything personal in that remark?" asks Monty, calm-like.

"Without stopping to think, I say, 'Good Lord, Monty, it wasn't you, was it?'"

"Right away Monty's eyes begun to shrink like a little boy's eyes do when he's too proud to cry.

"Listen, Monty," I say, putting on my

merriest smile, 'I was only kidding, of course. Now that you're fixed for life I don't suppose anything more exciting than Government bonds would ever tempt you.'

"Why should it?" asks Monty in a very cool manner I don't understand at all.

"Sure; why should it?" I say, grinning like a poll-parrot because I don't know what I'm grinning at.

"Some women," says Monty, walking stiffly toward the door, 'some very estimable women would be satisfied with fifteen thousand dollars. However, I can see that other women, just as estimable, aren't.'

"In the first place," I say right out of a brimming heart, 'I don't care to be called estimable in that insulting way. And in the second place, your money is your own. All I was trying to suggest was that you harbor it a little closer than some of the money you've temporarily possessed in the past.'

"THANK you," says Monty, like you say 'thank you' as you take small change from a fish-peddler. And with that he walks out of the room."

"Well, what's in all that to worry about?" I asked Sally.

"Monty's remark about some women not being satisfied with the amount of money he's got. If the idea once takes root in his head that I wished he had more than that he'd never rest until he'd got it or—and this is what would happen—until he lost all he has trying to double or triple it."

"Listen, Sally," I said, realizing she had the correct slant on the proposition; "why don't you let me suggest to Monty that maybe you've got enough money for the two of you—"

"Pete Stevens!" Sally's eyes blazed. "You know as well as I do that if he even suspected it Monty would never ask me to marry him. He'd think I'd think he was marrying me for my money." About to subside, Sally suddenly flared up again. "I don't believe I'd marry him if he *did* ask me. Thinking over all the time I've spent attending to his laundry, sewing on his buttons, making him change suits and have his other cleaned and pressed, watching him at table to see he eats what he should, instead of a marriage license it's adoption papers I should be applying for."

Sally sewed a moment in silence. "I wish you'd do something for me, Pete."

"What?"

"I wish you'd talk to Monty and find out if he's thinking about digging into his bank account to buy stock in any company that's planning to open up a chain of chop-suey houses in Iceland, or somewhere. And if he is, discourage him, will you, Pete? Discourage him." Sally's head was low over her needle-work. "He'll get over his peeve against me—I told the cook to make chocolate mousse for dinner to-night—but if Monty lost the money he's worked so hard to get—"

A large tear dropped from Sally's plump cheek to sparkle for a second on the point of her needle and then disappear.

There was nothing for me to do but look out the window. Ascending the front stoop I saw Monty. Came the click of the latch as he opened the front door. Then the thud of it as he slammed it shut. In another moment he was standing in the door of Sally's living room, the electric lights twinkling on his balding dome.

"Hello, Pete," he called, cheery and bright, trying not to look bashful as he eased a box of candy from his overcoat pocket and placed it on Sally's sewing table. "Hello, Sally."

As he took the candy from his pocket, several folders fell to the floor. Stooping to pick them up I saw they were steamship company literature, special routes for European trips.

"Going to leave us?" I kidded.

"We-el, I'll tell you, Pete." Monty winked at me broadly. "I been thinking about taking a little trip abroad next fall—October, maybe. Yes, sir, I believe every man should visit Paris at least once, while he's able. But summer time is no time to go. No, sir; too many tourists. That's why I'm going in the fall, if I go. You see, I wouldn't care for to go alone. That wouldn't be no fun a-tall."

"I'd like to go with you," I said, trying to help Monty come to the point.

"I'd like to have you; yes, sir, I would; but not this trip. Pete. You see, I'm seriously thinking of getting married; yes, sir, seriously thinking about it—" It was a good thing Monty was looking at me instead of Sally; I was grinning. "And I sort of figured to make it a honeymoon trip. What do you think?"

"Great," I said. "What does the bride-to-be think about it?"

"Ain't asked her yet. To tell the truth, Pete, I ain't even dead sure she'll have me. No, sir. That's what I aim to settle to-day, as soon as—er—as I get a chance to talk to her alone."

"Never mind looking for my hat," I said. "I know just where it is. Never let it be said I failed to catch an exit cue when it was thrown in my face. See you after the battle is over. Monty. 'Night, Sally."

"Good night, Pete," chirped Sally, her eyes bright, but her hands shaking as she folded up her sewing.

My boss suddenly decided to make pictures where the sun shone that spring. Which was why, a week later, I was on a train headed for the sun-splotched swamps of Florida. I saw Sally for a few moments before I left.

"The end of October it is," she told me. "That'll give me the time to get my house in running order for the fall and winter before leaving with Monty, and also plenty of time to—to get me a—trousseau." Sally actually blushed.

"Happy, old-timer?" I grinned.

"Where do you get that old-timer stuff?" indignantly demanded Sally, giving me a rousing good-bye kiss.

There was another question I wanted answered but hadn't the heart to ask. Why October? Why a six months' delay? With Monty fifty and Sally approaching that age at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five days per year, why waste a hundred and eighty of them in just sitting around idle-like. Monty's fifteen thousand was as spendable now as it would be six months from now, unless—

**H**OUR after hour as the train raced south, watching the country grow green and greener and still more green, I couldn't stop wondering if there was any connection between his long engagement and Monty's money. "You should worry," I finally told myself. "Monty isn't. He's so happy he's coo-coo."

It was September before I reached New York again. The first place I went was to Sally's. Early in the morning as it was the maid told me Sally already had gone out shopping.

"That you, Pete?" Monty called from the head of the stairs. "Come up to my room, will you?"

In his room I took one good look at Monty.

"Somebody tie you on the end of a stick and mop floors with you?" I asked.

"I ain't been feeling so good," Monty admitted. "I've been kind of worrying a little."

"All you have to do is worry a little longer—and it'll be time for the undertaker to worry," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"If I tell you, Pete, you got to promise not to let Sally know anything about it."

"It's no cinch keeping anything from Sally that she gets curious about, Monty."

"I know it, dog-gone it. That's why I'm asking you to solemnly promise on your honor to keep anything I tell you mum. I'm not criticizing Sally, understand. She's one of the finest women a good Lord ever put on earth. Yes, sir; if not the very finest. Sometimes I think she values money too high, but I guess that's because me—I never have cared much about money. It's made to spend. Yes, sir, and the only thing that counts is to be sure you're doing somebody some good when you spend it. That's the way I believe. That was why last spring when I met old man Bennet on Broadway looking all in and worried sick, that's why I—" Monty hesitated. "You ain't promised yet, Pete."

**O**LD man Bennet, whoever he was, may have looked worried sick last spring but he was a close-up of healthy optimism compared to Monty at that second.

I promised, secrecy if not sympathy. "Now what has the gyp game old man Bennet slipped you—and how much of a nick did he put into your roll?"

"You don't know old man Bennet or you wouldn't talk that way, Pete. Didn't you ever play the old Crescent Theatre in Highland, Indiana? Bennet has owned it for years, and one time when I was playing it he did something for me I'll never forget. I darn near died in that town, Pete, and the only reason I didn't was Mr. Bennet."

"Well, one day last spring I was walking up and down Broadway after having a few words with Sally which had showed she valued money even higher than I thought she did, when I see old Bennet. We recognize each other and he takes me to lunch. Naturally, I ask him a lot of questions and I find out that Highland for years had been craving a decent theatre. There's been so much talk and civic shame about it that Bennet finally decided to build a new theatre for the town."

"So he forms a stock company. Everybody buys shares, from the president of the Chamber of Commerce to the garbage man. Six hundred and forty thousand the theatre was to cost—a brand-new modern picture house—a credit to any town. And to make positive he's going to keep it a credit, Bennet goes out and signs up an agreement with the Acclaim Film Company, one of the Big Five, not only to furnish the programs for the house but to operate it."

"That must have been a tough job—signing up Acclaim to run his house," I said, dripping sarcasm, knowing how Acclaim had done business several times in the past.

"Well," continued Monty, paying no attention, "you know how those things go, Pete. Instead of six hundred and forty the theatre cost seven hundred and fifty thousand before they got it finished. Bennet has borrowed pretty heavy at his favorite banks. People in town were getting leery and the Acclaim wouldn't take over the management until certain bills were paid and a working capital left for them in the bank. That was what Bennet was doing in New York; digging up cash money."

(Continued on page 56)





Picture of some of the men who started by buying a crystal set for the kid and ended by mortgaging the farm in the race to keep up with the latest in radio circuits



Listening to the plate being passed at St. Thomas's



Three stages of amplification



Old man static



Noah: If radio had come a little earlier in history what a lot of trouble might have been averted.

Right: Mr. Franklin, of Philadelphia, the gentleman indirectly responsible for it all

Arthur J. Don

Never Mind—You May Get London To-night





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# The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

*Robert Tyre Jones, of Atlanta, winner of the National Amateur Championship for 1924 at the age of 22. Open champion last year, he was runner-up this season*

*Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, of Philadelphia, who recently won the Women's National Golf Championship. This is the third time that Mrs. Hurd has held the title*



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**B**OXING in the United States seems to be turning back to the style of the London prize ring, which was a combination of boxing and wrestling. It is true that the new rules do not permit actual wrestling falls, but our boxers are beginning to do more wrestling than fighting. I am thinking particularly of the Wills-Firpo bout and the Dempsey-Gibbons bout at Shelby, Montana.

Harry Wills, the colored stevedore, would be a great prize-fighter under London prize-ring rules, probably one of the greatest, but the proponents of the modern prize-fight always contend that boxing changed to a humane and scientific exhibition with the Marquis of Queensberry rules. They pretend to abhor the very thought of a modern boxing bout being anything like an exhibition under the obsolete London prize-ring rules.

Yet this Wills-Firpo bout was more of a wrestling match than a prize-fight. It is true that Wills did not actually wrestle the South American to the floor, but all through the bout he had Firpo's right arm held with his long left as effectively as though it had been caught in the coil of a boa constrictor. As Firpo does all of his work with his right hand he was stopped most effectively.

At Shelby, Montana, Tom Gibbons lasted fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey. He did it by using the same sort of tactics that Wills used against Firpo. He held Dempsey tenaciously whenever he was hard pressed.

The tendency is growing and the younger fighters who are about to arrive are adopting the same tactics. This sort of thing is partly the fault of the referees and partly because of the tendency to regard this as part of the game. It has come so gradually that it has arrived unnoticed. But now, after three or four matches that should have produced melodrama brought nothing but ennui, patrons of fights are beginning to say, "It is not fighting. It is wrestling and it does not make an interesting spectacle."

## Mr. Dempsey is Serene

**I**T seems quite likely that some time next year Jack Dempsey will meet the victor of the bout with Firpo. This is causing some trepidation to the gentlemen who are financially interested in prize-fights and to those who fear that a victory for the colored man and the passing of the championship from the white race would be a menace to civilization or something of the sort.

I was sitting close to Mr. Jack Dempsey at

the Firpo-Wills bout. After a few rounds Mr. Dempsey turned up his new or synthetic nose and left his seat. He walked right out of the arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres without even waiting the final outcome. This gesture on the part of the current heavyweight champion would seem to indicate a contempt for both contestants and absolute confidence as to his ability to beat either or both.

Somehow I am inclined to share Mr. Dempsey's sublime confidence in himself. Mr. Dempsey, for prize-ring purposes, is ambidextrous. If Wills should hold his right arm Mr. Dempsey has a left, the effectiveness of which will be attested by Jess Willard and Señor Luis Angel Firpo. Moreover, Wills will not be permitted to hold Dempsey's arm. Mr. Dempsey has a manager who possesses a very powerful voice.

It was the frugality of Luis Angel Firpo which indirectly caused him to lose this last fight with Wills. Firpo would not share any of the spoils of the game with an American manager. He knew that he was being treated unfairly but there was nobody there to protest for him. He could only grunt indignantly and incoherently as the "Black Octopus" clutched his only fighting arm in that long and powerful tentacle.

Deprived of this illegal defense Wills would be practically helpless. He is not a knocker-out. In the fifteen fights of his, more or less, that I recall, he knocked out but one man, another colored boxer. Nobody saw that punch. The dark antagonist seemed to have decided to "take a dive." It was said that he was knocked out by the invisible punch, the first and only time that blow was used in the prize ring.

At the current writing I see no cause to fear that the championship will pass from the white race through Wills. But Dempsey fights so seldom that one cannot tell to what extent he has deteriorated. He is bound to have rusted some, though, as they say.

## The Monopoly of Victory

**T**HE monotonous fashion in which the United States has been triumphing in athletic competition with other nations threatens to discourage international sporting events. On track and field, on the water, on the links, on the tennis courts, and the polo field the American athletes have overwhelmed the athletes of the other nations. In pugilism the United States holds all of the titles.

American sporting crowds sense this thing, that is, the fair-minded crowds do. The

monotony of victory after victory in sports has begun to pall on them. That is why at the first game of the last international polo meet the crowd seemed to be rather depressed than interested. The American four and the American mounts were so far superior to the invaders that the spectacle lacked in the thrills it used to give.

Of the 40,000 present, at least 39,000 seemed actually to be praying for a British victory in the first game. Our athletes have become so many young Alexanders sighing for a new world to send them athletes to conquer. I think that is why the sporting contingent took so much interest in the recent proximity of the planet Mars. They probably hoped that the time might come when Martians might be able to send a team to the Olympic games or a team to compete for that Davis Cup—or maybe a Martian Sir Thomas Lipton who could lift that *America's Cup*.

In this country the heroes of the Olympic Games are the Finns. There is more interest in Paavo Nurmi than in any of the American victors. This is not lack of patriotic pride in the prowess of our own men. It is born of a true sportsman's desire of seeing the other fellow have a fighting chance.

I do not see a great deal of hope for international contests from this point of view. This country of ours is all too rich in brawn and, despite the lugubrious chatter about the decadence of the race physically, records are falling year by year. If that is a criterion the race is improving. And I think that it is.

## Miss Browne Earns Double Honors

**C**ERTAINLY the most marvelous of the women athletes of the United States is Miss Mary K. Browne of California. This year Miss Browne reached the semi-finals in the women's national tennis championship and the final of the women's golf championship. It began to dawn on the experts that Miss Browne, who once held the women's tennis championship, was quite as good on the links as she was on the courts.

This is a rare case. Miss Helen Wills, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Mrs. Bundy and all of the women tennis champions have concentrated on tennis. They have thought and they have lived tennis. Miss Browne seems to be one of those sportswomen to whom sport is really play and not work. It is, perhaps, that frame of mind that has made her the great athlete that she has become.

(Continued on page 51)



# Cheer Up—The Worst Is Yet to Come

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Henry Davis

ON ANY dismal morning when a fellow's corns hurt, when bills are piling up and the coal-pile's disappearing, when the market has stampeded in a disastrous direction, when he remembers how some shark at the club last night contrived to beat his ace-full—that's when human institutions seem going to the devil. Across the breakfast table his wife pesters him for a new limousine as he scans the optimistic headlines:

"NO CHANCE FOR TAX REDUCTION."  
 "PRETTY MRS. SMITH AND LOVER SLAY HUSBAND."  
 "WAR BREWING IN BALKANS."  
 "WHEAT FARMS SOLD UNDER MORTGAGE."  
 "MYSTERIOUS PAJAMA MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD."  
 "STRIKERS CLASH WITH TROOPS."  
 "SIX HANGED IN LOUISIANA."  
 "WASHINGTON CITY A GOMORRAH OF GRAFT AND IMMORALITY."

That's the dose he gulps down with his coffee, all the compressed meanness of mankind, muckraked, sifted, and stewed into a fine pizen. It puts a dark brown taste in his mouth. Things look bad, very bad, rotten. Through blue spectacles he peers at the road ahead, dreading its crime and calamity, battle and murder, bankruptcy and sudden death. No wonder his breakfast feels sickish.

At such a bilious crisis the normally sane American is liable to become a grouch; in fact, he may become Mr. Bilious Q. Grouch himself, who turns his jaundiced eye toward the past and deplores the good old days that are gone.

According to Bill Grouch those were happy days of peace and justice, of obedient sons, of non-flapper daughters and homekeeping wives. The men were brave, the women virtuous. In those days our home team always won, fish bit more generously, and the right candidates were elected. A villain then had no more chance to thrive than he now has in the movies. As Bill Grouch remembers most distinctly, we then had nothing but patriots and statesmen in public office, none of these cheap little grafters that hold out their hands, demanding bribes from every malefactor of great wealth. So Bill contends that dishonesty has been adopted as our national policy, and that the stripes on our flag ought to be convict stripes.

Full of gloomy predictions Bill hangs around the drug store, or huddles in his Mourner's Corner at the club, and bewails this modern degeneracy, since all kindness, all prosperity, and all honorable intent have vanished from the world. He has contracted a permanent crick in his neck from gazing over his shoulder at the smooth and shady road we used to travel, where there were no ruts, no broken bridges, no sharp turns where his father's ox-wagon had to run in

second gear. As far as Bill can see the sunshine casts no shadows on the past.

A spattering of melancholy folk agree with Bill, and nobody ventures to dispute him when he gets his head sot. None of the Grouch family can be persuaded to look forward; to catch their point of view we must turn round and look back along the road. Then perhaps we can show to Bill a few of the mud-holes from which our ancestors pulled themselves, a few of the hardships and oppressions that our sturdy forebears have destroyed.

This human caravan has traveled a long, long distance since Eve bit a chunk out of the apple and we began traveling. Upon the whole our path has been upward, steadily upward. The march has encountered many obstacles, and periods of chaos during which we seemed to lose our footing. At times we missed the road, and groped blindly through a wilderness. Yet ever, when the smoke of strife has blown aside, we find the cause of man a little bit advanced, and that the rights we've gained have been more strongly fortified.

"We have lighted fires of freedom on a million altar stones  
 With the fagots we have gathered at the blaze of burning thrones."

Such poetical bunk concerning freedom, Mr. Bilious Q. Grouch dismisses with a snort of contempt. There's no such animal as liberty; and for a thousand years our progress has been of the crawfish kind. Naturally Bill lives in the middle of Missouri, and you've got to show him. Therefore it

might be illuminating if we could deal with Mr. Grouch as Mark Twain once treated "A Connecticut Yankee," by taking him to King Arthur's Court. Suppose we transport Mr. Grouch backward, where he wants to be, just drop him off the automobile, and let him fall where he may. Not in malice, but for educational purposes; and whether we deposited Bill a generation ago, or left him at the crossroads of some medieval century, he would soon discover for himself that all was not beer and skittles, even in the good old days.

FIRST and loudest Bill growls about his taxes. Everybody does. No citizen can pay taxes with a grin, any more than he can have his leg sawed off with a grin. Bill's special abomination is this robber tariff, these inheritance taxes, the surtax, and other impositions so thick that a fellow can't step out of bed without getting into a tangle. Those are the outrages that Bill wants to get away from, and go back to good old methods when the world was young.

From the comic supplements Bill sees Congress frittering its time in probes and scandals, instead of reducing taxes. "What's a Congress for? We'd be better off without it. Very well. Let us drop Bill in a land that has no Congress to milk the taxpayer by fixed and painful contributions. We'll put him down in a country where the King selects his favorite ward boss—called a Farmer-General of Taxes—who either slips His Majesty a lump sum for the privilege, or blackmails on percentage. Anyhow, this

Farmer-General has henchmen in every community with power to squeeze the subject as they see fit—and Bill becomes a fit subject for the squeeze. Here beginneth the first lesson. And the second lesson is like unto it, that Bill dare not open his mouth to holler when this Farmer-General tightens the screws. Kicking is a free American privilege, and Bill is no longer in America. So he must swallow his wrath in silence, while industrious understrappers of the Farmer-General turn him upside down and shake out his pockets, part of the plunder going to the King, and a fat balance enriching the collectors.

That was the frank and primitive procedure in those good old days—a system which operated splendidly for the Farmer-General. Yet even then there were grumblers who complained. In fact some of our grandfathers protested so effectively that they abolished the beautiful plan.

Again: Bill says that he doesn't mind our long-established taxes. Like old shoes they've almost stopped hurting. It's these new-fangled contraptions that he kicks against. Perfectly true. Progress introduces new problems. Job had plenty of worries, but sidestepping a Ford wasn't one of them. Up-to-date America has new taxes—for example,



*He gulps down all the compressed meanness of mankind, sifted, and stewed into a fine pizen*





*The Abbot rode along on his donkey and blandly claimed every tenth sheaf that Bill produced in his scraggy patch of wheat*

the excise laws. Vainly did the mother plead that she only meant to heat the water and bathe her child. "No," said the

a tariff on Mah Jongg, a scheme beyond the imagination of Solomon. And Bill vociferously proclaims that no other dam government ever sprung such a multitude of inventions for revenue only. But suppose, in the country to which Bill went back, this Farmer-General has been lying awake at night studying up financial innovations to raise money, until a brilliant idea strikes him, and he orders his bailiff to fetch Bill Grouch.

"Varlet Grouch," announces the Farmer-General, "hereafter you will pay me a rate of one dollar for each and every window in your house." Gee! That is something new. And Bill had to pay this distressing novelty which compelled the poor to build their shacks without windows, thereby escaping taxation. For they had tax-dodgers in the good old days; and not all of them were millionaires.

OR SUPPOSE, in the land where we dropped him, that Bill Grouch happened to become a fisherman and live upon a romantic shore. Cresting the crag above him stood a grim gray castle, for Bill was now in the middle of the good old days. Fishing for fun is lazy sport; but depending upon his catch for daily rations makes a fellow hustle. Bill had to get up before day; and it was late at night before he dragged himself home again, tired out, wet and hungry, with his meager haul of fish. Already Bill was sore over the window tax, when the seigneur's steward comes in with a brand-new exaction which rubs Bill raw. For the steward informed Bill that out of each basket of fish he must send the finest and fattest, with his compliments, to my lord who lives in the castle.

"Why?" Bill asks. "He didn't catch 'em, did he? That fellow never wet a hook."

"No," answered the steward, "but my lord holds the feudal rights over all waters of this seigneurie. Whoever takes fish must send the seigneur his share." And Bill couldn't help himself, for law was law in the good old days.

After this lesson Bill kept on learning more and more about taxation, for presently the Abbot rode along on his donkey and claimed every tenth sheaf that Bill produced in his scraggy patch of wheat.

This taxation game was played like poker in the South, where every few minutes they sprung some freak hand on Bill which beat whatever he happened to hold. Scarcely a day passed without its tax novelty. Being a salt water fisherman Bill's cottage overlooked the sea. One morning his baby was seized with convulsions, for babies had fits in the good old days. Mrs. Grouch rushed frantically to the shore, scooped up a bucket of water and started for home. But she never reached the cottage, because a customs officer—wearing red epaulets, gold braid and whiskers—arrested Mrs. Grouch and locked her in gaol for violating

law of taxation; "you might heat this water too hot, perchance you might even boil it, and save a pinch of salt, thus defrauding our government of its legal dues on the salt monopoly."

Hot bath or no hot bath, however, the baby gets well, and his relieved parents take him in their flivver to visit Aunt Carolina, five miles away. Joyfully Bill gives her the gas, but as they attempt to pass the boundary of their own two-by-four municipality a revenue officer halts them. Speeding? No. The functionary only pokes an official yardstick into their tank, and jots down precisely how much gas they carry, then measures it again upon their return. So if Bill Grouch acquires a half pint of petrol in the next town, he must pay a village import duty.

And yet, being a patient payer of the serene old days, Bill kicks at none of these extortions, provided every other sucker pays the same. Until, one day, Bill just happens to catch on to a fact—his next door neighbor, Mr. de Smith, pays no land tax, no fish tax, no window tax, no tax of any kind. Why? Because, forsooth, his neighbor's name begins with a "de." As a noble, Mr. de Smith is exempt. Bill hates exemptions. Nobody named de Smith, or de Jones, or d'Anything pays taxes. Like poverty and humble resignation, taxes are for the common herd. Although the nobles are the largest landholders and the richest people, every burden of administration must be borne by the poor. And from those good old days, yea even down unto our own decadent times, come the mutterings of their discontent. During his foreign sojourn Mr. Bilius Q. Grouch might pick up a lot of dope on taxation, if he could only realize how people were robbed in the honest days of yore.

Another flagrant outrage that Mr. Grouch observes in the headlines, and

firmly believes, is our growing immorality in high places. Maybe so. It is quite possible to concede that every United States Senator and Big Bug is not secretly a Sir Galahad. Some fellow may wobble, and if he lets a foot slip the gleeful journalist prints pictures of his fair Banana Peel. These tattlings are nuts to Mr. Grouch who insists that such philandering frailties are getting worse. But suppose we had dropped Bill, only a few years ago, at one of the erotic European Courts. Suppose we had smuggled Bill on the inside, to hear the boudoir intrigues, and then let Bill draw an American parallel? Like this: The President of these United States installs several dazzling ladies in the White House, and numerous other vamps in marble halls near by. He surrounds himself with a dozen families of illegitimate children, left-handed Princes of the Blood, who must be given nobly remunerative jobs. So their proud father appoints them Collector of the Port of New York, Secretary of the Treasury, Admiral of the Navy, etc., while creating their mothers Duchess of Arlington, Marquise of Columbia, and Countess of Chevy Chase. Each lipstick lady with her Pekinese and each prince must have an expensive establishment, supporting swarms of satellites. Royalty, even the bar sinister brand, costs money, and bills for this magnificence our President nonchalantly passes on to his people. But suppose he did, as was uniformly done in those virtuous old days, wouldn't it be worth the price of admission to watch our Appropriations Committee, and hear the free-for-all debate in Congress?

OR SUPPOSE that Bill Grouch had been set down in Russia during the reign of Catherine II, perhaps the greatest woman that ever wore a crown? Bill might be able to make some entertaining comparisons, if these United States should then be ruled by a Lady President. For Bill's enlightenment let us assume the election of a Presidentess Catherine, who frankly abhors a double standard, and proves the courage of her convictions by placing lover after lover in the most luxurious suites. Sweetly in the suite became the Man of the Hour, all-powerful while the flavor lasts. To him every Ambassador and Court official must kowtow. The Man of the Hour enjoyed no end of perquisites and prerogatives, which enticed a perpetual scramble for his job, with mobs of eager applicants, and a restless waiting-list.



*"Varlet grouch," announced the Farmer-General of taxes, "hereafter you will pay me a rate of one dollar for each and every window in your house!"*





After having made the grand tour of foreign courts in the good old days, even Bill Grouch might confess that public morals seem to be growing less flagrant. Certain it is that modern nations have got comparatively rid of an evil from which the United States has never suffered—the whims of rulers' mistresses, the recognized Pompadours and du Barrys and Nell Gwynnes, holding their royal levees, making war and peace and history.

Seeing is believing, and though Bill Grouch may be convinced against his will on the moral proposition, he stoutly maintains that we now have in America what is known as "practical politics," a modern invention without patriotism, or sentiment, or prejudice. Sure. A practical politician goes after the votes, and gets them; your

*Mrs. Grouch started for home with her bucket of salt water. But she never reached the cottage, because a customs officer wearing red epaulets arrested her and locked her in gaol for violating the excise laws*

vote and mine. But he is no gimcrack of to-day. The demagogue was already a graybeard, and reeking with trickery, when Coriolanus displayed his wounds in the Forum. Alluding to this classical episode, an American orator once said, "When Marc Antony thrice offered the imperial crown to Caesar, I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Marc had a deal with Julius for the post-office."

Politicians of those times could give cards and spades to Tammany, and make our party leaders sit like children at the feet

of the master. With no Australian ballot to hamper the boss, he did pretty much as he pleased. And how beautifully simple was their procedure. What a mess of bother they saved. All of the nerve-racking suspense and frenzied jockeying of our National Conventions might be avoided by the straightforward Roman method. We could cut out a fighting Democratic Convention in New York, eliminate a cut-and-dried Republican assembly at Cleveland, and the Third Party's meeting. Under management of a Roman boss, such talk-fests would become as futile as a Presidential Primary that serves the same purpose as a gladiatorial game—to divert the populace. Instead of this tomfoolery, we might hark back with Bill to the good old Roman way.

*(Continued on page 54)*



# On the Job

## A Dozen Books That May Help You Get There and Stay There

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THE EDITOR looked over the October Book Page, all alive with romances of old New York, of old Paris, of old Spain, tales of the sea and thrilling stories of circus life, and he shook his young and wise head and said:

"Given a little to the glittering annals of love and youth, aren't you? Do try to be serious—get down to business—lots of good books written about business. Let's have a talk about them in the November issue."

And off he went, immensely pleased with himself.

There being nothing for it but to obey, we therefore present to you this month one ton of wisdom embodied in what are known as "books on business and industry." The very collecting of these tomes flayed on the raw our cherished opinions of what a book really ought to be, and the reading of them was begun only after a period of prayer and fasting. However, to our horror and surprise, we actually found ourselves getting interested in them. Here were staggering facts about huge enterprises, swift-moving and stirring anecdotes of great industrial and financial leaders, amazing new insights into the conduct of big and little affairs, and much to laugh at generally behind the scenes of business.

While reading these books you are transported into the midst of activities of all sorts where "life is real, life is earnest". You realize, upon finishing even a couple of them the universal need of light and cheering entertainment for the business man. You also understand his intense and consuming enthusiasm for his job—whether he is running a grocery and feed store in a village, directing some great steel company, inditing advertisements for a new brand of noodles or acquiring by means of much cognizance of international law and business methods a concession for manganese mining in Russia.

The wide range of American business, then, is like a great canvas upon which are painted multitudes of glowing pictures of adventure, courage, brilliant opportunities and far-flung scenes of endeavor.

Amongst these books there is much that is bound to fascinate you and a great deal that is designed solely to help you, in theory and practical methods.

There is, we think, no other country in the world where a dozen books, such as we have chosen, would be sure of so huge and interested an audience.

In our mind's eye we can see a lot of fellows reading and studying these volumes with terrific intensity—and business taking a huge resultant boom immediately after. Thus do we, in this little effort to withdraw for a while from the nobler though gayer expressions of literature, add "more and better business" to the nation.

### The Black Golconda

LET us begin with THE BLACK GOLCONDA, by Isaac Marcossou, because, by far, it is the most outstanding of the month's books. It is the romance of petroleum—a thrilling, sweeping story of oil. The tremendous importance of a great industry, the remarkable and thrilling personalities of the men who have created and carried

it on, and the almost unbelievably romantic and adventuresome battle for international rights for this precious mineral—these all contribute to make this book one of the most picturesque accounts of enterprise that has ever been written.

His investigations to obtain the material for his account took Mr. Marcossou over a good bit of the world, so wide-spread is the

### Books Reviewed This Month

*The Black Golconda*, by Isaac F. Marcossou. (Harper & Bros., New York)

*Everybody's Business*, by Floyd W. Parsons. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York)

*Organized Business Knowledge*, by Joseph French Johnson. (B. C. Forbes Publishing Co., New York)

*Financial Organization and Management*, by Charles W. Gerstenberg, Ph.B. J. D. (Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York)

*Crystallizing Public Opinion*, by Edward L. Bernays. (Boni & Liveright, New York)

*The Labor Movement in a Government Industry*, by Sterling Denhard Spero. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

*First Principles of Advertising*, by Wilbur D. Nesbit. (The Gregg Publishing Co., Chicago)

*Advertising for the Retailer*, by Lloyd D. Herrold. (D. Appleton & Co., New York)

*Advertising Response*, by H. M. Donovan. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia)

*Life Insurance*, by Solomon S. Huebner. (D. Appleton & Co., New York)

*The Cooperative Movement*, by Olive M. Johnson. (New York Labor News Co., New York)

*The Problem of Business Forecasting*, Edited by Persons, Foster and Hettlinger. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston)

battle-line in the struggle for oil supremacy. Deserts and jungles, mountains and distant sea-coasts, all have seen the raising of oil-lamps and the drilling of oil-wells.

The narrative—truly a romance—does not recount only the American side of the great activity. Such isolation of subject would, indeed, be impossible, so closely knit is the whole world problem of petroleum supply. England and Holland have their great oil stories, their great oil men, their great oil empires, all gorgeously told about in this book.

To read "The Black Golconda" is to be transported far beyond the narrow confines of our own petty ambitions and affairs. Half way through the book you begin to think in millions, in provinces, in armies. This sort of expansion exercise is good for our souls.

After you've read Marcossou's story you'll never again buy a gallon of "gas" for your car without having a series of colorful portraits flash across your mind—

D'Arcy, the New Zealand solicitor, prospector at heart, winning from the Shah of Persia exclusive oil concession for exploiting all of Persia, except five provinces.

Strathcona, dominating figure in the Burma Oil Company, coming to D'Arcy's rescue, and the ensuing merger of the interests of both these men incorporated as the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The wild, desolate areas of Persia, the savage tribesmen, the indomitable English and Scotch grit as the men plugged away for the precious oil!

The European oil colossus, Sir Henri W. Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch-Shell Interests, getting a hold even on the oil lands of our own country!

E. J. Sadler, once an American Naval Officer, then oil man, captured by Mexican brigands, saved from death several times by a mere thread of chance, and helping establish the Standard Oil Company in Mexico. It was this same Sadler who was on the oil fields of Rumania when the World War broke out. Under his protection were eighty-five Americans, including women and children. Their only road, once hostile armies began to swarm over that part of Europe, was through Russia and Finland, thence home. The story of his shepherding his flock is filled with hazardous incidents, the turmoil of war and every known physical discomfort and sacrifice. But, as usual, Sadler accomplished what he set out to do. If we had read of this nerve-straining journey in some romance we would have been inclined to discard it as improbable—piled on to make a fabulous hero.

Well, the Marcossou book isn't all of these leading lights. Yarns about wildcatters, Osage Indians, Potash and Perlmutter at the battle of Mons, fake oil stock, and the evolution of our own oil interests help complete the charm of his story.

If any one can think of a more enthralling book, more tempestuous, in a way, than any romance ever written about the finding of gold or the search for a passage to India, we would like to read it.

Isaac Marcossou's style is at once downright, hot, picturesque, biting. We can think of no one who can approach him in vividness of English and accuracy of facts when it comes to writing such a book as this.

### Everybody's Business

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS, by Floyd W. Parsons, mining expert, economist, editor and writer, says in its preface:

"Every effort has been made to provide an interesting and romantic story of American business, without at the same time losing sight of the fact that the book's main purpose is to provide accurate information and correct statistics covering the industries of the nation. The plan has not been to treat the various subjects exhaustively, but rather to uncover new view-points that will stir the imagination, and lead the reader to undertake adventures in unexplored fields of virgin possibilities."

With this plan in view, Mr. Parsons takes up agriculture, fur-farming, mining, rail-roading, transportation, public utilities, (Continued on page 60)





**Louis Wolheim**  
and  
**Leyla Georgie**

WHITE  
**THOSE** who have a taste for sugar-coated pictures of the late war will not care for the play by Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings called "What Price Glory." Here is a drama of life at the front, bare of tinsel trappings, in which officers and rookies skirmish briskly to outswear each other because in some mysterious way it is vital to their dignity; a play in which spontaneous humor frequently holds at bay the sense of stark tragedy and disaster, and a play magnificently acted—E. R. B.





The announcements of Anna Pavlova's present tour carry the threat of an American farewell, but there is no hint in the performance of this great dancer of declining grace or power. On the contrary, she has added to her program several new and elaborate dance dramas, chief among them "Don Quixote," in which she is pictured here with one of her partners, M. Domoslawsky



IRA L. HILL

If one may speak of fashions in playwrights the palm for the opening season must go to Ernest Vajda, who already has three productions on the boards, and a fourth scheduled. "Grounds for Divorce" is amusing but lacks the distinguished originality and sparkle one might expect from this author. The play would not seem marked for great success unless it is carried to that goal by the sheer force of Ina Claire's remarkably fine acting



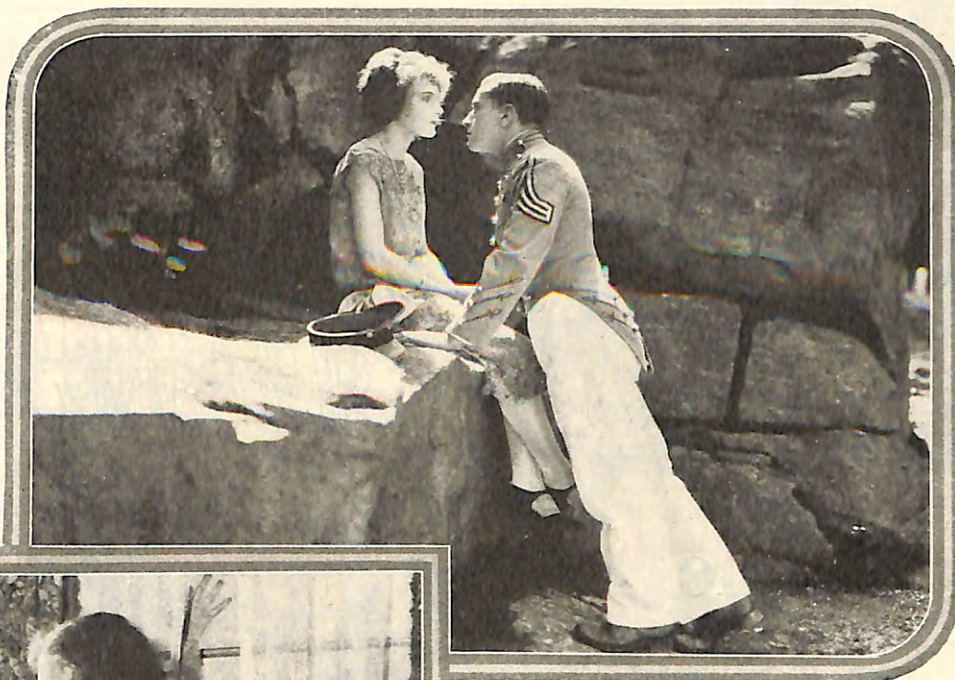
NICHOLAS MURRAY

The Theatre Guild has stepped off this season on the light fantastic toe with "The Guardsman," a comedy by that same Molnar who gave us "Lilliom." The familiar stage jealousy which urges a husband to test a faithful wife, sets our hero, an actor, masquerading as a guardsman to try to steal the affections of his own wife—a rôle to which Alfred Lunt brings skill and subtlety, while Lynn Fontanne plays the wife with great beauty and charm



In the old days when Robert Edeson was a matinee idol, he made a great success in a play called "Classmates" written by Margaret Turnbull and Wm. de Mille. Hoping to repeat the triumph a screen version of the play is being made in which Richard Barthelmess will play the West Point cadet and will be supported by Madge Evans

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



So much pseudo-humor has been lavished on mothers-in-law that the state of her better half has been rather slighted, yet he has potential dramatic qualities of honest humor and pathos as Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman have discovered in their play "Minick." Phyllis Povah and O. P. Heggie play the parts of long-suffering daughter and lovable but exasperating father-in-law with such truth and insight that the unbiased playgoer's sympathies are drawn toward both of them



Serge Oukrainsky, of the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet, which has contributed not a little to the deserved popularity of the San Carlo Opera and the Chicago Grand Opera Companies. In addition to the incidental ballets, the San Carlo has inaugurated the custom of following some of the shorter operas by a series of danced diversions

PINERO Y FORE





## The West of To-day

By Arthur Chapman

Drawings by R. L. Lambdin

VISITORS were being introduced, according to custom, at the Rotary Club meeting in Denver. Among them was one so typically Western that he hardly needed to explain that he was from an Arizona town. He was tall and spare of frame, and his complexion was the dark red of the man who is used to desert wind and sun.

"There's a man who has cleaned up a fortune recently, and I'll bet you can't tell what he made his money in," said a friend who sat at the speaker's table with me.

"It's one of the three standard ways of making money in the West, of course," I replied. "It's mining, livestock or oil." "You're wrong. He's gone broke playing all three of those old games. He's one of the biggest raisers of long staple cotton in the Southwest. Maybe you don't know that Arizona produced about twelve million dollars' worth of cotton last year."

I did not. I knew that cotton was raised there, but I had no idea that its value ran well into the millions.

"That's the trouble," said my friend. "The West is developing so fast and going ahead in so many new ways that people can't keep track of things."

Which is true enough. Even the casual visitor to the West to-day sees avenues of opportunity which were undreamed of at the time when Horace Greeley said: "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." Gold mining was practically the only industry in the West when Greeley made his first visit to that part of the country in 1850. The Pike's Peak rush had just started. The "Gregory diggings," later the famous mining district of Gilpin County, had just been discovered near Denver, in what is now Colorado, though at that time a part of the Territory of Kansas.

Greeley visited the new camp and was so impressed with the richness of the discoveries that he wrote of them favorably in the *New York Tribune* and thus helped the rush along materially. He must have

had a prophetic vision of some of the changes to come in the West, for he wrote in his book, "An Overland Journey":

"Mining quickens almost every department of useful industry. Two coal pits are burning close at hand. A blacksmith has set up his forge there and is making a good thing of sharpening picks at fifty cents each. A volunteer post-office is just established, to which an express wagon will soon attach itself. A provision store will soon follow—then groceries, then dry-goods, then a hotel, etc., until within a few years the tourist of the continent will be whirled up to these diggings over a longer but far easier road, winding around the mountain tops rather than passing over them, and will sip his chocolate and read his New York paper, not yet five days old, at the Gregory House, in utter unconsciousness that this region was wrested from the elk and the mountain sheep so recently as 1850."

The seared and scarred mining camp of which Greeley made this prophecy is now quiescent, but hundreds of millions of dollars were wrested from its shafts and tunnels, and there is a big hotel where many dazzling social events were given in the eighties and nineties, thus more than bearing out the editor's words.

Greeley later was largely responsible for founding the farming colony of Greeley, Colorado, not many miles from the old Gregory gold "diggings." This farm colony has become one of the richest and most highly developed agricultural centers in the world. It was a success from the start, and was the first practical demonstration of what irrigation could do where the apparently barren soil of the Western plains was concerned. At Greeley have been grown highly specialized crops which would have amazed the founder of the colony, specialist in agriculture though he was.

For many years after the visit of this prophet-editor, the West was looked upon as a granary and livestock center, and a great natural storehouse of mineral and other raw materials. It is all that to-day, but in addition it has developed along complex lines—and has developed so rapidly that even those who live in the midst of the changes can not keep pace with all that has happened and is happening. Not long ago the Governor of a Rocky Mountain State made the declaration that if a fence were built around that State, and all outside products barred, it still would be possible for the commonwealth to exist and have all the comforts and most of the luxuries of civilization. A little boastful, perhaps, but essentially true.

ONE of the chief causes of the rapid and varied growth of the new West was the discovery that climate and scenery are valuable assets. In early days, climate and scenery appealed to the pioneers only incidentally. The placer miner at his sluice or rocker had little opportunity of pausing



at his work to admire the works of nature. He felt instinctively the majesty of the mountains and the invigorating quality of the mountain air, but his main desire was to wrest a fortune from the earth and then get back to "the States" to spend it. When he had "made his pile" and had gone back home, he began to sense the real value of the climatic conditions under which he had been living. The old home place back East never looked the same to him as it had in earlier years when he had nothing else with which to compare it. The sun was not as bright as the California or Colorado sun, and the air was not as invigorating. He was restless and dissatisfied, and pretty soon, to the wonder of his relatives, he went back West—to live.

A little meeting of nature enthusiasts in 1872, among the geysers of Northwestern Wyoming, resulted in setting aside Yellowstone National Park. That was the first real recognition of Western scenery and climate as a national asset. To-day we have nineteen national parks and twenty-eight national monuments. Last year 1,493,792 persons visited these parks. As the director of the National Park Service has pointed out, a certain percentage of these visitors find business opportunities of one sort or another in the West and become permanent residents there.

**T**HESE people who turn to the West for their recreation are spending millions at home, thus counteracting the effect of the hundreds of millions being spent by American tourists every season in Europe. If every person turning to the national parks were to spend one hundred dollars—a low estimate for a pleasure trip—it would mean the expenditure of nearly \$150,000,000—ample statistical proof that the Western firm of Climate, Scenery & Co. is quite a go-getting outfit. Yet the national parks do not get all those who turn to the West for pleasure or out of mere curiosity or because all their neighbors are turning the prows of their Fords that way. Many of those who respond to the vacation lure of the West never see a national park, hence millions more must be added to our estimate of the vast sums that kindly Dame Nature is dropping into the pockets of her native sons and daughters on the sunset side of the Missouri River.

