

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

DECEMBER, 1924

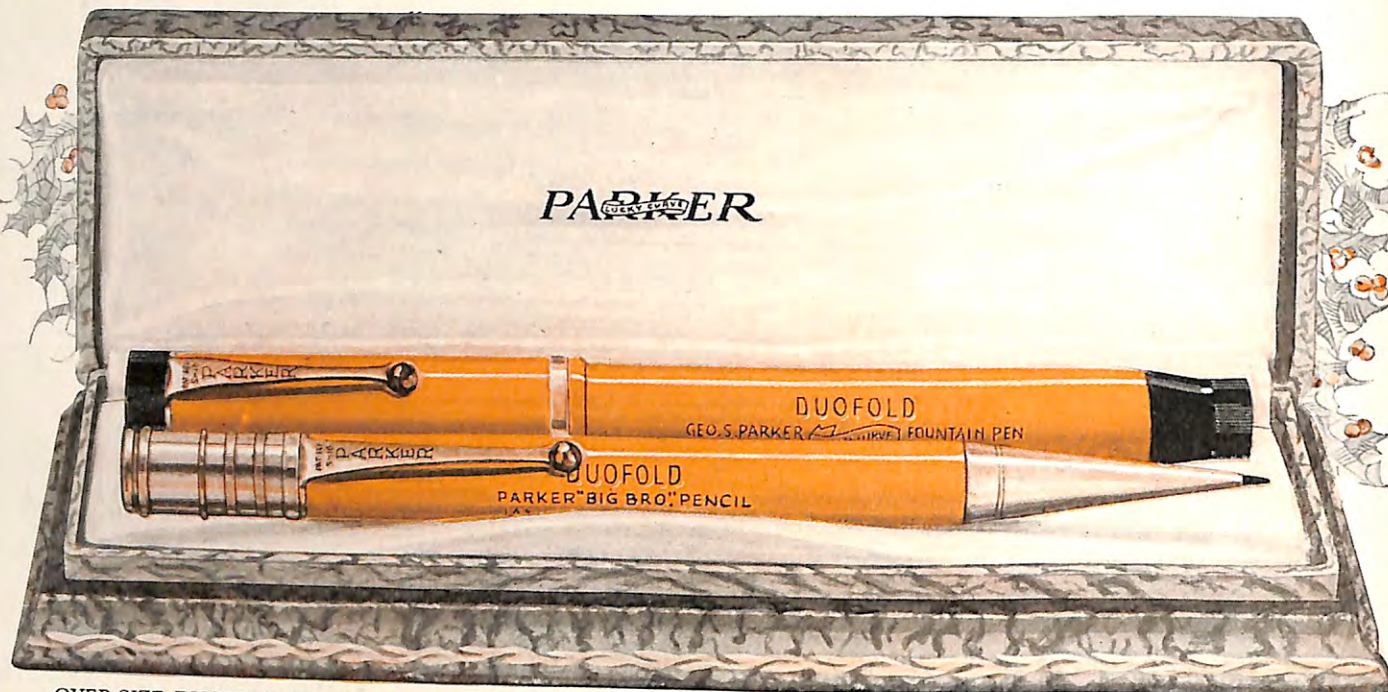


In this issue:

George Creel, Cosmo Hamilton,

Margaret E. Sangster, William G. Shepherd, and others

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF DUOFOLD QUALITY AT CHRISTMAS



OVER-SIZE DUOFOLD PEN \$7 • NEW "BIG BRO." DUOFOLD PENCIL TO MATCH \$4—*Their First Christmas Together*

34 "Inquiring Reporters"

Settled the Gift Question for You

*When they found more people
wanted the Parker Pens than any other make*

*Yes, and a Parker Duofold with 25-year point will make
this a 25-year Christmas for those to whom you give it*

WHAT they told the "Inquiring Reporters" from 34 newspapers is the answer you would get if you asked your friends and loved ones to name their Christmas gift.

Out of 2024 people picked at random more named the "Parker" Pen than any other make when the reporters asked: "What pen will you buy next?"

And there's no finer gesture of affection than to send these reigning favorites instead of trifles that have no permanent value.

To the man give the \$7 Over-size Duofold with the man-size grip, and the extra ink-supply that is just like money in the bank when needed.

To the woman or girl give slender Lady Duofold, \$5. To the boy give Duofold Jr., \$5.

Duofold pencil to match any one of the pens, \$3.50 New "Big Bro." Duofold Pencil, \$4, a real

mate for the Over-size Duofold Pen in build and finish. The first mechanical pencil with a balanced over-size grip that doesn't cramp or tire, but makes a friend of the hand the instant you grasp it.