Men like the late Enos Mills, who were at the front of the national park movement, and who talked and wrote of the beneficent influence of Western scenery and climate until it all became a sort of religion with them, did much to awaken the public to the fact that here was an asset which was national and not purely local.

Then came the day, as the caption writers say it on the screen, when some one turned a motion picture camera crank in the vicinity of Los Angeles, where pictures could be filmed every day of the year, and one of the greatest of industries found its headquarters, far from those crowded Eastern marts which had been in the habit of laying claim to everything industrial. The West claimed the motion picture industry as its own—an industry which is worth \$150,000,000 annually at its source. One million dollars a week—we are quoting a "boom" number of a Los Angeles newspaper—is the "movie" payroll in that city alone. If we cut it in two, because we may have a natural distaste for figures printed in "boom" editions, we still have a tidy sum—a matter of \$500,000—distributed weekly in and around Hollywood to keep the wolf from nosing around the bungalow

door. No wonder that the trains headed West have carried and are carrying—and sometimes on the rods and brake-beams—enthusiastic young people who have hopes of shedding glycerine tears and throwing cream tarts and otherwise growing up with the "movie" industry.

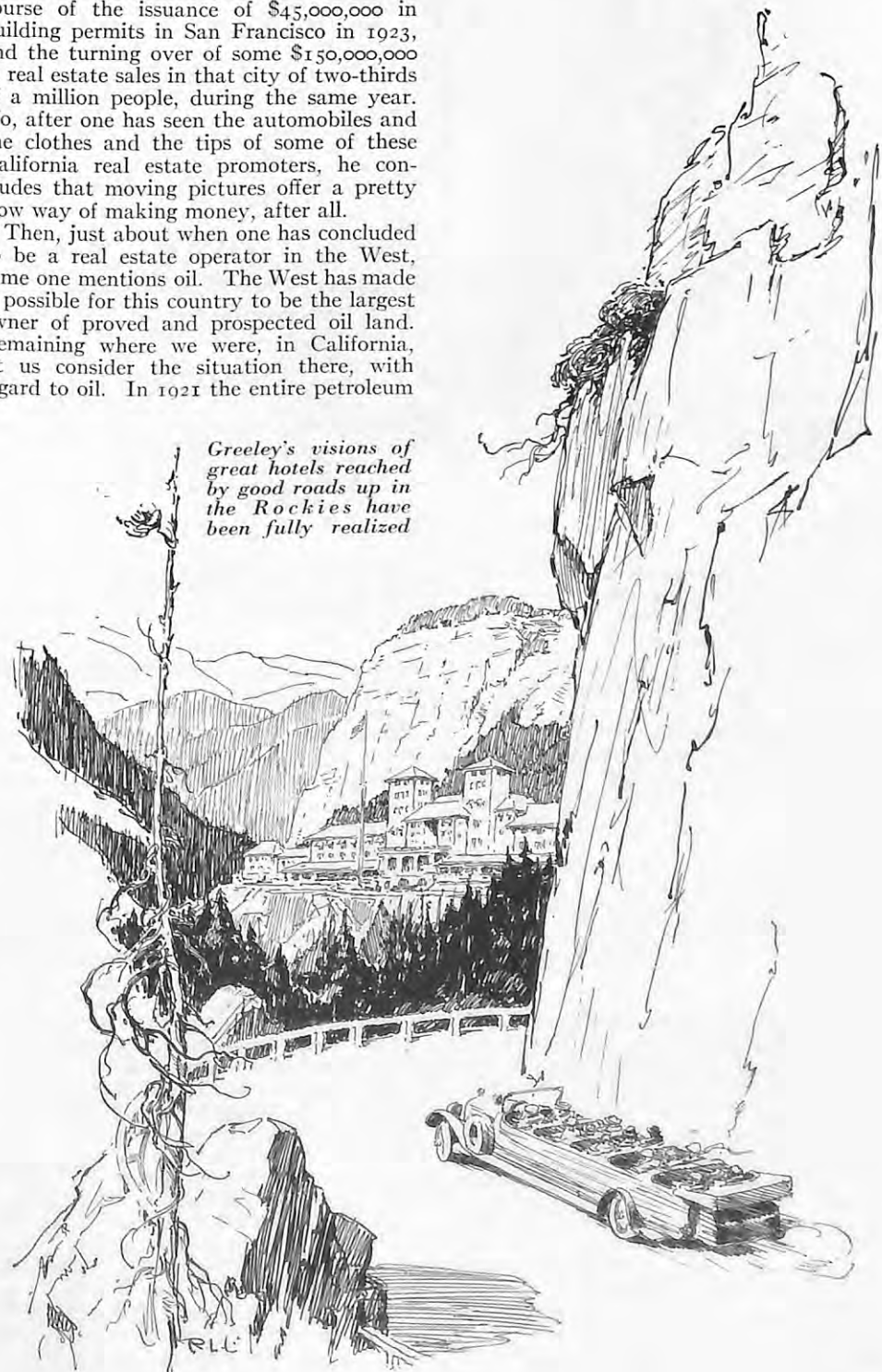
**I**N FACT when Opportunity and the West are mentioned together, many people think only of these cinema opportunities of the motion picture lots. They don't know that real estate is an even bigger and more thrilling game, and that unknown operators have made more than some celebrated stars, merely by shifting such prosaic things as titles and deeds and abstracts hither and yon. It is hardly necessary to point out that somebody must have made some money when Los Angeles was in the process of growing from a mere 576,000 in 1892 to more than 800,000 in 1893. Or that somebody turned an honest penny or two in the course of the issuance of \$45,000,000 in building permits in San Francisco in 1923, and the turning over of some \$150,000,000 in real estate sales in that city of two-thirds of a million people, during the same year. No, after one has seen the automobiles and the clothes and the tips of some of these California real estate promoters, he concludes that moving pictures offer a pretty slow way of making money, after all.

Then, just about when one has concluded to be a real estate operator in the West, some one mentions oil. The West has made it possible for this country to be the largest owner of proved and prospected oil land. Remaining where we were, in California, let us consider the situation there, with regard to oil. In 1921 the entire petroleum

production of the State was 114,850,000 barrels. In 1920 the petroleum fields at Huntington Beach were discovered and the next year the wells at Long Beach were brought in. These fields now produce more than three-fourths of California's oil output, and at one time produced 45 per cent of the output of the nation.

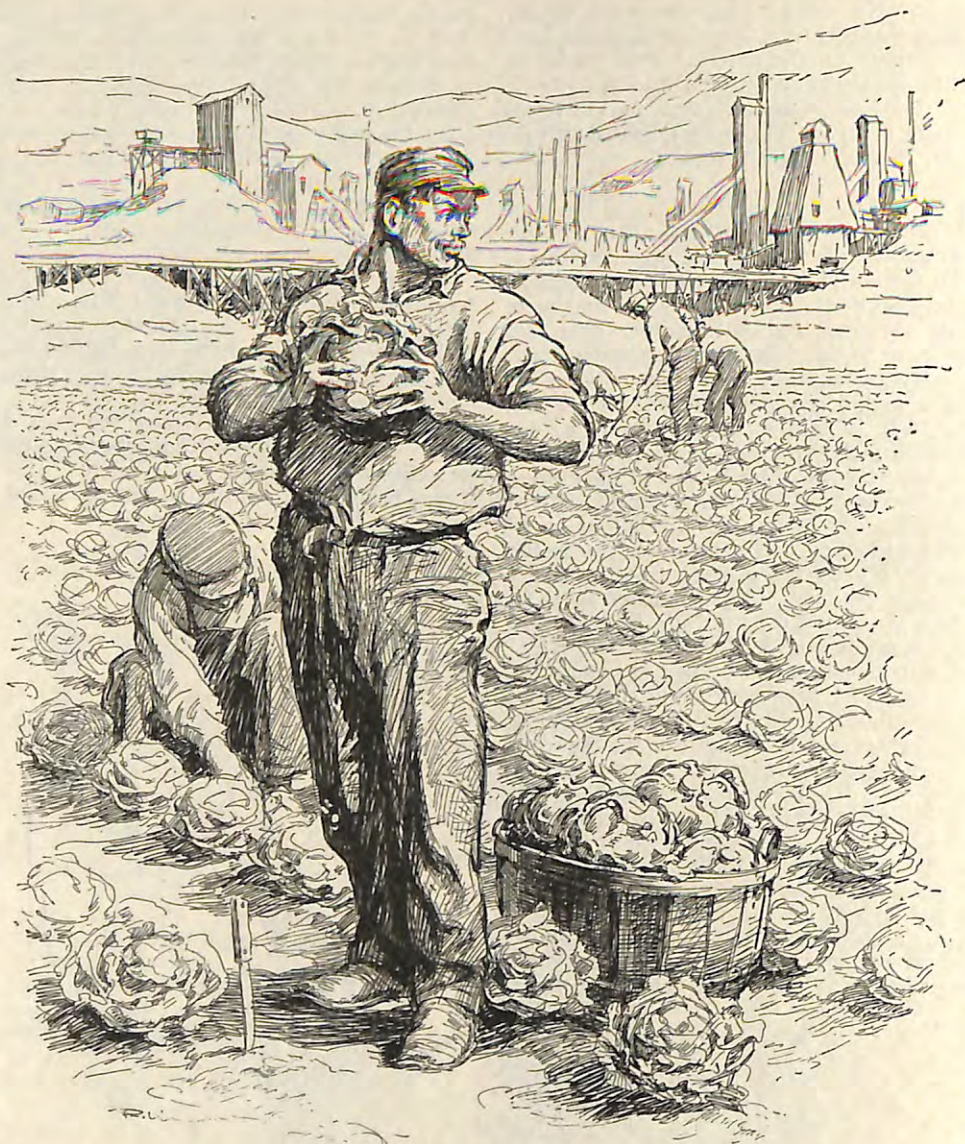
Other Western States begin to clamor when oil is mentioned—Oklahoma, Texas, and—yes—Wyoming.

Several years ago the writer of this article rode in a buckboard with a cattleman who had captured Uncle Billy, a famous roundup cook, and was taking him down to provide sustenance for some riggers who were drilling an oil-well in Northern Wyoming. Uncle Billy had been captured while drunk, and he was just getting sober enough to realize the distasteful nature of his task. It was beginning to grate on him, this idea



*Greeley's visions of great hotels reached by good roads up in the Rockies have been fully realized*





*Out in Colorado the zinc miners once bridged over a dull season by growing lettuce cooperatively for the Eastern markets and now they raise lettuce at a good profit as a matter of course*

of a round-up cook getting up meals for a bunch of greasy well-drillers. Only the promise of an occasional drink en route kept him from deserting.

"Anyway," savagely said Uncle Billy to the driver, "you won't get any oil there. I know that Teapot country like a book. It's a sheep country, and no good can come out of it—no, sir!"

Maybe Uncle Billy was a prophet after all, though he had no scandal in mind when he spoke. But the oil was there, and it was brought to the surface, millions of dollars' worth of it, and it enriched many men overnight.

IF ONE desires to get an idea of the size and importance of the far-Western fruit industry—some of it three thousand miles from its chief market—all he has to do is to walk among the down-town docks in New York City in the early morning, instead of strolling through the orange groves of California. Mountains of boxes are there, right off the fruit express trains and ferried to the big city from the Jersey side. Also there are California vegetables and California poultry and eggs. Long Island, some of which is a part of Greater New York, supplies a mere one per cent. of Gotham's foodstuffs. California and the Pacific Northwest, despite differences in freight, and the other disadvantages of a long haul,

have only Florida as a serious competitor in the New York market.

Organization has done most of this in California. The raisin growers of that State, who a few years ago were wondering what to do with their surplus crop, are now so successfully operating on an organized basis that they market half the raisin crop of the world—and at prices fair to themselves. More than 50,000 cars of oranges were shipped out of California last year and nearly 10,000 cars of lemons. California now produces more than half the citrus crop of the United States and Canada. Orchard efficiency has been preached and practiced throughout the State until groves which were averaging between \$400 and \$500 an acre have had their total annual crop values raised fifty per cent.

The Franciscan Fathers in California introduced the grape, the fig and the olive from Spain. The settlers from the Eastern States introduced the first deciduous fruits, and the Government, not over twenty years ago, introduced the date in California. The walnut industry in that State has grown until it produces a crop to the value of \$12,000,000 annually and gives employment to 25,000 people.

One of the greatest elements in the development of the new West has been the availability of water-power. In early days the mountain streams furnished the power to run the rockers and sluices of the placer miners. To-day the same streams are furnishing millions of horse-power for running factories, as well as providing water for irrigation. One has only to look upon the expensive dams and concrete waterways in various Western States to realize that water is essentially the mainspring of agriculture and is coming more and more to be the great driving force behind Western industry in general. Light, heat and power, furnished by the "white coal" of the West's rushing streams, go far toward making farm life as well as city life more comfortable as well as more profitable.

AS AN instance of the application of these comforts to home life, the writer recalls a ranch on a Government project in the Northwest. There was no chimney to the artistic bungalow, which mystery was explained by the fact that electricity was used for cooking and heating, the current coming from a hydro-electric plant a few miles away. The farmer was getting his current at an extraordinarily low price and in such abundance that he could make very general use of it. When the shades of evening gathered, a big arc light scattered such shades from the barnyard. In his house the farmer had rigged up all sorts of electrical devices. He had electrically driven machinery in his barn and workshop. On being complimented, he said:

"My wife and I got a hankering to see other places—California and the East—and find out if there wasn't something better suited to us than this place we have built right up from the bare prairie. We spent several months looking, and we're back here to stay, because—well, we just didn't find anything to make us envious."

In the development of new crops, wonders have been performed in the West. An intelligent and patient farmer, George W. Swink, a pioneer in the Arkansas Valley, developed the Rocky Ford cantaloupe. A few years later this same farmer went before the Colorado legislature and asked for an appropriation of a few hundred dollars, so he might get some sugar-beet seed from Germany. He thought sugar beets might be grown in the Arkansas Valley. The legislators had a good laugh at the expense of the man who thought sugar could be extracted from beets grown in a country which was still generally known by Daniel Webster's description as "the great American desert." Webster merely took his cue from Maj. Stephen H. Long, the explorer who said that the Rocky Mountain region could never be valuable as anything except as a barrier against a possible invasion by a foe from the West.

The farmer from the Arkansas Valley was not discouraged, for he knew that legislators have a habit of laughing where no laughter is due. Later he sat in the same legislature—sent there as the man who had brought untold wealth to Colorado farmers.

For Swink sent for some of that German sugar-beet seed, the shipment costing him \$500 of his own money. He planted the seed and made scientific reports regarding the growth of the beets, and had them analyzed by Government experts. It was shown that the beets he had grown had a higher sugar content than beets grown





anywhere else. To-day Colorado has sixteen enormous sugar factories, their payroll and the money paid to farmers for sugar beets amounting to more than \$12,000,000 a year. As for the Rocky Ford cantaloupe, it grew so rapidly in popularity that neither the Arkansas Valley nor the whole State of Colorado could hope to supply the demand. To-day the culture of the Rocky Ford melon in its Colorado home is largely for the purpose of growing seed, which is shipped to all parts of the world.

It was not until recent years that the discovery was made that head lettuce is at its best when it is grown at high altitudes. Colorado is now a leading State in the production of this salad de luxe. One does not ordinarily associate mining and agriculture, but this incident shows how dependent they really are upon each other in the West:

A ZINC mining company in Colorado had to close down in the course of a market slump a few years ago. It looked as if the company was going to lose its men, as there was no other mining in the immediate vicinity to hold them. But a forlorn hope suggested itself to the manager, and he addressed the miners on the subject.

"Boys," he said, "most of you have little truck gardens of your own. You raise wonderful head lettuce for your own use, don't you? Well, I have been back East recently and I have looked into the subject, and I am convinced there is a big market back there, at fancy prices, for all the head lettuce we can raise. This company has twelve hundred acres of land that's just at the right altitude for raising the best kind of head lettuce. There's plenty of water for irrigation. You boys stick around here and raise lettuce, and I'll go back and work up a market. Then we can share on a cooperative basis."

The miners "stuck around" and cultivated lettuce as the boss had suggested, and the manager found the Eastern market, as he had promised. He had no difficulty arranging things, for the big cities back East wanted just the sort of head lettuce that these miner-farmers could raise. The men from the zinc mine made a living that summer at lettuce raising, on a cooperative basis. In the fall the zinc market picked up, the whistle blew at the mine and everybody went back to work. Now most of them do both mining and lettuce raising.

Last summer I talked with the manager of a lettuce raisers' association in the vicinity of Yampa, in Northwestern Colorado. From the little town of Yampa alone, more than eighty cars of lettuce had been shipped to Eastern markets, the crop being contracted for in the field. When one travels by automobile through Colorado and other Rocky Mountain States now he will find no end of green fields, guarded by snowy mountain tops, at an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level, and he will know that he is in the land of the lettuce raisers—perhaps not as dreamily romantic as the land of the lotos, but having some solid financial advantages all its own.

It is the same with potatoes. Tubers grown in the rich soil of the Rocky Mountain region command fancy prices because they are everything potatoes should be—large, mealy and full flavored. A few years ago a Colorado farmer, Eugene Grubb, of Carbondale, who had made a life study of potato raising, wrote a book showing what really could be done under right condi-



*The Franciscan friars introduced the grape, the fig and the olive from Spain. Both West and East owe them a tremendous debt*

tions. The New York Central Railroad distributed many thousands of copies of Grubb's book among the farmers along its line. Also it served the Colorado man's potatoes in its dining cars. To-day the potato farm of Lou D. Sweet, in the same district, is used by the United States Government as a demonstration farm, as this expert has admittedly brought potato culture to its highest point of efficiency. Such Western men have set an example for the farmers who have looked on potatoes as "just spuds" and not worth any extra effort in culture. If you pay twenty-five cents for a baked potato at your favorite restaurant, the chances are it is a Colorado or Idaho potato, and worth the money.

When alfalfa was introduced to this country by agricultural experts who thought that Western climate and sun should prove as favorable to that plant as the climate and sun of the Holy Land, it was just like giving a present of many millions of dollars a year to the farmers West of the Mississippi. The only trouble is that alfalfa produces so many crops that it gives the farmer no chance to take a summer vacation, which all farmers want nowadays, when highways lead so invitingly to the national parks and there is at least one automobile to every ranch.

Stockmen in the West have had their ups and downs, and it is true that the last few years have furnished downs in rather monotonous fashion—though not so that the ultimate consumer has noticed

the difference in the price of the beefsteak on his table. But the stockman has noticed the difference in the price of his cattle. Many of the smaller stockmen, who could not carry on under adverse financial conditions, have had to give up the fight, but the veterans who have weathered many such storms have been hanging on grimly.

LIKE the gold mining operator, the stockman has found his expenses largely increased and his produce bringing little more. Cowboys, who used to get \$40 a month, now get from \$65 up, and it costs a lot more to feed them. In the good old days, financing the chuck wagon was not such a problem—but to-day—well, cowboys must have the best, and you know how they eat! Then, too, the States and the Government have boosted the price of grazing fees on public lands. The sheep men have been getting enough for their product to enable them to get by all these increases with a profit, but the stockman hasn't been past the danger line since the "meatless days" knocked the bottom out of a good market in war time. Still, with all the discouragements of recent years, the live-stock raiser in general is a long way on the right side of the ledger. The fat years largely offset the lean ones in the cattle business, and it is the money of many a retired cattleman that has financed and developed some of the greatest of the new interests in the West.

When people think of mining in the West, generally they think of gold. In their minds is called up the old picture of the bearded prospector striking it rich from the grass-

(Continued on page 46)







*She halted me purposely. As I paused before her, I noted her face. Something had happened to the plodding, faithful little working woman. Her features were flushed, her eyes were starry*

## The Promise Song

By William Dudley Pelley

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

ONCE in a decade comes an incident in a country newspaperman's experience which over a mellowing lapse of time haunts the memory "like music from the spheres."

This is no deliberate attempt on the part of the particular newspaperman recording this narrative to set down prose poetry. Yet properly told, even reasonably well told, how could the story of Polly Turner's triumph over unspeakable tragedy be anything else?

Never a twilight blankets down that great, heart-breaking, soul-numbing grief has not marked off its thousands during the day. And legion among them are those who seek their beds too flaccid and broken of spirit to ever welcome another dawn.

Yet now and then stalk valiant warriors in the cruel conflict with the unexpected called Life. Broken of heart and numbed of soul they may be, indeed. Wounded by the two-edged sabers of fate, beaten to their knees with the sharp whips of tragedy, they stagger up indomitable and with calm eyes and wondrous faces give to the little worlds

which know them that elusive thing called Inspiration.

So it has been with Polly. And now that her Golgotha is ended and the crucifixion of her soul blended into the resurrection of her happiness, let me tell the ordeal as I saw it. For hers is the power and glory forever. Would that more of us could be gifted with her strength!

Three months ago, it was, that I first received word of the girl's coming marriage. I had been to Bryant's Crossing to collect a bill. I went afoot purposely for the sake of the walk through fragrant spring country. Returning in the sunset, I shortened the distance by taking the back road about Harmon Hill. As I passed the Harmon farm itself, set out of sight just over the summit, I glanced ahead and saw the girl upon a wall among the roses—wild roses. I remember how pretty she looked in her simple pink frock, her work-roughened hands toying with the sunhat in her lap, a heavy braid of copper-brown hair falling down from one shoulder like a cable bedecked with a ribbon. Yet I wondered at her presence there alone.

At two o'clock that afternoon I had left her before a type-case in my office.

She halted me purposely. As I paused before her, I noted her face. Something had happened to the plodding, faithful little working woman. Her features were flushed, her eyes were starry.

"I'm waiting for Harry," she said. "We walked out together. He's up on the hill to collect a bill."

"It's a great day for bill collecting," I laughed. "I even went out to the Crossing. I hope that he's more successful. My people weren't home."

I smoked my pipe and passed a remark on the profusion of the roses. But the girl had something on her mind. Calling me first by name she said hesitantly:

"I hate to say it, you've been so good to me. But . . . you'll have to find another girl to take my place in the office. I'm leaving. I'm . . . going to be . . . married!"

The pipe nearly dropped from my teeth. Yet after all, shouldn't I have suspected?

"To Harry?"



"To Harry . . . yes. He asked me to-night. I told him I would. He has the chance to buy the new Blodgett cottage. It's going to be our . . . home."

I wish I might record with cold type the softness of her voice. It meant very much to the girl, that home. Any home. Ever since that nightmare of influenza toward the close of the war when she had buried her parents within a week of each other, the girl's loneliness had been piteous. She was not the type that "went in" for the town's sociabilities. She had been cast in a quieter mold.

"How about Beth?" I suggested. Beth was a younger sister and crippled. I had known with a little feeling of remorse that most of the marriageable men of the village had avoided "steady company" with Polly because of her burden, the burden which had forced her to give up her music, which had chained her the past six years to a type-case.

"Harry said . . . it didn't make any difference. . . . Beth could live with us. . . . That's why I . . . think so much of him."

"Harry Turner's the salt of the earth. Polly, I'm glad."

"Glad you're going to lose me at the office?" she chaffed.

"Glad you've found a fellow who'll make you happy. You deserve it. Not many modern girls would deny themselves to care for a crippled sister like Beth."

"We're going to have a church wedding. Harry insists upon it—"

"Because you've always wanted it. I know."

"—And we're going to Canada on our honeymoon."

"Why Canada especially?"

"UP TO Beckwith, Ontario, . . . because it's the town where Harry spent his boyhood. It's the first time he'll have been back in years."

"I suppose when you're married you'll have the chance to go on with your music." All up and down our part of Central Vermont the girl was famous for her wonderful voice.

"I don't know," she said whimsically. "Somehow . . . I think so much of Harry . . . I feel my music doesn't matter so much. I just want to take care of him . . . to make him happy . . . him and Beth."

Something welled up within me, a reaction fine and overwhelming and true. The girl was not beautiful as this modern age assays beauty. But she had a quiet soul strength and a ministering sweetness of spirit beside which mere physical pulchritude is vane.

"When is it to be, Polly?" I asked.

"The last day of June," she answered. "It will just give us time to fix up the house."

I confess I left her at last with a little feeling of envy for Harry. The fellow was getting one wife in a thousand.

There was consternation in the office when I announced the news that evening. Where were we to find a girl who might take Polly's place? Yet we were glad for the girl, I say, all of us. The other girls in the office at once began plans for showers and presents and dresses for the wedding, for the least of them knew invitations would reach them. They were not disappointed.

As the days of June slipped past, however, to our surprise Polly became almost useless in the office. Somehow we felt from

her reactions that the girl had subconsciously made up her mind that spinsterhood was to be her fate. Because of the crippled sister. Now that this great golden happiness had broken upon her and the nightmare of a lifetime of single loneliness was behind her, she could not concentrate on the prosaic program which had hitherto made her life. Mistakes in her proofs were ruinous. Galleys mysteriously slipped from her grasp and pied themselves grievously, holding up the paper. She finally gave it up. The girl was living in a delirium of joy that was pitiful. The office subscribed a fifty-dollar check as a wedding present aside from the gifts we gave separately. The day came at last when she laid down her "stick," rolled up her cambric apron, abandoned her paper cuffs and walked out of the office never to enter it again as a single woman.

Then came the wedding.

Social ethics had been disregarded in the matter of expenses. Harry Turner had been left a goodly share of his father's securities in the local woolen mill. He was one of those grave, steady-going fellows who look upon marriage as the one great turning-point in life. That Polly had neither parents nor resources to finance so pretentious an event, made no difference. He got his aunt to sponsor her and, though the furnishing of the Blodgett house, to say nothing of its purchase, had eaten heavily into his bank account, the bills for the wedding were mysteriously paid.

"I almost can't wait to get back," she said with a little choke in her voice the last evening before the wedding as I met her in front of the queer little old English bungalow. They had been putting on the finishing touches in the up-stairs rooms together and she was waiting for Turner to appear and lock the place for the night. "I'm so happy I'm almost afraid."

"Afraid of what, Polly?"

"I guess you'd have to be a woman to know. Afraid of something to spoil it. I'm so happy it . . . hurts!"

I never forgot that poignant little statement. It epitomized so much.



Well, they were married. In our town a wedding in a church is ever a social event. It happened in the evening so Harry's local men friends might not be withheld by their business. Calvary Church was a mass of moss roses—moss roses and ferns. The crowd was epochal. A lump came in my throat when just before the ceremony at the altar, Jenny Slocum in the choir loft, in her clear soprano voice—a voice second only to the bride's in our part of the State—began that beautiful composition the choice of

which at so many similar ceremonies has made it almost sacred: "Oh, Promise Me!"

I did not know at the time that these girls, childhood chums, each equally gifted, had made a tender little bargain. Each was to sing that bit of music at the other's wedding. And Polly's wedding had come first.

In the hushed church when the wedding march was halted, Polly was married to the man who loved her, married with a few simple words while women wept and men assumed an impersonality they could not feel. A woman reaches the height of her beauty on her wedding night. So it was with Polly. She was far from plain beneath that white tulle veiling. Then the thunderous peal of the organ and the triumphant ecstasy in the last part of Lohengrin . . .

I HURRIED back to the office to get a good start on my article for the next day's paper.

I was not present at the station when they caught the Montreal Express. June Farley, our office girl, had already supplied the necessary paragraphs about the bride's going-away costume.

"Wonder why they never mention the man's going-away costume?" Uncle Joe Fodder remarked when he read my recount in the subsequent paper. The old man had driven the pair to the station. "I seen Harry and he looked as good as his wife. Bought a whole new rig, he did, even to his overcoat. Somehow he warn't quite used to them clothes. His overcoat, now. A mile off you could see it. Latest fashion down to the city, I suppose. But it sure set him out. Tawny sort o' thing it was. He sure looked like a bridegroom!"

The crowd covered the station platform with confetti. The sleeper's negro porter was furious at the litter in the vestibule. The train pulled out with passengers smiling.

Their berth was not yet made up. Harry came back from tipping the colored man generously to find the girl sobbing.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked.

She did not answer. But when he sat down beside her, she turned on him. Her arms went around him and she clung to him so tightly, fiercely, almost savagely, that the man was perturbed.

Five weeks ago Monday this happened. The church flowers wilted, were removed. The sidewalk covering came down. Our town forgot them except for some post-cards that came back from Sherbrooke.

And then one afternoon, about three-thirty o'clock, Kate Higgins, day operator in the Western Union, broke into the office like a woman obsessed.

"I ain't supposed to give out news that comes by wire," she cried, "—but the town'll know anyhow. Harry Turner's dead!"

"Dead!" I gasped weakly.

"Accident or something. A wire just come for Harry's aunt."

I GOT a phone call from Mrs. Annabelle Turner in the next half-hour and hurried out to the house.

The bed-ridden woman was as white as paper—and not from her illness. I assume I was somewhat pale myself. She handed me the fatal wire. I read it dully.

"Anson's in Florida," she said, referring to her only son. "There ain't a man or woman of the Turner family can go to fetch her back. You knew Polly so well, her working for you 'n' everything. You couldn't go, could you, if I paid you well?"

"I'll be glad to go," I said without thinking. Or rather without thinking of what she was saying. My thoughts were on Polly.



I caught the Montreal sleeper that night.

It was a raw, cold rainy day when I stepped off in Beckwith, one of those pretty little cities that overlook the St. Lawrence — when the weather is fine. A cab drove me up to the leading hotel. It was seven o'clock.

Irony of ironies! As I paid my tariff and the boy came out for my bags I happened to glance across the street. Perhaps the familiar sight of sidewalk awning had attracted me. At any rate, directly over the way, in a little brown-stone church, a bumble of activity was on. An evening wedding was occurring that night.

I went into the hotel.

"She's kept to her room all day," the clerk told me. "We tried to get her a doctor or nurse. She wouldn't have either."

"How is she taking it?"

"So calmly we're fearful. So you've arrived to take her back? That's excellent."

"Has his body been recovered . . . the husband's?"

"Go look over into the rapids yourself tomorrow, if you have a chance. The auto itself, a thing of iron, was carried a mile down stream."

"The telegram was rather short—"

"To-night's local paper's got a full account. As near as we can judge from what eyewitnesses told us, this man Turner was sitting in the park waiting for his wife, who'd come back here to file a telegram. All of us heard a sort of shriek . . . before she'd got it written. Jed Bastian had left his coupe near the top of the grade on Ottawa Street. It ain't much of a grade and the



car'd never got in motion if one of Jed's kids hadn't loosened the safety brake. Kids and all, it started down the hill."

"And Turner saw it?"

"Apparently, yes. A woman told me a man in a tawny overcoat took in the course of the car, saw it was headin' directly for the light iron fence at the top of the cliff down into the water. He sprang from his bench, nearly got his arm jerked out as he caught at the windshield but landed on the runnin' board. He reached for the brake but somehow fumbled it. The car struck the fence and snapped it like match-wood. It's an old cast-iron fence—"

"And dropped to the river?"

"They all went over—car, kids, and this man Turner. All day a search has been on for the bodies. Jed Bastian's wife has gone insane. It's one of the river's worst parts, right here—"

"By one chance in a thousand, could the man be alive? I mean Turner. He was on his wedding trip—"

"The drop alone would have killed him instantly."

I climbed to Polly's room. I knocked on the door with a hurt in my chest like the drag of clock weights. On the other side came a step. Polly admitted me herself.

"You!" she said softly. "I'm so glad you've come!"

There are times in life when no matter how hardened a man's vocation may make him, nor how great his courage, he wishes his environment were all a dream, a bad dream, from which he might deliberately awaken by an effort of the will. This was one of them for me.

She was clothed all in white, sacrificial

white, somehow. Instinctively I felt it had been one of the garments in her hope chest. She had braided her hair again as she had worn it up to the evening of her marriage, almost. When I grasped her hand, it was cold. And her face . . .

"Polly," I choked, "—what can I say? What can I do?"

"Nothing," she answered. "There's nothing anyone can do. It had to be, I guess. It must have been planned from the first."

"At any rate," I said; "he passed a hero . . . saving the lives of helpless little children."

"I've thought of that," she answered. "How could I help it . . . with all day to think?"

"WHAT will you do?" I asked somehow, dolt that I was. Yet I had to make conversation. She had crossed to the window and stood looking out in the murk.

"I wish that I knew. I wish that I knew he was—dead."

"Polly! You don't mean—?"

"I realize now, he was all my life. If I didn't know it before, I've learned it since leaving Vermont. What interest have I to—live?" Suddenly she seemed to wilt. She uttered a single despairing cry that cut me to the heart. "Wherever he is, I want to be with him!" And she dropped in a rocker and swayed to and fro, both hands at her temples.

I talked then as men will talk. All the conventional things. I even emphasized the crippled sister. As well address a woman of wood. Her condition was pardonable, for her grief was annihilating. She had to go through the period.







*Straight at the swinging leathern doors he plunged and shoved them open violently. But he went no further. He paused there as if riven to marble. It was the derelict. From outside the church wall*

Harry Turner alive or anything like that. Far from it. But—

Anyhow, two days later I brought Mrs. Polly Turner back to Paris, Vt. Not the same girl who had gone away. That would have been asking too much. No, if anything a far more wonderful girl than had gone away.

It's hard to explain it. Only those who knew Polly in the weeks that followed will get my meaning.

She was older, yes. Ten years older in appearance. She never braided her hair thereafter; she kept it done on the top of her head.

All suggestion of girlhood was behind her forever. But Polly Turner the woman was infinitely finer and better than any mere man could realize a woman could be.

In a month she had somehow matured and flowered. And when that trance-like expression went from her eyes, in its place came a quiet calm, a great compassion, an infinite tenderness, that amazed and astounded those around her. The girl *had* something beyond common understanding. Whether she got it from the song or not I can't say. But she possessed it. That was sufficient.

"I wish you'd come up and stay with me," said querulous old Mrs. Turner, the aunt, when Polly went first to visit her on return. "You're one of the family—"

"I'd like to do it. But I have my home."

"My stars and garters! You don't mean to tell me you're goin' into that house you and Harry fixed together—?"

"Where else would I go?" she asked in surprise.

*(Continued on page 44)*

She wept. She walked the floor. She clung to me desperately as to a brother. She was young enough to be my daughter and I tried to talk to her as a daughter. But all she had been repressing through the night and day of her solitude had to come out.

I don't know where the moments went. I lost track of time. But after that first burst of grief, the girl grew calmer.

Then something happened, something I will never forget.

The local wedding had escaped my mind. Polly had thrown herself flat on the bed, her face in her naked arms. She had sobbed for a time. Then the sobs had trailed off to silence. I believed it exhaustion. It was not exhaustion. Polly was listening!

Suddenly I listened also. Somewhere music was playing. *Somewhere!* Despite the murk, the night had a strange power to carry sound. And the room was overheated. At any rate, the windows had been lowered. To both of us came that music. An organ was playing. A woman's clear voice was rising in wonderful cadence.

"Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Shall take our love together,  
to some sky. . . ."

"Polly!" I cried hoarsely. She had arisen. At least she had pulled herself up on one elbow. Her eyes were staring straight before her, looking into years of distance. On her lip was a trickle of blood. She had bitten it through.

We listened to that song together, away to the end.

"Polly!" I said again.

A change had come over the woman. I could not understand it at first. It alarmed me. But there really was no need for alarm.

The girl was seeing a vision. She was hearing a golden promise my ears could not catch.

"The song!" she cried hoarsely. "The promise!"

"Yes," I nodded.

"I've heard it many times. Till now, I never knew what it meant."

I marveled. The girl was standing upright. But that trance-like expression was still in her eyes. All through that night it never went away.

"There's a world of meaning in it, Polly. ' . . . Shall take our love together . . . to some sky . . . where we shall be alone . . . and faith renew'—"

Suddenly her head went back. For a time she closed her eyes. I saw her sway and drew near to keep her from falling. But she did not fall. She only put out her hand. "It's come to me," she whispered wondrously.

"WHAT'S come to you, Polly?"

"The song. Its meaning. The . . . promise! Not for this earth. It was too much to ask. Didn't you hear? . . . to some sky! Where we shall be alone. . . and faith renew . . ."

Hours and hours later, it seemed, she withdrew her hand.

"I'm all right now," she said quite calmly.

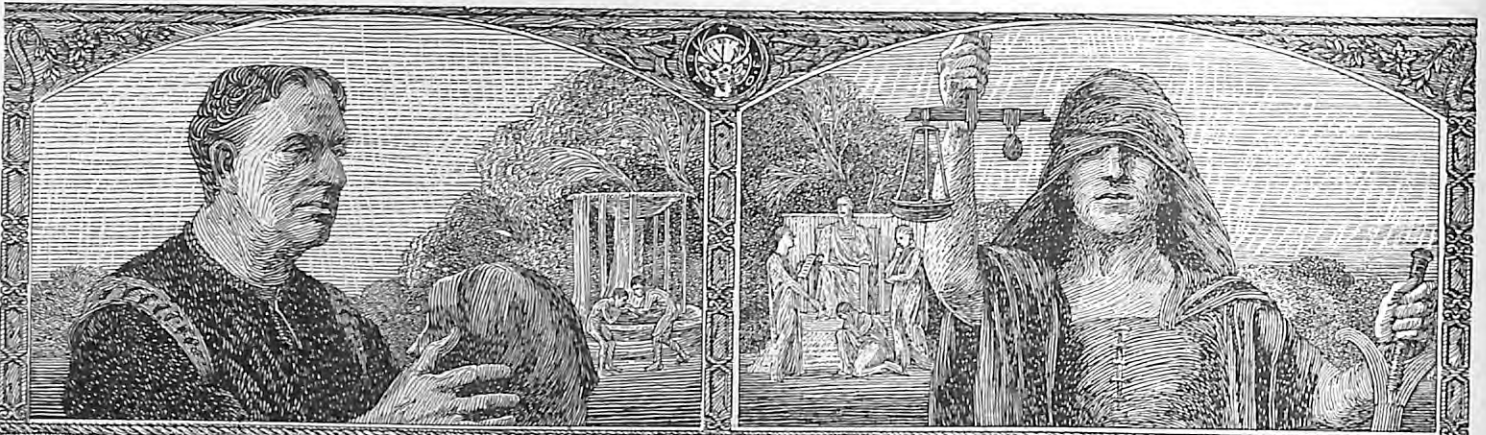
"I'm feeling . . . better."

Vaguely I sensed I had witnessed a miracle.

WELL, this isn't quite so sad a story as its premise sounds. Not that I'm quite prepared to say that the next day we found







*Decoration by Israel Doskow*

## EDITORIAL

### THANKSGIVING

**S**HORTLY after this number of the Magazine is in the hands of its readers, the President of the United States will issue the usual official proclamation, designating the last Thursday in the month to be observed by all the people as a day of thanksgiving for blessings that have been bestowed. Thanksgiving Day is distinctly an American institution.

It is quite likely that again the great majority of the people will wholly fail to grasp the real significance of the occasion; and will regard it as merely another holiday upon which they will be released from the ordinary routine of daily labor. These will spend it as their variant moods may dictate, in idleness, rest, recreation, or pleasure, with indulgence in an elaborate dinner as the chief event of the appointed festival.

But there will be other thousands of serious thinking, wholesome-minded, glad-hearted Americans, who will understand and appreciate the true purpose for which the day is set apart. These will recognize their first duty to give definite expression of grateful thanks to God for the manifold blessings they enjoy.

Among these latter, let it be hoped, will be numbered every member of the Order of Elks. There is not one among all the vast membership who will not be able to find in his experiences of the year many blessings for which he is indebted to the fatherly goodness of that Supreme Being in whose existence every Elk devoutly believes. It is well that, at least on this particular day, the debt be humbly acknowledged and that some appropriate and acceptable evidence be given of a truly thankful heart.

It has come to be a custom in a number of the Subordinate Lodges for that sentiment of thankfulness to be concretely expressed by the distribution of substantial gifts of food and clothing to the poor and needy; a sharing of material blessings with the less fortunate. It is a beautiful custom, worthy of a more general observance throughout the Order. And surely no form of thanksgiving could be more acceptable to an all-loving Deity.

The suggestion is made with confidence, that one who spends a portion of his Thanksgiving Day in personal assistance to a charitable activity of this character, and who takes a word of cheer and good will along with the material gift, will

experience a thrill that will brighten and sweeten his own life for many days to come.

It is an ideal way for an Elk to celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

### STATE ASSOCIATIONS

**T**HE number of meetings of State associations of Elks which have been held during recent months and the uniform success that has attended them, prompts the comment that they are serving a very useful purpose in the Order.

Many of them have grown to such power and prestige in their several jurisdictions that they have been enabled to undertake benevolent activities of real magnitude. In many others ritualistic contests have been conducted with such dignity and sincerity of purpose, and have aroused such interest, that their influence is splendidly manifest in the better exemplification of all our fraternal ceremonies in the Subordinate Lodges.

And even in those cases where little is attempted beyond the cultivation of fraternal intercourse and the encouragement of interlodge visitation, a service is being rendered that is distinctly worth while. The Order of Elks is essentially a social organization; and the opportunities afforded at State meetings for pleasant fraternal associations and the formation of personal friendships among the members of different Lodges can but tend to strengthen the common ties that bind them together as members of the Order. And this naturally insures a more vigorous, a more active, and a more cohesive and solidly united Fraternity.

The Grand Lodge statutes authorizing the organization of State Associations and defining the proper scope of their activities have proved their wisdom and efficacy.

### AGAIN—THE VISITING BROTHER

**S**OME months ago comment was made in these columns anent a criticism that had been voiced by a member of the Order, of the lack of fraternal consideration that had been displayed toward him as a visitor at Lodge meetings and in the Club Houses of a number of Subordinate Lodges. The editorial has been the subject of some discussion throughout the Order; and the Magazine has received communications in which the criticism has been repeated. But, even assuming the justice of the specific complaints that have





been made, it is difficult to believe that they can fairly apply to any considerable number of the Subordinate Lodges.

It is matter of just pride that the Order of Elks has an established and a deserved reputation, all over the country, for the fraternal hospitality and genial sociability of its members. And where there has been a seeming failure in the exhibition of these qualities by any group of Elks, it is likely that the failure is merely apparent and not purposeful.

It must be remembered that there are correlative duties incident to fraternal visitation; and the obligations upon the members of the local Lodge depend somewhat upon the time and purpose of the visit, as well as upon the demeanor of the visitor.

Where a visiting brother attends the Lodge meeting of a sister Lodge, it is to be assumed that he is seeking new fraternal contacts and a fellowship to which he is entitled by virtue of his membership in the Order. In such case it is the duty, as it should be the pleasure, of the officers and members to take the prompt initiative in establishing the visitor's identity, in assuring him of his cordial welcome, and in according him such courtesy and considerate attention as will insure his feeling really at home among true brethren.

But where the visit is made at other than meeting time, the purpose is not obvious; and the duty of frank initiative is upon the visitor. It may be he is in quest merely of the physical conveniences of the Club House, in which event he wishes, and is entitled to receive, only such courteous attention as will enable him comfortably to enjoy what he seeks. And he should promptly and courteously make himself and his wishes known. If he be seeking to spend a while in friendly association with new-found brothers, an expression of that desire is the natural first step of the fraternal introduction, which is sure to meet with proper response.

It has been said by one who has, perhaps, visited a greater number of Elk Lodges and Club Houses than any other member of the Order, that in nine cases out of ten where there is any lack of generous and gracious consideration on the part of the members of any Lodge, the fault lies in the attitude and conduct of the visitor. It is believed that this statement is a just appraisal of the true spirit which pervades the membership of the vast majority of the Lodges of the Order; and that happily, the exceptions though perhaps inevitable, are rare, as they apply to the general rule of

fraternal courtesy and hospitable consideration displayed by Elks to a visiting brother who properly presents himself as one to whom it is due.

### FIDELITY TO IDEALS

Every man carries deep within his heart an ideal of the man he would be. It may be said to our credit that those ideals are generally altogether admirable and praiseworthy. But how many of us really strive to attain them? To express it differently and more pointedly, how many of us are faithful to our ideals?

Each one of us, perhaps, in the mental picture of himself as he would like to be, sees a man who enjoys and deserves the respect and esteem and confidence of his entire community. And yet scarce passes a day in which we do not do some act, commit some indiscretion, indulge in some excess, neglect some opportunity for service, that inevitably tends to lessen that respect, forfeit that esteem and abuse that confidence.

Each one of us, doubtless, treasures in his heart the ideal of himself as the beloved head of his household, looked up to and held in an affection born of assurance of his worthiness of it. And yet we are daily guilty of thoughtlessness, lack of consideration, selfish demands, careless words, or ill-temper, that of necessity are reflected in the attitude of the family circle.

Each one of us carries in his own mind an ideal of personal conduct, of mental honesty, of proper response to moral obligation. And yet all too frequently we do the things we can neither approve nor justify; we assume an attitude toward persons and conditions which is politic and self-serving rather than honest and sincere; and we neglect, or definitely decline, to undertake the deeds of service which in our deepest consciousness we know we should endeavor to perform.

All this may be explained by saying that a true ideal involves perfection and no man can be perfect. That is true. Try as we may we will fall short of that. But that fact does not excuse the lack of honest effort to approximate that ideal. The trouble is not so much in the failure of our efforts as it is in the failure to make them.

The value of an ideal does not lie in its mere contemplation but in the faithful endeavor to attain it. And there is deep significance in the words of the old hymn:

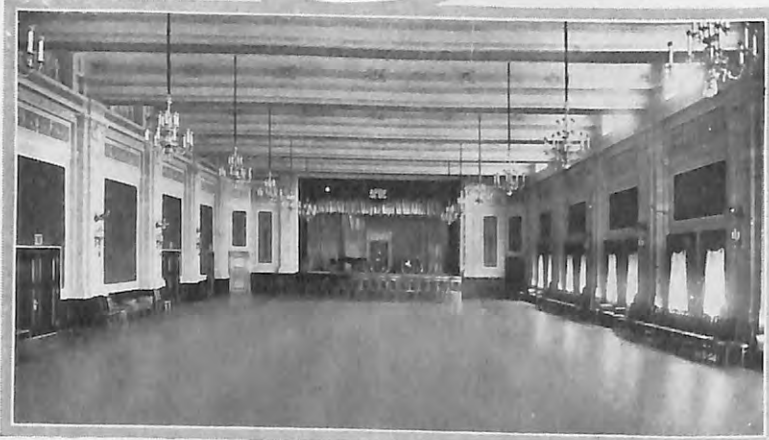
"And make us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray."



# New Home of Louisville, Ky., Lodge



*A view of the sumptuously furnished lounge. At the left is pictured the large tile swimming pool which is sixty feet long, and has an extreme depth of eight feet*

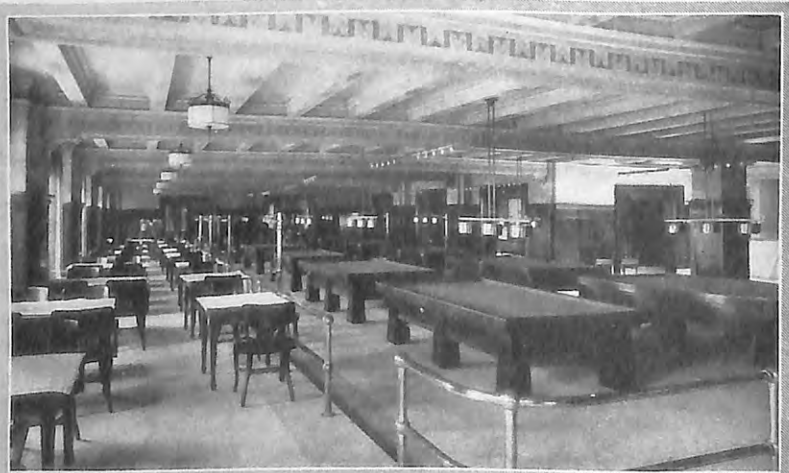
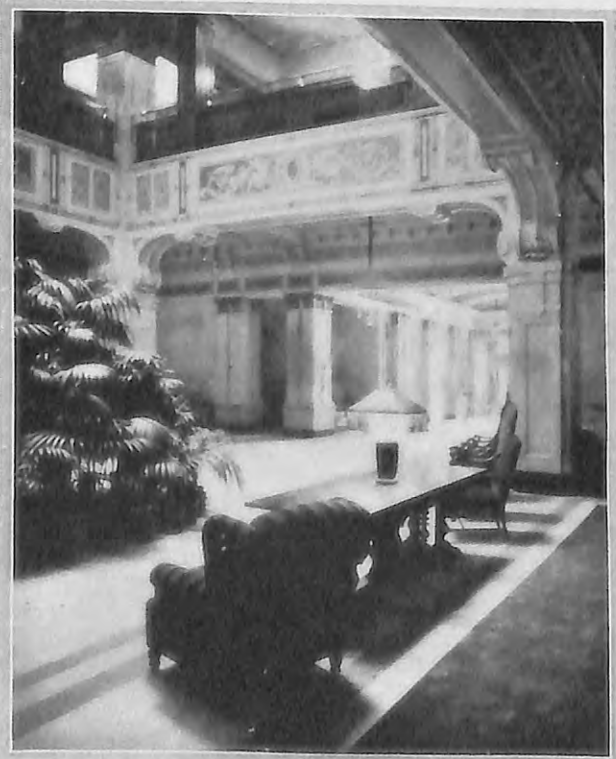


*A glimpse of the beautifully decorated ballroom and auditorium seating 1400, with a large stage at one end*



PHOTOS  
BY HESSE

*On the same floor with this fully equipped gym are four handball courts, an indoor golf course, locker rooms, showers, and Turkish and Russian baths*



*Above is the billiard and pool-room with twelve tables. Service from the grill may be had at the surrounding tables. At the left is a view of the rotunda*



# Subordinate Lodge Activities

## *As Shown By the Report of the Grand Lodge Committee On Social and Community Welfare*

**I**N THE voluminous report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare which was submitted to the Grand Lodge at Boston in July, were published reports received by the Committee from hundreds of Lodges all over the country detailing their activities for 1923-24. These subordinate Lodge reports contain so much of interest to every Elk and are so full of suggestions for all the Lodges of the Order, that we are publishing herewith as many of them as this number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will hold, for the information and inspiration of our readers. We present them in the order in which they appeared in the printed report issued by the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

### **LODGE No. 4—Chicago, Ill.**

Identified in connection with the U. S. Army Training Camp for Boys, the Big Brothers movement for bettering conditions of boys, the movement against the use of narcotics, the Chicago Lodge of Elks led the movement in connection with the late President Harding memorial services, extensive co-operating for the relief of Japanese sufferers, the special assistance for the inmates of the school of crippled children, Disabled War Veterans, assigning of the Chicago Elks Band to many charitable institutions. We maintain a representative in the boys court and the Juvenile Court and County Jail to assist first offenders and worthy boys and girls. Paid approximately \$1,200.00 worth of rent for poor families. Visit sick and hospitals, and help the sick. Furnished shoes and clothing to needy children. Hold Flag Day Exercises. At Christmas time gave a dinner to the disabled soldiers in vocational training. 40,000 persons were fed, 400 clothed, and 300 were furnished fuel. Approximately 150,000 children were given a real Christmas. In addition to this we assisted throughout the year institutions such as Salvation Army, disabled soldiers, Japanese funds, orphans' homes, charity organizations, policemen fund, church fund, schools and hospitals. Total amount spent for the above activities amounted to \$32,064.00. \$5.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. We are very active in the anti-narcotic movement.

### **LODGE No. 17—Denver, Colo.**

Identified in better roads movement, member of International Highway Association. We maintain nine rooms in St. Anthony's Hospital, which are opened to the Elks of the Works, their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, at the rate of \$15.00 per week. Secure jobs for delinquent boys. Chairman of our Visiting Committee visits the hospitals night and day, making about 100 calls a week. Furnished shoes and clothing to needy school children. Provide Children's Party for May Day. Have Flag Day services held in the Civic Center, and a prize of \$25.00 is given for the best essay on Flag. Gave picnic to orphans during summer. Furnished 100 baskets of food at \$5.00 each at Christmas, and sent remembrances and presents to all sick brothers. Hardly a day passes that something good is not done. Just ordered two tons of coal for poor families. Collected \$100.00 in the Lodge Room toward the building of a little shack for a poor family. The house is now completed and occupied by them.

### **LODGE No. 20—Peoria, Ill.**

Identified in helping Community Fund Drive, holiday charities, Methodist Hospital Association, Empty Stocking Club, Goodfellowship Club, Red Stocking Club. At Christmas time we furnished food and clothing to 137 families,

composed of 1,210 persons and distributed 8,061 pieces of clothing. Entertained the poor children by an All-Elk Minstrel Show, 1,600 children in attendance, expending approximately \$5,000.00. Donated \$100.00 to hospital and visit same regularly. Donated \$25.00 to man during holidays who was sick. Plan entertainment for children at public charitable institutions. Will hold Flag Day Services to which the public will be invited, same to be held in some park. \$3.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. The Lodge holds annual Clothes Social prior to Christmas, in which clothing and delicacies are donated to the poor. Take part in all community fund drives; assisted the Salvation Army and are planning activities at present for community drive and assisting to promote the erection of a large coliseum.

### **LODGE No. 23—Buffalo, N. Y.**

Identified in entertaining orphans and crippled children, playground and public bathing beach movements. At Christmas time we distributed 3,600 baskets to poor, \$1,000.00 to Memorial Hospital for Elks Room, \$1,000.00 to Christmas Toy Fund, and about \$2,000.00 in general charities. Have given \$22,000.00 for endowment of Elks Room at Hospital. Have taken care of several brothers during their illness, remitted their dues, etc., also sent one brother to California at an expense of \$600.00 for maintenance. We visit the hospitals daily. Will give medals to schools for best essay on American Flag. Will have crippled children and orphans' day first of August. Hold large Flag Day Services at Niagara River Park. Our total donations amount to \$18,000.00.

### **LODGE No. 24—Rochester, N. Y.**

Furnished 3,700 poor children with clothing at Christmas time, shoes, underwear, stockings and wearing apparel at our expense of over \$6,000.00. Supplying 4 scholarships in the University of Rochester, amounting to \$350.00 each per year. Planning public services on Flag Day. \$2.50 per capita spent on social and Community Welfare Work.

### **LODGE No. 30—New Orleans, La.**

Identified in benefiting Confederate Veterans Union and Boy Scout Drive. Aided one sick member. Plan a benefit for the Child's Welfare Association on Easter Sunday. Will hold a large Flag Day Celebration at one of our Public Parks. At Thanksgiving time gave 3,000 baskets to poor families. At Christmas time had Christmas tree for crippled children at Charity Hospital, clothed them from top to bottom, furnished refreshments, toys and vaudeville show.

### **LODGE No. 31—Syracuse, N. Y.**

Assisted in raising funds for the Community Chest, and St. Joseph Hospital and Play Grounds for city. Our committee works in conjunction with probation officer, has at present 10 boys reporting weekly to them. Have secured jobs for seven boys who were in court for some minor crimes. We maintain two rooms at hospital, donated \$1,000.00 to another hospital. We visit the hospital regularly. Expended \$805.00 on clothing and shoes for needy school children. Will have Flag Day program in public park. Will conduct a Flag Prize Essay Contest in which 40,000 are eligible to join. Furnished a week's outing to crippled children, costing \$1,000.00. Equipment for city parks cost us \$500.00. At Christmas time we furnished 700 families with baskets, 22 with clothes, 28 with fuel, and had a Christmas tree for about 500 children, giving them toys, bedding, and shoes. Amount of these expenditures was \$6,150.00. Paid hospital bills to remove cataracts from two boys' eyes. Are paying expenses

of young man, crippled from infantile paralysis, to finish College course. \$2.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### **LODGE No. 32—Marion, O.**

Identified in activities in Red Cross Work American Legion and Warren G. Harding funeral. Have contributed to funds for our sick members, and furnished room in hospital costing \$400.00. Furnished text books, etc., at Christmas amounting to \$1,047.90. Offer prizes on Flag Day to children who have best essays. Had Christmas party with 325 children at our club rooms, and all were given a real Christmas. Total cash donations \$2,130.25. Paid funeral expenses of one brother. Helped about 350 persons, amounting to \$1,500.00. \$2.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### **LODGE No. 34—Detroit, Mich.**

Identified in Armistice Day, Decoration Day and Flag Day Activities, in City Park. Took care of several families, furnishing milk and provisions daily, butter and cheese weekly, furnishing fuel to 15 families, and paying rent, amounting to approximately \$600.00. Have gotten jobs for boys discharged from Detention Homes, taking them in a body to ball games, furnishing peanuts and candy, etc., at a cost of \$240.00. Call on the sick and visit the hospitals regularly. Send flowers to sick, furnish doctors and medicine. Secure jobs for delinquent boys. Have an interest in Educational problems, as we are educating 3 students at an expense of \$1,500.00 annually. Will take on two additional students annually. On May Day we entertain and feed 1,500 cripples and orphans, give them a children's show. We have our annual Flag Day in the City Park, and have Flag Day Prize Essay Contests in which all Public and Parochial School Children are eligible to join. During Christmas we fed 715 families, gave clothes and shoes to 1,488, furnished fuel to 15, and about 3 children out of the above families were given a real Christmas, amounting to \$10,809.00. In addition to this 14,888 pieces of wearing apparel were distributed. We give our theater to local police, firemen and other organizations for Christmas and they give parties. \$4.50 per capita was spent in Social and Community Welfare Work in the past year. We will expend about \$25,000.00 annually on various charities and relief work.

### **LODGE No. 36—Bridgeport, Conn.**

Donated \$1,991.13 for Christmas baskets to poor, \$948.50 for Relief to brothers and families, \$303.25 to other sources, and \$1,419.75 for funerals. Contributed \$300.00 to Community Chest fund from which the Boy Scouts received their share. Visit hospitals regularly and contributed \$387.40 for care of sick brother while he was in hospital. Paid \$50.00 rent for poor families. Sent flowers, medicine and fruit to sick. Will hold Flag Day Services in a public place. 700 families were fed at Christmas time and 1,000 children were given a real Christmas. Entertained boys of the U. S. Navy at a cost of \$230.24.

### **LODGE No. 46—Milwaukee, Wis.**

Identified in establishing Great Lakes waterway, playgrounds in all parts of city for children, and civic center project for a city more beautiful. At Christmas provided 2,000 poor children with woolen mittens, stockings, caps, toys, etc. Provided 500 families with baskets of food containing necessary provisions. Thanksgiving and Christmas activities cost us \$2,500.00. Our Committee is always in co-operation with the Juvenile and Criminal Courts, fostering and helping to save the poor and unfortunate young people. Provided meeting places, etc., for Boy Scouts. Helped to raise \$500,000.00 for



Milwaukee Children and Maternity Hospital. Always visit sick and hospitals, and attend funerals. Spent \$100.00 for rent for poor families. We are constantly providing jobs to delinquent boys. Between now and June 15th we are planning our annual picnic, Mothers' Day and Flag Day. Will hold an Easter Ball for members and their families. Flag Day Services will be held in public park, and public is invited. Will conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest. Have gone to Soldiers National Home, Muirdale Sanitarium, Little Sisters of the Poor, Resthaven for crippled and sick soldiers, and given concerts for them by our Elks chorus. At Christmas time this chorus made visits to all of these places and sang Christmas songs for the sick. 50c. per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 47—Saginaw, Mich.

Endorses the "Safe Drivers" Movement, and "Pure Water" Election. Donated \$25.00 to Japanese Relief, \$275.00 to Saginaw Welfare League, and \$45.00 to American Red Cross. Entertained the Boy Scouts and presented colors to Polish Boys Troop. Expended \$150.00 for the purpose of helping the sick. We take an interest in all naturalization days at Court House. We present new citizens with Flags and Lodge officers give talks. Hold Exercises for public on Flag Day in our Temple. At Christmas time 121 baskets of food were presented to poor, each basket costing \$6.75. Furnished 764 bags of candy and nuts to poor children at outdoor Elks Christmas Festival. Five families were furnished fuel. The donations for these activities amounted to \$942.32.

#### LODGE No. 56—Mansfield, Ohio.

Identified in all civic movements for betterment of community, particularly financing medical aid and surgery for children prescribed by clinic, conducted by Child Health Demonstration of Mansfield. Paid for numerous operations upon poor children. Total cash value of these donations approximately \$500.00. \$1.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 64—Rockford, Ill.

Donated \$100.00 to Public Welfare Association; \$200.00 Social Service Federation of Rockford; \$100.00 Near East Relief (Japan disaster) Americanization. Furnish a nurse to visit poor and general suffering. Assisted in organizing troops and several members are actively engaged as Scout Masters. Furnished one room for Hospital. Through Public Welfare assisted poor families in paying rent, to amount of \$200.00. The usual Flag Day exercises will be held, where all school children and general public will participate. During the summer we maintain a nurse at an annual expense of about \$1,700.00. At Christmas time we furnish food, clothing and toys to the poor families. Furnished food to 44 families; furnished clothing to 44 families and 135 children were given a real Christmas. Total cash value of these donations, \$1,475.00. \$3.00 per capita spent on Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 69—New Castle, Pa.

Have provided meeting place for four different civic organizations free of charge, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and Board of Trade. Activities in Courts and Detention Homes looked after by member, who also holds detention home office, appointed by court. Maintain one room in each of two hospitals and visit same regularly. Furnished doctor, medicine and provisions for two sick families. Paid \$19.00 rent for poor families. Expended \$30.00 to furnish 5 needy school children with textbooks, shoes, etc. Will have an Easter entertainment, and public celebration on Flag Day in Public Square. Will conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest in which 500 children are eligible to join. On Kiddies Day 5,000 children were entertained at a cost of \$2,000.00. At Christmas time 135 families were fed, 15 were clothed, 5 were furnished with fuel and 500 children were given a real Christmas. We expended \$921.15 on this activity. Re-furnished room in old ladies home, donated to Japanese Relief Fund \$250.00. In addition have helped 15 families to the extent of \$120.00. \$1.32 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 76—Delaware, Ohio.

Identified with Ladies Christian Union; Health and Welfare League and Federation of Women's Clubs. Made cash donations to these organizations and in addition, contributed \$25.00 to the Japanese Relief Fund. We have no occasion to furnish text-books, shoes or clothing to needy school children, but contributed \$25.00 to the penny lunch fund for poor children in the schools. We plan a public service for Flag Day. We contributed \$100.00 Thanksgiving and Christmas. Our total cash donations for charitable relief were \$275.00.

#### LODGE No. 79—Birmingham, Ala.

Assisted in a drive to raise \$300,000.00 to establish a Tuberculosis Hospital for Jefferson County, Ala., and raised a large quota of this fund. Have helped sick whenever called upon and visited the hospitals regularly. Plan to hold Flag Day Services in principal part of the city, to which public will be invited. Are also planning to offer a prize for the best essay from the school children. At Thanksgiving time we distributed about 300 baskets of food, costing us about \$1,500.00. At Christmas time we conducted a most wonderful and bounteous supply of fruit, nuts, candies and toys for the poor children of the city, supplying about 1,200 children with same, at a total cost of \$1,000.00. Have also rendered aid to individuals and members in distress.

#### LODGE No. 82—Portsmouth, Va.

Have bought coal and wood, paid rent for poor families and orphans. Planning for spring activities Charity Ball, Trade Show, Circus, Charity Ball for Easter. Will hold the usual Flag Day exercises on the lawn of the Elks Home. This summer looked after general suffering to the extent of \$1,500.00. At Thanksgiving time supplied dinner to Old Folks Home and Orphan Asylum. Total cash value of these donations, \$1,000.00. At Christmas time baskets to the poor were distributed. Entertainment with dinner, toys and clothing for Orphans and dinner to Old Folks Home. Fed 72 families; clothed several. Furnished fuel to 50 families. Three hundred children were given a real Christmas. In addition to the holiday activities took care of general suffering amounting to \$500.00.

#### LODGE No. 84—Burlington, Iowa.

Identified with Social Service League and Salvation Army. All poor and suffering are taken care of through the Social Service League, also Detention Homes. Have made 37 individual calls to Hospitals. We have a permanent fund of \$100.00 to help needy school children, which is used by the Social Service League. Total money spent for this relief, \$175.00. On Flag Day will hold Ritualistic service in the Lodge Room for general public. At Thanksgiving time furnished 52 families with food, amounting to \$226.88. Held New Year's Party furnishing food and toys, amounting to \$589.95. Had Labor Day picnic for children, amounting to \$92.60. In addition to holiday activities, raised \$435.00 in July for the Jennie Culter Day Nursery. At Thanksgiving time gave \$200.00 to same institution. This is maintained for the use of poor mothers who have to work. They leave their children there to be looked after during the day. Through the Social Service League helped 62 families. Total cash value of these donations, \$2,413.39. \$3.59 per capita spent on Social and Community Welfare Work. Contributed one member \$360.00; Japanese Relief, \$100.00; Christmas meals and Bond \$52.00; Salvation Army Budget \$25.00; Miscellaneous charities \$156.96.

#### LODGE No. 85—Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lodge managed the Salt Lake Symphony Orchestra; three concerts at Salt Lake Tabernacle of 57 pieces, three thousand people attended each concert; managed Boys Parade on Boys Day, 10,000 boys in line. Took over Memorial Day for G. A. R. Took over one branch of July 4th Parade, one branch of Armistice Day; take Orphan children weekly to and from theatre. Every poor case called to the attention of the officers of the lodge is immediately taken care of with provisions and fuel. At Christmas time 400 families received coal, provisions and cloth-

ing. At the Club Christmas morn 2,500 poor kiddies were given toys and candy, nuts, etc. Communication has been made with parents of boys picked up in this city who left home wandering over the country. In many cases the boys got back to their parents through this effort. Sold old Scout Membership to one member to finance the Boy Scouts in this community. Gave 125 tons of coal— $\frac{1}{2}$  ton to each case called to the attention of the committee—to needy. Secured medicine and medical aid for poor in many cases. Secured employment for delinquent boys and lodge members. Visited the hospitals twice a week; made three individual calls, and every case reported receives flowers and a visit from the sick committee. Furnished text-books, shoes and clothing to the children of poor families. Planning between now and June 15th to help Boy Scouts, G. A. R., Symphony Orchestra, Orphans, Band, Drill Team. Flag Day services will be held in the City Park, all school children to be guests of the Lodge. Planning Armistice Day Contest. All High School pupils will be eligible to join. Fed 400 families; clothed 125 families and furnished fuel to 275 families. 2,500 children were given a real Christmas. Total cash value of donations \$10,000.00. Taken care of every worthy case reported to the Lodge officers. Initiated a plan of having High School students enter competition contest by writing and submitting to competent judges prize essays on "What Armistice Day Means to the World." Gave school furnishing student winning a contest a large silk flag. Gave winning students valuable prizes. Initiated formation of Elks Military Band, Bugle and Drum corps. Expenses from April 1, 1923, to March 1, 1924, \$20,942.20.

#### LODGE No. 86—Terre Haute, Ind.

Donate use of ball room and club for conventions and charity organizations. Sponsoring movement for Paul Dresser Memorial. Bought uniforms for one troop of Boy Scouts. Donated \$500.00 this year to hospitals, help sick and visit the hospitals once a week. Our Big Brother Committee now has 14 delinquent boys in its care. Will hold Flag Day Services in public park, inviting general public. Each year lodge visits Glenn Orphans' Home, supplies clothing, toys, etc., and provides entertainment to all inmates. This year 150 children were given a real Christmas at a cost of \$1,000.00. We care for needy members, which has entailed an expenditure of over \$2,500.00.

#### LODGE No. 88—Bay City, Mich.

All sick members and non-members living here have been visited and looked after, and in addition supplied professional nurses for sick members and visit hospitals weekly. Furnished about \$1,500.00 worth of shoes and clothing. At Christmas time furnished food to 112 families, clothing to 50, and fuel to 20. 500 children were given a real Christmas, expending about \$1,500.00. Had city water pipe put into poor widow's home to enable her to do washings and make herself a living.

#### LODGE No. 92—Seattle, Wash.

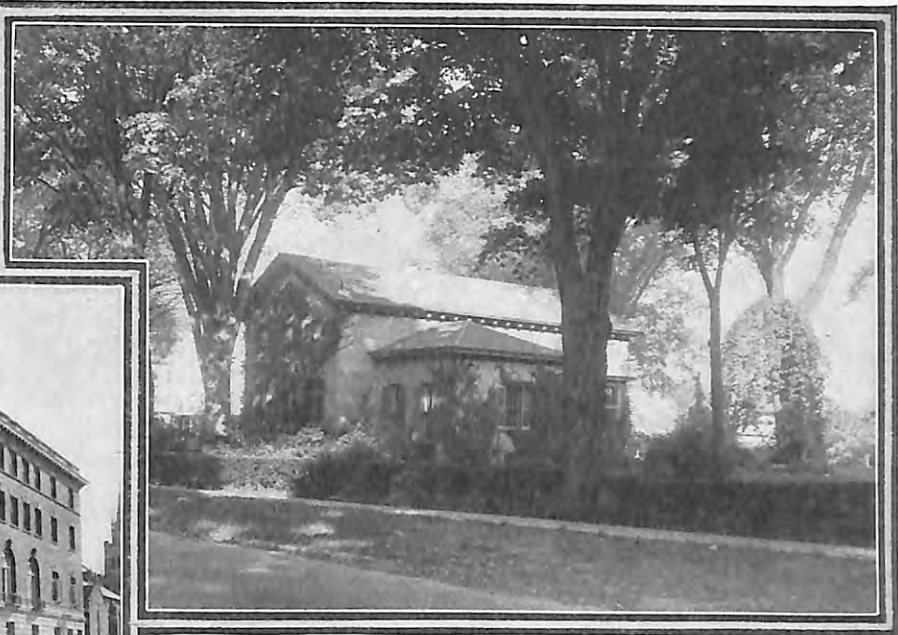
Identified with Community Fund for poor by donation to "Community Chest." Boys' Club by providing funds for payment of mortgage. Celebration of Washington and Lincoln's Birthdays by "Washington and Lincoln Banquet for Boys." Christmas by "Top Shop," providing gifts for children of the poor. All children and widows of deceased brothers cared for by special committee. Donations to Orthopedic Hospital, Boys Club and Community Chest. Paid rent for poor families amounting to \$400.00. Furnished fuel for needy through Relief Committee. Have helped delinquent boys through our "Boys' Club." Any boy having no home is eligible to this club and positions are obtained for them. Had President Harding administer oath of allegiance to fifteen thousand boys at Boys' Picnic. Washington and Lincoln banquet for boys to teach love of country. Gave \$20.00 gold medal for best Essay on American Hero. Furnished text-books, clothing, shoes to Boys' Club, costing over \$10,000.00. At Christmas time furnished toys, food, etc., for over three thousand children. Total cash value of this donation \$3,000.00.

(Continued on page 63)



# A Group of New Lodge Buildings

*At right is the picturesque Home of Princeton (Ill.) Lodge No. 1461. It is situated in one of the most attractive locations of the city*



*This is the imposing new Home of Bakersfield (Calif.) Lodge No. 266, which was formally dedicated at the beginning of the present year*



*Florida has many beautiful Lodge buildings. This, the Home of Daytona Lodge No. 1141, is one of the most attractive*



*This new \$100,000 Home of Richmond (Va.) Lodge No. 45 is one of the most complete of its kind occupied by any Lodge in the South*

*To right is the new, commodious Home of Little Falls (Minn.) Lodge No. 770. It has every modern comfort for the members*







Decorations by Israel Doskowitz

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of the Lodges Throughout the Order

**S**INCE the publication, in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, of the appointments by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, the following additional appointments have been made by him:

### District Deputies

California, Bay: O. C. Hopkins, Petaluma Lodge No. 901.

Michigan, West: Theodore T. Jacobs, Sturgis Lodge No. 1381.

Oklahoma, Northeast: W. B. West, Tulsa Lodge No. 946.

### Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Prepares for Dedication of New Home

On Sunday, November 30, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878 will dedicate its beautiful new million-dollar Home. An invitation has been extended Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price to be present and to officiate at the ceremony, and many other distinguished members of the Order have signified their intention of attending the dedication. On Monday, December 1, a large banquet in honor of the occasion will be held at the Commodore Hotel in New York City, at which Mr. Price will be the guest of the evening.

On November 1 to 8 the Lodge will conduct a mammoth exposition and circus at the new Home. Each of the various towns within the jurisdiction of the Lodge will be specially represented on separate nights. The purpose of the circus is to raise funds for furnishing the new Home. At the time this is written the indications are that \$100,000 or more will be realized by the Lodge in this manner.

### Grand Forks, N. Dak., Lodge Enlarges Its Home

Grand Forks, N. Dak., Lodge No. 255 has taken over the entire second floor of its building which was formerly used and rented by the Commercial Club of the city. The Lodge is planning to use the third floor for Lodge purposes, dancing and entertainments. The second floor, which has been completely refurnished and redecorated, will be used for the club-rooms. The office of the Secretary will be on this floor, and there will be a large reading-room comfortably furnished. There will also be a large billiard-room equipped with three tables and a banquet hall on this floor. In making these extensive changes, and in taking over the additional space, and in employing William Lampmann as full-time Secretary to attend to its business affairs, the Lodge looks to a substantial increase in membership and a broadening of its activities.

It is interesting to note here in connection with

the selection of William Lampmann of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39 as the full-time Secretary of Grand Forks Lodge, that Mr. Lampmann was directed to the position as a result of a notice printed recently in this department of the Elks Magazine in which the Lodge stated its desire to employ a permanent Secretary. Grand Forks Lodge received a great many responses to this brief notice from all over the country.

### North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge Holds Field Day for Children

Cooperating with the local branch of the Y. M. C. A., the members of North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge No. 860 recently provided a field day for nearly 2,000 children. Games and sports featured the day, but before the program started the children had the pleasure of marching from the Home of the Lodge to the field, headed by a large brass band. Traffic was halted and the youngsters were given the right-of-way. The field day marked the closing of the summer playgrounds and the last holiday for the children before the opening of school. It was the second affair of its kind to be staged by the two organizations and was judged to be far better than the field day held in 1923. Much credit for its success was due William Ramsay who is Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and also Chaplain of North Tonawanda Lodge.

### Lodges of Washington Adopt Two Significant Resolutions

Among the many interesting and significant resolutions of general public interest recently adopted by the Washington State Elks Association was one providing for a memorial to the Grand Lodge, requiring each applicant for membership in the Order to have read, or reread the Constitution of the United States as a prerequisite to application, and another providing for the planting and dedication of a memorial tree by each Lodge in honor of its members who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War.

### Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Organizes Elk Glee Club

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53 is out to win new honors in the field of music. Mr. Walter Ryder, considered to be one of the foremost musical directors of the Middle West, has an Elks Glee Club in the process of organization. Mr. Ryder, who was recently initiated into Toledo Lodge, has discovered a number of real voices, and the present signs are for a Glee Club that will be a stellar attraction not only within the activities of the Lodge, but publicly as well.

### Welfare Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Active

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3, has awarded for the second time its annual scholarship which assures a full term at either Stanford University or the University of California for the young man selected by the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. The Committee cooperated with the principals and faculty of every accredited High School in the city, and made its selection from a list of candidates submitted by them. The first requisites for these scholarships are that the young man selected must be one whose parents or guardians are not in financial position to aid him through college, that he must be ambitious to obtain higher education, and have a scholastic record which will justify the expenditure.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee is also cooperating with the three trans-bay Lodges in furnishing a lounging-room in the Letterman Hospital for tubercular patients.

Another piece of excellent work planned by the committee working with Lodges in San Mateo, Palo Alto and San José, is the construction of a new tennis court for the use of the patients at Palo Alto Base Hospital.

### Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Gives an Outing to Cripples

Eighty crippled children, 30 ex-service men from St. Joseph's Home at Elberon, and 10 from the Convalescent Home of the American Legion at Toms River were all recently taken to Clark's Landing by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge No. 128 where a program of entertainment was given in their honor. Hon. G. S. Silzer, Governor of New Jersey, and his Secretary, Frederick Pierce, were among the many who assisted in making the day a success. A large turkey dinner was one of the features of the outing.

### Gary, Ind., Lodge to Organize Corps of Uniformed Zouaves

Among the features of the "Program of Progress" planned by Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152 to be carried out in connection with the construction of its new \$250,000 Home is the organization of a "Zouave Corps" of 36 uniformed and drilled members, which will be a credit to the Lodge and to the city of Gary. If the plan is carried out the Zouaves will take a prominent part in the dedication of the new building early next year, and will also accompany the representatives of Gary Lodge to Valparaiso next summer to participate in the annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association.



As soon as the new Home is completed there will be ample room for drilling. In the meantime the Committee in charge of the project is busy enrolling candidates for the corps.

### ***Tubercular Children Sent to Sanitarium by Chester Pa., Lodge***

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Chester, Pa., Lodge No. 488, cooperating with the State Tubercular Clinic of the city, is sending 20 unfortunate youngsters between the ages of 8 and 14 years to Mt. Alto Sanitarium, where they will receive special treatment and have an excellent chance of recovery. The Lodge is paying the carfare and supplying the children with good serviceable clothing. This is one of the many laudable acts of charity being done by Chester Lodge in welfare work.

### ***Children of County Home Guests Of Putnam, Conn., Lodge***

Putnam, Conn., Lodge No. 574 recently provided entertainment for the children of the Windham County Home by the purchase of 40 junior tickets to the Chautauqua. These tickets did double duty, as they were used for afternoon performances by the younger children and in the evening by the older ones. By this arrangement 80 youngsters had an entire week of amusements. For the children who were too young to attend the afternoon entertainments, a picnic was provided with plenty of ice-cream, candy, popcorn and peanuts.

### ***Grand Exalted Ruler Price Visits Mooseheart***

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price recently visited Mooseheart, Ill., the official headquarters of the Loyal Order of Moose, at the invitation of the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, who is Director-General of that Order. In the absence of Mr. Davis, who was unexpectedly detained in the East, the distinguished visitor was received by Superintendent Adams, Rev. Dr. C. E. Alden, Chaplain of Mooseheart, a close friend of Mr. Price's, having been at one time Chaplain of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, and Rodney H. Brandon, Supreme Secretary. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at dinner by Aurora, Ill., Lodge No. 705.

### ***Many Social Activities Planned By Sacramento, Calif., Lodge***

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 is planning a full program of events to occupy the attention of the members during the coming winter months, especially on meeting nights. Lodges in Fresno, Woodlawn, Marysville, Oroville and Chico have been written to and an exchange of visits will be made. In this way attendance will be stimulated and new friendships formed between the members of the various Lodges. Sacramento Lodge is also planning to revive this winter the series of national dinners that were enjoyed during 1916. Italian, Irish, German and American evenings will be features of this series. In addition, the Entertainment Committee will conduct a novel series of monthly or semi-monthly dances on Saturday nights which should draw a large attendance.

### ***Escutcheon of Flag Given to Schools By Jerome, Ariz., Lodge***

Shortly after the opening of the fall school term, every school in the jurisdiction of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge No. 1361 was visited by a special committee and presented with a framed escutcheon of the American Flag. With the escutcheon went a complete history of the Flag and various other matters of patriotic interest. The presentations were made under the general direction of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee.

### ***Omaha, Neb., Lodge to Establish Permanent Camp for Children***

With the idea of broadening the scope of its charitable activities the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 30 is considering the plan of establishing a Kiddies Camp for undernourished children

between the ages of 5 and 10. It is proposed to open this permanent camp next Spring at some suitable place in the country near by where every facility will be provided for the comfort and pleasure of the youngsters. The committee has been instructed by the Lodge to work out all the necessary details and to present the proposal to the members in the near future so that the camp can be made ready for the children at the beginning of the summer.

### ***Washington State Elks Association Officers Meet in Seattle***

Officers of the Washington State Elks Association, as well as many former Presidents and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in the State, were recently entertained at a dinner in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92. The occasion was the meeting of the Advisory Committee and the Secretaries' Conference called by President Walter F. Meier. Questions relating to the coming Grand Lodge meeting in Portland in July and certain phases of the State Association work were profitably discussed. The visitors were the guests of honor at the regular session of Seattle Lodge following the dinner in the banquet-room.

It is the intention of President Meier that this Advisory Committee, created by the Constitution of the Association, shall function actively during his administration, particularly in view of the many details to be worked out in connection with the next Grand Lodge meeting in Portland.

### ***Members of Allentown, Pa., Lodge To Give Spectacular Revue***

The Antlers' Guard and Bugle Corps of Allentown, Pa., Lodge No. 130 will, on the evenings of November 18, 19 and 20, present its annual theatrical production in the Lyric Theatre. This year's production will be given under the direction of R. H. Burnside, formerly of the New York Hippodrome, and the Lodge will have the services of his entire staff of directors, stage managers, musical directors, electricians, property men and wardrobe. The latter will be a most important factor in the production which will depart this year from the realm of musical comedy for the spectacular revue. Committees have been working diligently arranging and conducting the various matters that a production of this magnitude will demand, and the indications are that this year's show will surpass anything so far conducted by the Lodge.

### ***Captain Joseph R. Cooke and the Purple Devils Patrol***

Too much credit can not be given Captain Joseph R. Cooke, the leader of the Purple Devils Patrol of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge No. 78, for the wonderful work done by him in bringing this organization to its present high degree of perfection. This Patrol, it will be remembered by all who saw the drill contests at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Boston last July, won second prize in this national event. When it is considered that the team was organized less than a year before the competition and had never taken part in any national contest, the remarkable work of Captain Cooke can be appreciated. It might not be amiss here to state that Captain Cooke was Captain in the 82nd Division in the A. E. F. and saw real service in France, winning distinction by his courage and bravery on all occasions. It is said that no Captain in the entire Expeditionary Forces was more thought of by his men than Captain Cooke.

### ***Success Attends Charity Carnival Of Joplin, Mo., Lodge***

The third annual Charity Carnival conducted recently by Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501 was the largest thing of its kind ever staged in the city. It was estimated that close to 30,000 attended the carnival grounds during the week of the festivities. Eight big tent-shows, ten free attractions, numerous contests and a host of other special events drew crowds each night from the outlying districts and made the carnival and Joplin Lodge the topic of conversation throughout the week. From a financial point of view the carnival was also one of the most successful events ever conducted by the Lodge.

### ***Reading, Pa., Lodge Does Excellent Work Among City's Children***

Reading, Pa., Lodge No. 115 is exerting a fine influence in its community by looking out for the well-being and happiness of the city's children. For the past several years the Charity Committee and the Social and Community Welfare Committee have taken the orphan children of Reading and vicinity on special outings at one of the city parks, where they were given food and refreshments, novelty hats and a good time in general. In addition to this practice, Reading Lodge sponsored this year a public playground movement, cooperating with the city recreation department, and defraying a part of the expenses involved.

### ***Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge Has Organized Past Exalted Rulers Association***

Following the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price made in his address to the Past Exalted Rulers at the recent Ohio State Elks Association Convention, Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge No. 94 has formed a Past Exalted Rulers Association. The first meeting, at which the organization was completed, was in the nature of a get-together dinner, served in the private dining-room of the Shawhan Hotel. Fourteen of the 17 Past Exalted Rulers were present and the following officers were chosen for the year: President, Charles J. Schmidt; Vice-President, Norman W. Peters; Secretary, Charles I. Burtner. The enthusiasm and the intense interest taken in the round table discussion were very gratifying and argued well for the success of the Association. A lecture course, consisting of pertinent questions of the day, was planned, the speakers to be chosen from the members of the Association.

### ***Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia Association Meet***

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia Elks Association was held recently at Ocean City, Md. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, P. J. Callan, Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15; First Vice-President, Francis V. Staub, Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684; Second Vice-President, William U. McCready, Annapolis, Md., Lodge No. 622; Third Vice-President, W. H. Bovey, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge No. 378; Secretary, John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15; Treasurer, K. E. Young, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge No. 378. Trustees: G. R. Daisy, Cumberland, Md., Lodge No. 63; Samuel H. De Hoff, Towson, Md., Lodge No. 469; V. L. B. Williams, Salisbury, Md., Lodge No. 817; W. L. Hamann, Wilmington, Del., Lodge No. 307.

The Association, through its Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has completed plans for the erection of a suitable memorial tablet to President Warren G. Harding, to be erected on the spot where he addressed the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., just prior to his inauguration as President. The cost of the memorial is to be borne by the individual members of the Subordinate Lodges within the Association, each Lodge appointing a committee for this purpose. Each member is asked to make a small contribution, not less than twenty-five cents and not more than \$5.00 toward the memorial, which will not exceed \$2,500 in cost. Lodges within the Association have been asked to send their contributions to E. H. Neumeyer, Jr., Treasurer Harding Memorial Fund, P. O. Box 307, Washington, D. C.

### ***Manager and Physical Director Wanted by Wichita, Kans., Lodge***

Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427, which will open its new half-million dollar Home about January 1st, 1924, is now anxious to receive applications for the positions of Manager and Physical Director. The duties of the Manager will be to manage the club proper, which will consist of a dining-room seating about 350, lounge and about 25 living-rooms. The Physical Director would have charge of the new gymnasium and pool. An especially well-qualified man for the position is desired, as the city is at present without an Athletic Club, and the position offers





### Latest Picture of The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

**I**F YOU compare this new photograph of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building with the one published on page 34 of our June issue, you will note what rapid progress has been made in the summer months. Because of the length of the building it is difficult to secure a photograph which adequately conveys an impression

of its great height. The size of the workmen on the parapet, however—just below the derricks—gives some indication of the huge scale of the edifice. All Elks visiting Chicago are urged to drive out to Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway to see for themselves this great building, which will be one of the most beautiful in the city.

a rare opportunity for the right man to develop something of civic importance.

All applications should be made to Wichita Lodge, care of F. E. McMullan, Secretary.

### Portland, Ore., Lodge Will Have the Help of the Ladies

Wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of the members of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 have formed an organization which now numbers well over 100 members. Their purpose will be to assist Portland Lodge in its civic and welfare movements and in any other of its activities where they can play a useful part. Two meetings each month are planned at which work to be done for the Lodge will be discussed.

### West Virginia State Elks Association Meets at Deer Park, Md.

With Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price the guest of honor, the West Virginia State Elks Association held its sixteenth annual meeting recently at Deer Park, Md., one of the most beautiful mountain resorts in the region. The convention opened on a Sunday with devotional services by the Chaplain of the Association. On the following Monday and Tuesday there were two of the best business sessions held in several years. Among the features of the meetings were the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, a splendid exemplification of the Ritual, and the Memorial Services. A resolution was adopted by the delegates praising THE ELKS MAGAZINE and its accomplishments. Many lively events were on the entertainment program: golf and tennis tournaments for valuable silver trophies, swimming contests and sight-seeing tours throughout the region. The Grand Ball held on the last evening of the Convention was a particularly brilliant affair.

The Association elected the following officers for the year 1924-25: President, John Kee of Bluefield Lodge No. 269; Treasurer, Jesse L. Cramer of Parkersburg Lodge No. 198; Secretary, Jay Reefer of Clarksburg Lodge No. 482.

### Free Dental Clinic Opened by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, through its Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has established a free Dental Clinic. This occupies the old Story mansion on Merrick Road and Bergen Place and Dr. M. E. Kaye of Roosevelt and Dr. J. R. Shapero of Freeport are in attendance. A plan for the enlargement of the clinic, to make it medical as well as dental, is contemplated, and the cooperation of Freeport physicians is being sought. The Clinic at present is equipped with every modern convenience and appliance for the doctors in charge both of whom rank very high in their profession, and are giving their valuable time without charge for the benefit of the school children whose parents cannot afford to pay for treatments. So complete and efficient is the clinic, it is understood that the Traveling Red Cross Dental Clinic, which visits the Freeport schools every year, will recommend it to the students.