Satin-lined Gift Box De Luxe included with Duofold Pen and Pencil sets, called Parker Duofold Duettes.

All Parker Duofold Pens are made in flashing plain black, as well as lacquer-red, black-tipped. All have the jewel-smooth Duofold point that's guaranteed, if not abused, for 25 years' wear. All have the same hand-fitting symmetry and balance that inspire writing, and give one's penmanship the speed and character that win with the world.

But don't be late in ordering from the first pen counter—else there may not be time to have your Duofolds engraved with the names of the lucky ones who're to get them.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SPOKANE • LONDON, ENG.
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



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

Duofold Jr.
\$5

Parker
LUCKY CURVE
Duofold
With The 25 Year Point



Lady Duofold
\$5
Ribbon \$1 extra



Neglect of Home-Study Training Cost This Man \$47,424!

How much are you paying to stay untrained?

The other day we received a letter which every man working for a living ought to read—whether he's making \$20 a week or \$200. Here it is:

"During the forty years that I have been working, my salary has averaged less than twenty-four dollars per week with the exception of the last two years while I have been acting as foreman of a department. I made good in this position on a small scale and saw, thru the failings of others, what would happen to me unless I found a way to train for larger responsibilities.

"I had read of correspondence courses and began searching for that which I thought would benefit me. I found it in the LaSalle Modern Foremanship course, and benefited by it, my salary being nearly doubled, and I was promoted from foreman to factory superintendent.

"This happened in a period of about ten months, and by devoting only about four or five hours per week to the studies.

"I am now enrolled as a member of the Industrial Management Efficiency course, and find the work very interesting and beneficial. It can be applied every day in the factory, and brings results.

"I regret that I put it off to so late a day in life to reap the benefits I am now enjoying, and can truthfully say to younger men that if they would only profit by the experience of others they can gain more knowledge thru one year's training by LaSalle methods than can be obtained in ten years' practical experience by hard work."

SHERMAN C. WOOD, Maryland.

We quote the above letter not because

Mr. Wood is now making a staggering salary as a result of his training, but because it illustrates so clearly the principle behind LaSalle training.

Here is a man who all his life had accepted the thought that he was compelled to work for little or nothing.

For one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six weeks the writer of this letter *paid at least \$24 a week for the doubtful privilege of staying in the ranks of untrained men.*



Can anyone doubt that training would have doubled his salary just as easily when he was thirty-eight years younger—when he could attack his work with the abundant energy of a younger man?

Yet his neglect of this one main avenue of business progress cost him—leaving simple and compound interest out of the reckoning—the appalling sum of \$47,424—a fortune in itself.

If You Could Use \$47,424, Pause Before You Turn This Page

Perhaps you are now making quite as much as Wood—perhaps more. Perhaps, on that account, you may think that Wood's experience does not apply to YOU.

But if training in Higher Accountancy—or Modern Salesmanship—or Business Management—or Law—or Business Correspondence—or any of a dozen other branches of business could change your forty-eight dollars into \$96 a week—and if you now NEGLECT to advance yourself thru the training you need—will you not find it difficult, thirty-eight years from now, to explain to those who are dear to you why you threw away—not \$47,424, but fully \$95,000?

We're not going to moralize. We're not even going to cite you any of the thousands of letters from men who have not merely doubled but tripled and quadrupled their incomes thru home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. We have the letters. We will show them to you, if you like. But understand, please, that they would not *alter* the facts—they would merely *emphasize* them.

Below this text there is a coupon. It will bring you not only full details of the training that appeals to you, but also a copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

If you are sincere in your desire for advancement, you will not turn this page until you have clipped the coupon, filled it in, and by placing it in the nearest mail box placed *yourself* on the road to real success.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

—INQUIRY COUPON—

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Dept. 12328-R

Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below.

Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

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

Address.....

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Volume Three

Number Seven



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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

Official Circular Number Three
Invitation Membership Campaign

Portland, En Route
 November 10, 1924

TO ALL ELKS—GREETING:

It is the ambition of your present Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers to be able to report at the 1925 Grand Lodge Session in Portland that the membership of our Order has exceeded the one million mark.

The achievement of this ambition will raise our Order to a stature unrivaled in the history of American fraternities. And with the efficient cooperation of the officers and members of our fifteen hundred Subordinate Lodges, the goal can easily be reached by means of a highly selective *Invitation Membership Campaign*.