### New York Lodge No. 1 Brightens Lives of Sick Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 recently provided an entertainment for the patients at Neponset Hospital, an institution for Tubercular children at Neponset, N. Y. The performers entered into the spirit of the occasion and gave the youngsters, a great majority of whom are from the Borough of Manhattan, a day they will long remember.

Under the direction of the same committee, the Lodge recently took nearly 300 helplessly crippled children from various city institutions to Coney Island. The committee had the assistance of the National Biscuit Company's Band, the members of which generously donated their services for the entire day. The Ocean Rolling Chair Company, thinking of the comfort of the little ones, provided chairs for those unable to stand. All in all, the outing was the means of bringing real happiness into the lives of many unfortunate children.

### Malden, Mass., Lodge Helps Sea Scouts

Malden, Mass., Lodge No. 965 continues to do excellent welfare work. Last year its Social and Community Welfare Committee erected at the Children's Health Camp a substantial building which is now used as a dining and recreation pavilion. This year, the same committee, with funds contributed by the Lodge, financed the Malden Sea Scouts, and purchased for them all necessary equipment to enable the troop to perform its summer training. To promote further interest in this troop movement and lend encouragement to those interested, a public demonstration and a christening of the scout boat was recently conducted by the Lodge. The different troops of Boy Scouts acted as escorts to the Sea Scouts and paraded to the scene of the christening. After the exercises all the boys were taken to a football game as guests of the Lodge.

### Winthrop, Mass., Lodge Dedicates Tablet to Norman D. ("Tony") Boeckel

A lasting tribute was paid Norman D. ("Tony") Boeckel, late third baseman of the Boston Braves, who died as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident last year, when



a bronze tablet in his memory was dedicated recently at Braves' Field in Boston by Winthrop, Mass., Lodge No. 1078, to which he belonged. The tablet is situated at the right of the Braves' dugout and was erected by the Lodge. The dedication took place between two games and was one of the most impressive ceremonies ever performed on a ball field. Thousands of fans stood with bared heads as the tablet was unveiled by "Christy" Mathewson, President of the Braves, and one of the greatest pitchers of all time. A beautiful eulogy was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, in the absence of Hon. James M. Curley, Mayor of the City, who was unable to attend. Former District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick T. Strachan, assisted by the officers of the Lodge, officially dedicated the tablet in the name of the Order. Many other notables were present, including Judge E. E. Fuchs, Vice-President of the Braves; John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Harry E. Gleason, former District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Esteemed Leading Knight John V. O'Donnell of Winthrop Lodge was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the dedication.

The tablet erected bears the following inscription: "In Memory of Our Absent Brother—Norman Doxie Boeckel—Died February 16, 1924—Honored as an Elk and Baseball Player—Erected by Winthrop Lodge of Elks No. 1078—1924."

### **Portland, Ore., Lodge Organizes Grand Lodge Convention Commission**

Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 has begun the task of preparing for the entertainment of the thousands of members who will attend the Grand Lodge meeting to be held in that city during the week of July 13, 1925. A Grand Lodge Convention Commission, appointed by Joseph F. Riesch, Exalted Ruler, in accordance with a resolution adopted by the Lodge, has been organized and has already held several meetings. The commission, composed of 15 members, voted to include the 1925 Convention Finance Committee in its personnel, thus making a commission of 22 prominent business and professional men of the city. Exalted Ruler Riesch was chosen as permanent chairman and James D. Olson, prominent newspaperman of Portland, was selected to serve as Executive Secretary. Headquarters for the commission have been opened in the new Home of Portland Lodge, and from now until convention week, this will be the scene of preparations for a reunion which will, in all probability, be one of the greatest ever held in the history of the Order. The following members of Portland Lodge compose the Grand Lodge Convention Commission of 15: Mayor George L. Baker, C. C. Bradley, Barnett Goldstein, Gilbert C. Joyce, Milton R. Klepper, A. H. Lea, Julius L. Meier, Clay S. Morse, W. R. McDonald, Gus C. Moser, Dr. Ben L. Norden, Ira F. Powers, Guy W. Talbot, F. E. Taylor and Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Riesch.

### **Past Exalted Rulers of New York North Central District Meet at Syracuse**

Upon invitation of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge No. 31, expressed through Miles Hencle, President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York North Central District, the annual meeting of this organization was held recently in Syracuse. The meeting followed a gathering of the officers and committees of the New York State Elks Association, both being held at the splendid new Hotel Syracuse.

The report of President Hencle covering the work of the first year of the organization showed much progress and was a thorough endorsement of the activities of the State Association and the Grand Lodge. The Secretary reported four other meetings during the year, the first being held in Syracuse, which also entertained the second on December 9, the third being held in Watertown and the fourth in Utica. At each of the meetings the entertaining Lodge left nothing undone to make the gatherings enjoyable and profitable. With approximately 250 eligible to membership, the Secretary's report showed about two-thirds as members of the Association, Syracuse Lodge No. 31, Oneida Lodge No. 767 and Malone Lodge No. 1303 being represented 100 per cent.

The following officers were elected: T. Arthur Hendricks of Watertown Lodge No. 496, President; Dr. E. B. Manion of Ilion Lodge No. 1444, Vice-President, and Wm. H. Evans of Oneida Lodge No. 767, Secretary-Treasurer.

Following the disposition of the routine business of the meeting short addresses were delivered by a number of the members, after which the entire gathering was taken to the State Fair as guests of Syracuse Lodge, several 30-passenger busses being used in transporting the visitors to the grounds.

### **New Lodge at Wellsville, N. Y., Recently Instituted**

Starting out with a fine personnel of 68 charter members and a splendidly equipped Home, Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge No. 1495 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank S. Powell. The officers are: Exalted Ruler, Edward M. Meagher; Secretary, J. J. Alexander.

### **New Jersey Lodges Lead in Work for Crippled Children**

A report of the work done by the Lodges of New Jersey for the crippled children of the State was recently published in pamphlet form by the New Jersey State Elks Association and should be read carefully by all Lodges contemplating welfare work of this nature. There are many interesting facts to be found in this booklet compiled by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the State Crippled Kiddies Committee and a pioneer worker in the field. As a proof of the generosity with which the New Jersey Lodges have embraced the idea, the report estimates that \$110,000 have been already expended by them in the work. Many Lodges provided the children with transportation to and from the hospitals while some saw that the necessary treatment was given the cripple in his home by specialists or trained nurses as the case demanded. Some Lodges reported the success of employing tutors to visit the homes of the helpless cripples to give them the rudiments of an elementary education. The report calculates that approximately 8,500 cripples have been registered for treatment and relief and that nearly 4,000 have been examined and treated. These treatments included over 250 operations. Special braces, crutches and shoes and many other necessities of this kind too numerous to mention were supplied the children.

Mr. Buch's report is a document that the Lodges of New Jersey must read with pride, for it contains a vivid account of the very laudable work they are doing.

### **Seattle, Wash., Lodge Holds Big Football Rally**

As evidence of its interest in the athletics and sports of the community, Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 recently held a University Night in its Home at which the football coaches of the University of Washington were the guests of honor. A large and enthusiastic body of members attended the meeting at which the prospects of the University team on the gridiron for the present season were discussed. The University's football authorities expressed their appreciation of the interest taken in athletics by Seattle Lodge and were sure the enthusiasm of the members would be of great help to the team and to the sport in general.

### **Tampa, Fla., Lodge Will Award Two Scholarships**

Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708 will endow two scholarships, each for a year in college. One will be awarded to a young man and one to a young woman, each a resident of Tampa. A committee has been appointed to confer with the Principal of the Hillsborough High School on the method of awarding the scholarships. The awards will probably be made at the end of the school term, in May, 1925.

### **Various New York Lodges Organize Bowling League**

A Bowling League, consisting of New York Lodges in New Rochelle, Mount Vernon,

Yonkers, New York City, Queens Borough and the Bronx, has been organized for the purpose of bowling a "Home to Home" series at the different Homes. The games will take place on Saturday nights. The opening game of the series was played on the alleys of Bronx Lodge No. 871, the team of Yonkers Lodge No. 707 opposing. Great enthusiasm is being displayed by the various Lodges competing in the series and a thoroughly enjoyable and hotly contested tournament is developing.

### **Day of Fun for City Orphans Given By Mobile, Ala., Lodge**

Orphans of the city recently enjoyed a whole day's fun as guests of Mobile, Ala., Lodge No. 108 at the twentieth annual outing of the Lodge at Battle's Wharf. The kiddies were taken to and from the Eastern shore on the steamer *New Daphne* and all sorts of entertainments were provided for their happiness. They were given bathing suits and participated in water sports, and dinner was served to them outdoors. A band was brought along, and dancing and numerous games and contests were on the day's program. Prizes of boxes of candy, purses and coins were awarded the winners in the various events.

### **Braddock, Pa., Lodge Again Starts Its Children's Dancing Class**

Braddock, Pa., Lodge No. 883 has started its children's dancing classes for the fourth successive year with an enrollment of over 150 children between the ages of 4 and 16. Professor J. S. Bowman is again in charge of the youngsters and is ably assisted by a corps of trained assistants. The scope of the dancing classes has been somewhat enlarged this year so as to include not only children of the members, but also the nieces, nephews and grandchildren. Younger sisters and brothers of members are also eligible. There are no charges for these dancing classes, the only obligation being that the parents see that the children attend them regularly and promptly and that they follow instructions of the directors as to apparel, etc.

### **Fashion Show and Exposition to Be Conducted by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge**

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36 has made elaborate plans for the presentation of its first annual Fashion Show Exposition, November 15 to 22. It will be one of the most ambitious affairs of the kind ever undertaken by the Lodge and will have not only the support of the entire membership, but the cooperation of the community as well. The purpose of staging this spectacular show is to raise funds for the furnishing of a room in two of the city's hospitals, for the use of the members.

### **San Diego, Calif., Lodge Doing Excellent Big Brother Work**

An excellent piece of welfare work is being done by San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168. This Lodge is but a few miles from the Mexican border, and a short distance beyond the boundary is the notoriously lawless city of Tia Juana. In the last year or so the Big Brother Committee of San Diego Lodge interviewed 1,740 boys and 1,098 girls who were on their way to Tia Juana "for a good time." Of the 2,838, the members succeeded in persuading 2,722 to think better of the trip and to turn back to their homes. This work, still being performed by the Lodge, is distinctly worth while and has been of incalculable value to the youth of the region.

### **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: Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197. Erection of a three story addition to its present Home, the addition to cost \$50,000, remodeling, \$15,000 and furnishings \$5,000.

Athens Ga., Lodge No. 700. Purchase of a new Home consisting of a two-acre lot, with two story brick building at a cost of \$15,500 on which it plans to build an annex 30 by 60 feet at a cost



of \$10,000. The building is completely furnished, but \$1,000 will be spent for furniture for the annex.

### **Five Thousand Youngsters Guests of Lowell, Mass., Lodge**

Five thousand happy youngsters, boys and girls, some of them dressed in their Sunday best, some in their oldest and the most in their everyday clothes, had a grand time recently as guests of Lowell, Mass., Lodge No. 87 at Alumni Field. Twenty-three special trolleys, in addition to a big motor truck that made many trips and any number of private machines, furnished by members of the Lodge, were necessary to transport the children. Sports and games for both boys and girls, an impromptu open air play, a beauty contest and a score of other events and entertainments gladdened the hearts of the youngsters.

### **Major-General J. L. Hines is a Member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge**

Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39 is proud of the fact that Major-General J. L. Hines, who was recently selected to assume the duties of General John J. Pershing upon his recent retirement, is a member of No. 39. Major-General Hines was initiated into Omaha Lodge on March 19, 1909, and at that time held the rank of Captain. He has always been a faithful worker in the Lodge, playing an active part in its development.

### **Bellingham, Wash., Lodge Plans to Care for Crippled Children**

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194 is taking a census of the crippled and afflicted children in its jurisdiction with a view to helping them and also to bring them all together for a large outing some time next summer. The Committee is, in addition, working out plans for the establishment in the near future of an orthopedic ward in one of the Bellingham hospitals where the children can be given special treatment. This work of Bellingham Lodge is in line with similar activities of other Lodges in Washington who are taking a lively interest in the welfare of crippled children.

### **"Daisy Chain" of Grand Rapids, Mich., Interesting Organization of Women**

The "Daisy Chain" is an interesting organization composed of the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48. It numbers about 500 and is active in all the social and charitable work of the Lodge. In addition to the service it performs for Grand Rapids Lodge the members of the "Daisy Chain" have many pleasant social functions among themselves in the Home of the Lodge where they hold their meetings. At these weekly meetings special days are observed such as Anniversary, Home Coming, Flower Day (when flowers are distributed to the various hospitals), Mothers' Day, Children's Day, Memorial Day and May Day. Each third Tuesday of the month is given over to cards. There is some excellent dramatic ability in the membership so that several programs are given each year that would do credit to any theatre.

### **California State Elks Association Meets at Catalina Island**

Close to 7,000 members of the Order and their families, who attended the tenth annual convention of the California State Elks Association held recently in Avalon, Catalina Island, 30 miles off the California coast, were royally entertained by Long Beach Lodge No. 888. The registration was the greatest in the history of the Association, totaling 1,010 delegates and alternates. Many distinguished members of the Order were present, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Michael F. Shannon, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Thomas J. Lennon, member of the Grand Forum; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor, and Past Presidents of the Association Charles Donlon, R. C. Benbough and John D. Saxe. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Shannon made the trip from Los Angeles to Catalina Island by airplane.

The opening of the convention was featured by addresses of welcome delivered by Mayor Ray R. Clark of Long Beach and Clovis W. Cadieux, Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge, which were responded to by Dr. Howard B. Kirtland, President of the Association.

Important business sessions were held by the delegates on the last two days of the convention and many interesting reports were read. Edgar F. Davis, Past Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge and a former Trustee of the Association, was elected President for 1924-1925. Other officers elected were: Vice-President (North District), Frank M. Sheridan of Red Bluff Lodge No. 1250; Vice-President (Bay District), Wallace L. Ware of Santa Rosa Lodge No. 646; Vice-President (Central District), W. C. Theile of Salinas Lodge No. 614; Vice-President (South District), William Neilson of San Bernardino Lodge No. 836; Vice-President (South Central District), Charles H. Shaw of Whittier Lodge No. 1258; Trustee (North District), A. G. Breitwieser of Susanville Lodge No. 1487; Trustee (Bay District), W. E. Varcoe of Alameda Lodge No. 1015; Trustee (Central District), Elmer B. Maze of Merced Lodge No. 1240; Trustee (South District), Warren Currier of Brawley Lodge No. 1420; Trustee (South Central District), Frederick Noble of Oxnard Lodge No. 1443; Treasurer, C. W. Haub of Sacramento Lodge No. 6; Secretary, James T. Foyer of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Merced Lodge No. 1240 was selected to entertain the Association in 1925, which it will do in the Yosemite Valley at a date to be decided upon shortly by the President and Trustees of the Association.

In reporting for the Grand Lodge Committee, of which he is Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott made an eloquent plea for practical Americanism as urged by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge in Boston. Another extremely noteworthy report was that of C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, Chairman of the Big Brother Committee. Activities of the Lodges in handling the boy problem throughout California, the growth of the Junior Elks Lodge, known as the Order of Antlers, for boys between the ages of 16 and 21 years, and the fostering by the Lodges of all meritorious boy movements of the State, were dealt with at length, revealing the fact that California has taken the lead among State Associations in this particular line of

### **Patronize Magazine Advertisers**

*"WERE a clearer understanding possible among the membership of our Order on the needs of a popular magazine, the Elks' official publication would soon pass all other monthlies in circulation and advertising. The day of the advertiser who bought space just to be a good fellow and donated a few dollars has long passed from existence. The man who uses up while space now is placing his money where it will pay dividends; this means that the advertiser in The Elks Magazine is not displaying his wares in order to be charitable and prevent the Order from carrying a while elephant; it is a business proposition and should the magazine not pay profits, he will soon withdraw his copy. The brothers of Irvington Lodge can assist the directors of the Elks' monthly by reading every advertisement, sending for catalogues and other literature and always mentioning The Elks Magazine when writing to the advertiser. Patronize whenever practical the man who is patronizing you."*

—Official Bulletin of Irvington (N. J.) Lodge No. 1245

endeavor. Associate Justice Thomas J. Lennon of the California Supreme Court and a member of the Grand Forum, stirred the convention to a high pitch of patriotic fervor with a wonderful address on American ideals. A memorial service for Elks of the State who died during the year was impressively conducted by San Diego Lodge No. 168, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor delivering the eulogy. At one of the sessions a telegram from Grand Exalted

Ruler Price was read, granting a dispensation for the institution of a Lodge at Burbank, which will be the 68th in the State.

On the evening preceding the close of the convention the annual Hi-Jinks was given before a great audience at the open air amphitheatre on which occasion the prizes and trophies awarded the winners in the various contests were presented. This entertainment was followed by a midnight barbecue at the Catalina Country Club, served by Jose Romero, a famous Spanish chef. The meat of wild sheep from the mountains of the Island was one of the special dishes that were served.

On the following day the convention was brought to a close. A Grand Parade of drill teams, bands, and all representatives of visiting lodges, and a Grand Ball at the Catalina Pavilion in the evening were the final events on the program.

Great enthusiasm and keen competition were present at all the various contests held among the Lodges of the Association during the convention. For the third time San Francisco Lodge No. 3 won the ritualistic contest, gaining possession of the cup presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. This Lodge also won the North vs. South baseball game against Ventura Lodge No. 1430. Bakersfield Lodge No. 266 won the drill team contest. The bowling contest was won by Long Beach Lodge No. 888 and the Trap Shoot went to Merced Lodge No. 1240. For the best showing in the parade Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 was awarded a handsome cup. Glendale Lodge No. 1289 and San Pedro Lodge No. 966 won first prizes in the Class A and Class B band contests respectively. The State Golf Championship was carried off by San Pedro Lodge, and many other handsome awards were made in this event.

### **Miami, Fla., Lodge Plays Host To Children of the City**

Close to 800 children were recently the guests of Miami, Fla., Lodge No. 948 at an outing given for their benefit at Miami Beach. The youngsters were taken to the beach in cars driven by the members. Upon their arrival the big casino on the sands was turned over to them and bathing suits were furnished every youngster. Swimming and foot races were features on the program of sports, and cash prizes amounting to \$100 were given in these events. The young people were plentifully supplied with cake, sandwiches and ice cream throughout the day. The members of the Lodge who took part in the outing joined the children in voting it one of the most delightful events of the year.

### **Alameda, Calif., Lodge Has Its Annual Family Outing**

Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 recently held its annual family outing at Capitola by the Sea. Over 500 members and their families motored through the Santa Cruz mountains to the resort where the Lodge had chartered the hotel, auxiliary apartments, cottages and even the tents. A ten-piece orchestra was taken along. There were field and aquatic sports, at which over 100 prizes were distributed; elaborate dinners and cabaret suppers—in fact, an endless round of activities was provided throughout the three days of the outing.

### **Lodges in Washington Lay Plans For Great Parade**

Lodges throughout the State of Washington are already taking steps to make an unusually large and brilliant showing in the great parade which will feature the Grand Lodge meeting in Portland next July. Honor guards, drill teams, marching clubs, bands and various other units are being organized and perfected and the idea of having these uniformly costumed is also under consideration. M. M. Merrill, Captain of the Honor Guard of Seattle Lodge No. 92, has offered to assist any Lodge in the State in organizing a drill team, and his own unit stands ready to demonstrate to any Lodge the effectiveness of such an organization. If Lodges in other States are working on similar plans, the parade in Portland will in all probability surpass the high record made at Boston last July.

(Continued on page 76)





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THIS HUDSON COACH is the first closed car ever to sell at exactly open car cost. And Hudson, alone, can build it. As the largest producer of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, Hudson exclusively holds the advantages to create this car and this price.

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 LOST—The cap of my Shaving Cream Tube. Somewhere between the wash basin and the bath tub. Will the finder please return to this irritated shaver. R. P. C. Box 141.  
 LOST—A diamond stick pin like the one between comfort and smoking likeness.

# Found

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- Williams lather is heavier, finer in texture. It holds the moisture in so that all of every hair is quickly softened.
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Ask any dealer to show you one of the new tubes with the Hinge-Cap. Open the tube and note how pure and white the cream is. No coloring matter in Williams! It is the art of shaving-cream making at its highest.

Large tube, 35c; double size tube, 50c, containing twice as much cream.

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Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 511.

# Williams Shaving Cream



## The Promise Song

(Continued from page 31)

"But it's . . . it's . . . haunted, somehow, ain't it? How could you stand it to stay there, thinkin' every minute of the man who fixed it with you—?"

"But can't you understand? That's exactly why I'm going!"

And she went.

What the girl's thoughts must have been on unlocking the door the first time and going in alone, when the return had promised so differently, is something to find on an angel's books. But she went. Every room, every furnishing, every trinket, laid out so perfectly for the happiness she had lost, should have tortured her, maddened her, driven her insane. Perhaps she would have gone insane excepting for that something which she *had*. Instead, she took up her life as evenly as though her man had lived and they had been married for months, for years. The village looked on amazed.

"How goes it, Polly?" I asked her one day at her appearance in the office.

"I wish I might have back my place," she suggested. "I'd promise to set no more ruinous proofs or drop any galleys."

"You want to work?"

"I must work," she answered.

I marveled. All of us marveled. I think we were really frightened—a little bit. Human nature didn't react like this. The woman was big. *Bigger than her grief*. It was all so simple we missed it entirely.

"After all," she continued, "—life isn't attainment. It's only experience. That's why I believe there must be another life. Everything earthly seems so much in the nature of training, of education. They sang a song at our wedding: 'Oh, Promise Me!'"

"I know," I said hastily.

"There was more in that song than I ever dreamed. That was really my promise . . . to Harry. Some day," she said quietly, though we were alone, "—I'm taking my love for the man I lost to another sky. And we *shall* be alone, and faith renew."

WHAT is that great, divine attribute in the human heart, irrepressible in its faith in better, finer, fairer existence, which drives us poor mortals on through pitfall and calamity, through morass and quicksand and barricade and slough, up the vast high steps of disappointment and handicap to the high, wide table-lands of glorious infinity where those we have lost are awaiting us and the East is ever a sunrise?

To accept life as an experience, never an attainment, what a philosophy! As an education, never a graduation—what a triumph!

"I should think you'd hate to talk about him," cried June Farley later at Polly's typecase. "I should think constantly referring to him would just about tear you open."

"Hate to talk about Harry?" she gasped. "Why, he's the biggest thing in my life. If the man you loved, June, were in San Francisco, would you *hate* to talk about him just because he were not with you?"

"It's different. Your man's . . . dead." She spoke the last word with reverence, however. "No, he's not. He's only . . . away."

"But the chances are I'd be going to see my fellow in 'Frisco."

"Don't you think I will, also?"

Sometimes I have wondered, in the face of local comment about Polly, how much these townfolk really believe in an after life. They hear it from the Sabbath pulpit. They sing of it in prayer meeting. But let one of their own pass out from the world and . . .

"Gosh, what's holding her up, anyhow?" June asked blankly in the office later.

"Faith," said Uncle Joe Fodder, sitting by the exchange table. "Faith that the rest of us rant about and claim that we've got in our hearts when we know well enough that we haven't!"

Well, July began to go by and the village to cease its talk about Polly. But something had likewise occurred to Jenny Slocum in the interim, the girl who had sung the Promise Song at Polly's wedding. Tom Welland, with whom she had been keeping company, was suddenly ordered by his firm to South America. He wanted Jenny to marry him and go along,

too, as his wife. That meant an immediate marriage.

I knew what was bothering soon enough. I came into the office one noon-time through the rear door, to overhear something significant. About June Farley's desk three or four local girls were gathered, Jenny among them.

"But heavens and earth!" June was contending shrilly, "—you don't expect Polly's going to sing any such piece at *your* wedding when all it'd do would be remind her of Harry?"

"I wish I could learn," the Slocum girl ruminated. "It hasn't hurt her much . . . that shows on the surface. You'd almost think she didn't care for him at all, the calm way she took it."

"She's . . . funny," said June. "All the same, I'll find out if you say so."

But June had no need to find out. My heart missed a beat. Polly herself had entered behind me.

As though caught in a dereliction, June said lamely:

"We were talking about Jen's wedding. She says Martha Whiting is sick and can't sing. You know, the Promise song. And she's gotta have the Promise song. No wedding's really a wedding without it."

"Why, . . . I'll sing it, *gladly*," the young widow answered.

"You'll sing it . . . gladly?" June looked from one to the other as much as to say, "I told you she was funny."

"Why shouldn't I sing it? It's the most beautiful thing ever written."

"I thought," choked Jenny, "—it would remind you too much of Harry . . . your own wedding . . ."

"That's why I'd love to sing it. We always planned on it, didn't we?"

"She's morbid," whispered June afterward. "She can't forget him. *She don't want to forget him!* It's morbid, I tell you." Poor June!

I pass rapidly over the preparations for the Slocum wedding. There was nothing extraordinary about them unless it were the haste with which they were put together. Like all big weddings here in Paris, like Polly's, for the reasons set forth, it would be held in the evening. And talk about Polly flared up again. More than half the people invited would be there, more to hear Polly Turner sing the Promise song than to see Jenny wedded.

Like the wedding whose music we had overheard that prolific night in Ontario, the day of Jenny Slocum's it rained from early morning—one of those soggy, muggy, depressing days that often come in the middle of Vermont summer. Yet along toward late afternoon the skies cleared somewhat. At least there was no downpour. Guests began to come early. Long before the relatives were seated, the church was packed to the doors. I happen to know. I was one of the ushers. The Slocum girl was marrying a friend with whom I had formerly been in business.

I saw Polly Turner but once that night before she appeared in the choir loft at the left of Calvary auditorium. She had asked the afternoon off, to rehearse the music, doubtless. She passed through the entry into the vestry a few minutes before the ceremonies started. She was dressed in white, like the bridesmaids and carried a roll of sheet music. But her face was—wonderful. It had been rather wonderful all along. To-night her eyes especially were similar to that afternoon on Harmon Hill. Starry! Don't ask me to describe her further. I cannot.

Seven o'clock arrived. Nearly all the guests were seated. Tom was in the room behind the chancel with his best man. Jenny and her party had arrived and gone into the bell-ringer's room off the vestry. Word came that old Dr. Dodd, the minister, was ready. The signal was given for the music.

There were many loafers around the steps. The usual curiosity seekers. One young hoodlum had mounted the top of the flight and called some ribald thing into the entry. I leaped out to quiet him. I mention the incident because I recall seeing a queer character coming along the eastern wall of the church on the School Street side, keeping close to the building. Sort of



feeling his way along, he was. He looked suspicious, like one of those vagrants which drift from one Vermont town to another. But I forgot him immediately in the sound of the organ.

Nettie Haskins, the organist, had touched the lighter keys. She was playing the prelude to Polly's solo. I turned back to the leathern doors and pushed them half open to hear.

I heard!

Sweet and soft and haunting, the rare music stole through the edifice, strains of heavenly harmony with a human sob behind them. And standing alone in the choir loft, only the upper half of her body visible, Polly Turner with her eyes half closed was lifting her wonderful voice in consonance. The girl's figure seemed to sway as she opened her lips, keeping half time with the beats and the measures . . .

"O promise me . . . that someday, you and I,  
Will take our love together  
to . . . some . . . sky. . . ."

An angel was singing in that choir-loft! That voice was not Polly Turner's. Not unless her sorrow had enriched and matured it all out of reason . . .

"Where we shall be alone and faith renew,  
And find that orchard where those  
violets grew. . . ."

CLEAR as a silver bell, she sang the words, rich with a feeling raised above all earthly grief and heartbreak, rare as a message that penetrates beyond the outmost star till the chord is heard in heaven itself.

"Good God!" cried Uncle Joe Fodder hoarsely. "She ain't singin' to us. *She's singin' to Harry!*" There was no profanity in the old man's exclamation.

She was singing to Harry indeed. Wherever she believed him to be, the chord was more than a song. It was a soft, sweet cry from her earthbound heart to the man who was somewhere away.

" . . . Hearing love's message while the organ rolls  
Its mighty message to our very souls . . .  
No life so perfect as a life with thee,  
O promise me! . . . O promise . . . me!"

The church was deathly quiet. The hearts of four hundred people had almost ceased to beat. Nettie got through the musical interim between the verses somehow. But Polly did not look at the audience. She had bowed her head in the pause. Then slowly, more heart throttling than ever, began the second verse. So soft were her words at first we were almost unable to hear. But her body had quivered. Her face had come up. From it was suffused a wonderful light . . . a light "ne'er seen on sea or land." Her whole being was transfixed. She was *talking* in song with her soul of souls in the words . . .

"O promise me . . . that you will take my hand,  
The most unhappy in this barren land. . . ."

She got no further.

A great hoarse cry sounded throughout that church! Instantly I thought of the hoodlum and whirled on my heel. Like a juggernaut against me came the impact of a human body in that vestry. I reeled. It passed. Straight at the swinging leathern doors it plunged itself and shoved them open violently.

But it went no further. It paused there as if riven to marble. It was the derelict. From outside the church wall.

Riven to marble indeed! Again that awful cry . . . of agony! . . . awful because of the time and place.

The audience turned as one person. Nettie Haskins fumbled the organ and produced a tremendous discord. Tom Welland and the best man ran from the chancel room. The wedding was in chaos—yet a chaos without motion.

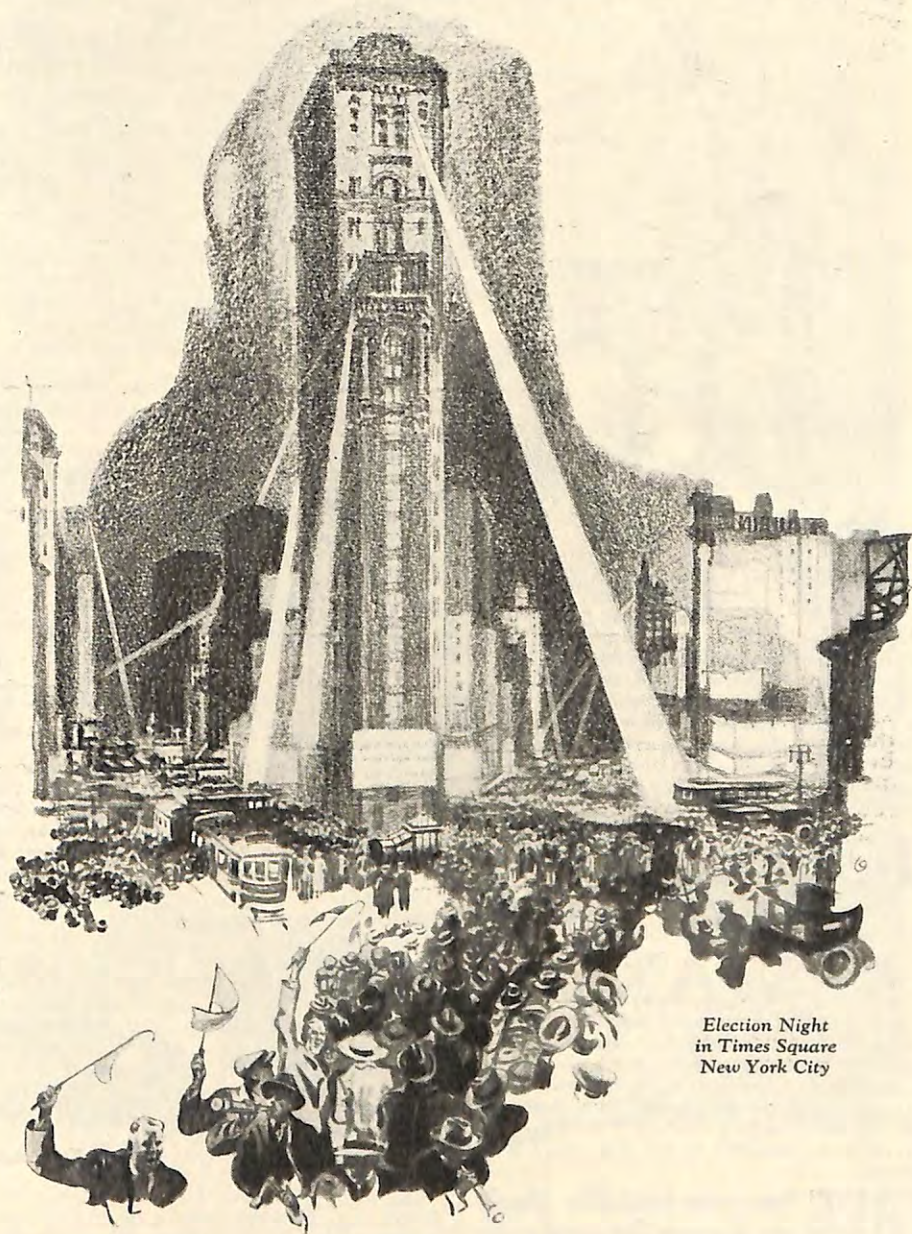
The singer opened her eyes. Out of a trance her gaze swept the church. She saw the long aisle, the sea of half-standing people. But she saw something else. She beheld the leathern doors pushed open, a man standing there with outstretched arms, holding the doors away.

God in heaven! . . . was she looking on a vision?

For Harry Turner was standing there—standing there in the flesh!

Wet and bedraggled he was. There was car-

(Continued on page 46)



Election Night  
in Times Square  
New York City

## —by popular choice

WHETHER it's the vital business of electing a president, or the casual one of selecting a cigarette, men naturally place their endorsement where they believe it is most deserved. All over the country,

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## The Promise Song

(Continued from page 45)

soot upon him. A week's growth of beard was unshaven on his jaws. His eyes were like sockets in a skull.

I plunged forward and grasped him by the arm. Not to eject him. To see if he were real. I knocked off his hat.

His head was bandaged.

He did not notice me at all. He took three steps forward and fell in a heap.

I DON'T know where Polly came from. I only know that the crush about us opened like the waters of the sea and let her through.

That light was still on her face, that divine effulgence that had seemed to enshroud her singing figure like an *aura*. She was smiling, though her brows were arched in tight agony. Yes, agony. The agony that comes from too much happiness.

"Harry!" she cried—a holy cry. With a little croon she was down on the floor. She had the wasted frame in her arms. And she sat there on the floor, in the midst of all those stupefied people, in the aisle of a church, and rocked the man to and fro as a babe.

"Didn't know . . . till I heard you . . . where I was!" he mumbled. He seemed to have found a sudden haven. He was only content to lie flaccid and accept it. " . . . launch picked me up . . . out of water miles below . . . rum runners . . . shack . . . kept me tied

up so I wouldn't tell . . . head hurt . . . got away . . . been walking . . . walking . . . walking . . . town looked like I knew it somehow . . . O Polly!"

If she heard this at all, she gave no sign. Her dead had come back. She only swayed there, crooning, crooning, crooning.

We looked in each other's faces. We had to believe it; we had the evidence of our senses.

" . . . might have gone on wandering, Polly, . . . looking for you . . . where, I couldn't seem to remember . . . till I heard you sing. . ."

She crushed him tighter. She swayed. She crooned. We wondered how we would get them apart.

" . . . till I heard you sing . . . the Promise song," he finished. " . . . as only you could sing it . . . O Polly!"

Her dead had come back indeed. The miracle was complete, not elusive this time. " . . . like rivers that water the woodland, darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting an image of heaven."

I found myself gripping old Uncle Joe Fodder. There were words on the old man's lips.

"Faith!" he was saying, huskily, softly. Then thinking of his own dead perhaps, who could never come back, he added brokenly: " . . . what so many of us think we've got, my son. And haven't!"

I did not answer. I merely . . . wondered.

## The West of To-day

(Continued from page 27)

roots. As a matter of fact gold offers only one of the many opportunities of mining in the West. Look over the Geological Survey's list of rare minerals to be found in California and Colorado—the leading mineral producing States—if you wish to get an idea of the many things below ground that hold potential wealth. When there has been a demand for metals other than gold or silver or copper, the West has drawn them out of its inexhaustible storehouse. Tungsten, vanadium, radium—all the rare things which men use in industry and science, have come from out the good Western earth. During the war, to quote an instance of the West's readiness to fill any demand, there was a sudden cry for tungsten. This metal had been imported mostly from China, but the supply was shut off at its source, and tungsten was needed in the manufacture of war materials, to harden steel.

No sooner was the demand created than Colorado produced tungsten in quantities, from a district close to Denver—an old mining district in Boulder County which had produced its millions in gold and silver and which seemingly had gone into permanent decay. The early-day miners had cursed heartily when, in the course of their prospecting and mining they had come upon a weighty black rock which they called "heavier-than-lead" and consistently threw away without having it analyzed. Some inquiring soul had the necessary analysis performed, and it was discovered that this "worthless" rock was heavily impregnated with the needed tungsten.

A tungsten camp sprung up, almost in a night. Miners flocked there from Cripple Creek, Goldfield and other districts. The hills were searched for the new metal, and shafts were quickly sunk in likely spots. Mills for the reduction of tungsten ore were put up. Fortunes were made by many—including not a few "high graders" who made a practice of stealing the valuable concentrates of tungsten from claims where miners were working their own crude stamp mills, or where they had sacked almost pure specimens of tungsten ore. This district is still producing tungsten in paying quantities to-day, despite large discoveries in other countries. The tungsten situation merely offered new proof that the West never fails in making good when any new mineral demand is put upon it.

Circumstances, it is true, have all been against the gold miner in recent years. Few new camps have been discovered. The prospector has almost disappeared from the West.

In fact his disappearance has caused so much concern that the Colorado School of Mines at Golden conducts a prospectors' class every year, to which non-college men—and women—are admitted, in the hope of increasing interest in prospecting by giving some technical knowledge of rocks and assaying.

The costs of mining have increased tremendously, but gold, being standard, has remained at the same value. Labor in the gold camps found more to do, at better pay, in the copper camps during the war than in the gold camps. Gold mines that were being worked on a narrow margin of profit at the best, finally had to close down. The price of quick-silver, cyanide and other materials used in gold mining, went skyrocketing. Not flotation and all the other economies of production could offset the great rise in costs. Only the larger and richer mines and camps survived, and some of these have been hit hard.

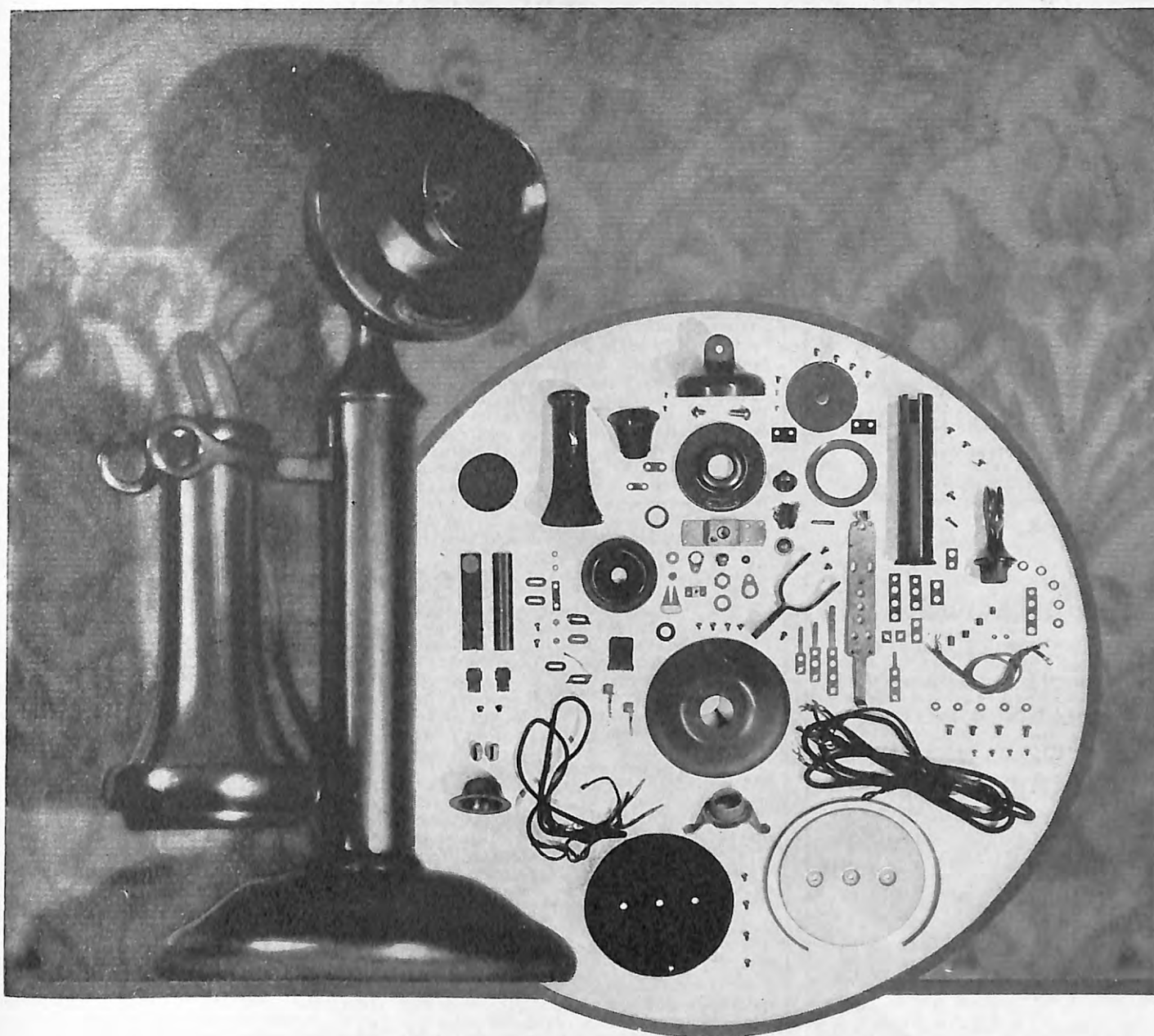
WHEN science sent out a demand for a radium-bearing ore, the West gave its usual response. There was not enough radium in the pitchblende of Austria to supply more than a small fraction of the world's needs. Some pitchblende was found in Colorado, but the most amazing discovery was made in that State when a peculiar, unclassified, canary-colored rock, found in great quantities in the western part of that State, was found by two French scientists to contain radium and uranium. This ore was called carnotite, in honor of former President Carnot of France. Until recent discoveries in the Congo, this carnotite from Western Colorado and Eastern Utah supplied the hospitals of the world with all their much-needed radium. And this Government, through the patient work of its scientists in the Colorado field and in laboratory work at Denver, developed a system of reduction of this radium-bearing ore which greatly reduced the price of radium.

The coal measures of the West contain enough anthracite and bituminous coal to run the power plants of the nation and to furnish heat in American homes and offices for hundreds of years. As to lignite, listen to what a Government expert has to say of its possibilities:

"Ninety per cent. of the country's lignite resources lie in the West. The area of the lignite lands in North Dakota alone is estimated at approximately 32,000 square miles. . . . Various processes have been proposed for treating lignite, some of which, it is claimed, will permit the recovery of a large yield of valuable by-products.

(Continued on page 48)





## Not so simple as it looks

Your telephone is made up of 201 parts, every one of which had to be planned, produced and assembled with an unusual degree of accuracy.

Such multiplicity of detail is unavoidable in the work of manufacturing telephones, cable, switchboards and other telephone apparatus. The number of separate parts entering into all these products is 110,000, the

number of separate parts in a certain well known automobile is 3000.

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## The West of To-day

(Continued from page 46)

... Some promoters have even gone so far as to promise the recovery of perfumes, dyes and medicinal products. ... A specially designed kitchen stove is in use in Germany for burning carbonized brown coal, which is much the same as our lignite char. This stove is giving satisfaction and reports show that more than 400,000 tons of this product were burned in those stoves last year. The Bureau of Mines imported one of these stoves and tested it in its Pittsburgh experiment station, using lignite char as fuel, and very satisfactory results were obtained. With a few changes in design these stoves can be commercially used in this country when char is a commercially valuable product. A high-grade commercial fuel can be obtained from char by briquetting. The briquette product has a heating value equal to anthracite."

The writer of this article has burned satisfactorily in his furnace briquettes made from Western lignite char, from which the tar and other valuable by-products had been removed. This means that, in future years, when this country really feels called upon to develop this vast, latent resource, the lignite coal beds of the West will supply us with a clean, storable, easily handled fuel which makes no ash—and from which coal tar products of inestimable value have been removed.

In the matter of timber, the West saved the nation from famine. To-day—and again we quote Government authority—the West has seventy-five per cent. of the available virgin timber. More than fifty per cent. of that timber is on the Pacific Coast. Freight on lumber costs the country annually \$25,000,000. The nation could never have met the housing crisis, brought on by the Great War, if it had not been for the timber resources of the country West of the Great Plains.

What of the Westerner who is taking part in all this change and development, and what is his attitude toward life?

The answer to that question is best found, perhaps, in a story told to the writer of this article by a banker in a "dry farming" region of the West last summer. The story concerned an Ohioan named Bill, who had come West

to grow the rest of the way with a country that had already done some very rapid growing.

Bill's sister had come on from the old home town. She carried the glad news to Bill that if he would only come back and live on the old place, with the relatives that were left there, he would have a tidy little fortune all his own.

Much to the sister's surprise, Bill did not respond.

"I can't understand," she said to the banker. "Brother is homesteading on a little patch of sagebrush land, and he lives in a wretched shack. I know he is not doing any too well financially—he can't be. If he goes back with me, he will have all the comforts and lots of the luxuries of life. He can travel once in a while if he wants to, and live like a gentleman instead of like a hermit."

"Madam, if you'll pardon my saying so, you don't get Bill's psychology at all," replied the banker. "You don't know what the West has done to and for Bill. He is going through just what all us Westerners have gone through—because most of us were Easterners first. He finds himself part of a new and growing community—in an atmosphere that has a lot of the fascination of the old frontier still left in it. He's living outdoors and is his own boss. He doesn't need to put on style, and his living expenses are small. I know he is having a hard time financially right now, because I've helped him along some when things crowded a little too closely. But he's enjoying every day of his life in the sunshine and fresh air. He hunts and fishes when he wants to, and he runs his Ford to town every week and leads the singing at the local Rotary Club. He's helping lay out a new town-site near his ranch, and he is happy just watching things grow. A few years from now he can ride around a model little town and say: 'I helped build this place, right here in the sagebrush.' You can't give him any of that back home. I advise you to quit working on Bill, because he won't respond."

The automobile stage to the nearest railroad point carried Bill's sister in a day or two. She was going back home, and Bill was not with her. He had become a Westerner—and it is seldom that they go back.

## The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 11)

question, a medallion of green jade, suspended upon a thin gold chain. It flashed with polished brilliance against the ivory satin of her evening gown, giving off bright reflections as it turned this way and that beneath the many lights. Mr. Rives smiled ever so slightly, wondering what the next move on the part of his charming antagonist would be. Whatever that move, he felt prepared to meet it.

He might not have been so confident, had he permitted his thoughts to dwell for a moment upon the stream of flappers, young and old, which ascended and descended the wide staircase, and observing it, have speculated upon its meaning. Audrey had made her calculations with care. The weather was still too chilly to render sitting in open cars entirely comfortable, but the need for a hasty drink, a soothing cigarette, was none the less present. At the end of half an hour the woman who wore the medallion excused herself from her partner and turned to the stairs. When Mr. Rives saw Audrey promptly follow her he realized that, for the moment at least, he was checkmated. He, too, could follow—the men he saw going up and down the stairs told him that—but only so far as the door of the ladies' lounging room. He realized, now, why Audrey had waited so long and patiently at the foot of the stairs.

The woman with the medallion passed into the lounging room with Audrey at her heels, and seating herself upon a wide couch began to puff eagerly at a cigarette. Audrey smiled. So far her calculations had not been amiss. With pretended annoyance she glanced up from her own purposely empty case.

"Isn't that rotten," she said, throwing herself beside the woman on the couch. "I've forgotten to refill."

"Have one of mine." The older woman

extended a gold and platinum cigarette case with a friendly smile. "Nothing like a drag when you're tired out."

"Thanks, awfully. I will." Audrey bent forward, her eyes on the jade medallion. "It's sweet of you to help me out. Oh—what a lovely bit of jade!"

"Yes—isn't it," the other woman replied carelessly, glancing down at the pendant. "Effective. My husband gave it to me last month, for my birthday."

"May I look at it?" Audrey asked.

"Certainly." The woman leaned forward, and Audrey took the medallion in her hand.

"Such a lovely color," she said.

"There's an inscription on the other side. In Chinese. I don't know what it means. Some sort of a prayer, I fancy, to the god of good luck. All orientals are superstitious."

"So I've heard." Audrey turned the jade piece over by transferring it from her right hand to her left. "I can't read Chinese either." She allowed the pendant to swing back into place. "Would you mind telling me where your husband got it? I'm looking for something of the sort myself."

"Oh—in a stuffy little place down on Fourth Avenue. Sort of curiosity shop, kept by a man named Sternberg. Crusty old chap, unless he happens to take a liking to you. Just below Twenty-first Street—you'll have no trouble in finding it."

"Thanks, ever so much." Audrey tossed her cigarette into the fireplace and rose. "I suppose you wouldn't care to sell it."

"Certainly not." The friendly light in the woman's eyes was blotted out, her manner became somewhat hostile. "A birthday present. I shouldn't think of such a thing." She rose suddenly from the couch and without



paying any further attention to Audrey left the room.

Audrey followed her. Mr. Spike Rives, standing near the foot of the staircase, experienced a sudden and very decided shock. The jade medallion still sparkled on the light-haired woman's breast. And Audrey, instead of continuing her pursuit of it, was moving swiftly toward the door of the reception hall. For a moment indecision gripped him. Then he decided that the medallion, not Audrey, demanded his first attention and resisted his impulse to follow her. Had he done so, he would have seen her climb into a rakish-looking roadster and start off in the direction of New York.

MR. SAM MORTON was sitting in the back room of a saloon on Seventh Avenue playing cards when Mr. Spike Rives came in.

The place was ostensibly closed, since it was half-past one in the morning; its dust begrimed front windows, with their near-beer advertisements, were dark. But the occasional shadows which flitted in and out of the side entrance under the watchful eye of a policeman showed that the place was still doing business in the old, familiar way.

About the sloppy wooden tables sat a queer assortment of humanity, drinking home-brew, so-called whisky and artificial gin in sullen silence. There was no gaiety, no exuberance of spirits; these hard-eyed men and women were seeking but one end—the drugging of their accusing minds. Mr. Morton shared a corner table with a paunchy, pasty-faced man who was evidently the proprietor. Mr. Rives approached them jauntily.

"Want to see you," he said.

Morton got up, after first emptying his glass.

"Have a shot?" he asked.

"No. I want to talk to you—alone."

Mr. Morton glanced pointedly at his companion. The latter nodded in the direction of a door at his left.

"Help yourselves," he grunted. "See you later, Sam."

"Sure." Mr. Morton opened the door and he and Rives went in. The room was evidently the private office of the proprietor. It contained a roll-top desk of cheap yellow oak, a table, three odd chairs. Mr. Morton took one of them. Mr. Rives allowed his lean figure to sink into another. As soon as he was seated he drew a round green object from his pocket and placed it on the table.

"This what you're looking for?" he asked.

"Looks like it. One of them, at least." Mr. Morton took the medallion in his hand and began to study it critically. "How'd you get it?"

"Say. What's that to you? I got it, didn't I? From a woman down on Long Island. Followed the Blair girl there. To a swell country club. How she found out the woman was going to wear the thing to-night I don't know, but she had the dope, all right. One good thing about country clubs—if you've got the proper front you can get in, and no questions asked." Mr. Rives glanced down at his well-tailored dinner suit. "Well, what's wrong?"

Mr. Morton had been examining the medallion with narrowed eyes. Suddenly he took a knife from his pocket and with the point of one of its blades began to poke about among the crevices between the carved Chinese characters. His efforts were presently rewarded by a tiny lump of greenish yellow substance which clung to the point of the knife. He took it between his thumb and forefinger, rolled it about, smelled it. "Wax," he said slowly. "Modeling wax. Some one has taken an imprint of the lettering on this thing."

Mr. Rives was momentarily shaken out of his habitual calm.

"What?" he muttered. "Then that explains"—just what it explained he did not say, but sat staring at the bit of wax Mr. Morton had placed on the table before him.

"What d'y mean explains?" the latter asked. "Look here, Rives—are you trying to double cross me by making models of these things?"

"No. No. Not that. But the girl"—he hesitated, stopped.

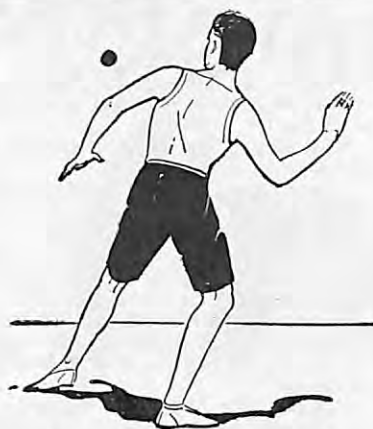
"What about the girl?"

"She might have done it."

"When did she have a chance?"

"Oh—women go into the lounging room—smoke—take a shot of hooch—easy enough."

(Continued on page 50)



"Always play them low and to the corners" is a hand-ball tip worth following.

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## The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 49)



## Play Simple Melodies in an hour!

Such is the record of a man who had never had a saxophone until the afternoon he met with this startling success. It was startling to one who had heard all his life of the difficulty of learning to play. Naturally he was amazed to find how easily he could produce smooth, velvety tones, true to pitch, almost from the start!

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The success Mr. Ritter's efforts met is typical of all Lyon & Healy Couturier saxophone players. Today, throughout the country, thousands are entering upon a new world of musical expression and increased earnings. For them it has been simple, easy of accomplishment. Many have made all payments but the first out of earnings!



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"But"—Mr. Morton's eyes were the merest slits—"what would she want to make a model of it for?"

"Search me. Of course, she might hope to prove—"

"Swell chance she'd have, on her say-so, if we get hold of the originals. Why didn't she take the thing itself?"

"Didn't have a chance, I guess." Mr. Rives' manner was still singularly thoughtful, detached. "And then too, she may have conscientious scruples against stealing things that don't belong to her—or a very natural fear of being put in jail for it. Remember, she doesn't belong to our profession."

"Huh!" Mr. Morton sat rolling the lump of wax between his thumb and forefinger, his eyes very thoughtful. "Say," he remarked suddenly, "what do these letters on this thing mean?"

"I can't read Chinese," Mr. Rives replied, "but I stopped to see a Chink I know, on my way uptown, and asked him. Fellow down in Mott Street. Keeps a restaurant—chop suey joint. He told me. Said the inscription means 'The Willow Tree.'"

"Willow Tree? It don't make sense."

"Why not?" Mr. Rives said, in a manner quite foreign to him. "The Chinese are a sentimental people. They are very fond of poetry—things like that. I guess this bracelet must have had the line of a verse written on it—something about willow trees, and silver moons, and peach blossoms—all that." He took up the medallion and dropped it into his pocket.

"Here!" Mr. Morton's voice grated harshly. "That thing comes to me."

"Oh no, it doesn't. How do you get that way? My contract was to turn all six of these stones over to you, for five thousand bucks. For single ones I don't get anything. That's why I'm going to keep this baby until I collect the whole bunch—see? You don't suppose I'm going to take any chances of your getting hold of one of these things, and then giving me the laugh when I turn in the other five. Not exactly. We'll trade when I bring in all six—not before. And I don't mean maybe."

Mr. Morton's filmy eyes hardened, but he was forced to grant the justice of his companion's position.

"I'm beginning to think," he muttered, "that the easiest way to settle this matter would be to go after that girl. I don't like this modelling business—don't like her whole game. If we could put her out of the way—"

"Hm-m." Mr. Rives grew thoughtful. "My contract is to get the stones for you," he said, "not to bump anybody off. I do dream, occasionally, of doing a stretch up the river, but I can't picture myself sitting pretty in that electric chair."

Mr. Morton shuddered, as though his companion's words had evoked disagreeable memories.

"I didn't say anything about bumping anybody off," he muttered savagely. "There's other ways. This friend of mine, Pete, would be willing to come across with another five thousand, I guess, if he knew everything was all right."

"He must have quite a lot of jack," Mr. Rives remarked, smiling his wintry smile.

"That's his business, not yours. You'll see some of it when you lay them six pieces of jade on the table. And the sooner the better, kid. The sooner the better."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Rives, rising. "You're going to get them. Quick. Well, I guess I'll toddle along." He went out the door, leaving Mr. Morton staring fixedly at the bit of wax on the table.

## VII

AUDREY gazed at the objects before her with a queer frown. They consisted of six round bits of cardboard, four of them blank, the other two containing inscriptions written on them in ink. On the first were the words, "The Lotus Bud." On the second was inscribed "The Willow Tree." She shifted the two cardboard discs about for a moment as though trying to solve some sort of a puzzle, then swept them with a laugh into the table drawer.

A penciled note lying beneath the lamp next occupied her attention; she took it up, glanced rapidly through it.

"Dear Miss Audrey," it read. "I have just had a talk with Mrs. Cole's maid—the one who informed me that her mistress was wearing the medallion the other night. She says Mrs. Cole came home without it, but whether it was stolen or lost she cannot find out. This seems very strange to me, and I thought I had best let you know. I expect to have some information tomorrow about the artist, Ralph Unger, who bought the second medallion."

"Faithfully yours, 'STETSON.'"

Audrey slowly tore the sheet of paper into long, narrow strips. A glance at her watch told her that it was ten minutes past nine. A fine drizzling rain had covered the window panes with a coating of mist; through it the street lamps became huge, four-pointed stars. Too late, she knew, to accomplish anything more to-night. She had just slipped off her dress when the telephone bell rang.

A strange voice came to her over the wire—a voice not displeasing in its smooth suggestion of authority.

"Miss Blair," it said, "this is someone you do not know. A friend—yes. I would like to see you for a few moments in connection with the matter of the jade medallions."

Audrey stood tense, rigid, unable for a moment to utter a word. Nothing in the world could have surprised her more than what she had just heard. She had supposed her search for the medallions to be unknown to anyone, except Stetson, and the keeper of the little antique shop, Sternberg. Stetson she could trust absolutely—she was sure of that. Suddenly she remembered the words in the letter she had just read—that Mrs. Cole had returned home from the country club dance without the medallion she had worn to it. Was someone else, then, trying to get hold of the jades? She could think of no reason why anyone should. Her grandfather's wish, so deeply impressed on Stetson, that the bracelet should come to her, had been a secret between them. Scarcely knowing what to say, she temporized.

"What jade medallions?" she asked.

"The ones in the bracelet that belonged to your grandfather. The bracelet that was stolen on the night of his death."

"Why should you be interested in it?" Audrey asked.

"I prefer not to discuss that over the telephone. I am in the drug store at the corner, two blocks away. May I come up?"

"Why—yes," Audrey gasped, her brain whirling about in dazzling circles. It was the only answer she could make. Any thought of the conventions, of the possible danger of receiving a stranger, possibly even a thief, in her rooms at this hour of the night, was swept away by her clamoring desire to know what this man meant—what opposition she might have to face in the task which lay before her. She hung up the receiver and hastily began to put on her dress.

One fact distressed, dismayed her; the secrecy in which she had hoped to work was gone. It had been no part of her plans to steal the missing medallions, both because she was not, did not wish to become, a thief, and because wax impressions of the lettered stones would serve her purpose quite as well. Better, in fact, for there would be no publicity given the matter, as would inevitably be the case were the stones actually stolen. What she expected to do with these wax impressions was a secret she knew was hers alone. And yet, was it? The forbidding figure of Mr. Tresdale rose in her mind. Was he, in some subtle, mysterious way behind this move to oppose her? Could he know what she knew? It was possible—barely possible. Her mouth, usually so sweet in its youthful curves was set in stubborn lines as she awaited the knock on her door. Lack of money required her to live in a very modest-priced apartment; there was no clerk below to announce her visitor, no elevator to carry him up the three flights. She had already pressed the button which opened the front door, but the man must have mounted the



steps very silently, for she heard nothing of him until his knock. Its sharp, authoritative message frightened her; before she answered it she took a tiny automatic pistol from the table drawer and slipped it inside her waist.

The man in the hall had knocked a second time before Audrey threw open the door. She saw a tall, well built young fellow, with calm gray eyes and a very determined jaw and chin. Some vague impression of having seen him before crossed her mind, but where she could not remember.

"Is this Miss Blair?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes." Audrey was too nervous to return his smile.

"My name is Rives. Dudley Rives. I'd like to have a little talk with you.

(To be continued)

## The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 16)

Such a case is rare among the athletes of the so-called sterner sex also. William Tilden 2nd, the male tennis champion and perhaps as wonderful an athlete and a many-sided young man, concentrates on tennis. He writes it, he thinks it, he lives it. It is rather work than play to him. He has not turned to golf or to any other sport as a diversion. If he had taken up golf the chances are that he would be just an ordinary golfer.

Probably the greatest of the male athletes of recent years was Jim Thorpe, a real American, because he is a full-blooded Sac and Fox Indian. Jim Thorpe was the greatest of the football players. He was the hero of the Olympic Games in which he competed. He was a good enough baseball player to make the New York Giants, though he did not remain long with them. Somehow Thorpe, who seemed to have all the qualifications to make the greatest baseball player of them all, could not hit curved balls.

Those who knew the late John L. Sullivan in his youth say that he was potentially the greatest all-round athlete of his time. Despite his massive build he could run a hundred yards in ten seconds and he showed much promise as a baseball player. His first desire was to become a professional baseball player. If John L. Sullivan, with his physical assets had been more ambitious, he might have been one of the greatest of the baseball players. If he had concentrated on the national pastime he might have been the Babe Ruth of his era in addition to being "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan," and champion of champions.

But the ring carried the greater glamour, the larger income and the easier life.

### Our Changing Conditions

THE charge that Americans are entirely too busy does not seem to hold any longer. This country is building up a leisure or leisured class and it is not made up of any particular strata of society nor does it consist of those who have independent incomes. The playing fields and the number of persons playing on them have increased in greater proportion than the increase in population.

Golf is a particularly democratic game and it is estimated, roughly, that there are a million golfers in the United States. This does not mean that there are a million people upon whose hands time hangs heavily, either. Tennis, once considered an effete sort of game (just why I never could understand), has grown to a sport that comes close to golf in the matter of popularity. You will find tennis courts everywhere now. From the back lots and even the streets of the cities to the open prairies where potential baseball diamonds stretch from horizon to horizon come armies of baseball fans. The attendance at football games has swelled to such an extent that some see a menace to our civilization in the glorification of the "gladiator spirit." In fact there is not one person in ten in the United States who is not interested in some sort of sport and who does not find some leisure in which to play or to watch the playing.

But they have found a new criticism of the American attitude toward sport. When we play we play too hard, with the same nervous energy we put into our work. As we work to win, so do we play to win. Some day we will get over that.

(Continued on page 52)

# try these cigars free!

## Mail the coupon at once for new Introductory Box of Havana Royales

IF you enjoy a full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigar, the chances are you'll like my Royales. But to make sure, I'd like you to try them first at my expense. I mean that.

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We've been making cigars here in Philadelphia for twenty-three years, selling them direct to smokers on this try-before-you-pay basis. The customer pays nothing if the cigars don't satisfy.

Our Royales, the cigar illustrated, is a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cigar. The very fine grade, long all-Havana filler gives richness and full flavor. The genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

We sell our cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Based on what customers say, you save upwards of 7c. on each cigar.

### Why I lose money on the first box

We don't expect to make a penny on the first box of Royales cigars we sell to a new customer. In fact, we lose money—and we are willing to.

Suppose for instance, you and 399 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 400 into \$1,360 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$3.40. In other words it costs me \$3.40 to sell you a \$2.69 box of cigars. You see, we must offer an extraordinary cigar; it must be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And we would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

My selling policy is very simple. We make the best cigars we know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to try them. If he likes them, he pays for them. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at our expense. The trial costs him nothing. That's all there is to it.

### Read my offer— then decide

In order that more Elks and their friends may become acquainted with us, we are offering a special Introductory Box of 25 Havana Royales cigars for only \$2.69. We have heretofore offered only boxes of 50. Somehow I feel that a man is more willing to order a box of 25 than a box of 50—especially if he has been buying cigars by twos and threes over the counter. That's the reason for this new Introductory Offer of 25.

### Don't send any money

If you'll sign and mail the coupon now, I'll personally see that you get a box of 25 freshly made, full-flavored Royales, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid. If after you smoke five, the box doesn't seem worth \$2.69, return the twenty unsmoked cigars within five days—no obligation whatever.

In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop us a postcard and you can pay the postman \$2.69 when the cigars are delivered. We pay the postage.

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As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars cost you nothing if they don't please you. Thousands of other business men have found the Royales to be their ideal cigar. Now is your chance to try them free.

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## The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 51)

This fact that we have been winning so steadily at all sports will help. The novelty of victory wears off and the time will come when we will be playing our games, merely to play.

### Which Would Get Your Vote?

MR. JOHN HEYDLER, President of the National League, and a worshiper of statistics, started a little controversy which will excite many of the baseball fans through the long hard winter. Mr. Heydler produced and promulgated certain statistics purporting to prove that Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Cardinals is a greater baseball player than Babe Ruth of the Yankees.

Rogers Hornsby is with the National League, of which Mr. Heydler is president, and Babe Ruth is with the rival organization, the American League. There are those who might be inclined to believe that Mr. Heydler might be influenced by that fact, but knowing him as I do for a very matter-of-fact man I do not think that this consideration has moved him. Mr. Heydler merely is swayed by his faith in the figures.

While Ruth was making his record for home runs I was discussing him with Wilbert Robinson, who played with the "Old Orioles" and who is now manager of the Brooklyn Club. It is the tendency of the old timers to discount the performances of the modern baseball players. They disparage long hits of to-day and attribute them to the livelier baseballs, the restrictions on the pitchers and that sort of thing.

Moreover, Wilbert Robinson is a National League man and it is not supposed to be the proper thing for a National Leaguer to wax enthusiastic over the performances of an American Leaguer. But Wilbert Robinson is one of those blunt and truthful sportsmen.

"There never was even among the greatest of old-time batters a player who could come anywhere near close to Babe Ruth in hitting them," said Wilbert Robinson. "Why qualify any statement regarding Ruth? He is the hardest hitter the game ever knew."

Robinson is a man who speaks with authority. He holds one batting record himself that will stand for some time to come, seven hits out of seven times at bat.

In stepping into this controversy I offered as a test leaving it to two boy captains in the back lots "choosing up sides" for a game, offering to bet that the choice between Ruth and Hornsby in every back lot in the United States would be for Ruth. This had the proponents of Hornsby hopping upon me. I still submit that it would be the best test. The boys in the back lots are the best judges and, as Mr. Harry Leon Wilson would say, the severest critics.

### Ruth as a Benefactor

TWENTY years from now when Rogers Hornsby will be remembered as "just a good ball player" Ruth will be a living and glorious legend wherever they talk baseball. That home run record will be still standing and Hornsby's records will be merely Hornsby's record of Hornsby's time.

Those who resent the joyous figure of Ruth playing with apparent carelessness say that Ruth's prestige is due to persistent ballyhoo, that he is an indifferent and mediocre player outside of the fact that he can "bust them." The most envious of Ruth admit that. He certainly can "bust them."

In a way baseball was saved by Ruth in the time of need. This must not be forgotten. Following the White Sox scandal there were many fans who threatened to turn from the game. How firm they might have remained in this threat is hard to tell. For at this low ebb of interest in baseball Ruth began to drive home

runs for great distances. The old fans came back and new fans came with them. The attendance at baseball games did not decrease. On the contrary it increased to the intense gratification of the men who had their money invested in it.

Those men should thank Babe Ruth. It was not the appointment of Judge K. M. Landis to supreme control of professional baseball that had so much to do with the restoration of faith in the integrity of professional baseball. It was the undoubted sincerity with which Babe Ruth swung at the ball. That gesture brought them back and brought the new ones with them.

No baseball player begrudges Babe Ruth the ballyhoo he receives. They recognize the fact that his advent into the game and his success has made the business which brings them their livelihood more lucrative. They know that the success of Babe Ruth has helped every professional baseball player in every league. The resentment against Ruth does not come from his fellows. It seems to come from a certain class of men who envy the man who succeeds at anything with apparent ease while they remain mediocre.

### But He Might Win in Love Scenes

THE movies are calling for William Tilden 2nd, the tennis champion. If they should get him I do not know what they will do with him.

I can understand what they might do with Babe Ruth, for instance. That scenario is perfectly obvious. The Babe in the rôle of hero has a widowed mother who has a bad cough or failing eyesight and a heavy mortgage on the old farm. It is necessary to raise the money to call in a specialist and to lift the heavy mortgage from the light farm.

The Babe is playing in the world's series. The conspirators decoy him to the old mill by a letter supposed to have been written by the heroine. They lock him in the haunted house. In the meantime the last game of the world's series is being played. The home team is trailing by 0 to 3. The heroine comes to the haunted house and cuts the Babe's bonds. He motors to the Polo Grounds. The visitors still lead 3 to 0 in the ninth. There are three on bases. The Babe rushes to the plate and knocks the first one over the right field fence. (Close-up of the ball clearing the fence.) That's drama.

I know that there are scenarios for Mr. Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion. Because I have seen Mr. Dempsey on the so-called silver screen. Mr. Dempsey in the films also has a mother and a mortgage. No athletic hero can do anything really worth while without an ailing parent and a mortgage. These give him an object in life. In fact, a sporting film actor who lacks these assets can get nowhere at all.

Mr. Earl Sande, our premier jockey, also could find plenty of scenarios if he should happen to turn film actor. He could escape from the toils of the conspirators just before the fourth race in time to ride Brown Bess to a neck victory and save the dear old plantation in the dear old Blue Grass country. Also you always can get good action stuff out of the finish of a horse race. General Lew Wallace, when he wrote Ben Hur, had no movies to think about, but he certainly was doing a fine scenario without knowing it.

But what are the movies going to do with a tennis champion? The tennis champions do not win purses. It is an amateur sport. It is impressive to see Babe Ruth sock a villainous villain with a baseball bat. It is soul-stirring to see Mr. Jack Dempsey cross his right to the villain's chin. But it would not draw any heavy round of applause to see Mr. William Tilden 2nd bombarding the villain with tennis balls. Really I do not see any great future for the tennis champion in the moving picture business.

## Father Goose—By Grace Stone Field

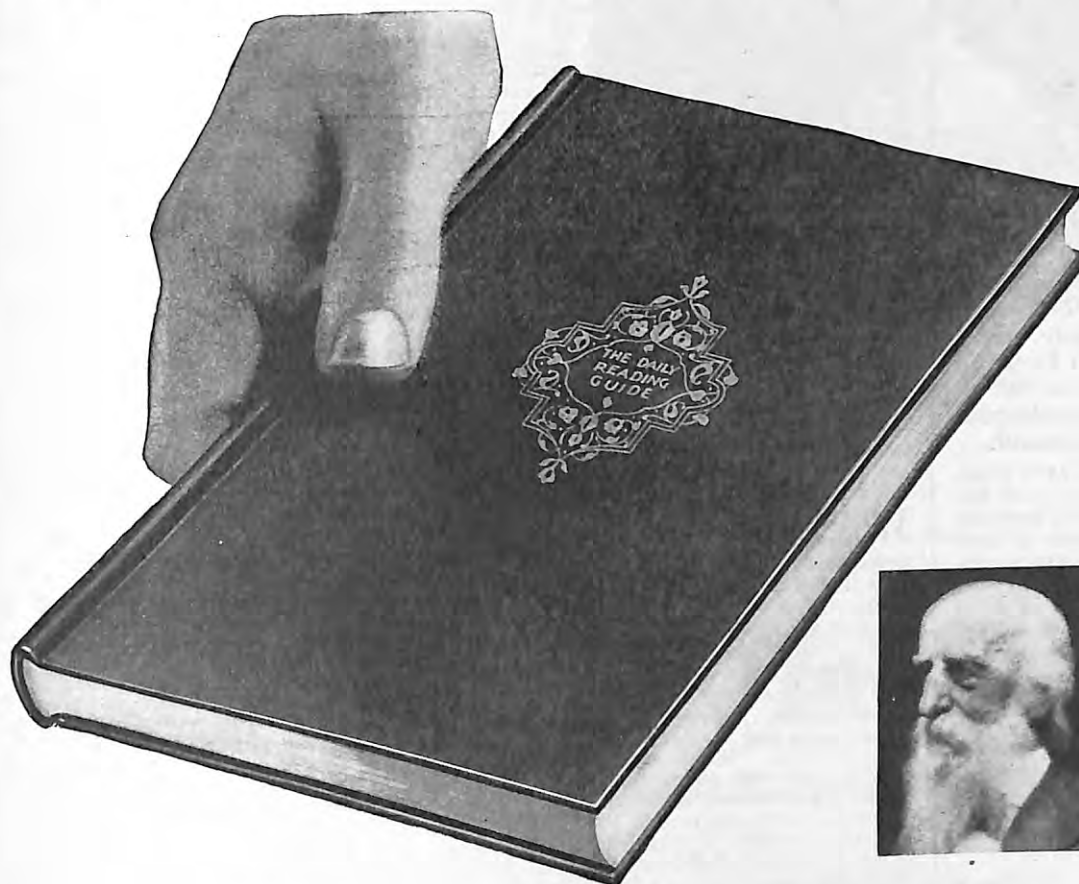
**H!** Baby Bunting,  
Daddy went a-hunting  
With a hundred-dollar gun  
In sporting garbage gay.  
Oh he was crusty!  
Homing, hot and dusty—  
"Never stirred a single bird  
The blessed livelong day!"

**H!** Baby Bunting,  
Daddy went a-hunting  
With a nicked rifle  
And a pocketful of shot.  
Come home a-whistling,  
Feathers just a-bristling—  
Old tin pail chock full of quail,  
That was what he got!



# Thousands say of this Book:

## "This is just what I have always wanted!"



Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the nine eminent educators who created the new plan described here.

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A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worth-while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor, "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that in the reading of the masterpieces is the surest, quickest way to broad culture. It is more broadening than travel, for it reaches more countries than anyone could visit in the longest lifetime.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only enough time to read the most important ones.

### The Tremendous Problem

Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is how can we keep it up? How can we avoid monotony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has stopped thousands of would-be readers.

They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth-while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

The nine eminent men were Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Macy, Richard Le Gallienne, Asa Don Dickinson, Dr. Bliss Perry, Thomas L. Masson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, George Iles and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

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The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description, of the world's finest selections of flashing humor, of penetrating pathos, of masterly eloquence.

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## Sauerkraut and Prolongation of Life

*"The general public will do well to eat sauerkraut much more liberally as a routine in keeping fit." That, in substance, is the recommendation of many leaders in the constantly growing health movement.*

Writing of health preservation, Milo Hastings, Director, Physical Culture Food Research Laboratory, says: "Lactic ferments are one of the very best organic or food antiseptics. These ferments kill off the germs which cause poisonous intestinal decay, the absorption of which often results in auto-intoxication. In sauerkraut we have a food bearing abundant ferments as well as the minerals and vitamins which we find in fruits, and contains them in greater quantities."

Hygeia, the magazine published by the American Medical Association, recently contained an article by Victor C. Vaughan recounting Captain Cook's success in maintaining the health of his sailors during his famous voyage (1772-1775) by rationing sauerkraut.

McCarrison, in "Studies in Deficiency Disease," points out that a low vitamin content in the diet renders the body more liable to infection. In sauerkraut nature has stored a wealth of the three vitamins necessary to growth and good health.

That sauerkraut supplies, in rich measure, these life-sustaining vitamins and other health elements, and that this food is nature's great conditioner and regulator, are the findings of science. All of the remarkable facts, with quotations from highest authorities, and many new tested recipes, are contained in the free book, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." If you, too, are interested in good foods and good health, send the coupon for a copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores.)

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## Cheer Up—The Worst Is Yet to Come

(Continued from page 19)

Let the Democratic Boss, the Republican Boss and the Third Party Boss advise together, privately, and parcel out these United States. Democratus takes the South, Republicanus rules the North, and Tripartus reserves what's left. That's fine, and consumes no valuable time of the citizen by dragging him to the polls. Business goes on as usual, without disturbance. Yet there were bolters and insurgents, even in those happy days. So the three bosses considered that to prevent this arrangement from being upset, certain malcontents must be hushed. Each of the three submits a list of enemies, each naming the fathers, mothers, brothers and dearest friends of his two colleagues. Now here's where Bill Grouch might point a moral: Did these noble Romans object? Did they set their private feelings above the welfare of the State? Not they. Such paltry selfishness belongs to our degenerate times. Democratus consents to the death of his father; Republicanus makes no protest against the assassination of his mother, and Tripartus gives utterance to the patriotic exclamation, "Let my whole family perish in order that Rome may live!" Off went the insurgent heads, and the Triumvirate lived happily for a while.

WHEN Bill Grouch has gone a little deeper into the past, he may convince himself that demagoguery did not reach this planet on the same birthday as radio and relativity. The ancient art was epidemic in Athens, where the dignified Acropolis resounded with their wranglings. To squelch such noisy noises, the Athenians had enacted a law prescribing that when rival politicians grew so rabid as to threaten public harmony, the people would take a vote of ostracism, and elect one of the disputants to leave town. Which smothered a lot of jowling. At that period Aristides the Just was a very celebrated lawgiver, while the slick-tongued Themistocles has left behind him the reputation of being a smooth talker. A man of adroit abilities, Themistocles practised every craft of the spellbinder against the more honest but far less showy Aristides. No up-to-date demagogue has excelled his brilliancy in appealing to the dear people. By instinct he knew how to stir up a rabble, and play upon their prejudices as on a flute. He gave bribes and received bigger ones, finally closing his glorious career in exile and infamy. It soon became notoriously impossible for two such rivals to dwell at peace in one small town. Their followers locked horns. And when Greek locks horns with Greek, there is a merry tussle. Lively times were had by all. Up and down those B. C. streets they squabbled until the Athenian, who loves his sista, called "A plague on both your bosses" and ordered an election of ostracism.

Voting machines had not yet come into commercial use. The voter cast his ballot by writing on a shell the name of the objectionable person who ought to be exported, and depositing that shell in an urn. A country yep presented himself at the Acropolis Precinct, a yokel so densely ignorant that he did not even know Aristides by sight.

"Friend," said the yokel to the lawgiver, "I am a man of no learning. Will you scribe the name on my shell?"

"Certainly," Aristides took out his stylus.

"What name?"

"Write 'Aristides,'" said the yokel; and the upright judge assisted to vote for his own outlawry.

"Now my friend," he inquired, "what wrong has Aristides done to you, or to his native city, that you desire to banish him?"

"He ain't done nothin' to me," the yokel answered. "Only I'm gettin' darn tired of hearin' everybody call him 'The Just.'"

This happened twenty-five hundred years ago in the golden age of Greece—midway between their heroic victories at Marathon and Seagirt Salamis—and indicates that practical politics were little different from now, while the same sort of prejudice influenced ignorant voters.

Another muddleheaded mess that Bill de-

claims against is the labor situation. What he stands for is not clear. Bill is against. Whether on the side of employee or employer, Bill always cusses when he discusses labor.

"I love to cuss the Octopus, the Plutocrats condemn;

But if I could you bet I would love to be one of them."

BILL contends that in olden times they had a far simpler recipe for handling labor. Of course they did; for instance: A Certain Great Personage desires to build a palace, and needs men. Does he advertise for carpenters and bricklayers? Does he entice men from the cotton fields? Oh dear no, he merely orders the men to come, conscripts them for his service. And the labor arrives, not a minute late. They leave the factories and desert the crops, to erect that Palace for the Personage. Is any hullabaloo raised about the wages? Or the hours? Or whether it be open shop? Not a whimper. Everything moves right along, serenely as Bill Grouch says it used to do in the good old days. Laborers swarm to their task, thousands of them, fetching their own tools and their own provisions. They house themselves, they feed themselves, and nobody suggests an arbitration. If any kicker should even whisper the word "arbitration," the Personage saw to it that he never made another whisper. Laborers had no choice about their coming. And they toiled for the Personage until the Personage chose to let them go. No strikes, no rioting; the system was beautifully simple, and many men are now alive who worked under it.

The very reddest rag to Bill's bull is these pestiferous police, poking their noses into his affairs, until no citizen has any privacy. Sometimes Bill contemplates moving out of the country, just to get away from their meddling.

Maybe the American police are waking up a bit. And yet, suppose we had dropped Bill, not in Turkey or Siberia, but in law-abiding England, and within the memory of living men. Then suppose again that Bill had blundered into this adventure:

Near a certain midnight, Bilious Q. Grouch, Esq., on a strictly personal mission, gallops like mad to a little tavern fronting the seashore, springs from his horse and after a hurried supper is shown to a room. There are two beds, one of which he finds already occupied by a snoring stranger. Next morning, while it is yet dark, B. Grouch Esq., bolts his breakfast, throws a shilling to the hostler, mounts and rides as if the fiend were pursuing.

Two days later Bill is arrested and brought back, charged with murdering that stranger who shared his room. Bill protests his innocence, that he knows nothing of the matter; that he went into the room, went to sleep, and went away. That during the night no unusual circumstance occurred. As previously intimated, Bill was traveling on private business which concerned a lady. Therefore he refused to divulge his name, or the matter which urged his speed. On this point the accused stood resolutely mute, and was staggered at the array of circumstantial evidence against him, to wit:

The stranger had never again been seen since Bill entered the room. Next morning he had disappeared. Both beds were bloody, and the room showed signs of a struggle; chair and table overturned, the glass door in the bookcase broken, blood spattered all over the floor, and the wash basin full of bloody water where the murderer had presumably cleansed himself. From the window-sill a trail of blood and tracks led straight to the beach. Between this window and the beach were found signs of another and more desperate struggle in the sand, with more blood, much more. This proved, as detectives reasoned, that B. Grouch was bearing the body to the shore when the stranger revived and they fought again. There Bill finished him off, and flung his corpse into the sea.

In face of these damning facts they urged



Bill to confess, yet he stubbornly insisted that all this stuff was news to him.

For months the authorities held B. Grouch in gaol hoping that the sea might give up its dead and make their chain of evidence complete. Then, without being able to produce a dead man, they went to trial and convicted Bill anyhow. In the remorseless course of justice Bill stood up for sentence.

"B. Grouch, Esq.," asked the solemn judge, "have you any reason to give why you should not be hanged?"—or words to that discouraging effect.

"Stop, Judge, stop!" a dishevelled man shouted from the doorway, where he fought with the bailiff to get in. "Stop, Judge. I'm the man that he is supposed to have killed."

Then all the facts came out. The stranger was afflicted with a chronic bleeding at his nose. On that particular morning, after his roommate was gone, he had a violent nasal hemorrhage. He rose and stumbled about the room, dropping blood everywhere, overturning a chair and table, and accidentally breaking a glass door in the bookcase. His room being dark, the sufferer staggered back to the wrong bed and fell across it, dropping blood over that as well as his own. He bathed in the basin, trying to stop the flow. As fresh air sometimes helped him, he climbed out of the window to take a walk. Near the beach he was set upon by a press gang, where in spite of manful resistance the sailors overpowered and carried him aboard His Majesty's Warship *Pegasus*, bound for Egypt. After an absence of months he returned to England and read in a newspaper that a Mr. Grouch was being tried for his murder; and so had hurried to the court.

This is a famous story, often told by criminal lawyers in their arguments against a conviction on circumstantial evidence. But the point that appeals to Bill Grouch is the press gang which abducted the young stranger, just grabbed up a British subject, dry so, and carried him off to sea. A peaceable citizen, charged with no crime, is set upon and kidnapped. His relatives have no tidings, and believe him to be murdered. And his abductors are not bandits, but a captain in the Royal Navy, with one or more lieutenants, and a band of trustworthy men. Such was the law and the custom of England. When men were needed aboard ships, and volunteers came in slowly, the captain would send a gang ashore, a press gang, to pick up any able-bodied youngster that happened to be floating around loose.

Now we come, gradually, to what we've been driving at all the time, that any American disposed to be pessimistic, need only look about him at other lands and former generations. The few details given here should lead him to think of a thousand abuses that have been corrected, and oppressions of which the world is now so happily free.

OUR own country is *not* going down. Even if in some particular you suspect a tendency to backslide, don't make it your business to grease the skids. Throw sand. Grit has built these United States, and grit, with ordinary common sense, will keep shoving us up hill.

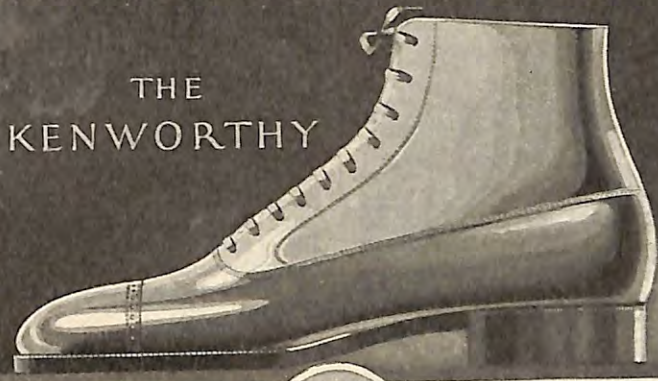
No man who thinks, no man who works, no student can fail to believe that general conditions are brighter for us to-day than at any period of our history. Of course we must bar certain temporary evils and readjustments following the late war. We must make charitable allowance for the shell-shock that all humanity has suffered. The nerves of men are still on edge. Not yet have we become normal; not yet have passions and hatreds subsided, as they will in time. Not yet have we regained a placid possession of our faculties. But when we take stock of the year-by-year accomplishments, a rotten branch lopped off, a seed planted, a tree coming to maturity, then we see most clearly that the procession of the ages is moving forward.

After the blackness of this war, God will again make green His world. He who doubts that should have seen what this writer once observed on the war-lashed fields of Picardy. Men, soaked and wounded and spent, like mud-plastered demons crouched sullenly in their trenches, or gave back inch by inch. It was the autumn of 1917. Russia had fallen into anarchy, and Italy reeled dizzily from the most stunning disaster in military annals. Released from these

(Continued on page 56)

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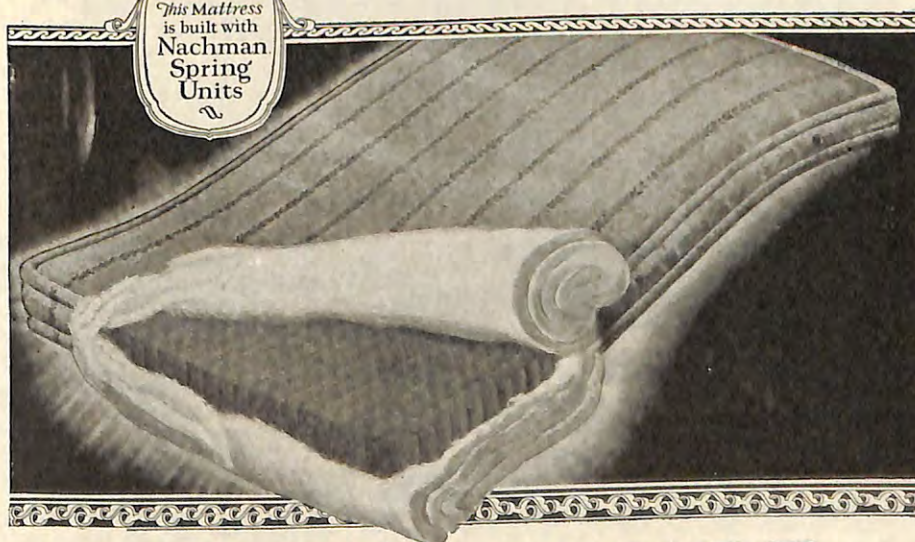
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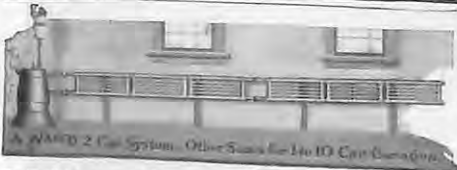
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## Cheer Up—The Worst Is Yet to Come

two fronts, additional men and guns were hurled against our wavering western line. We feared that flesh and blood could not withstand them.