"None but the Best—Rich or Poor"—that is the ideal of our Order.

There are thousands of men, in every walk of life, who merit this appellation of "Best." They may be prominent, or they may be in the background. But they are men who work, who do things, who apply the principles on which our Order is founded in their daily lives. These are the men the Order needs. And these are the men who, though they may not now realize it, need the Order of Elks.

You know many such men who are not Elks. Invite them into the Order. Tell them what our fraternity means to manhood, to citizenship, to America. Tell them of its growth and its accomplishments; especially in its Social and Community Welfare work. Give them a vision of more than 850,000 citizens who know no class nor creed, but whose sole test of brotherhood is the test you give to those you would be proud to call your friends. Let them read *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*, that they may understand how great are the size and scope and activity of the Order.

Merely tell the story as it is. You will not have to "sell" the Order; you will not have to "drive" for added members. Select the right kind of citizen and let him know the facts. He will convince himself.

On June 1, 1924, our membership numbered over 850,000. If each Subordinate Lodge will simply divide its members into groups of six and pledge each group to the securing of just *one* new member between now and April 1, 1925, our enrolment will far exceed the million mark next year.

In the interest of the greater prosperity, the greater activity and the greater good of the Order, I count on every one of you to help personally to make this Invitation Membership Campaign an unqualified success.

Fraternally yours,

Attest:



Fred Robinson
 Grand Secretary.

John G. Trice
 Grand Exalted Ruler.

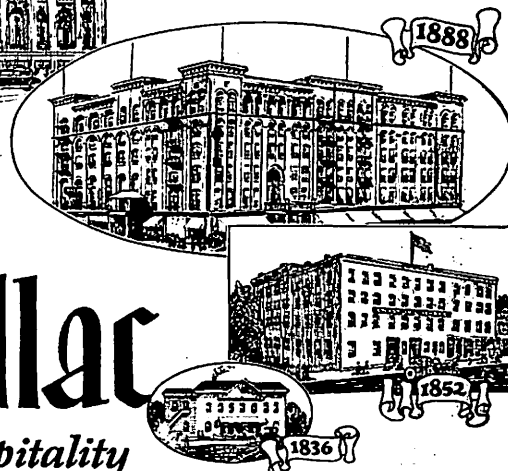


MINE HOST to
Generations of Travelers

Now The MAGNIFICENT, NEW

Book-Cadillac

on This Detroit Site of Historic Hospitality



1924 Detroit's Finest Hotel

OPENING ON OR ABOUT
DECEMBER 1

On the plot of ground now occupied by the Book-Cadillac, an hotel has stood for 88 years.

The first of record was the Temperance Hotel, built in 1836.

Standing until 1852, this pioneer hotel was succeeded by the Antisdel House, a four story red brick edifice that catered to a generation of travelers.

After 37 years, the Antisdel House gave way to the first Hotel Cadillac, built in 1888.

Now the ancient Cadillac passes its heritage to the new Book-Cadillac, the tallest hotel structure in the world.

WHEN the Sieur Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac stepped ashore at the present site of Detroit on July 23, 1701, he brought as one of his trusted lieutenants, Jacques Campau, a sturdy pioneer of New France.

Enduring the rugged life of the frontier, surviving even the lost political fortunes of his chief, Jacques Campau found wealth and happiness in the small trading post that was later to reach the proportions of a metropolis.

Today in Detroit, the Fourth City of America, the descendants of Jacques Campau announce the completion of a palatial hotel bearing their name and the name of Detroit's founder—The Book-Cadillac.

As far back as most of the traveling public remembers, there has been a Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. In the days when the foremost hotels were operated on the American plan, the fame of the Cadillac's cuisine and creature comforts was heralded from coast to coast.

For thirty-six years, the old Hostelry served its clientele faithfully, until the growth and progress of the city demanded larger and more adequate hotel quarters.

The new Book-Cadillac rises on the site of the former hotel at the intersection of Washington Boulevard and Michigan Avenue.

Towering twenty-nine stories above the street, with twelve hundred rooms and bath it is the tallest hotel structure in the world.

Architects of the Book-Cadillac have succeeded admirably in providing a proper balance of comfort between the luxurious public rooms and the home-like guest chambers.

The lobby and lounge are on the floor above the street level, the ground floor being allotted to eighteen small shops. Main restaurant, tea room and kitchen are also on lobby level.

A novel English grill occupies space on the mezzanine. Here, tempting foods are displayed for selection and prepared at huge electric and charcoal grills.

The grand ball-room, accommodating 2,000 persons, is located on the fourth floor. Here are also the Crystal Room and the Italian Garden.

Recognizing the value of light, air and freedom from noise, the entire 1,200 guest rooms are located on the upper 23 stories.

Convenient access to theatres and shops, as well as the more important rail and steamer terminals of Detroit, are features that will appeal to the transient.

The Book-Cadillac is under the personal direction of Mr. Roy CARRUTHERS, nationally recognized authority in hotel management.

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY

ROY CARRUTHERS
President



DETROIT

R. J. TOMPKINS
Managing Director



A Truce With The Years

By Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

ALL alone, in the big drawing-room with its dancing fire and draperies of shaded rose, stood Aline Kemball. With her hands clasped tight together, over her heart. With her face—which, for all its halo of fluffy, greying hair, was a child's face—curiously drawn and saddened. With a mist of unshed tears in her wide blue eyes.

The Christmas tree stood before her. An untrimmed tree, still. But the straightest, tallest, *bravest* tree that her florist had been able to offer.

"I want a *big* one," Aline had told him, a shade breathlessly. And then—as she sensed his pitying glance at her black gown—"A *very big* tree. I am expecting guests for the holiday." And she had walked away, with her head high in the air. Walked proudly—and rapidly. So that she could not hear the florist speak to another customer. So that she could not hear him say:

"Poor Mrs. Kemball! Lost her husband and her son. At the same time. No—not an accident. The flu; nearly a year ago. Yes, she's the artist. She does the jolly little kid things that are so popular. Don't see how she has the heart to do 'em—now!"

Oh, Aline Kemball had the heart for her pictures! Sometimes she felt that she would have gone mad were it not for the chubby, small people that she fashioned, of varicolored paints, upon canvas. She could forget the loneliness, almost, when a daubed blue smock was drawn down over her black dress. When she held a long dripping brush in her hand. When she could see fancies grow, in joy. When she could make a dimple here, and a chuckle there, with a skilful twist, or a sudden turn, of her so clever wrist! She could almost forget the loneliness—then. But, with the untrimmed tree standing stark and green—waiting to be trimmed—she could not put aside the ache of life. Memories surged over her—memories of intimate little moments, unforgettable moments!

High about her, on the floor, were piled the boxes. Of Christmas ornaments. Susie, the maid, had laid them out before she mercifully hurried away. Some of the ornaments were old—very old. Some of them were quite new. But they all held hints of other Christmas trees. Untying the boxes, with their contents of tinsel and colored glass balls, Aline Kemball was forced to bite her lips, to keep from screaming. Here was the red Santa Claus that Dick had first

reached for with his chubby hands. Here was the waxen Christ-Child that she and Gerald had bought. The Christmas before Dick—came. It had always seemed as if that Christ-Baby were a part of Dick. The tiny soul of him! Aline's slim fingers—artist fingers—shook as she hung the figure sturdily in place. . . . After that, the trimming was easier. . . . Other memories were slight compared to the first aching stab of pain and anguish. . . .

It was much later that Susie came in. Susie had been with Aline Kemball during all of her married life. And during most of her girlhood and little girlhood. It was in Susie's arms that Aline had, years before, sobbed out the tragedy of a broken doll. It was in the same arms, grown even gentler with time, that she had wept over the tragedy of a broken life. . . . Susie came in, very softly. Susie understood. She made no remark about the glory of the tree. She did not see—apparently—the traces of tears upon Aline's wistful face. Only she asked a question:

"To-morrow?" she questioned. "Dinner? You said there would be company?"

Aline Kemball sat down suddenly before the fire. It was a fading fire, now; but it still danced!

"Yes," she said slowly, "yes, Susie. There'll be company. Two extra. Besides me. Three of us, Susie."

For the shade of a second Susie's impassive face quivered. And then—

"The Doctor and his wife?" she questioned. "Or Mr. and Mrs.—?"

All at once Aline Kemball was laughing. A wistful bit of a laugh.

"No, Susie," she said, in answer. "Christmas isn't a grown-up day! Christmas is a day for children. And so our guests will be—children! To-morrow morning, Susie," her voice was almost gay, "to-morrow morning, I'll travel over to the Settlement House. The brownstone one where Mr. Kemball and I used to help, sometimes—" She choked, tried, stolidly, to go on—"that Settlement House has a day nursery, you know. . . . So I'm going there, and I'm going to borrow two kiddies. Whose mothers will be away from them on Christmas. And I'll

bring them back with me to have presents. And to eat turkey. And to dance about the tree. Isn't"—her voice caught, sharply—"isn't that a fine idea?"