Beneath a dismal rain this writer sat upon the trunk of a fallen apple tree, in what once had been a generous orchard. All the trees had been cut down and now lay withered upon the ground, amidst such wreckage and desolation as terrified the soul. The song of earth and air was death, death, death. It seemed grotesquely hopeless that men should try to go on living. The horizon blazed with fire, shells shrieked overhead—death, death, death, the end of all things, beyond hope of resurrection. Then the writer saw something of which he was not then conscious—an apple tree, merely

a tree whose trunk had not been quite severed from the stump. Prone it lay amongst the dead, yet clinging to its vital spark of life. Only the slightest shred of bark remained to feed it, but that tree blossomed, budded, and bore its fruit. Superior to the mire, superior to the fire, ignoring the revelry of death, its undaunted branches held up their load of golden apples. A miracle! A rainbow! God's promise to His world that good shall never perish, that He will replenish His earth.

And our brave upstanding American men and women, whom the same God has created in His own image, may we not have an abiding faith in them, that some way, somehow, they will find a sure path to justice and to peace?

## Sally's \$200,000 Ring

(Continued from page 14)

Monty opened a drawer of the writing table and took some printed folders from it. On the cover of one of them I read as far as "Six Reasons Why You Should Become a Partner in This Highland Enterprise. 1. Theatres properly located and operated produce the largest income in proportion to the invested capital of any class of real estate"—when Monty interrupted.

"Listen, Pete. Forgetting altogether that I owed Bennet more than I ever could pay him, look at the proposition he made just from a business standpoint. First, a new theatre, the best in town, could be expected to grab off most of the business, couldn't it? Last year, now, the theatres of the country did \$760,000,000 worth of business. Know what that means? An average of seven dollars a head spent by every man, woman and child in the U. S. for theatre tickets last year."

"Where did you get those figures?"  
"Government reports—theatre tax of 10 per cent. put over \$7,600,000 into the Treasury. Now there's sixty thousand people in Highland, not counting near-by villages. At seven dollars apiece—"

"Back up, Monty. Bennet wouldn't get everybody's seven dollars."

"Don't expect that. The theatre holds two thousand. Three shows every day and six on Saturdays and Sundays with admission prices of 15—25—35 and 50 cents. Now suppose out of the three shows daily the house is only filled once, just once, at an average admission of thirty cents. That makes \$600.00 a day. For five days—\$3,000.00. Now suppose out of the six shows Saturdays and Sundays they only get two capacities Saturday and three on Sunday. That's figuring low, Pete. You know how on Sundays the movie houses are jammed all day long. But suppose Bennet filled the house only twice on Saturday and three times on Sunday, he'd get another \$3,000.00 for those two days; or \$6,000.00 the week. And fifty-two weeks at six thousand—the lowest estimate possible, Pete—makes \$312,000.00 for the year; a pretty good return on a seven hundred and fifty thousand dollar investment, ain't it?"

"How about operating expenses?"  
"Five hundred a week. Six hundred—even a thousand a week couldn't yank the lowest probable net profits down below \$260,000.00 a year. That's 36 per cent. of the capital, ain't it? Actually it would be closer to 40 per cent., wouldn't it?"

"A fellow that hadn't seen any more of show business than the crowds standing in line to buy tickets might think so."

"I've seen a darn sight more than that, Pete, and—and I thought so."

"For how much?"  
"Er—fifteen thousand dollars."

"What!" I yelled. "All you had?"  
Monty nodded. Trying to fill his pipe, he spilled tobacco all over his lap.

"What did you get for it?"

"I told you Bennet was a friend of mine. He gave me \$20,000.00 of preferred stock and a big bonus of common stock. I wouldn't do it, Pete, knowing I'd need the money to get married on, except I figured after the theatre got operating and showing them big profits I could easy sell \$5,000.00 of that stock. Then I'd have that

much in cash besides still owning \$15,000.00 of that 7 per cent. stock. It looked like an easy way to make \$5,000.00 and help out a friend at the same time, didn't it?"

"What happened to that plan?"

"I—I can't sell my stock. It seems the theatre has been losing money ever since it opened six months ago. Bennet is so tied up he can't help me. None of the stockholders will buy any more stock at even a quarter of its value. The Acclaim company won't touch it, of course. Nobody wants it."

Monty brushed his hand across his hot eyes. "I'm afraid they're in a bad mess, Pete. I got a notification yesterday that week after next there would be an important meeting of the directors to discuss the—the"—Monty gulped painfully—"the future of the company and its creditors."

"When were you and Sally figuring on getting married?"

"Four weeks from to-morrow."

"Well," I said, rising, trying to remember how I talked when I felt jovial, "that gives us four weeks to salvage in. It oughtn't to take you more than two of them to convince Sally that, after all, the best place to go for a honeymoon is Niagara Falls."

I had a purpose in leaving Monty to his prospectuses. Years before, I'd done something for a fellow named Gooby Borden which he regarded as a lot more important and vital than I did. From that day right up to the present he never passed up an opportunity to ask me if there wasn't something he could do for me. I'd never taken anything from him, always sort of keeping him as an ace in the hole against the day I might be out of a job and need help. Which I knew Gooby could furnish, him being a stockholder and private secretary to the president of the Acclaim Film Company.

I couldn't expect even gratitude to over-balance his duty to his company, but on the way over to his office I doped out a few questions I hoped would allow him to wise me to the situation in Highland without actually confessing the bunco game I seemed to smell busily stewing.

"Hello, Pete," Gooby called as his steno let me in his office. Gooby was a fat little grub with the cupid smile and the littlest eyes in the picture game. Nobody had ever seen him take the pennies from a blind peddler's tin cup, but he never denied that he'd had a deck of pinochle cards made with raised pips in order not to exclude any blind man that felt like playing with him.

"What can I do for you?"

"Give me a little advice; the kind you give your friends; not your competitors," I grinned. Gooby laughed, his fat cheeks shoving his little eyes shut.

"Here's the idea, Gooby. I understand the Acclaim company is interested in the new Bennet Theatre, out in Highland, Indiana. I've got a chance to pick up some of that stock very cheap. What would you advise?"

"Put your money on Epinard to beat Ladkin."

"He already lost."

"I know it," Gooby's eyes twinkled merrily. "Pete, will you believe it, the new Bennet has been losing around \$2,000.00 a week ever since it opened?"

"No business—in a brand new house?"



"Plenty business. Too much expenses."

"How come? Who's the manager-out there?"

"Freddie Woller. Freddie promised us faithful when we offered him the job that he wouldn't take a drink nor any dope till his contract ran out. Two hundred dollars a week we gave him, Pete, to go way out there."—Gooby paused to let me absorb the fact that they were paying Woller four times as much as the job was worth—"and then he breaks his promise."

"Drinking?"

"He says he ain't, and nobody's seen him except he's apparently O. K. But the things he's doing, Pete! Can you imagine him insisting on keeping the thirty-five-piece symphony orchestra we put in special to open the house? He says the patrons wouldn't stand for him cutting it down to regular size. Now you know what thirty-five musicians every week means to an expense sheet, Pete. And ushers! It looks like he'd hired a separate one for every seat in the house!"

Gooby knew I knew Freddie wasn't acting without orders. "You'd think Bennet would get wise and slide Freddie out on his ear," I said.

"He can't very well. In the first place, for all he's owned a theatre, Bennet don't know any more about show-business than a Chinaman knows about Kosher meat. When he decided he wanted Acclaim pictures he was so afraid we wouldn't furnish him all his programs that he gave us half of his personally owned common stock to do it; gave it to us as a bonus."

"Quit kidding."

"I'll show you the stock, Pete."

"I wonder does he give a piece of his parlor furniture to the grocery man every time he buys a sack of flour?" I asked. "Listen, Gooby, I don't want exact figures, but what's Acclaim charging Bennet for pictures?"

"What's the difference—when the pictures Freddie Woller keeps asking for don't seem to make no terrific hit with the customers out there? Even Acclaim puts out a bad picture every now and then, which we can't get good prices for anywhere, except maybe a few towns like Highland."

Gooby let that sink in. "Now I tell you what you do, Pete. You keep in touch with me. Maybe in two or three weeks, if you've still got your money, I can get you some stock in a nice, new, small-town movie house."

"TWO or three weeks," I kept repeating to myself on my way down to the street. That remark placed alongside Monty's statement about the directors' meeting week after next was the tip-off on the game Acclaim was playing; not a new game for Acclaim, I knew. My first idea was to go to Simpson, Sally's lawyer, and ask if there wasn't some legal way to save Monty's white ally. Then I realized that telling Simpson about Monty would be the same as telling Sally. Anyway, what could Simpson do against Acclaim's millions?

After six months of losses—nearly \$50,000—engineered and nursed along by Acclaim, it wouldn't take much scintillating oratory on the part of Acclaim's attorney to persuade all those little stockholders to sell out—for what they could get. And Acclaim would thereby add another theatre to the string of big profit paying houses they already had acquired.

That was what Gooby meant when he told me to come back in two or three weeks and he'd get me some stock. A lot of good that would do Monty. Even if he should be able to salvage a few cents on the dollar—and this is what kept me wearing down the pavements for hours that afternoon—he couldn't manage it in time to go through with the wedding as planned. A postponement would require an explanation that would hurt Sally as deep as it would cut Monty, because I knew Sally was ready to blame herself anyway. She'd take the responsibility—what she didn't shove on my shoulders—for Monty's humiliation.

I had no more idea than a tit-mouse what to do about it all when I finally went back to the boarding house. On a stand in the hall was a letter from Bennet—the return address showed—addressed to Monty. Taking it from the stand I went on up to Monty's room. As I entered Monty gave me just one look and then slumped back in the despondent heap he'd been as I opened the door.

(Continued on page 58)

# billiards

## a gentleman's game



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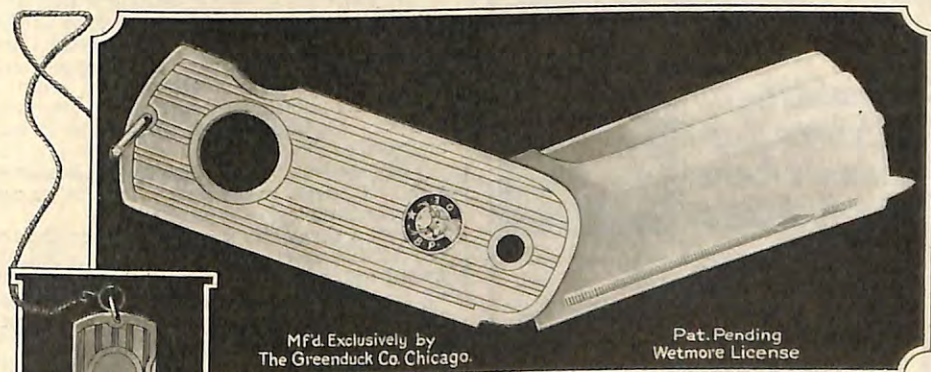
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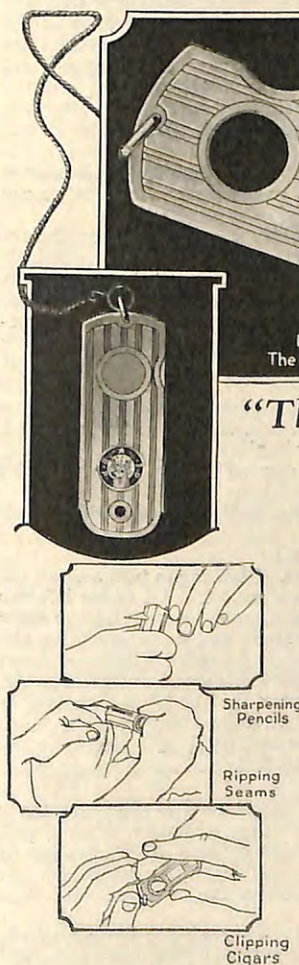
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## Sally's \$200,000 Ring

(Continued from page 57)

"He wants me to send him a proxy to vote my stock at the meeting next week." Monty handed Bennet's letter to me.

"Before I'd let that cluck vote any stock of mine, I'd"—I stopped at the expression in Monty's eyes.

"Pete," he cried, "you're not working next week or the week after. You be my proxy. Go out to that meeting as my representative, will you? I can't get away; couldn't do any good if I did go. But you—you're a stranger to Bennet and the rest. Maybe you—will you go, Pete?"

Came the day of the director's meeting out in Highland. For three days I'd been trying in every way to get Bennet to help me raise a little money on Monty's holdings. He'd spent the moments I'd rested up for breath and more ideas in telling me all he knew, among the items of which was that three of the creditors who had something like \$165,000.00 coming to them were going to attend the meeting for the purpose of hearing why they shouldn't attach the box-office receipts and property of the Bennet Theatre Company.

"Only a miracle can save us," was the cheerful refrain Bennet kept repeating.

THE German General Headquarters staff, gathered round the table signing the Armistice, was a merry, gurgling debutante's tea-party compared to the bunch that were dying in their chairs when Bennet called the director's meeting to order.

"I have to announce," the old gentleman began, "that the Acclaim company has surrendered the stock it held in this company. Likewise they have notified us that from the first of the week they will withdraw entirely from the operation, management and booking of the theatre."

A low, poignant moan rose from the mourners. That was the finish. Acclaim was washing its hands, considering the theatre such a lemon it didn't even want to be associated with it.

"As you know," Bennet continued with the obsequies, "the Easy Seat Company, the Bright Illuminating Company and the Concrete Contracting Company are demanding payment. There are other smaller bills overdue, but the three firms I've mentioned are most importunate. Has any one any suggestions?" He looked around the table.

The president of the Chamber of Commerce rose. "It seems to me that as long as we are facing bankruptcy"—he paused.

Came a sharp knock on the door at the far end of the room. The secretary opened it, looked out, asked a question, listened to some unseen party for a long moment, closed the door and, hurrying back to Bennet, whispered something in his ear. Scarcely waiting for Bennet's nod, he chased back to the door and opened it wide.

His gray clothes immaculately pressed, a neat leather brief-case under his arm, calm and pleasant serenity in his cool gray eyes, peace and prosperity in his assured bearing, there entered a youngish looking man—

"Gentlemen, Mr. R. R. Simpson, of New York City!"

Sally's attorney!

Everybody rose. Glancing in turn around the table Simpson saw me. The lid of his left eye fluttered down and up as he gave me the same cordial but contained nod he was giving the rest. That was all I needed. The old heart started pumping sturdily again and cells on the bottom of my lungs that had lain dormant for days expanded once again with joyous air. Sally—nobody else—must be responsible for Simpson's appearance. Sally had sent Simpson to the rescue.

But how had she learned of the jam Monty was in? Monty's face, of course, for a month had been enough to get him a job anywhere as an undertaker's understudy. But what had pointed to Highland as the location of his well of woe?

I remembered the letter I had taken from the stand in the hall to Monty, Bennet's name and address printed in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope. If I, passing that stand where the maid put all the mail, had seen it, why hadn't Sally seen it also? She had. Also all the other

letters Bennet had written Monty about his stock and the two thousand a week the theatre was losing. Question: why wouldn't Sally be curious to know who this new correspondent of Monty's was, and what sort was he that Monty never so much as mentioned him or his letters? Answer: she would be. And then what was more natural than for her to go to Simpson's office and start him sleuthing?

So far, so clear. But now that Sally, through Simpson, was on the job, what could she do with that demoralized bunch of stockholders or with their three principal creditors?

"And so, gentlemen, let us face the facts as revealed by investigation," Simpson was saying. "You have been robbed systematically. You have been charged exorbitant prices for inferior pictures. You have paid the costs of expensive prologues each week, prologues which have not brought a nickel into your theatre. You have been paying double the necessary wages to twice the number of necessary employees. In brief, there is not one single department of this theatre which has not been grossly, absurdly mismanaged."

"Now, gentlemen, what are you going to do? Are you going to permit the company to be put into the hands of a receiver? Are you going to sell out to Acclaim for the forty or fifty cents on the dollar which they will offer you—for that has been the aim of their efforts during the past six months; or, gentlemen, are you going to accept a loan?"

Every eye in the room glued itself to Simpson's smiling face. "A loan, secured by stock of this company, a loan sufficient to relieve you of all your immediate, pressing obligations and allow you to keep your theatre open, a loan whose main provision concerns the supplanting of your present management with an efficient, reasonably salaried staff and system which will compel the big film companies to compete for the opportunity of placing their pictures with you and which will, with the same volume of business you have done during the past six months, guarantee to show you weekly profits instead of losses. I am authorized by my principal, S. W. Crumbly, of New York, to negotiate such a loan with you. What is your pleasure?"

Their pleasure was delirious.

MAYBE two hours later as we all filed out to give the three waiting creditors some checks and gratuitous advice as to where they could go with them, Simpson pulled me a little to one side.

"Know where I could privately pick up a little of the preferred stock of this concern—for cash?" he asked, with a perfectly straight face.

"How much would you like?" I asked.

"Ten thousand dollars' worth."

"Well," I said, the old brain busily arithmeticking—ten thousand from Monty's twenty would still leave him ten thousand earning 7 per cent—"maybe I can accommodate you—for cash."

"I'll meet you at the hotel in an hour," promised Simpson, turning back to the adoring mob.

Before getting on the sleeper that night I sent a telegram to Monty saying that several divorced friends of mine had panned Niagara Falls pretty heavy, and so I recommended Europe as a more auspicious honeymoon site.

Two afternoons later I sat with Sally in her living-room waiting for Monty to come back from the mysterious errand he'd dashed out to perform.

"Sally," I said, "don't ever let me hear you criticize anybody for taking long chances with their money. The fact that you blithely risked close to two hundred thousand dollars in order to save Monty's measly little fifteen thousand proves a lot of things to me—one of which is that Monty is the luckiest man in the world."

Even with her head bent over her sewing I could see the wave of color that flooded her plump, smooth cheeks.

"You would have to be out there, and find out all about it," she grumbled.

"But why the impetuous, impulsive largeness of it all, Sally? Why save the money and the pride of the whole town of Highland, from the

(Continued on page 60)



# From a Little Child I Learned the Secret of POPULARITY

Snubbed again! Humiliated! Miserably I sat down in a deserted corner. I felt like a stranger among my own friends. Why couldn't I ever be the "life of the party?" Why couldn't I be the center of attraction like the other fellows were? Must I always sit on the sidelines? Was I fated to be left in lonely corners, alone and shunned? I was puzzled—I could not understand—and suddenly a little child opened my eyes.



"Guess you're terribly lonesome, always sitting by yourself. It's an awful shame, too, cause you're really awfully nice."

IT was always the same—no matter where I went—and no matter how hard I tried—the gayest part of the party found me sitting alone in the corner, watching the others have a good time.

I had hoped it would be different at Mabel's party. She wasn't like the other girls—she was such a good sport, so jolly and vivacious—and, well, I liked her a lot. But now, even she begged off. Saucily she smiled as she fled to the kitchen.

"Oh, no, Billie, not this one. I must prepare the punch."

Even she! Well, I was through! Burning with anger and resentment, I stalked furiously out of the room—then I stopped—I couldn't go—that would be rude and insulting. I must stay, even if I didn't want to. Back to my corner I slunk—moodily I watched them and wondered. . . .

"Guess you're terribly lonesome, always sitting by yourself," piped up a little voice at my side.

I turned. It was Mabel's little sister.

"It's an awful shame, too," she confided softly, "cause you're really awfully nice. Even Mabel says so, I heard her telling Ma. Yep, she told Ma that you wouldn't ever be lonesome at a party if you would only learn to dance. Oh, she said you were a terrible dancer, and you didn't even suspect it.

"Why don't you learn how to dance? My big brother John did. He was awful too—but he sent for a wonderful dancing course—and in a few nights he learned to dance all by himself, right here at home. Why it was lots of fun. I learned some of the steps myself, it was so easy.

"There's John—isn't he a marvelous dancer? Do you know, all the girls are crazy to dance with him now—I heard them say so upstairs. But I bet you'd be lots better if you would only send for the same course. It tells you all about it in the magazines—that's where John saw it. The lessons are prepared by a man named Arthur Murray. Oh, dear, I've got to go to bed now. Good night!"

She was gone. But my eyes were opened at last. I saw the real secret of popularity—thanks to a little child.

That very night I looked for Arthur Murray's announcement. At first I was skeptical—I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But, I was desperate. I realized that I owed it to myself to investigate Arthur Murray's generous offer. There was nothing to risk. So I sent for the five free lessons.

In a few days the free lessons came. I was amazed at the ease and simplicity of this "print-and-picture" method! I learned how to lead—how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads. It was real fun to follow the easy diagrams and instructions.

And I did it all—right in my own room—without partner or music—with no one to watch me. I mastered several new steps in a few days. I gained as much ease and poise as if I had been a good dancer for years.

Now that I am a good dancer I get ten times as much fun out of life. No more refusals for me. No more lonely nights—no more sitting in a corner while others enjoy themselves. My life is just

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## Sally's \$200,000 Ring

(Continued from page 58)

Chamber of Commerce down to the garbage department? There were two or three simple, modest ways of saving Monty's money that—"I know, Pete," Sally interrupted. "But the only way to save Mr. Bennet was to save the others, too."

"Why save Bennet?"

"He saved Monty's life once, didn't he? Doesn't that entitle him to a little gratitude from me? And besides, that unearned money of mine isn't doing me any good. So when Simpson reported to me the results of the scouting trip I sent him on—he turns in the puniest expense accounts you ever saw, Pete—anyway, when he told me the theatre was losing two thousand of Monty's money every week, I saw a chance to save his, lose a lot of my own and at the same time—Good Heavens, Pete, can't you understand that when a woman reaches the fading-fading-faster-day-by-day age that I've reached she can't afford to have her wedding postponed many times?"

"Well," I said, "if you think you're going to lose on this Bennet deal, it's only because you haven't seen the staff that Simpson has corralled and signed up to run the theatre."

"Pete! You—you mean he's going to make more money for me?"

I nodded. Sally's lips squeezed themselves into a hard-puckered knot. "There is a large reward waiting for the man who can furnish me with a good excuse to fire Simpson," she said vindictively.

In walked Monty. Up I rose.

"Don't go, Pete. I want to show you some-

thing," he grinned, still mysterious. "But Sally first, of course."

He took a little jeweler's box from his pocket. I walked over to the window and gazed outward. "Oh! Oh!" I heard Sally gasp.

"Do you like it, Sally?" Monty's voice trembled.

You can't mistake the smack of a whole-souled kiss.

"Pete, look!"

On the plump ring finger of Sally's left hand a big diamond in a platinum setting was losing a myriad brilliant rays from the flawless blue heart of it.

"I've had my eye on it for a long time," explained Monty, "since last spring, in fact. But some money I lent out was—er—a little slow in coming back and—"

"Monty," Sally interrupted, her blinking eyes on the ring, "it's absolutely gorgeous and perfect and I—I love it; but I would have been satisfied—understand, perfectly satisfied with one that didn't—that wasn't so expensive. Honestly, I would."

"I wouldn't," declared Monty, most superior. "Besides, I consider that putting money into a good diamond is really an investment. Don't you, Pete?"

"Sure," I said, reaching for my hat. "And look at the pleasure you get out of one. I'll bet Sally would rather have that ring than money in the bank; wouldn't you, Sally?"

"You know I would!" said Sally, snuggling up to Monty as he put his arm around her shoulders.

## On the Job

(Continued from page 20)

fishing, manufacturing, lumbering, and so on, touching business in all its relations and forecasting a great advance along all lines through science and research.

Frankly, here is a book for every one who wishes to widen the horizon of his thinking, painlessly, for Mr. Parsons writes for all, not for a specialized class.

The main body of these authoritative chapters is lightened by startling and interesting facts such as the note that the United States produces more copper than all the other nations of the world combined.

That twenty-five years ago Andrew Carnegie thought the end of the great iron and steel industry was in sight.

That there are upward of eight million electric heating appliances now in use in this country, and five million of these are flatirons.

That the 41,000,000 wage-earners in the United States expend only a little more than 4,000,000 horse-power daily, or only as much energy as is produced in the form of coal by 9,000 miners in a single day.

That in 1760, 10,000 pounds of silk were being produced in and shipped from Georgia.

Now silk culture is almost nil in the United States. There is the fascinating story of "felt," and the story of the beginning of various American industries—all told by a man who knows.

These gleanings serve to give you but a small idea of the scope of Mr. Parsons's book.

"Why Not Prosper?" asks the cover of this volume, and upon completing our reading we are indeed at a loss to know why we do not. There's evidently lots of opportunity, and if such books as these lead us to make some wise use of our country's resources and our own powers, they are a boon.

## Organized Business Knowledge

NEXT we come to ORGANIZED BUSINESS KNOWLEDGE, by Joseph French Johnson, whom Bruce Barton in an introduction to the book calls "a great human being." He goes on to say:

"If you were to ask me to give you the names of ten leading men in New York whose judgment on almost any sort of business problem would be worth while, I should write Dean Johnson's name among the ten."

This sounds a bit like old Abou Ben Adhem,

but there is no doubt that Dean Johnson is a great teacher. Men who studied under him at the Wharton School of Pennsylvania University, at New York University, and worked under him when he was financial editor of the New York Tribune, all testify to his inspiring leadership.

Yet we find it a little difficult to forgive him the opening sentence of his book:

"We are living to-day in a world of which our ancestors knew little."

This, we think, is *too much* from any one—a dean or not. But hurrying on, we find plenty to make us condone and forget.

This, for instance, on the execution of big business plans and the ability to overcome unexpected difficulties and opportunities:

"These functions call for brains—not the crude product but finished material; they call for thought—not helter-skelter but concentrated and effective; they call for knowledge—not aimlessly picked up, but organized."

If this is not a good advertisement for the books in question this month we know of none. Surely they give, in good measure, the "concentrated and effective" thought of tried men and wise ones.

We might quote at length from Dean Johnson's book, so full is it of little nuggets of advice, but why not read the whole thing for yourself?

The Science of Business, Marketing, What an Executive Should Know About Advertising, Business Budgets, Securing Organized Knowledge—these chapter heads, hold an inkling of the sensible dimension of Johnson's book. More than that, they actually constitute an invaluable extension course in business, profitable alike, we should think, to executives and beginning clerks.

## The Story of Our Post Office

OVER the wide portals of the Post Office, opposite the Pennsylvania Station in New York City, are carved these words:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

We read that with a little thrill one late afternoon as we were hurrying home—it seemed a splendid thing to have chiseled there for us all to see. And on reaching the house we found a book to review, THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN A



November, 1924

GOVERNMENT INDUSTRY, by Sterling Denhard Spero. This proved, strangely enough, to be a study, at some length, of employee organization in the Postal Service.

With the glamour of the quotation on the façade of the Post Office still very keenly with us, this volume was approached in a most beneficent humor.

Though not generally thought of as such, the postal service is really a "nationalized industry," and this book is the story of the labor movement among its workers, the defect of "politics," the end that political influence puts to initiative and ambition, the legality of "resignation en bloc," the history of the "gag order," the difficulty of organizing the rural postmen, the early intolerable situation in the railway mail service, the "humanizing" of the industry, and the vital facts concerning postal organization.

There has been strike talk in the service, but never a real strike, and the National Federation of Post Office Clerks (a Federation born and bred in the American Federation of Labor) has never lost the militancy and spirited idealism that prompted its inception.

If you read this book, which in a way forms part of the history of our country's development, you will never look upon your postman again simply as an automatic means of conveying to you your morning mail. He becomes more than that; part of a great human, throbbing system, with fearful powers behind it.

This book is not propaganda—but an impartial history of a wonderful organization.

### Crystallizing Public Opinion

IF YOU want to know why you read certain magazines and newspapers, go to see certain plays, patronize certain hotels and buy certain commodities, read a revealing book entitled **CRYSTALLIZING PUBLIC OPINION**, by Edward L. Bernays.

You may think you know why you do these various things, but, believe me, you do not. Mr. Bernays who, for the first time, we think, has written the romance of a new profession—"counsel on public relations," will prove to you that your opinion is not really your own but just what that modern young "counsel" chooses to mold it into.

Here is psychology brought into play to produce successful results in business, with individuals and groups; the inside story of certain public manifestations, as, for instance, during the visits to America of famous Europeans; the need of business maintaining the right relationship with the public—even that public which only vaguely touches it.

This new profession we should think called for a combination of advertising executive and prime minister. It abuts upon the highest ethics and involves the simplest human emotions and responses.

Rather interesting, perhaps, for a clever man to dabble in this for a while—but a thorough knowledge of this job must ultimately take him much higher—perhaps even up to the White House.

### The Business of Advertising

IN LINE with Mr. Bernay's book, in so far as the subject is one that involves the influencing of selection, are the two following volumes:

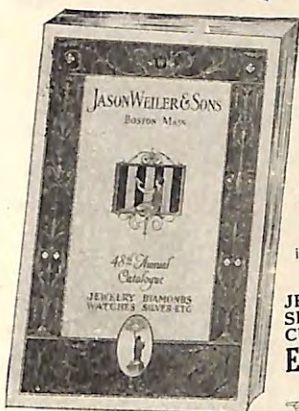
FIRST PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING, by Wilbur D. Nesbit, and ADVERTISING FOR THE RETAILER, by Lloyd D. Herrold.

The first of these is by way of being almost a text-book, designed to assist the young man who enters, in all his ignorance, a large advertising concern. At the end of the book we leave him well on the way to success and a huge fortune—we hope.

The book gives the reader exactly the same instructions he would receive if he were working in Mr. Nesbit's office and under his personal direction. Pretty good stuff, doubtless, for some youngster to study this winter and be fortified with when he takes his first job after graduation next spring.

Mr. Nesbit declares that advertising "is the quietest and the strongest force in our lives." In the face of that statement there is nothing to say. Some stronger soul might come back at him with the words "money," "love," "honor," "a clear conscience," "work," and so on. But who are we to try to knock down Mr. Nesbit with such old-fashioned ideas?

(Continued on page 62)



## JASON WEILER & SONS

Will be pleased to send every reader of THE ELKS MAGAZINE

# this CATALOG

It will save you both time and money. Fill in and mail coupon at bottom of this page NOW. Our Free Diamond Catalog is yours for the asking, too.

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is elaborately illustrated. To look through its pages of thousands of items is a rare treat in itself whether you order or not. Here's a hint of what you'll find—

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GIFTS for MEN, for WOMEN, for BABY, etc.

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Do your Gift Buying This Year From This Beautiful FREE Catalog.



34676B  
Men's 14K Solid Gold Ring, raised platinum Elk head, richly chased. Special \$12.00

34698B  
Diamond Mounted Solid Gold Ring. The full cut blue-white diamond is of exceptional fine hand-brilliance. s o m e t i m e s a s e m b l e d e m b l e m , background enameled in colors \$22.50

34692B  
Solid Gold Ring, platinum front, Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, with full cut blue-white diamond. Same style ring with-out diamond \$18.00 \$37.50



34600B  
Solid Gold Button, set with fine full cut, blue-white diamond of excellent brilliancy. \$5.00



25873B  
Solid green Gold Embossed Button. \$1.65



34606B  
Fine Solid Gold Button, set with fine, full cut diamond. \$15.00

## BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass. America's leading diamond importers And save 20 to 40%

For over 48 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%.

This Full Cut One Carat Diamond is of Fine Brilliancy.



1 Carat, \$145.00

Mounted in latest style 14K solid gold pierced ring. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you \$145.00



34759B  
Solid White Gold Charm with green gold head, ruby eyes, enameled clock, a handsome, new small charm \$5.00



35367B—\$100.00  
Men's Diamond Mounted Elk Ring. 14K solid green gold, richly hand carved, with raised platinum Elk head on blue enamel background. Mounted with a fine full cut blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$135.00. Our price \$100.00



36736B  
Elks Membership Card Case. The actual size of this handsome case is 2 in. long. Can be attached to a watch chain. In Gold-filled or Sterling Silver \$4.00



35853B  
Ladies' Solid Gold Ring with white gold Elk Emblem mounted on synthetic red ruby \$7.50



35854B  
Ladies' Diamond Mounted Ring. Beautiful carved raised Elk Head, with fine blue-white diamond, mounted in platinum. Front richly pierced, bar-pin. A \$25.00 value. Extra special \$25.00



36683B  
SOLID WHITE GOLD RING. Richly pierced, set with a full-cut diamond in black onyx. A special value \$7.50



36036B  
Famous Old Willard Style Wall Clock (8-day). 18-in. gold finished Eagle top and side ornaments, 8-day mahogany case, decorated glass panels. \$12.50



51689B  
DUTCH SILVER SALTS AND PEPPER SET, each \$34. Set of 6 for \$1.95



DIAMOND MOUNTED WRIST WATCH, \$59.00



40905B—Six full cut, blue-white diamonds of exceptional brilliancy set in platinum. The case is 18K white gold with engraved platinum finished dial. The 17-jewel movement is an adjusted guaranteed accurate timekeeper. Money refunded if this watch can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$85. Our price \$59.00



DIAMOND MOUNTED WRIST WATCH, \$59.00



Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring \$75.00



Ladies' all Platinum Diamond Ring \$200.00



Fine full cut blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy. Set in all platinum. Mounting richly carved and pierced. Money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price, only \$200.00



Men's Diamond Ring \$150.00



A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat - \$31.00 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00  
1/2 carat - 50.00 2 carats - 290.00  
3/4 carat - 75.00 3 carats - 435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

Write for FREE CATALOG "How to Buy Diamonds". An elaborately illustrated book showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities on all diamond mounted jewelry.

## JASON WEILER & SONS

Dept. 11, Weiler Bldg., BOSTON, MASS., Cor. Washington and Franklin Sts. Diamond Importers since 1876.

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW

Name . . . . . Address . . . . . State . . . . .  
City . . . . .

Please send me either or both FREE Catalogs marked [x] below.  
☐ 164 Page Catalog of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, Elk Emblems  
☐ Diamond Catalog.



# The story of a man who started at scratch

THIS IS A STORY for any man who hopes ever to be in business for himself.

In December, 1916, C. S. A. Williams had been in business four years.

Graduating from Williams College, he had started in a humble capacity with the Thomas A. Edison Industries, and worked himself up thru the grades of assistant foreman, department head, and production manager. Finally he was appointed Chief Storekeeper for the Phonograph Division.

But Mr. Williams was not satisfied to attain to large success eventually.

He wanted to find the shortest possible path to the top. And looking about him for a means of hastening his progress, he found the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

In his letter asking to be enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service, he said: "I want to get a thorough knowledge of manufacturing along all lines, with the idea of some time going into business on my own account."

## Then he moved faster

Soon there were more promotions; before long he became assistant to the Chairman of the Board of the Associated Edison Companies. And then, naturally but inevitably, came the climax.

Mr. Williams was made a President in his own right. He became owner and executive head of the Bates Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of the Bates Numbering Machine.

From Storekeeper to President in six years! It is a fine record; and yet it is what any earnest man can accomplish who knows how to push hard, and how to take advantage of every outside agency that can hasten his advancement.

Mr. Williams would have succeeded without the Alexander Hamilton Institute.



Mr. C. S. A. Williams, whose experience proves to you what a man can do with the guidance of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Read his story on this page.

The Institute cannot make failures into successes overnight, nor turn weak men into strong.

The Institute exists to aid men who are already on their way to success, to bring them the joy of succeeding while they are still young. With its help, thousands of men have made in two years the progress which otherwise they would have made in ten.

The difference between early and late success in every ambitious man's life lies most of all in one thing: has he, or has he not, a definite plan for his business progress?

## Have you a definite plan?

You believe, as all men do, that you will be successful. Have you ever paused to consider *how* and *when* you will succeed?

A little book has been published which will help you to answer that question. It is called "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," and it contains an interesting chart whereby you can definitely forecast your progress six months, twelve months, two years from now. This book tells all about the Modern Business Course and Service and its remarkable work in hastening the success of more than 250,000 men.

It will come to you, without cost or obligation, in return for the coupon below. Fill in the coupon now, and set up for yourself a definite goal.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
209 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

Name..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....



## Bingo!

WITH that frosty tang of autumn—Gates Gloves—in the prevailing styles and shades—for driving, sportswear, business,—fashionable, comfortable, practical—at the better shops.

Send for interesting booklet "The Romance of Buckskin."

**GATES BOCKSKIN GLOVES**

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

Specialists in Fine Buckskin Gloves for Men and Women.



## On the Job

(Continued from page 61)

The second book is a jolly affair, full of brisk facts, erudition, pictures and the whys and wherefores of advertising campaigns. For a retailer in any line of business, even if he has an advertising man looking after his affairs, this volume on newspaper and direct mail advertising and window display advertising will suggest much that will be of value to him.

One more book on advertising has reached us — ADVERTISING RESPONSE, by H. M. Donovan, which somehow leaves us cold.

The entire thing is the result of extensive investigations among high school boys and girls of Philadelphia, in order to test and study the response by them to various well-known brands of merchandise.

Perhaps there are people who have to, and even enjoy, doing this sort of diabolic work. We feel for them! Ourselves—we'd rather plow a field.

Mr. Donovan is, however, so full of his subject that he even declares us to be "brand-conscious." This is terrible! And he discovered that boys and girls ran about parallel on the subject of mince meat. We could have told him that, if he'd asked us, without any trouble at all. However, he has written his book, and many advertising men will want it. We can't just see why, but then we're not very scientific.

## And Some Others

HERE again we come to another book that claims to treat a subject that "effects the welfare of the masses." It is true this time, for this volume is LIFE INSURANCE, by Solomon S. Huebner.

It is a comprehensive text-book adapted to the needs of all persons desiring a clear exposition of this subject. The question of insurance salesmanship is taken up and every aspect of the business is handled in a simple and untechnical way. We recommend this book to all people who realize their obligations to others—perhaps it would be more to the point to recommend it to those who do not.

THE COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT, by Olive M. Johnson, is a burning booklet published by the New York Labor News Company of the Socialist Labor Party.

We read here that "capitalism is tottering on the brink of the grave," yet this did not seem to be true when we were enjoying Marcossion's book, or Floyd Parsons'.

We were also disturbed by reading that cooperative home-building plans are rather awful in the way they stabilize labor. It seems that when a man is anchored to a home, a community, it is apt to make a "coward of him in any industrial struggle which he fears will deprive him of his interest. The phantom of property as well as real property, makes a coward of a man."

We don't agree with this. Some day when we have more time and space we are going to bring out our own little soap box and take this up with Olive Johnson.

There are, however, many excellent points taken in her booklet, points that any man employing labor will be wise to read and ponder upon.

We now come to the dullest, though perhaps the most erudite, book of them all—THE PROBLEM OF BUSINESS FORECASTING, edited by Persons, Foster and Hettinger. It took, as you see, three men to put this "tome" together, so no reviewer feels justified in tackling it single-handed.

We shall content ourselves with saying that within the covers of this book will be found the statistical basis for analyzing current economic problems, and the problem of forecasting business conditions in general.

After writing this we feel that we have done as much as can be done until we see the Editor again and obtain reinforcements.





## Subordinate Lodge Activities

(Continued from page 36)

### LODGE No. 93—Hamilton, Ohio.

Identified in maintenance of playgrounds and building of swimming pool for Children's Home. Contributed towards camp for tubercular children. Organized and maintained Elks Troop No. 15 and helped others. Sent two persons away for health. Make weekly visits to hospitals. Furnish clothing and toys to Children's Home, expending \$300.00. Aided in maintaining camp for tubercular children. Furnished Santa Claus and Christmas tree, toys, clothing, candies, food, etc., to poor children. 200 children given real Christmas. Total cash donations \$300.00. \$1.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 94—Tiffin, Ohio.

Furnished Thanksgiving baskets for about 120 families at a cost of \$650.00. Subscribed \$50.00 for building a Lodge in the country for Boy Scouts. Will hold the usual Flag Day services in our Home. Contributed \$100.00 to Japanese Relief. Donated \$75.00 per year for three years to Heidelberg University in our City, for the erection of another building to their group. Total expenditure for the year, \$1,497.50. Furnish flowers for sick, singers for funerals, etc., which aggregate about \$200.00 per year.

### LODGE No. 95—Vicksburg, Miss.

Contributed money to Boy Scouts. Have made about 15 individual calls to hospitals. We are now arranging for Flag Day exercises fitting program, where the school children and general public will participate. At Christmas time had Christmas tree under supervision of the Kings Daughters. This Lodge furnishes tree and all toys, fruits, candy, ice cream and cake. About 120 children had a real Christmas. Total cash value of these donations, \$100.00. This Lodge sponsors Redwood, Miss., Agricultural High School. We have given free use of club for entertainment of various conventions that have met in Vicksburg; allowed Daughters of the Confederacy use of club for holding card parties in order to raise funds to pay off debt of Warren County Soldiers' Monument. Gave use of club to League of Women Voters.

### LODGE No. 98—Des Moines, Iowa.

Identified in promotion of Salvation Army work, organizing of Boy Scouts, aiding in supplying milk to school children. Built a house at Salvation Army Camp for needy mothers, gave funds and equipped room at Salvation Army Hospital, supplied dinners, coal, etc., to 150 families; clothed more than 500 boys and girls in new clothing. Always assist the sick and visit the hospitals regularly, also send flowers, etc. to be distributed through the wards. Plans now completed to establish scholarship fund for next school term. \$4,000.00 was spent in clothing the above 500 children. Will hold a very large Flag Day exercise in front of the Club. Entire street for block beautifully decorated. At Christmas time we gave a party for 3,000 children, each one given toy, candy, fruit, etc., also ticket to movie. Dinners were given to 150 families, and seven families were furnished with fuel. Supplied money for woman to have operation on eyes. Took charge of visiting brother who had gone insane and through medical care restored him to health. Gave \$100.00 for milk to needy children. Subscribed to practically all community welfare undertakings.

### LODGE No. 101—Amsterdam, N. Y.

Identified in parks and playground movements. Expended \$425.00 on hospitals, pay hospital bills for sick members, and visit hospitals. Held Kiddies Day for 3,000 children, expending \$775.00. At Christmas time furnished baskets of food to 180 families and 400 kiddies were given a real Christmas, amounting to \$725.00. Donated \$15.00 to poor, \$25.00 to American Legion, \$50.00 to Red Cross, \$25.00 to Day Nursery, and \$10.00 for Armistice Day. \$6.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 107—Gallipolis, Ohio.

Tendered use of our rooms to Gallia Com-  
(Continued on page 64)



For a Merry Christmas—for a merry time every day and for many years to come—  
give your loved ones a Thompson Radio Receiving Set, a Thompson Speaker, or both.

# THOMPSON RADIO

Thompson Radio Receiving Sets and Thompson Radio Speakers deliver the highest quality of simplified and economical radio entertainment. Both nearby and distant radio programs cannot be more faithfully reproduced than with a Thompson Radio Receiving Set. One of the many reasons for the advanced development and perfection in Thompson Radio

products is an organization composed of radio engineers who have been making radio apparatus exclusively ever since "radio" was called "wireless."

The 5-tube GRANDETTE is \$125. The 5-tube PARLOR GRAND, (shown in large picture below) is \$145. The 6-tube CONCERT GRAND, is \$180. Prices are without tubes or batteries. The Thompson Speaker, with conical diaphragm and other special features, is now \$28.

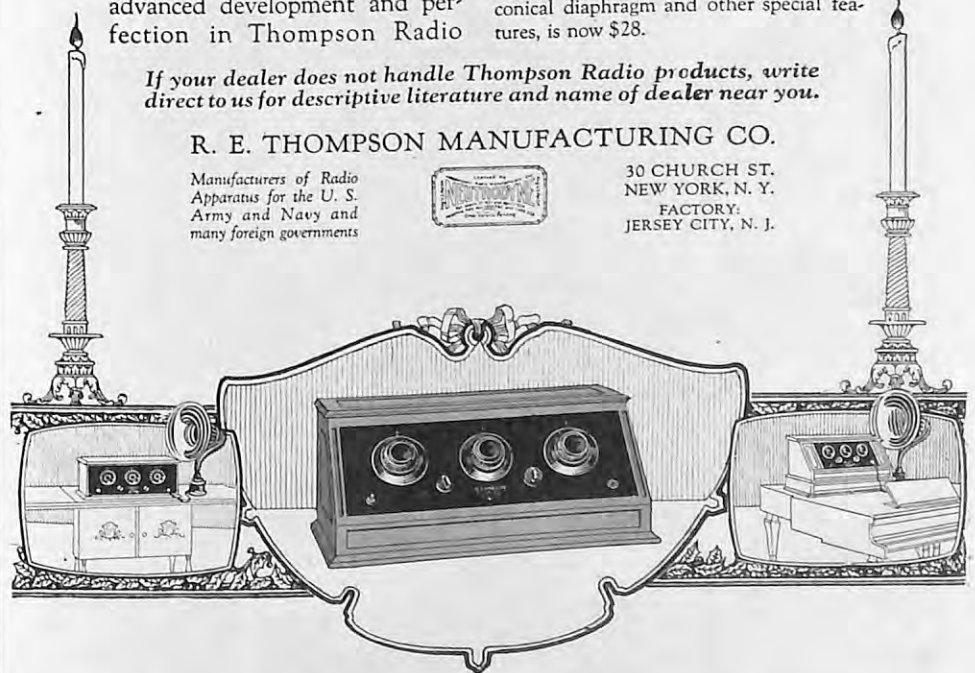
If your dealer does not handle Thompson Radio products, write direct to us for descriptive literature and name of dealer near you.

R. E. THOMPSON MANUFACTURING CO.

Manufacturers of Radio Apparatus for the U. S. Army and Navy and many foreign governments



30 CHURCH ST.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
FACTORY:  
JERSEY CITY, N. J.



## Building a Home?

Then Send For This Booklet



IT'S ABOUT Heating. Not any one system, but facts you want to know about all of them, before deciding on any of them.

The facts are told in letters—real letters—that were written by 6 different people to a couple who were planning to build.

Intensely interesting. Sometimes amusing. Always help-filled. Printed in four colors. Attractively bound and beautifully printed. Send for it. Use the coupon.

Send me your booklet on heating, called "Letters To and Fro".

Name.....

Address.....

E. M.

**Burnham Boiler Corporation**

Irvington, New York  
Representatives in all principal cities  
Canadian Office: Harbor Commission Bldg., Toronto



Sweet's  
Diamond  
Book

Free

THE NEW YORK WORLD  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

L. W. SWETT, INC.

**TEAR OFF HERE-AND MAIL TODAY**

Name.....

Address.....

Identified in helping Boy Scouts (we sponsor one troop), Pines Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Old Folks Home, Y. M. C. A. Building, Shreveport Provident Association, Shreveport Training School for poor and orphan girls, and Hephzibah Home. We have given our Secretary the right to feed anyone that is hungry at our café. Helped a poor woman who was a dope fiend, sick and hungry. Obtained medical attention for her, sent her to take cure for dope. She is now cured, in a neighboring city making a living. Secured three jobs for delinquent boys. Have made numerous calls at hospitals. Will hold Flag Day Services. On account of so many other organizations giving out baskets at Christmas time, we decided to make cash donations to two institutions and we donated to Shreveport Training School, and the Hephzibah Home.





## The only comfort is in being sure

WHEN the last word has been spoken, you can be comforted by the thought that you have proved worthy of fine sentiment — only if you have provided the utmost of burial protection for the loved one.

Being sure about protection requires uncompromising adherence to the need of *positive* and *permanent* protection. No other smaller measure of protection can be worth while.

The Clark Grave Vault affords burial protection that is *positive* because it is made according to a natural law; it is *permanent* because it is made of Keystone copper-steel. To accept an imitation is to defeat your whole conception of protection. For a quarter of a century no Clark Vault has failed. It keeps out every drop of moisture.

It can be supplied by leading funeral directors in every part of the United States.

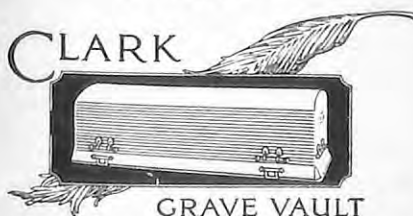
You are assured of Clark protection only when you receive the Clark Fidelity Certificate covering the vault delivered to you and embodying the fifty year guaranty.

*Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!*

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT  
COMPANY

Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,  
Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

In our Club Rooms on Christmas morning there was collected \$136.00. Part of this was used to buy an overcoat for a man affected with tuberculosis. The remainder was donated to two families who were in need. Cash value of these donations were \$386.00. Secured a job for man who had a wife, and several weeks later he was arrested for connection with auto theft. His 17 year old wife was left without funds, so we secured her board and room in the home of a member. We then purchased ticket for her, gave her sufficient cash to pay expenses and sent her home. We have since received two letters from this little woman, thanking us for helping her. She intended returning money but we told her that we would not accept same. \$1.69 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 124—Fort Worth, Texas.

Expended \$100.00 for furnishing room in hospital. Will have public Flag Day in our City Park. Gave Thanksgiving dinner to 220 newsboys at Club Rooms and 2 for 52 orphans at The County Orphans' Home. Total amount of these donations were \$292.65. At Christmas time we had a tree at the Club Rooms for 1,800 children, giving each candy, etc. The amount of the donations was \$1,100.00. Expended \$1,800.00 taking care of and educating two crippled children, and \$1,225.00 to take care of a widow of an Elk.

### LODGE No. 126—Galveston, Texas.

Identified with Galveston Commercial Association, Playground Association, Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club and Lions' Club. Maintain a troop of Boy Scouts, known as Elks' Scouts. Maintain a crippled children's ward at hospital, help the sick and visit hospitals regularly. Aid has been rendered by individuals in securing jobs for a number of boys. Had an entertainment for crippled children at hospital, and outing to inmates of three orphanages. Flag Day program will be fully carried out in municipal park. Gave a benefit dance for milk fund for needy babies, cost being about \$550.00. At Christmas time we had a tree for 500 poor children, donating clothing, toys, candy, etc., costing us approximately \$790.00. Contributed to German children's fund, Harding Memorial Fund, Japanese Relief Fund, Anti-tuberculosis Association, care of disabled brother, and burial of one of our members. Altogether our donations have been \$1,659.74 to date. \$2.37 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 130—Allentown, Pa.

Our Christmas donations consisted of \$25.00 annually to the Rescue Mission, as well as the Salvation Army. Gave \$250.00 in merchandise and cash to cases recommended by the Associated Charities, \$100.00 to the Allentown Hospital, \$100.00 to the Sacred Heart Hospital, \$100.00 to Day Nursery, and \$100.00 to Associated Charities. Paid \$150.00 rent for poor families. Our Americanization activities were to donate three \$10.00 essay prizes in gold. Hold Flag Day Services. In addition to this have helped six fraternal cases, expending \$175.00. \$1.59 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Had Kiddies Day at the lodge, \$150.00, for our own kiddies and their friends. We also expended \$873.00 on a Kiddies Day at Allentown Fairgrounds for the poor children. They were taken out to the park in machines and had nurses to escort them, were given a thorough cleaning up in special shower bath facilities donated by our members, completely refitted with a new set of clothes and led over to Oak Grove. They were entertained with a Bathing Girl Revue, given by the more fortunate youngsters of several dancing classes, after which they were taken to the Doll and Toy Counters where each kiddie was given at least three items. They were then filled up with good things to eat, and then taken back home in automobiles.

### LODGE No. 131—Battle Creek, Mich.

Identified with Battle Creek Welfare Committee. Gave a dinner on New Year's day to 325 newsboys, gave baskets of food, clothing, shoes and fuel to 41 families at Thanksgiving time, expending \$1,263.25. That includes clothes to 23 families, fuel to 6, and 123 children

(Continued on page 66)



## We are ready for 100 Men who can earn \$300 to \$600 a month

WE HAVE, right now, open territory in which we want to appoint 100 additional Fyr-Fyter Salesmen. We have positions open that will pay from \$300 to \$600 a month—\$3,600 to \$7,200 a year. Previous selling experience will be valuable, but is not essential as we conduct our own course of expert training. This offer will appeal to the man who really wants to enter the selling field with the assurance of building up a steady and permanent business that will pay him an excellent income.

### Big Earnings Possible

Fyr-Fyter Salesmen make unusually large earnings from the start of their work. L. R. Graham, of Illinois, made \$180 during his first week, and makes \$100 or more a week, steadily. A. H. Robey, of W. Va., makes around \$350 a month. L. D. Paine, of Iowa, earned \$150 in his first three days, \$4,507 in 217 days, and has had any number of days in which he has made \$50 to \$60.

### Unlimited Market

Fyr-Fyter is a device which means *fire prevention*. It is not to be confused with the ordinary "fire extinguisher." It has the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. Our products are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor, International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world. Thousands are in use today in factories, stores, schools, hotels, hospitals, theaters, garages, warehouses, private homes,—*wherever fire may start*. This means that there is an unlimited market for Fyr-Fyter in every community,—a market that offers unlimited prospects to our Salesmen.

### Do You Want This Opportunity?

We want 100 more Fyr-Fyter Salesmen now to take open territory. It is a real opportunity that will appeal immediately to the man who wants to earn a steady income that will amount to from \$3,600 to \$7,200 or more a year. It is a distinctly high-grade proposition that will appeal to men who want to succeed in a big way. If you are interested in an opportunity that can easily pay you \$5,000 during the first year, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us immediately for the details of our offer.

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509 FYR-FYTER BLDG., DAYTON, OHIO

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**We will include FREE to each purchaser of 100 CIGARS OUR EDWIN SAMPLE CASE**

CONTAINING ONE CIGAR each of our 12 BEST SELLERS, priced up to \$30.00 per 100. Only one sample case FREE to each customer. This offer is made just to "Get Acquainted"

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Send check or pay on arrival. Your money back if you don't receive at least **DOUBLE VALUE** Transportation charges paid by us. Please state mild-medium, strong. Established 1903. Ref. any bank in U. S. When ordering please mention THE ELKS.

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Elizabeth Towne,  
Editor of Nautilus.

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Bring health, new joy and prosperity—  
Dissolve family strife and discord—  
Bring co-operation and development.

How to do all the above by the aid of auto-suggestion is explained in "How to Go Into the Silence," by Elizabeth Towne and Paul Ellsworth.

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"I am free," she wrote, "from a veritable curse that might have held me to the end of my days."

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## Subordinate Lodge Activities

(Continued from page 65)

were given a real Christmas. Have member who looks after the welfare of all juvenile offenders who appear in court. Are fostering a troop of Boy Scouts, furnished colors and gave them a room to meet in. Furnished a room in the Old Ladies' Home at an expense of \$185.00. Assisted five families to pay rent to an extent of \$120.00. Assisted 11 boys to get a job. Help the sick, visit hospitals regularly, and furnish medicine, doctors and provisions. Assist applicants to secure naturalization papers. Expended \$238.00 for shoes and clothing to needy school children. Party for children of brothers to be held in April. Will have Flag Day Exercises. \$1.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. We give the use of our rooms to all who can use them.

### LODGE No. 133—Duluth, Minn.

Identified in "Boys' Week," prizes donated for skating contests. Maintain a scout troop and scoutmaster for Boy Scouts. As individuals we subscribed money for new addition to hospital. Help the sick and needy, and visit hospitals at least once a day. Flowers furnished to all Elks. Will have usual Flag Day services in Lodge Room or Theatre. Donated \$45.00 for Thanksgiving activities. At Christmas time we assisted about 100 families with food, clothing, fuel, etc. In January a children's party was held in which lunch and toys were given. 100 families were fed, 5 clothed, and fuel was furnished to four. Sent a brother to Detroit to obtain work, expending \$200.00 on his case. \$300.00 was needed to bring a brother in distress and his family back to Duluth from San Francisco. Other assistances were rendered to those in need who were not members. In addition to this have helped 109 families. 75¢ per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Give entertainments once a month in which the public are entertained. Dance once a month (free) inviting the members to bring their friends. Entertained Detroit Lodge on their cruise to Duluth. Furnished cars for a sight-seeing trip and provided dinner for them.

### LODGE No. 138—Temple, Texas

Assisted in City Beautiful Campaign. At Christmas time we fed 30 families, had public Christmas tree, giving candy and fruits to about 1,500 children. 30 families were fed, 10 clothed, and 5 were furnished fuel, the amount of these donations was \$350.00. Every month we send magazines from Club Rooms to the hospitals, and visit them every two weeks. Have taken care of two families of 5 members each during the year. \$2.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 144—Owensboro, Ky.

Identified in helping the Associated Charities, Red Cross, Queens Daughters and all other civic and community welfares. Gave \$100.00 to schools for lunch for poor children. Presented a silk Flag and sleeve insignia to Boy Scouts. We maintain a furnished room at the City Hospital and visit weekly. Send flowers and provide otherwise for the sick. Donated \$225.00 for text-books, shoes, etc., to needy school children. Have Flag Day services to which public is invited. Helped the Queens Daughters with their Thanksgiving activities. At Christmas time we contributed to Good-Fellows Club.

### LODGE No. 147—Defiance, Ohio

Visit the hospitals regularly. Will hold Flag Day exercises in public place, at which time we conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest in which 1,500 children are eligible to join. At Christmas time we fed 24 families, clothed 24, and 100 children were given toys, etc. We expended \$179.40 on these activities. We have helped 185 persons, expending \$480.00. 80¢ per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Made donations to the inmates of the County Home for Indigent Persons and to the inmates of the Children's Home. Expenditures for sickness and flowers total \$200.00.

### LODGE No. 148—Greenville, Miss.

Identified in the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs. Visit the sick at hospitals. Hold Flag Day Exercises in Lodge

Room and the public is invited. Total cash value of donations \$120.00. 25¢ per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Donate \$10.00 per month for the milk fund of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association. Whenever we are called upon for help we give same gladly.

### LODGE No. 149—Pine Bluff, Ark.

Donated \$50.00 to Boy Scouts. Pay half of the cost to maintain a ward for poor children, cost \$250.00 per year. Bought medicine and paid doctor bills for four families, and visit hospitals regularly. Will hold Flag Day services in our new Lodge with public invited. Donated \$100.00 to charities for dinner for the poor on Thanksgiving Day. Furnished 500 baskets for children with toys and fruits, etc., at Christmas. Donated \$50.00 for dinner at Boys' Industrial School.

### LODGE No. 154—Portsmouth, Ohio

We are the meeting grounds for many organizations and committees doing social and civic welfare work, such as Red Cross drive. Community Chest drive, Christmas Seals, etc. Gave \$100.00 to Red Cross for Japanese relief fund. Have thrown open lodge for Boy Scouts' use on several occasions. Are paying \$15.00 monthly for rent and gas for needy person. Have paid medical bills amounting to \$80.00 and burial bills to the extent of \$225.00. \$125.00 worth of flowers to sick and deceased. Visit hospitals when a brother is sick. On Thanksgiving have free turkey dinner at lodge for 85 poor kiddies. Price of dinners approximately \$100.00. During Christmas we furnished two baskets to each poor family; 170 baskets in all, making 85 families fed, and costing \$400.00. We also purchased \$10.00 worth of Christmas Seals. In addition have helped 57 families, and total donations were \$1,100.00. \$1.40 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 158—Springfield, Ill.

Have equipped and maintained a drum and bugle corps of 35 pieces in the Boy Scouts. Identified in forming complete team organization in Boy Scout Fund drive; in furnishing complete division of 40 men in Chamber of Commerce; in campaigning for members, leading all other divisions; in establishing Abraham Lincoln University, playground and recreation, full time system; in planning a new hotel, and staged a Grand Community Picnic attended by 25,000 persons. Made frequent calls to hospitals and sent flowers to sick brothers. Advanced \$150.00 to wife of sick member, enabling her to travel a distance to his bedside. Our new \$650,000.00 home opens Sunday, March 9th; the ceremonies will continue until April 15th. We staged a very impressive Flag Day exercise in connection with our Community Picnic last year, and Picnic is designed to serve this purpose this year. Expended \$2,100.00 in Thanksgiving and Christmas activities, aiding the Good Fellows. Many brothers took personal charge of delivering baskets and toys. In building our new home we have taken into consideration the necessities of everything, and have arranged it so as to meet the requirements of relief of hotel shortage, auditorium seating 1,500 people, etc. In this way we have expended more money than we would have had we built the building just to meet our own needs.

### LODGE No. 165—Haverhill, Mass.

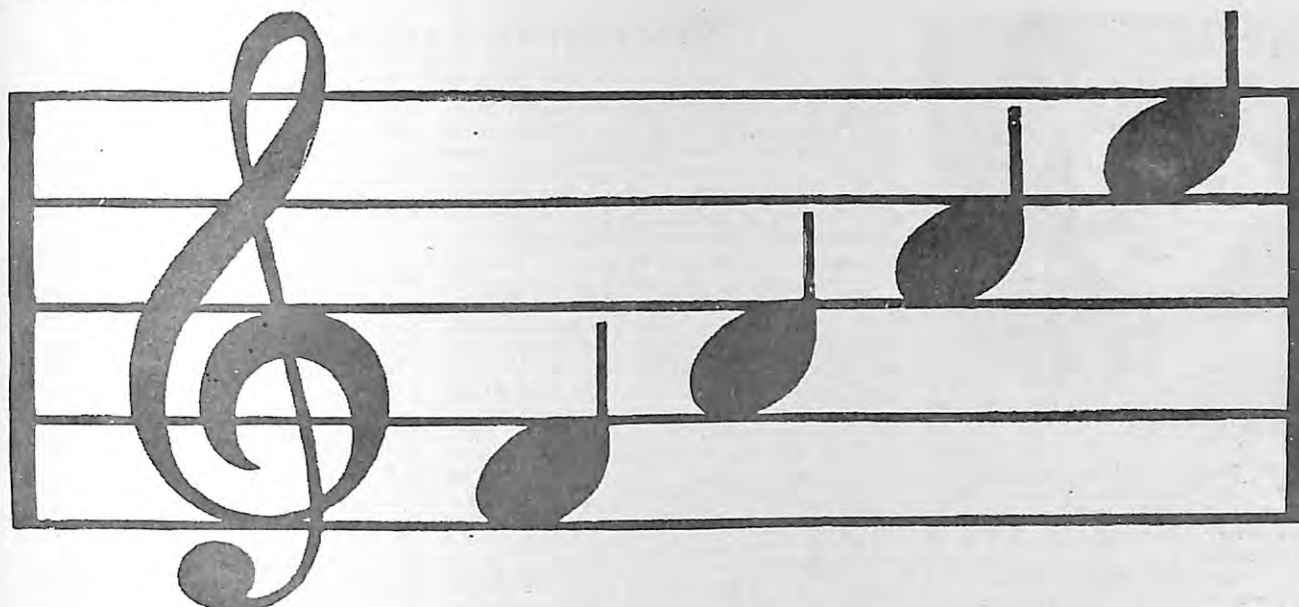
Paid rent for a few of our own members. Make regular calls at hospitals. Will give public demonstration on Flag Day in a public place. Will conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest in which 3,000 children are eligible to join. 110 families were furnished Thanksgiving baskets at a cost of \$800.00. Sent checks to members' families at Christmas time. 210 families were fed, and we expended about \$250.00.

### LODGE No. 168—San Diego, Cal.

Identified with Big Brotherhood; Department and Good Behavior School Children; subscribed by donations the sum of \$1,000.00 for the building of a glass showcase in the San Diego Natural History Building to case a mounted group of four Elk. Have aided poor and general suffering

(Continued on page 68)





# See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

**Y**OU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.

The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

Practice is essential, of course—but it's fun the new way. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. The "print-and-picture" method of self-teaching is fascinating; it's simply a matter of following one in-

teresting step after another. You learn that the note in the first space is F, and that a certain key on the piano is F. Thereafter you will always be able to read F and play it whenever you see it. Just as you are able to recognize the letters that make a word, you will be able to recognize and play the notes that make a melody. It's easy, interesting.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—each step is made as clear as ABC. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid new quick way.

**You Can Play Your Favorite Instrument Three Months From Today**

If you are dissatisfied with your present work, let music act as the stepping-stone into a new career. If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument and, through

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Send for our free book called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." Everyone who is interested in music should send at once for this valuable book. It not only explains the wonderful new simplified method of learning music, but tells about a special short time offer now being made to music-lovers. With it will be sent an illustrated folder which proves, better than words, how delightfully quick and easy the famous Print-and-Picture Method is.

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## Subordinate Lodge Activities

(Continued from page 66)

through Standing Relief Committee and Christmas Committee. Food, clothing and cash relief given as needed. Have handled on an average of about 10 cases a week through the Big Brotherhood Committee. The police court paroled these boys to us and we have had very good success in placing them in good homes in the city and country. Make calls to hospitals from 15 to 25 times a week. We have a first-class night school for any one, being maintained by the Board of Education. About 1,500 members. Have furnished shoes, clothing for needy school children. Will hold regular Flag Day services in our Lodge room or in a theatre, open to the public. There will be good speakers and music. At Christmas time distributed clothing, food, toys and entertained children from Children's Homes. Also had turkey dinner for 360. Distributed food to 175 poor families, also clothing. Fed 175 families; 360 children were given a real Christmas. Donated the sum of \$1,000.00 toward the building of a new Children's Home in this City. Total amount spent for charity outside of Lodge \$4,706.98. \$3.14 per capita spent on Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 171—Oakland, Calif.

Identified in Independence Day celebration. Contributed to Oakland Community Chest, \$750.00. Emergency Relief work throughout year in form of donation of groceries, fuel, clothing and household necessities. Help juvenile offenders to secure employment and go straight. Have secured jobs during the past year for 86 deserving boys. Help the sick to meet emergencies by giving financial aid and visit hospitals regularly. Permitted Local Council of Boy Scouts to use Lodge Rooms for sessions of Court of Honor meeting monthly. Donated phonograph to Salvation Army hospital and provided Christmas tree for that hospital and a Christmas present for every inmate. Make monthly visits to the U. S. Veterans Hospital in order to keep in touch with their needs, providing entertainment at various times, gave yearly subscriptions for 20 current magazines, gave hundreds of used books for library in Red Cross House, provided 40 dozen decks of cards and six singing canaries, painted interior of Red Cross House and covered two pool tables for them. Have paid rent for five poor families. We cooperate with county judge handling naturalization cases and thereby interest ourselves in the Americanization problem. Expended \$750.00 on clothing and shoes to wards of Associated Charities. Will give an entertainment for children on Easter Sunday. Will hold Flag Day services. At Christmas time 225 needy families were furnished merchandise orders of from \$7.50 to \$10.00, toys and candies were distributed to about 1,000 children, presents were provided for patients of U. S. Veterans Hospital and for every inmate of Salvation Army Hospital. Also approximately 1 dozen families were furnished fuel. Our donations in these activities amounted to \$2,750.00. Expended \$530 in presenting 8 silk American Flags, also dishes and cooking utensils to one of city schools; financed a blind cripple in a peanut and popcorn stand; and met emergency calls for blankets, beds, food, etc. \$3.68 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. We were instrumental in preventing a general Bolshevik meeting in the City of Richmond, are obtaining further evidence against a Russian newspaper, looking toward the prosecution of the publishers. Took an active part in preventing the repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism act.

### LODGE No. 173—Williamsport, Pa.

Identified with Social and Community Welfare Association which takes in all charitable organizations and we contribute \$250.00 to this organization. Give contributions annually to hospitals, furnish medical attention, help and visit hospitals regularly. Sick Elks are called upon daily. Have paid \$200.00 rent for poor families. Have annual Kiddies Day in June, at which time we expect to entertain 2,000 poor children by giving them a big day's outing, auto ride, big dinner, refreshments, and amusements. Flag Day services will be held in largest public park, in which about 10,000 of the public will participate. We furnish food, clothing, fuel, nurses and doctors to whoever may need same.

through our Charity Committee who work with the Social and Community Welfare Committee, this year our donations amounting to \$1,500.00.

### LODGE No. 181—Trinidad, Colorado

Presence in the courts where boys are found to be is urged and a guiding hand offered. This lodge sponsored a troop of Boy Scouts. \$5.00 rent was paid for poor family. Furnished medicine and food and fruit to the sick and visited the hospitals. Have always aided boys in securing work. Will hold Flag Day services in centrally located public park. Will conduct a Flag Day Essay Contest in which all grade school pupils are eligible to join. At Thanksgiving time the Salvation Army and Red Cross are requested to call upon us for anything needed. At Christmas time a \$20.00 check was given the Salvation Army. We have fed three families, furnished clothes to one and fuel to one. Total cash value of our donations, \$67.50. 15c. per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 182—Lock Haven, Pa.

Identified with Community Service movement, Boy Scout, and Children's Aid. Spent \$1,130.00 during year by Relief Committee. Bought artificial limbs for cripple. Paid funeral expenses of child of destitute family. Co-operated with Community Service on Boy Scout Activities. Gave cash donation to Lock Haven Hospital. Paid rent for two poor families amounting to \$38.00. Furnished fuel for needy. Sent fruit and flowers to sick, and visited hospitals monthly. Expended \$32.50 for Athletic Shoes for poor boys. Planning Flag Day activity. On last Flag Day the Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, American Legion, Cavalry Troop and Elks paraded, principal speaker being the Hon. Henry F. Ashurs. Expect to repeat this year. Celebration held in Public Band Stand and Flag Day Prize Essay Contest now under consideration; 1,500 pupils eligible to join. Summer activities consisted of entertaining 310 poor children on Kiddies Day. Gave Christmas baskets to poor. Spent over \$950.00 for needy families during Christmas, feeding 40 families and clothing 20. Seven were furnished fuel and clothing bought for 90 children. Have supplied shoes for Aid Home Children for past four years. Helped 50 families. Spent \$2.50 per capita on Social and Community Welfare Work in past year. Captain Irving O'Hay spoke at Public Memorial Services, these services looked forward to from year to year.

### LODGE No. 193—Helena, Montana

In order to avoid complaint that we were trying to monopolize the charity matters, we have joined other organizations in principal civic movements. Our specialty is in annual municipal Christmas treat for all children. Entertained orphan children in annual picnic and auto ride. Have assisted 45 cases of sick during past year. All relatives of brothers are furnished flowers when sick, and we visit the hospitals daily. Shoes and clothing have been furnished 221 children. Have a Minstrel show scheduled for April first and will probably have a picnic for the 350 orphan children in various institutions. Flag Day services will be held in largest building of the city. At Christmas time we assisted 114 families and entertained 1,500 children, giving them toys, etc. All charity work together has cost us \$2,175.00. \$2.72 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Furnished our hall for rehearsals of several charitable entertainments of other organizations and assisted them in getting it in shape.

### LODGE No. 196—Lansing, Mich.

Identified in Social Service Bureau, Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, and Community Centre movements. Maintain a room at the hospital and pay regular calls there. Pay about \$191.00 a month rent for poor families. Have taken care of four families during past year. Expended \$25.00 on shoes to needy school children. Have summer picnics at the lake for all children of Social and Community Welfare, supply of eats and toys, etc. Gave Christmas donations to Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, Social Centre, and Social Service.



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No more trouble now from carbon or cylinders that pump oil. No more spark plug fouling—no coughing, jerking or "misfiring." The Van Kerr transformer is guaranteed to keep the spark plug firing in a cylinder that is pumping oil. The burning power of the spark at plug point will amaze you. Burns right through the oil and grease and it blows out through the exhaust in smoke, leaving no carbon. You can fire a leaner mixture of gas with increased power.

Saves Re-boring Cylinders

A whirl of the motor and your engine is running like a watch, developing power and speed such as you never knew before. Greater power to take hills. No matter whether your car is a Ford or Packard, whether new or old, Van Kerr transformers will make it run better as the burning power of the spark is increased. Will last the life of your car.

Sold on 10-Day Trial

Send for 10-day trial set of Van Kerr transformers. Simply deposit the purchase price with the postman with the understanding that if these transformers do not do everything we claim for them within ten days that you will return them and the deposit will be refunded in full. 4-cylinder car \$1.30; 6-cylinder car \$1.95. (If you expect to be out when postman calls you may send check or money order for either size under the same guarantee of satisfaction, adding 10c for postage.)

VAN KERR SALES CO. Dept. P. 219 S. Dearborn St. Chicago

Furnished milk for twelve families. Total value of our donations are about \$2,293.18.

### LODGE No. 199—Clinton, Iowa

Devoted all our time and energy in financing the completion of our new home. However, found a little time to assist in several cases, such as: Contributed to Japan Relief. Had a summer picnic last summer for members only, which was a social and financial success. The proceeds of the picnic were placed in our furnishing fund for furnishing our new quarters.

### LODGE No. 201—Austin, Tex.

Identified with Austin Welfare Council, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Stadium for University of Texas. Assisted Chamber of Commerce in raising funds for its maintenance and to finance Fair Association at Austin. Also helped sell bonds for building \$1,000,000.00 hotel in Austin. Contributed funds to Alterheim Home for Old Ladies, Children's Home, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Red Cross, United Charities, Humane Society, Babies Home, Old Negro Woman's Home, Japanese Relief. Have visited hospitals and looked after the sick and their needs. Have sent flowers and offered pecuniary assistance. Have given delinquent boys employment in our Bowling Alley. Have made 43 individual calls to hospitals. We are now engaged in the organization of a committee to establish a Scholarship Fund at the University of Texas (Austin, Texas) to be contributed to by all Elk Lodges in Texas. This fund to be used in assisting needy boys to secure a University education. The interest only to be used and the fund to remain intact and be added to each year. We hope to have this fund reach \$50,000.00 or more in two or three years, and the interest on the fund will take care of and educate 10 boys yearly. Planning for some Easter and May Day entertainment to raise funds for us in distributing flowers and giving to the needy. We are planning to hold our Flag Day exercises in Wooldridge Park, which is the playground of the children of the city and have prominent speakers for the occasion. At Thanksgiving time contributed to different charitable organizations to help the poor. Total cash value of our donation, \$150.00.

### LODGE No. 226—Gloversville, N. Y.

Assisted County Tuberculosis Branch entertain children and raised funds to equip a recently donated Athletic Field, \$25.00 for Dinner for "T. B." children, \$50.00 to T. B. Camp, \$900.00 for Kiddies Fund, \$150.00 for sick brothers. Furnished a room for a hospital and made fifteen calls. Plan a campaign to reduce the building debt. Total cash donations about \$1,200.00. Baskets given Salvation Army for distribution. 700 children were given a real Christmas. Raised \$1,600.00 to provide athletic equipment in Athletic Field in this city.

### LODGE No. 230—Macon, Ga.

Identified in Macon Chamber of Commerce and Community Chest movements. Gave \$235.00 to help poor people. Put up playground equipment. Furnished four beds in Charity Ward of Hospital, supplied nurses, and private rooms amounting to \$330.00, and visit there regularly. Paid \$20.00 rent for poor families. Supplied \$45.00 worth of fuel. Gave tree at Christmas time and furnished each child three toys, nuts, candies, fruit and stockings and caps, also a picture show ticket. 390 kiddies were given real Christmas, amounting to \$400.00. \$4.00 per capita is spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 232—Bristol, Tenn.

Donated \$1,000.00 for Christmas, charity, food, clothing, fruit, candies and toys, \$50.00 to Children's Orphan Home of Virginia, \$50.00 to old Ladies Home of Bristol, \$50.00 to Hospital of Bristol, Tenn., \$25.00 to Japanese Fund, \$25.00 to widow whose husband was killed by auto, \$25.00 to Red Cross Campaign, \$100.00 for one burial, and we give \$5.00 a month to help support a Red Cross Community Nurse for the City of Bristol, and Christmas cash donations were \$20.00.

### LODGE No. 234—Bradford, Pa.

Identified with Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts. Assisted in erecting new Band Stand. Gave the only public band concert in the City in 1923. (Continued on page 70)



No more  
shine  
on nose, face,  
forehead  
Magic after shaving

Throw away your powder can, men! There's a better way now—Vauv, a wonderful new cream that prevents shine. And it ends oiliness, that "greasy look" so distasteful to fastidious men.

No more shiny nose! No more shine on head or forehead! No more of that after-shaving "glow!"

Vauv clears the skin, too—rids it of impurities, keeps it free from blackheads. The skin looks clean and is clean.

The minute you try Vauv you'll be a convert. Begin using it today. 50c per tube at drug and toilet counters.

If you want proof before you buy a full-size tube, send 10c for generous sample. Use Vauv a week and you'll never be without it

## Coupon brings Sample

THE VAUV COMPANY

231 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find 10c for which send sample tube of Vauv.

Name .....

St. & No. ....

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



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Pocket size. Flexible covers. Gilt Edge. Easy to read and understand. Questions and answers teach quickly. Coupon gives free examination. No money now. Nothing to postman. Pay only if you are satisfied.

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THEO. AUDEL & CO., 72 5th Ave., N.Y. City.  
Send me for free examination AUDEL'S CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS GUIDES, 4 numbers. If satisfactory I will send you \$1 within 5 days and \$1 monthly until \$6 is paid.

Name.....

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Occupation.....

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Audel's Masons & Builders Guides give information in handy form for Bricklayers, Plasterers, Tile Setters and all Cement Workers. Easy to use, showing how to figure and lay out various jobs. 1100 pages of inside practical information that will increase your range of knowledge. 2067 pictures and charts explaining each point.

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COUPON**

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Send me, postpaid, for free examination: AUDEL'S MASONS & BUILDERS GUIDES, 4 numbers. If O.K. I will send you \$1 in 6 days and \$1 monthly until \$6 is paid.

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# 3 GIFT TIES \$1.00



Beautiful knitted neckties in newest shades and attractive patterns. Rich silky lustre. Our own special process of manufacture produces a tie that holds its shape and appearance, yet sells at moderate price. Ideal Christmas gifts. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded if you are not satisfied after receiving ties.

## AGENTS WANTED

Write for proposition

CARL BROWN FACTORIES

11 Brown St.

Buffalo, N. Y.

**Specialty Salesmen and District Managers**  
to represent \$100,000.00 Ohio Company selling twelve year established line of constantly used specialties. Unlimited opportunity for big earnings and promotion to capable men. Write at once. The Colorcraft Company, 878 W. 70th, Cleveland, Ohio.

## Subordinate Lodge Activities

(Continued from page 69)

Gave seven silk Flags to Bradford Public Schools. We subscribe regularly to the Salvation Army. Gave four wheel chairs at a cost of \$255.00 to hospitals. Have paid rent for several poor families through the Salvation Army. Sent our doctor and supplied groceries for sick. Visit the hospitals every Sunday. We support the Ladies Literary Club that have an Americanization School every year. We give an allotted sum of money every year to school nurse and truant officer look after needy school children. Money spent for this relief averages about \$400.00 a year. Activities planning between June 15th, Kiddies Day and public Flag Day services which are attended by all school children and military bodies. Also planning to conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest for public school children. \$10.00 first prize; \$5.00 second prize; \$2.50 third prize and \$1.00 for next ten best. Planning for Easter, May Day, Kiddies Day. We distributed at Thanksgiving time 231 baskets, consisting of one turkey, pound of sugar, pound of coffee, bag of mixed nuts, pound of print butter, two bunches of celery, two loaves of bread, three cans of milk, dozen oranges, peck of potatoes and one turnip. At Christmas time we did the same thing over again and the boys came across again. The Thanksgiving baskets included the Children's Home and the City Poor Farm. Total cash value of donations, \$1,477.91. Furnished food to 410 families; furnished clothes to 3 families. In addition to holiday activities, had Kiddies Day where all the children had an auto ride—there were 151 cars—and then returned to Grand Theatre for a special program and after the show fed 1,079 kiddies on the public square. The Citizens Band entertained and the Girl Scouts served. \$6.75 per capita spent on Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 235—South Bend, Ind.

Identified with Board of Managers for Boy Week and all meetings are held in the Temple. We help the City Rescue Mission, Salvation Army and Associated Charities. Gave picnic for all of the kids at the Orphans Home last summer. Furnished room in each of the two hospitals in the city costing \$500.00 each. Furnished several tons of coal to needy. Make individual calls to hospitals about once a month. Bought shoes and clothing for about 800 kids, totaling \$1,800.00. On Flag Day services will be held in our Lodge room and all organizations in the city will attend. Built a summer home on the shore of a lake a few miles from city and hire a couple to take care of same. This home will accommodate about 18 poor families and is filled up all summer, each family staying two weeks. Pay part of expense of this work along with the City Rescue Mission, costing us \$1,400.00. Christmas time had a big tree with Santa Claus and furnished clothing, shoes, candy and toys to over 1,200 kids. This was held in our auditorium. Fed 60 needy families; clothed 800 children; furnished fuel to ten families. 1,200 children were given a real Christmas. Total cash value of donations, \$2,800.00. \$5.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE 243—Worcester, Mass.

Presented a stand of colors to both the Spanish War Veteran Camp and Post of American Legion. Furnished fuel to needy and aided sick members only. Furnished shoes and clothing to needy school children amounting to \$4,107.00. On Flag Day a patriotic program is planned. There will be good speaking and a musical program, and expect to surpass all previous efforts. The celebration will be held in our own Auditorium, just completed, seating capacity 1,000. Held an outing for the orphans from all the institutions in the city. About 1,100 attended, including matrons, nuns and care takers. During Christmas we furnished shoes, stockings, rubbers and overshoes. Also take care of adults. 612 children were given a real Christmas. The total cash value of our donations, \$4,107.00. In addition to the above fund, the Lodge donated \$200.00 from its Treasury for the Summer party to the orphans.

### LODGE No. 254—Janesville, Wis.

Active in Chamber of Commerce work and

members work in cooperation with the Kiwanis Club, who are taking the helm on the work of underprivileged children. Furnish food, fuel, clothing to every one reported as in need throughout the year. Give breakfast, rolls and coffee to all men who have to go to the city hall for lodging from November 1st to March 1st. Totals from 1,800 to 2,000 per year. By doing this, we do away with house to house begging. Furnished two rooms complete and keep them properly decorated and supplied in hospitals. Have furnished fuel to needy families. Aided sick by supplying bedding, food, fruit, milk, medicines. Also see to it that they have medical attention. Make individual calls to hospitals once a week. Furnished text-books, shoes and clothing to needy school children, amounting to \$340.00. Considering Essay Contest proposition for Flag Day, where the school children and general public will participate. Thanksgiving furnished baskets for 40 families. Total cash value of this donation \$400.00. At Christmas time 381 children were given a real Christmas. Toys, candy, meat, etc., were distributed, amounting to \$824.88, at reduced prices. Furnished food to 37 families; furnished clothing to 45 families, and furnished fuel to 18 families. Total cash value of these donations, \$1,800.00. Paid railroad fares to get people stranded here on to their journeys and gave money (calling it a loan) to proud but needy people. Got widow's pensions for a number of poor women under State pension law. Looked after widow's insurance to see that it was taken care of. Bought new Club House site \$50,000.00. Paid \$16,000.00 down. Donated money to High School Band, \$25.00. Donated \$25.00 to Milton College Glee Club; held series of club dances; gave formal party; held feather party two nights; loaned Moose Lodge and American Legion dishes; loaned rooms to Kiwanis show cast; loaned rooms to several women's clubs; held memorial services in Myers Theatre; held Flag Day exercises in Club Room, High School Band of seventy pieces took part. Served everybody ice cream and cake. Redecorated Elks Rooms at the Mercy Hospital \$47.25. Donated \$10.00 to Red Cross; sent flowers to sick during year amounting to \$200.00.

### LODGE No. 260—Fargo, N. D.

Identified as leaders in Fargo in Social and Community Welfare Work. Gave \$1,000.00 per year for past three years to Boy Scouts. Paid \$80.00 rent for poor families. Aided sick with provisions, coal, doctors, nurses. Visit hospitals regularly. Furnished about \$100.00 worth of text-books, clothes, etc. to school kiddies. Plan Mothers' Day service. Hold essay contest on Flag Day, 6,000 kiddies eligible. Celebrated in City Park. Furnished 154 baskets to poor on Christmas, clothed 57 families, furnished fuel to 11, and over 600 kiddies given a real Christmas. Total cash donated about \$800.00. Have helped 30 additional families to the extent of \$500.00. \$1.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 277—Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Aided a poor family during distress. Expended \$100.00 on clothing for one needy family. Will have Flag Day exercises on lawn of Elks Home. At Thanksgiving time furnished baskets to 43 families, expending \$75.00. At Christmas time we had a Christmas tree with entertainment and gifts for 270 children, expending \$250.00. We allow Chamber of Commerce use of Banquet Hall for their annual meeting. G. A. R. District meeting was held at Elks Home, and War Mothers hold weekly meetings at Lodge Room.

### LODGE No. 283—Rochester, Pa.

Donated \$25.00 to Boy Scouts. Maintain a room in hospital. Have supplied nurses for sick members. Secured jobs for delinquent boys. Secured employment for two boys from Reform School. Made ten individual calls to hospitals. Furnished shoes and clothing to needy school children, amounting to \$75.00. Will hold usual Flag Day exercises in Elks Park connected with our home. Have secured a good speaker for this occasion. 400 pupils will be eligible to join the Flag Day Prize Essay Contest.

(Continued on page 72)



# Even among men, he was ~ "impossible!"

THEY tolerated him, of course. He was a member of the exclusive University Club, and he came there almost every evening. Other members knew him—casually, as you know a man you meet now and then in business. But *they didn't like him*. They avoided him as much as possible. They were polite, civil, as all gentlemen are—but distant.

They never wandered over to start a conversation with him. They never invited him to their homes—to meet their wives—to attend their parties or dinners. He was one of them, and yet so far removed from them that even in their company he felt unutterably lonely.

He knew he was not popular, and he developed a manner of haughty unconcern. But it hurt him to think that he was avoided. He hungered for companionship, and no one wanted his company. Women were never comfortable, gay or at ease in his company—and even among men he was "impossible!" Why?



## What Makes Men and Women Like One Another?

You know how you are instantly attracted to the man or woman in whose company you feel comfortable and at ease.

You know how eager you are to escape from the man or woman who somehow makes you feel self-conscious, embarrassed.

It is your *manner* that attracts people to you—or repels them. Not *manners*, but manner. The way you join a group of people and acknowledge introductions. The way you start a conversation and draw others into it. The ease with which you conduct yourself, the confidence you have in whatever you do or say, the poise with which you meet every circumstance no matter how puzzling.

Did you ever feel yourself "impossible"—among men—among women? Or are you sure of yourself no matter where you are, no matter with whom you happen to be?

You are doing yourself a grave injustice, you are missing much of the happiness of life—if you do not make yourself appealing and likable to other people. Why don't you let the remarkable New Book of Etiquette enrich your personality, give you poise,

ease and confidence, make you sure of yourself? This is not the famous old two-volume set which sold almost a million copies—but a completely rewritten, new, illustrated 1925 edition by the same author—an astonishing, new kind of sensible etiquette book that remakes your manner almost in an evening.

### The New Book of Etiquette

By LILLIAN EICHLER

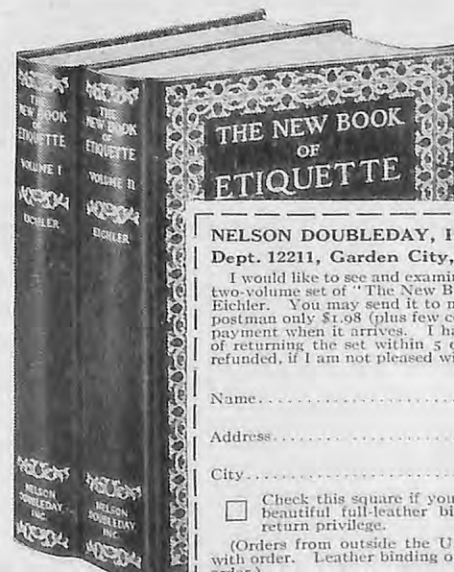
Don't you want to see it—examine it—judge it for yourself? You needn't keep it if you aren't convinced that here at last is the kind of etiquette book you always wanted, a social secretary for life! You needn't keep it if you don't find it the most practical, useful, interesting book on this subject ever written.

"The New Book of Etiquette" is in two library volumes, each volume crowded with valuable information on dinners, parties, dances, weddings, speech, correspondence, dress. There are chapters for the bach-

elor and the bachelor girl, for the debutante, for the bride, for the business woman, for young people who are engaged. There are letters of inquiry from men and women all over the world, answered authoritatively by the author. There is information you could not possibly acquire in any other way than through the pages of this amazing new two-volume set.

This coupon, filled in with your name and address, will bring The New Book of Etiquette to your door. When it arrives give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment. Keep the books for 5 days—read and examine them—and if you aren't delighted just return them within the 5 day period and your money will be refunded at once, without question.

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Dept. 12211, Garden City, N. Y.

I would like to see and examine the attractive, illustrated, two-volume set of "The New Book of Etiquette" by Lillian Eichler. You may send it to me today, and I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment when it arrives. I have the guaranteed privilege of returning the set within 5 days and having my money refunded, if I am not pleased with it in every way.

Name.....

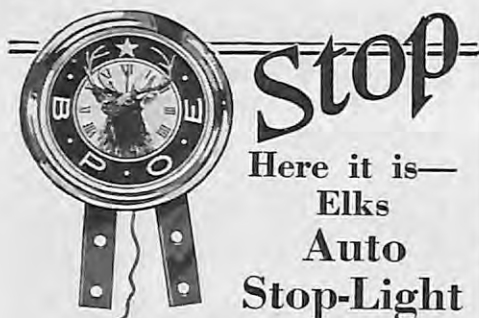
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Here it is—  
Elks  
Auto  
Stop-Light

with emblem cut in glass

A high grade Automobile stop light—same model as standard Packard equipment—but made with the Elks Emblem cut in the glass in colors. Just step on the brake and the fellow behind knows you're an Elk.

Remember—this is not just painted glass—it is not a transparency pasted on glass—the emblem is actually cut right in the glass—a permanent design in official purple and white.

This light with plain glass regularly lists at \$7.50 in accessory shops. Here's your chance to get it with your lodge emblem complete with all the necessary wire, guaranteed brake switch, and Mazda bulb,

guaranteed for  
one year—for  
only ..... **\$6.00** EACH

Can be made up with extra lettering (name of your city, etc.) at \$1.00 per light, additional.

**DEALERS:** Here is an item that will appeal to every Elk in your city. Write today for special quantity prices and discounts.

**The Russell-Hampton Co.**  
"Everything a Club Needs"  
39 West Adams St., CHICAGO  
5th & Couch Sts., PORTLAND, ORE.

## Earns Big Money



**JACOB GORDON  
GETS \$4000  
IN 2 MONTHS!**

**Making and Selling  
Popcorn Crispettes**

Mr. Gordon was driving delivery wagon for small pay. See what he did. Ira Shook, Flint, took in \$365.75 in one day. Bram bought one outfit, then 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane, Pittsburg, sold 8000 packages in one day. J. R. Bert, Ala., wrote, "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." Patillo, Ocala, writes: "Crispettes all you claim and then some." Kellogg, \$700 ahead end of second week.



**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS!**

Furnish secret formulas, raw material, and equipment. Small capital required; no experience needed.

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No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection made with or without sugar. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start in your town.

**Profit \$1,000 Month Easily Possible**

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

**Long-Eakins Co. 1186 High St. Springfield, O.**

## Subordinate Lodge Activities

(Continued from page 70)

On August 18, 1923, entertained about 2,500 children at cost of \$1,100. This was known as "Kiddies Day." At Christmas time gave baskets of food, clothing and toys to poor families and their children at a cost of \$550.00. Furnished food to 30 families; furnished clothes to 50 families; furnished fuel to 10 families. There were 100 children that had a real Christmas. In addition to other activities we contributed \$25.00 to Boy Scouts; \$25.00 to Red Cross; \$100.00 to Memorial Home; \$20.00 to Harding Memorial; \$10.00 to Tuberculosis Association and \$25.00 to Salvation Army Home Service. Have helped 50 families. Total cash value of these donations, \$755.00. \$6.00 per capita spent on Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 284—Orange, Texas.

Expended about \$300.00 giving several hundred children a big Christmas party at the Children's Playgrounds, having games, and distributing candies and fruits. On several occasions we have taken hungry hoboes into the Club dining room and given them a hot meal. In a number of cases we have assisted the needy with small cash donations of from one to five dollars. The total of these small donations was about fifty dollars. Several members from other lodges have come to us for help, and we donated \$5.00 to each of them. We have subscribed \$60.00 to the budget this year of the Boy Scout Council. Have volunteered to furnish transportation to and from the Summer Camp for the Scouts. Will have Flag Day service. We are maintaining a brother in the Elks National Home at a cost of about \$160.00 per year, and occasionally send him a gift. Sent him a check Christmas for \$25.00. Based on our actual membership the per capita amount expended in charity by this lodge is about \$7.00 per year. Expended \$800 to complete paving of a street which the city could not afford to finish.

### LODGE No. 287—Walla Walla, Wash.

Identified with every movement for community betterment. Had a boy, who was convicted, sentence commuted and he reports to the Judge each week and is doing fine. Donated \$25.00 to Boy Scouts. Have furnished a room in hospital here. Paid hospital fees for one family and funeral expenses amounting to \$175.00. Expended \$20.00 for five pair of shoes for needy school children. Have planned to have a series of ball games between the 8 schools in town to play for an American Flag on Flag Day. Exercises to be held in City Park and public will be invited. At Christmas time we gave 128 families Christmas boxes of food, 433 children were given nuts, candy, toys, underwear, stockings, etc., and this activity cost us \$1,200.00. Have taken care of several children, and also helped destitute families. In addition to this have helped 15 persons to the extent of \$250.00. \$2.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

### LODGE No. 288—Pendleton, Oregon.

Furnished hall for convention of Boy Scouts and assisted in taking about 300 boys on their annual outing. Identified with Spring Festival, Salvation Army drive. Visited hospitals, sent flowers and whatever else was necessary to sick. Will hold Flag Day services in lodge room to which public is invited. Have helped a brother who is ill to the extent of \$200.00. \$150.00 expended to give 26 families Thanksgiving baskets. Had a community Christmas tree, gave toys and candy to about 50 children, approximate cost being about \$475.00.

### LODGE No. 289—Elizabeth, N. J.

Cash donations to Community Christmas tree; maintain traveling housekeeper of Elizabeth Family Welfare Social on basis of \$75.00 per month; cash donations to Visiting Nurse Association. Total cash expended for different charities will approximate \$10,000.00 divided between Farm for Poor Kiddies; Elks Boys Club of Elizabeth (for poor boys); burial of the dead; aid to members in distress; donations to all local hospitals and every charitable institution in the city. Keep in daily touch with courts in matter of juvenile delinquents and are

arranging on first offenders to have them paroled in the custody of a member instead of sending to Reformatory. Made cash donations to Boy Scout movements. Cash donations to hospitals. Aided our own members by sending supplies not available by hospitals. Planning to continue in maintaining Elks Boys Club of Elizabeth; Farm for Poor Kiddies; Crippled Kiddies work. Will hold on Flag Day usual exercises and Flag Day Essay Contest for school children of city, where first grade pupils in all schools will be eligible to join. Planning for summer outing for Crippled Children; Summering of poor children of the city at our Kiddies Farm during July and August. During Christmas time baskets to the poor and toys to children were distributed; about 100 baskets at \$6.00 each; toys to such cases as came to our attention. Entertained children of three city orphan asylums at our Home with cats and show and presents. Furnished food to 100 poor families. About 200 children were given a real Christmas. Helped about 100 families. \$5.50 per capita a year for work done in Social and Community Welfare. 175 boys were enrolled in Elks Boys Club, where we have Gym classes, paid instructor and basket-ball games; 1,000 books in the library. The boys are taught clean sports and play fair and square and also to keep themselves clean; expense involved in the maintenance of this club during 1923 was \$4,049.71.

### LODGE No. 297—Dubuque, Iowa.

Identified with Boys Club, Community Chest, Finley Hospital and Sunny Crest Sanitarium. Subscribed \$50.00 to Boy Scouts and worked on committee. Subscribed \$150.00 to Sunny Crest, furnished flowers, fruits, eatables and cash in the sum of \$200.00, also visit the hospitals once a week. We assisted in conducting night schools. Will hold Flag Day services. Have committee working toward maintaining children's playgrounds, donating \$300.00. Gave 602 children a real Christmas by furnishing them with toys and clothing, and furnished well-filled baskets to 107 families, expending \$879.90. Total value of expenditures being \$1,429.90. \$1.20 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Have been conducting a Good Fellow Club for 15 years; public use of home is given all organizations; in fact we aim to serve all worthy causes.

### LODGE No. 301—Punxsutawney, Pa.

At Thanksgiving time assisted local charity committee to the extent of \$400.00. At Christmas time gave candy, etc., to 1,000 children.

### LODGE No. 302—Webster City, Iowa.

Identified in helping the American Legion, High School Athletic Teams, and loaned the use of house to American Legion. Donated \$15.00 to Boy Scouts. Keep up two Elk rooms in hospitals and have sent flowers to all sick brothers and visit hospitals regularly. Donated \$100.00 to Associated Charities. Will hold Flag Day services in public place. Donated \$25.00 for the Kiddies Christmas. Have given May parties, plays for charity funds, give use of our lodge rooms when needed, organized bowling teams for women, established Elks Rest in local cemetery.

### LODGE No. 303—The Dalles, Ore.

Identified in the Dalles-Wasco County Chamber of Commerce and Red Cross movements. Helped hungry and cold by co-operating with Red Cross and Salvation Army. Aided sick by furnishing food and clothing, and visited hospitals about 30 individual times. Furnished text-books, shoes, etc., to needy school children, to the extent of \$90.00. Plan to take care of any needy that may present themselves. Hold public Flag Day services in Lodge room, which will be open to public, and will be joined by other patriotic organizations of city. At Christmas time saw that every needy family was supplied with necessary requirements, consisting of money, etc. Fed 53 persons, clothed 53, furnished fuel to three families. 18 children were given a real Christmas. Total cash donations, \$125.00. \$1.00 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Donated to Japanese Relief. Entertained all poor children



of the city at free concert by Kansas City Symphony Orchestra, cost \$600.00.

#### LODGE No. 309—Colorado Springs, Colo.

Identified in Salvation Army Building drive, Chamber of Commerce, and Community Chest drive. Buy provisions and clothes for youngsters, pay some rent and outfit children so they can attend school. Help raise Boy Scout budgets. Maintain four rooms in different hospitals and helped raise the amount to build the nutrition hospital. Furnish fuel to the needy. Secured jobs for one or two delinquent boys. Look after sick and visit hospitals regularly. Furnished shoes and clothing in three cases, each amounting to \$15.00. Decorate graves in Elks Rest and other parts of the cemetery on Memorial Day. Send out few Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. \$1,200.00 spent for toys. Fed fifteen families, clothed 10 children, furnished fuel to five. 1,000 children received Christmas packages and 2,000 entertained. Cash donations of over \$500.00. Have helped 40 additional families, amounting to \$2,297.50. \$2.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Will hold Flag Day exercises and Prize Essay Contest will be conducted in which about 300 children will be eligible to join.

#### LODGE No. 314—Covington, Ky.

Gave picnic for orphanages at Coney Island and intend having another one this year. Gave Christmas baskets to poor, food, clothing, candies and toys and shoes. Give cash donations to hospitals each year, also food at Christmas, and visit hospitals regularly. Usual Lodge services will be held on Flag Day at our Temple at which public attend. Have fed 97 families, clothed 54, furnished fuel to three, and 227 children were given a real Christmas. Total cash value of donations \$986.00. Made cash donations to Red Cross, Anti-Tuberculosis League, Japanese Earthquake Fund, Children's Home Society, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Booth Memorial Hospital, Salvation Army, Associated Charities, and St. John's Orphanage. Total value of these donations was \$700.00. \$3.55 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 322—San Luis Obispo, Cal.

City has no band and in order to have a little music in community we have sponsored a band. Contributed \$100.00 to Boy Scout movement. We have helped two sick members financially and visited sick in hospitals. Furnished \$20.00 for clothing for needy school children. Will hold Flag Day exercises in local theatre, and general public is always invited. Will conduct a Flag Day Prize Essay Contest in which 750 children are eligible to join. At Christmas time we gave a Christmas tree for the children and a moving picture. Each child was given a present and candy. Donated baskets to 35 families, five were clothed, and over 900 children were given a real Christmas. Extent of these donations was \$500.00. 75c. per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work.

#### LODGE No. 323—Traverse City, Mich.

Furnished baskets of food on Thanksgiving Day. Had a Christmas Party. Furnished fuel to the poor. Equipped and supported baseball team for city, helped erect memorial slab to memory of those killed in world war, donated to Community Recreation Committee, and to County Sunday School Union.

#### LODGE No. 327—Winona, Minn.

At Christmas time we furnished 225 baskets of food, 8 tons of coal, 3 cords of wood, free show at a picture show, and 600 street car tickets, about 750 children were given a real Christmas. These donations amounting to \$614.80 besides private donations by brothers. \$1.50 per capita spent in Social and Community Welfare Work. Donated \$200.00 for public Flag Day, \$5.00 for Disabled War Veterans Convention, \$20.00 for free milk for school children, \$25.00 to Japanese Relief Fund, \$50.00 to Margaret Simpson Home, \$10.00 to Winter Sports Committee, \$10.00 for Christmas Seals, \$25.00 to Red Cross, \$73.00 for Elks Memorial Sunday, and \$160.00 for picnic. Plan a Mothers' Day, which was a public observance last year. Help sick and help support disabled brothers, and visit hospitals regularly. Made funeral arrangements for brother who died.

(We will publish more of these reports in an early issue)

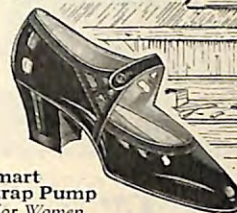


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It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

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## More Financial Definitions

By Stephen Jessup

PREVIOUS articles in this department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE have explained the fundamentals of security issues—bonds, stocks, market fluctuations, how securities are created and sold, the course of a stock certificate from its final position in the investor's strong box as a permanent investment. The financial terms most commonly used in connection with these matters have been explained briefly. There are many more, however, which are less elementary; and as they frequently appear in the financial pages of the newspapers an attempt will here be made to clarify them for the layman.

**ACCEPTANCES.** These are bills of exchange growing out of commercial transactions. They have a fixed maturity. They are drawn by the creditor and are accepted by the corporation, firm or person upon which or whom drawn.

A bill for goods supplied is accepted by an acknowledgment that is written or stamped across the face. The acknowledgment states that payment will be made at maturity.

A "trade acceptance" is such a document drawn by one merchant on another and accepted by the latter.

A bank acceptance is such a document accepted by a bank, trust company or other institution engaged in the business of granting bankers' acceptance credits.

Acceptances are readily negotiable. They may be rediscounted by Federal Reserve Banks.

**COMMERCIAL PAPER.** This is a broad expression used to cover promissory notes arising from commercial transactions. They are notes given by the purchaser of merchandise to the seller of it. They are negotiable and find a ready sale when the maker is in sufficiently high credit. Banks purchase them extensively as a desirable medium for the employment of funds for short periods of time. This kind of paper is available for rediscount with Federal Reserve Banks under statutory provisions. These provisions limit the maturity at time of rediscount to ninety days or less, except for live stock or agricultural paper, when the limit is six months. Financial statement of the maker of the note may be required, and such statements frequently accompany the notes, especially those of borrowers who are not widely known.

**ARBITRAGE.** Arbitrating is the term applied to buying in one market and selling in another. Originally it was applied only to dealings in foreign exchange. A typical arbitrage transaction in foreign exchange, for example, would be when exchange on Paris was more plentiful in London than in New York. Under such circumstances exchange bankers would buy drafts on Paris in the cheaper London market and sell them at higher rates in New York where the demand would be greater. For the transaction of this business intricate private cable codes are used and the exchange managers of the large banking institutions are constantly on the alert for the slightest differential.

At first applied to foreign exchanges, the term "arbitrage" has come into general use in the

security field. It is now applied to a number of different types of transactions.

Many stocks traded in on the New York Stock Exchange are also traded in on the London Stock Exchange. Frequently a change of local conditions in New York will cause our market to advance while the London market remains at a standstill. When this occurs the international brokers will buy American securities on the London Stock Exchange, and sell them on the New York Stock Exchange, borrowing them for delivery until they arrive in this country. This is one of the instances of the application of "short" selling, described in a previous article in this magazine.

The term "arbitrage" is also applied to such transactions as buying convertible bonds and selling "short" the stock into which such bonds are convertible; buying "rights" and selling short the stock to which the rights entitle the holder; buying the shares of a small company which is being absorbed and selling the shares of the combined company that are received in exchange; buying full shares and selling "split up" or fractional shares of corporations the par value of whose stock is being reduced; buying old shares which are entitled to a stock dividend and selling short the ex-dividend "when issued" certificates.

All such transactions are grouped under the head of arbitrage. Hundreds of brokers are engaged daily in seeking out a money differential in the shares of some company which are subject to one form of arbitrage or another, and trading in those shares until the differential is wiped out. Large sums of money are tied up in these transactions, the result of which is to equalize supply and demand in all markets and to maintain a uniform price for the same security in all markets at all times.

**VALUE OF RIGHTS.** In connection with arbitrage it may be interesting to observe that stockholders frequently receive the "right" or privilege to subscribe to new stock, and that when the old stock is selling in the open market at a price considerably in excess of the price at which the new stock is offered, the "right" to subscribe to the new stock, even if the owner has decided not to exercise it, has a certain monetary value. The actual value depends on prevailing market quotations. The theoretical value can be ascertained by calculation. For example:

A company has stock of \$100 par value. It pays a liberal dividend. The stock sells at, let us say, 170. This is a premium of 70 per share over par. The company gives its stockholders the right to buy new stock at par, to the extent of one share for each five shares held, or, in other words, 20% of their holdings. The man holding 100 shares has 100 rights to buy 1-5 of a share, a total of 20 new shares, which is 20% of his existing 100 shares.

At first blush one might think that, as each share carries the right to buy one-fifth of a new share, the premium of \$70 should be divided by 5, making the rights worth \$14 each. But it is



not so. They would be worth \$11.66 each, which valuation is arrived at in this way:

There is to be added \$20 in assets for each share of old stock, because each old share has the right to buy 1-5 or 20% of a new share at par.

There is to be added \$20 to the capital stock for each \$100 outstanding previously.

After the new stock is issued, therefore, the value of each share should be 170 plus 20 divided by 100 plus 20, which is 158 1-3. This value of the new stock is the basis of the value of the right to subscribe to it. The real premium, in other words, is 58 1-3, so that the value of the right is 1-5 of 58 1-3, which is 11 2-3, or \$11.66.

**CALL MONEY.** "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. "Time" money is money loaned for a definite period, usually at least 90 days, with securities or other forms of collateral.

The call money rate is usually lower than the time money rate. Broadly speaking, call money varies from 3% to 5%. When the banks have surplus money to lend, call money is cheap. When they have little, call money is dearer. The rate fluctuates. In times of great scarcity call money has been known to go as high as 10% or even more. It is call money that is used to finance speculative purchases of stocks, i.e. buying on margin. The rate for call money is established daily on the New York Stock Exchange. A high rate for call money frequently attracts the attention of interior banks, who send their surplus money to New York to be lent on call, and when such supply exceeds the demand the rate declines again.

**CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT** (or Trust Certificates.) These are receipts, usually of a trust company, acting as custodian for bonds or other securities deposited with it. Deposits of this kind are made for various purposes, frequently in connection with the reorganization of a company.

**CLOSED MORTGAGE.** One under which the total amount of authorized indebtedness has been incurred and no further bonds may be issued.

**OPEN MORTGAGE.** One under which the total amount of authorized indebtedness has not been incurred. The term is also used to indicate a mortgage under which no limit of issue has been set, but under which the issue of bonds is restricted in other ways.

**AUTHORIZED ISSUE.** When a company sanctions the issue of a security—bonds or stock—it often finds it desirable to provide for a larger amount than it intends to issue at the time. The total amount sanctioned is known as the authorized issue.

**OUTSTANDING ISSUE.** The amount of a particular bond, or stock, that has been issued; i. e. that has left the company's treasury in exchange for money or its equivalent. The amount of the outstanding issue is usually considered in relation to the authorized issue. For instance, a company may authorize \$1,000,000 of bonds and issue \$985,000 of them. The latter figure is the outstanding issue.

**PREMIUM.** The amount by which a bond is quoted above par or above a price at which an important block has been sold recently. A security that is quoted at a price higher than its par, or face value, is "at a premium" to the extent of the excess.

**DISCOUNT.** The reverse of premium; the amount by which the quotation or price is below the par value or some special figure being considered.

**AND INTEREST.** A term indicating that the amount of interest which has accrued since the last periodical payment should be added to the quotation or price for a bond or note. Practically all bonds, except income bonds and some adjustment bonds, are quoted "and interest." This is understood without being specified. The interest accrues automatically day by day. For example, a bond pays its interest on January 1 and July 1. If you buy it on January 15 you pay the quoted price together with 15 days' interest. Similarly when you sell a bond you receive the accrued interest to the date of sale.

**FLAT.** A quotation that does not take into account accrual of interest.

**NOTE.** A promise to pay, like an individual's promissory note. When issued by a corporation

(Continued on page 76)

## A N E X T R A M E A S U R E O F S E R V I C E



## COURTESY

A MUCH ABUSED WORD—courtesy—often confused with politeness which is descriptive of superficial conduct. Courtesy comes from within. It bespeaks a fine regard for the feelings and rights of others and is better expressed in deeds than in words.

Courtesy is not a thing to boast of. It should usually pass without mention. But in this case mention is justified because courtesy is an ingredient—an inseparable component of the *extra measure of service* normal to this institution.

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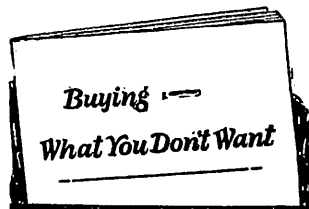
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## More Financial Definitions

(Continued from page 75)

in a substantial amount and sold to investors, the physical form resembles a bond. Such a note is called a Coupon Note and carries coupons, representing interest, in the same way as a bond. It is generally issued for a shorter term than a bond, i.e., from one to five years, while bonds frequently run for fifty years or more. A note issue is sometimes secured by the pledge of collateral, in which case it is known as a Collateral Note or Secured Note.

**DISCOUNT NOTE.** One that does not carry coupons to represent the interest to be paid, but that is sold at a discount from the amount due at maturity.

**SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION.** This term, which is frequently used in security transactions, means that an offer or bid is tentative and must be made definite before being accepted. It is often abbreviated to the word "subject."

**FIRM.** The reverse of "subject." It means that the offer or bid is definite and can be accepted within a period of time usually specified.

**TRUSTEE.** Used in reference to an individual, firm or institution acting as trustee of a mortgage. The trustee is chosen to act in the common interest of the borrowing company and the bondholders. It serves as depository and trustee of the mortgage and, should it be necessary to enforce the terms of the loan, acts on behalf of the bondholders under specified conditions. In another sense the word indicates a legal custodian of the funds or property of others.

### 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 Henley Building, Atlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois, have prepared a simplified pocket investment record book, which they will be glad to send, without obligation, on request. Ask for Ready Reference Investment Record DY-259.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

### Washington, D. C., Lodge Will Have New Memorial Tablet

Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15 will erect in its Lodge room a beautiful new memorial tablet which will carry the names of its members who have passed into the Great Beyond since the erection of the marble tablets now occupying positions in the north end of the room. The new tablet will be of bronze, with a capacity of 360 names, space being provided to show the date of death and the age at the time of death. The total cost of the tablet with 200 names in the original casting, will be approximately \$1,800.

### Building Fund of Medina, N. Y., Lodge Helped by Member's Generosity

When the Main Circus recently played Medina, N. Y., the home town of Andrew Downie, its owner, Mr. Downie gave the entire day's receipts to Medina Lodge No. 898 for its building fund. As more than 5,000 tickets were sold on this occasion, the fund was substantially increased by Mr. Downie's generosity. As an expression of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow members and as a token of their appreciation of his thoughtfulness, the Lodge voted to give Mr. Downie a life membership in the Order. A large banquet was also served in his honor at the Home of Medina Lodge.

### Trenton, N. J., Lodge Sends Ten Children to Betty Bacharach Home

Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105 recently sent 10 crippled children from the Orthopedic Hospital of the city to the Betty Bacharach Home, maintained by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge No. 276 for the care of such sick children. The children had a real vacation of several weeks at the famous Home, their board being paid for by various generous-hearted members of Trenton Lodge. The attendants of the Home and members of Atlantic City Lodge took special care of the youngsters during their stay and saw to it that everything possible was done to give them a thoroughly enjoyable outing.

### Detroit (Mich.) Lodge Entertains 1,000 Orphans at Ball Game

Nearly 1,000 orphan boys from various Detroit institutions recently enjoyed the day of

their lives when they were guests of Detroit (Mich.) Lodge, No. 34, at the annual baseball frolic. Headed by a special military band and the band from St. Francis Orphans' Home, the boys paraded from the Elks Club-house to Navin Field, where they were provided grandstand seats for the game. Free peanuts and every other feature to make the ball game enjoyable, including Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, were there for the boys.

### A Stranger is Never a Stranger if He is a Member of the Order

We are glad to publish the following letter which was recently received by us from Charles Seckler, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22. We think it is typical of what many a member of the Order feels when, sick and far away from home, he is comforted by acts of brotherly kindness: "Thousands of miles away from home and none of my family near me, I was taken to the St. Anthony's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, to be operated on for appendicitis. After my operation, much to my surprise and joy, I found that Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17 had sent to my room a beautiful bouquet of flowers. My lonesomeness at the hospital was greatly relieved by the various visits paid me by one of the members of Denver Lodge and further by the remembrances sent me at different times. This to my mind embodies the true spirit of 'Elkdom,' for what more could brothers do for another brother under such circumstances?"

### Grand Exalted Ruler Price Dedicates Home of Wausau, Wis., Lodge

A week of celebration marked the formal opening of the handsome new Home of Wausau, Wis., Lodge No. 248. This beautiful building, erected at a cost of nearly \$200,000, is one of the most complete structures of its kind in the State, and a permanent testimony to the enterprise and loyalty of the members. The interior decorating and furnishing are truly admirable, from the thick carpets made expressly for the Home to the tasteful wall decorations, window drapery, lounges, chairs and cabinets. One of the features of the building is the auditorium, with a well-equipped stage and a floor space capable of seating very large audiences. The main floor of the building above the basement is to be used as the Lodge room and also, on occasions, as the





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dining hall. The building is provided throughout with the very latest innovations for the comfort and convenience of the membership.

The new Home was impressively dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. He was assisted in the ceremony by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Judge William J. Conway, Member of the Grand Forum, and Otto R. Roenius, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Immediately upon completion of the exercises a large banquet was served to the distinguished visitors in the new banquet hall. Mr. Price spoke eloquently of the achievement of Wausau Lodge and urged among other things a continuance of the close cooperation existing between the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and the younger members. Mr. Robinson and Judge Conway each made interesting talks and Mr. Roenius, who is Mayor of Wisconsin Rapids, also held the attention of the diners, by his words. The final speaker of the evening was Justice M. B. Rosenberg of Madison, Wis., a member of the Supreme Court and a Past Exalted Ruler of Wausau Lodge, who talked on "Americanization." At the close of the program Past Exalted Ruler C. B. Bird presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome brief case on behalf of the Lodge. During the evening many excellent musical numbers were rendered by the Elks Glee Club of Wisconsin Rapids, Lodge No. 693.

The initiation of a large class of candidates, a cabaret entertainment, concerts, smokers, a large reception and dance, and the opening of the new Home to the public were some of the events that filled the week's program of festivities which followed the formal dedication of the beautiful building.

### Cornerstone Laid for New Home Of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge

Close to 4000 attended the impressive ceremonies held recently in connection with the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge No. 877. Many distinguished members of the Order were present and took part in the exercises. The actual laying of the stone was performed by James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was assisted by Howard L. Jersey, present Exalted Ruler. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson delivered the address of the day which was received with much enthusiasm by the great crowd, and Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States Senator from New York, and former District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan were also important speakers on the program.

### For the Special Attention of Members Of Goldfield, Nev., Lodge

A disastrous fire recently swept through the Home of Goldfield, Nev., Lodge No. 1072 completely destroying the building. As everything was lost, including the address files of the Lodge, the Secretary, A. Ferguson, has requested us to publish this notice so that all members of No. 1072 may assist him by sending their names and permanent addresses to him at once.

### Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge Starts Weekly Publication

"The Bellevue Elk," a weekly publication, has been started by Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge No. 1013. It is edited by the Lodge's Publicity Committee and is "dedicated to a renewed interest in Elk Lodge affairs, a larger membership and the creation of an Elks Home Building Fund for Bellevue Lodge." The bulletin contains many interesting bits of news concerning the past, present and future activities of the Lodge and should prove a real stimulus to the membership.

### New Jersey State Elks Association Adopts Novel Ideas

A. Harry Moore, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association has organized a "New Lodge" Committee. This committee keeps a map of the State before it on which any town where an Elk Lodge should be located is marked. It is the duty of this committee to work out plans for the institution of new Lodges in these

(Continued on page 78)

Actual Measurements:

7 1/4 inches long  
5 1/4 inches wide  
3/8 inch thick



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Name..... (Print Name Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(If under 16, please give age.....)

# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

communities. Another innovation adopted by the Association at its quarterly meetings is a question box. This was established for the purpose of learning the problems of the various Lodges and the best way to solve them.

## Cornerstone Laid for New Home Of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lodge

Shielded by umbrellas, a large body of members of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lodge No. 140 marched through the rain from their present Home to the site of their new building where Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price laid the cornerstone for a \$100,000 structure. Because of the weather, the greater part of the exercises were conducted in the Lodge room of the present Home instead of at the building site as had been planned. Mr. Price delivered an impressive address before the members, praising the development and energy of Mount Vernon Lodge. Work is now going ahead rapidly on the new Home and it is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy some time next March.

## San Diego, Calif., Lodge Shows True Spirit of Charity

Members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168, practice principles of Charity not only at Christmas time, but throughout the entire year as proven by acts which have become established as annual affairs. One of these particularly worthy of mention, is the custom of its members to donate their services and trucks and to gather the fruits and vegetables which have been on display at the San Diego County Fair, distributing them to the various children's Homes throughout the city. Each year in the month of September, San Diego holds this Fair in which are displayed exhibits of the various products, both manufactured and agricultural, of the entire county. This little effort on the part of the members results in bringing a measure of joy into the lives of the unfortunate children and has caused the kiddies to look upon the Elks as true big brothers.

San Diego Lodge has already prepared for its annual Charity Show which will provide funds to purchase food, clothing, etc., for the city's needy at Christmas time. This year the show is to be "A Night in Bohemia" and is to be given November 6th, 7th and 8th. From the enthusiasm displayed by the members, it is a foregone conclusion that it will prove a huge success.

Last year San Diego Lodge expended the sum of \$9,074.21 for charity. This with a membership of 1,463 is at the rate of \$6.20 per member—one of the most creditable showings made for the year.

## Lodges Urged to Take Part In American Education Week

American Education Week will be observed throughout the country on November 17-23, under the auspices of the American Legion, the National Education Association and the U. S. Bureau of Education. It is to be hoped that every Lodge in the country will take part in the programs and see to it that everything is done to make the week a success in their respective jurisdictions. Each day of the week will be set aside for the special consideration of an important phase of Americanism as follows: Monday, November 17, will be Constitution Day; Tuesday, November 18, Patriotism Day; Wednesday, November 19, School and Teacher Day; Thursday, November 20, Illiteracy Day; Friday, November 21, Physical Education Day; Saturday, November 22, Community Day; Sunday, November 23, For God and Country Day.

## Member of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge Anxious to Find Missing Daughter

William P. Cline, a member of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308 will be grateful for any information sent him regarding his seventeen-year-old daughter Mildred who disappeared from her home some months ago. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs about 100 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. She was last

reported as seen at Wheeling, W. Va., en route for Texas. She wore a tan traveling jacket, boy's cap and basket-ball shoes, and carried a black hand-bag. All information should be sent to her father, care of Grafton Lodge.

## November Itinerary of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price

The following is the November itinerary of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price at the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press: November 1-2, Ogden, Utah; November 2-3-4, Salt Lake City, Utah; November 5-6-7, San Francisco, Calif.; November 9-10-11, Portland, Ore.; November 12-13, Seattle, Wash.; November 14-15, Livingston, Mont.; November 15-16, Billings, Mont.; November 18, Chicago, Ill.; November 18, Columbus, Ohio.

## News of the Order From Far and Near

A second annual homecoming and reunion banquet was recently enjoyed by the members of Yakima, Wash., Lodge.

The cornerstone for the new Home of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge was laid on Columbus Day.

More than 100 members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge accompanied by a group of musicians, recently journeyed by auto to the Catawba Sanatorium where they gave the patients an excellent musical entertainment.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge will occupy spacious rooms in the Matt Parrott Building during the construction of its new Home. The members recently held a house-warming in the temporary quarters.

Nearly \$7,000 was raised by Paterson, N. J., Lodge and contributed to the fund to provide radios for the disabled veterans of the World War in the various hospitals throughout the county. This makes Paterson Lodge the largest single contributor in this laudable movement.

Close to 16,000 pounds or nearly 8 tons of paper will be used by the Grand Secretary's office in making the membership cards for the coming period April 1, 1925, to April 1, 1926.

The Home of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge was slightly damaged recently by a fire in the garage adjoining the building.

Money raised by the bazaar conducted by Rutherford, N. J., Lodge will go toward paying off the mortgage on its Home.

Glen Haven was the scene of the Annual Clambake of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge is organizing a drill team.

A series of home tournaments was started recently among the members of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge. Pool, billiards, auction bridge, bid whist, cribbage, checkers and bowling were the games.

The band of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge recently had the honor of being led by John Philip Sousa, the March King. Mr. Sousa led the players through two march numbers and warmly complimented them at the finish.

During the months of September and October Alhambra, Calif., Lodge conducted a series of weekly Past Exalted Ruler nights at which each of these officers presided and was the leader in a special entertainment provided by him for the occasion.

Orange, N. J., Lodge recently celebrated its 35th birthday with a large banquet and entertainment at which many distinguished members of the Order were present to congratulate the Lodge on its growth and prosperity.

Visalia, Calif., Lodge, instituted over 11 years ago with 22 charter members by dimit, now has a membership of more than 1100.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge has laid the cornerstone of its new Home and work on the structure is proceeding.

The Annual Outing and Clambake of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge was held this year at Thorpe's Grove.

Members of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge will soon occupy their new Home.



Sixty children were given an outing recently by Hackensack, N. J., Lodge.

Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter was the guest at a reception and banquet given in his honor at the Hotel Garde by his fellow members of Hartford, Conn., Lodge.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge set aside a night recently for the entertainment of the youngsters. A large number of children enjoyed the dancing and motion pictures given in the Home.

A large number of members from Chicago, Ill., Lodge, a forty-five piece band, and a troupe of vaudeville stars recently gave an entertainment at Cook County Tuberculosis Hospital for the amusement of the patients.

The recently organized Past Exalted Rulers Association of Reading, Pa., Lodge is playing a helpful part in the activities of the Lodge.

Charles Rugarber, Sr., was elected Secretary of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge to succeed James J. Carroll who recently resigned.

"Old Home Night" was held recently by Lynn, Mass., Lodge. The occasion celebrated the rebuilding of its Home.

Nearly 2000 youngsters were recently entertained by members of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge and their wives.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge had 2000 children as its guests recently. Refreshments and games of all kinds were on the program of the Outing.

A large crowd attended the Christmas Benefit dance conducted by Bessemer, Ala., Lodge.

Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge hopes to have its handsome new Home ready for occupancy early in 1925.

Another of its popular "Nationality Nights" was recently conducted by Scranton, Pa., Lodge. On this occasion the members of the Lodge claiming Irish descent provided the program.

The first quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held recently at the Home of Long Branch, N. J., Lodge.

Oroville, Calif., Lodge, instituted only a short time ago, recently initiated a class of over 100. An elaborate entertainment attended by representatives from neighboring Lodges celebrated the occasion.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge is helping the city in its Community Chest Drive and has appointed an active committee for this worthy cause.

With an ambition to make it one of the greatest events ever conducted by its members, Leominster, Mass., Lodge has already begun to lay plans for its April Carnival.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge is planning to stage a spectacular minstrel show.

Close to \$10,000 was realized by Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge from its recent Fair. The Lodge has organized a drill team which will be known as The Rough Riders.

The world-famous United States Marine Band, frequently referred to as "the President's own," recently gave two concerts under the auspices of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge at the Brinkman Opera House. The net proceeds were donated to the local Salvation Army. Johnstown, Pa., Lodge was also successful in having this famous band give two concerts under its auspices in the Central High School Auditorium. The money raised by the event went to the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Kelso, Wash., Lodge has been growing steadily since its institution this Spring and has recently initiated a number of large classes of candidates.

The Carnival recently conducted by Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge was one of the most successful and best attended affairs of its kind ever held in the vicinity.

In accordance with the recommendation of the New York State Elks Association the various Lodges of Long Island will be entered in a Ritualistic contest for a beautiful loving cup. The winner of the trophy will represent Long Island in the contest to be held at the next annual meeting of the Association.

An "Old Timers' Night" was one of the interesting social events at the Home of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge.

Plans have been made by Homestead, Pa., Lodge to hold a Charity Bazaar November 22 to 29.

Kearny, N. J., Lodge is remodeling its Home.

# Bulging Waistline Reduced -Easily!

**New Self-Massaging Belt Makes You Look Many Pounds Lighter and Inches Thinner the Moment You Put It On—While Actual Fat Disappears as Quickly and Surely as Though Under the Hands of an Expert Masseur. No Dieting—No Drugs—No Exercise.**

A WONDERFUL new invention that not only gives you an instant appearance of slimness—but actually reduces your bulging waistline to normal in an amazingly short time—is now being used by thousands of men who were formerly overburdened with an excess of fat.

With this remarkable discovery it is no longer necessary to resort to heart-straining exercises or weakening diets—and few men can take the time or pay the fees charged by the professional masseur.

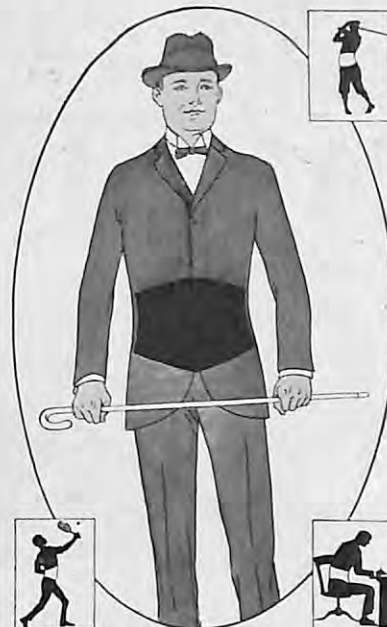
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## Endorsed by Physicians and Athletes

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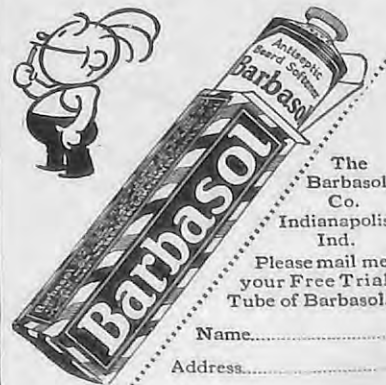
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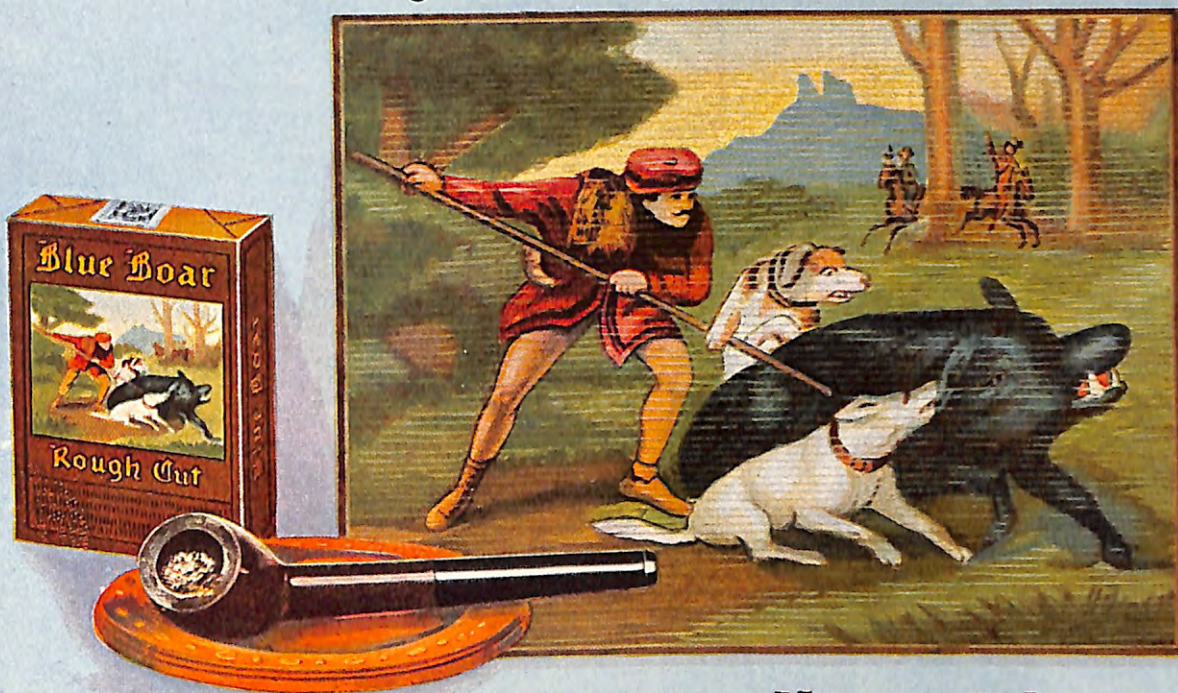
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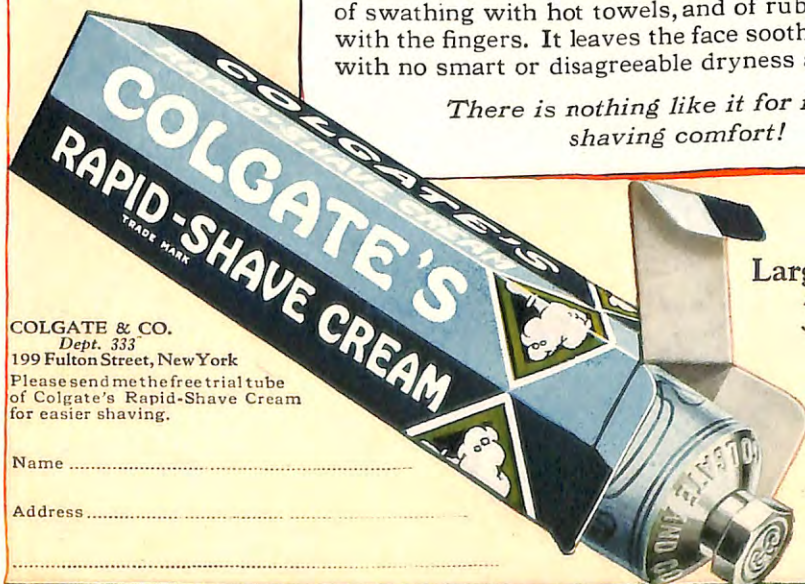
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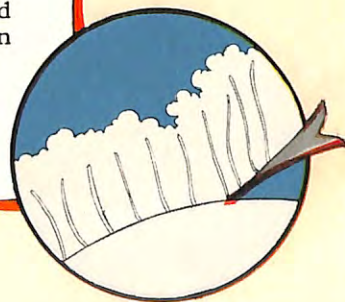


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