Susie nodded. Gravely. "A splendid idea, Miss Aline," she said, and walked soberly from the room. But just outside of the door she paused, and brushed the back of her work-worn hand across her eyes.

"Poor Miss Aline," she sighed. And then. "My Miss Aline!" She had spoken, so, over the episode of the broken doll.

* * *

And yet, the next morning, when they viewed the tree, both mistress and maid agreed that it was a joyous thing. That it might have passed for the spirit of all Christmas trees. They crept, early, into the drawing-room to behold anew the wonder of it, and to set, at its foot, the gifts that they had selected. Boy gifts. And girl gifts. A drum, a bag of marbles, roller skates. A top and a mechanical train. A doll, a wee sewing basket. A wide, pink hair ribbon. Boy gifts and girl gifts!

"For," Aline Kemball said, as she laid the tokens in place, "for we're going to have a boy guest, Susie—and a girl guest. Brother and sister, if possible. And, if it's not possible—" she sighed, "so many things in life were not possible!"—"any two kiddies that I can get! Susie," she glanced hastily at her wrist-watch, "I must be starting!"

Susie's voice was stern. She might have been speaking to an erring child.

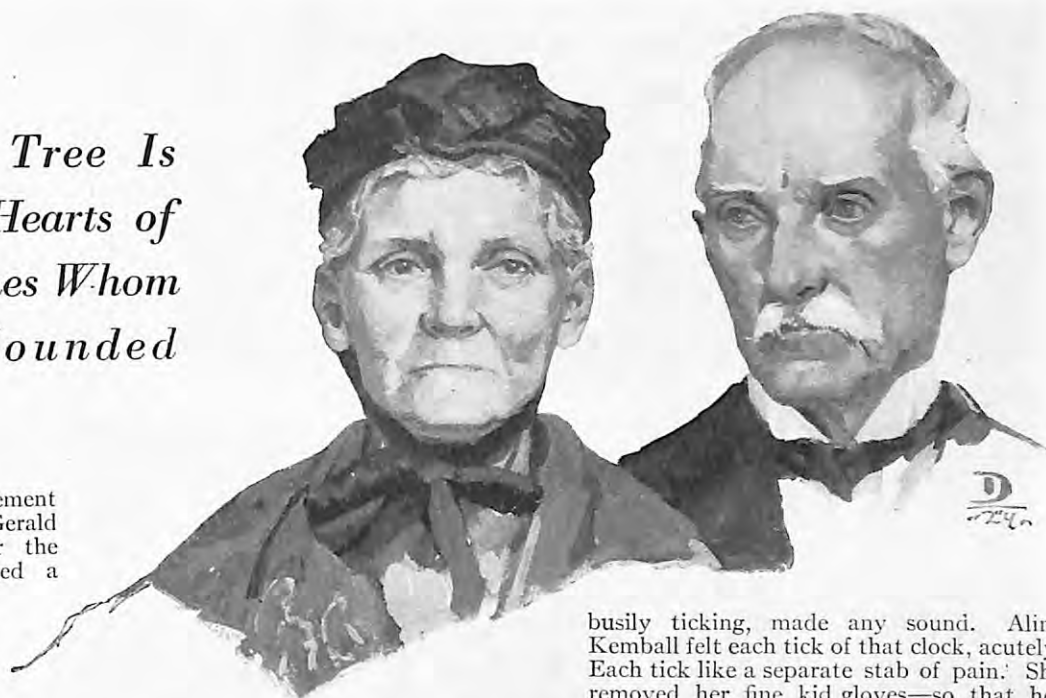
"Not without your breakfast," she said, "it's just seven. What are you thinking of, gallivanting over to the East Side—it's probably full of germs over there—on an empty stomach?"

And so Aline Kemball ate her breakfast. Sitting alone at the cozy gate-legged table. Trying to see only the yellow sprigged china and the dainty food. Trying not to remember the two faces that had once smiled at her from opposite sides of that same table. Trying to forget other Christmas breakfasts. Breakfasts made keen with excitement, because of the waiting tree!

SHE started for the Settlement House before eight. Her greying hair crushed into place beneath a wee fur toque. Her slim body wrapped in matching furs. Her cheeks glowing in the chill air. But the shadow of soul-poverty in her blue eyes.

The Settlement House is one of the landmarks of the East Side. Sturdy and brown it stands—not far from the brown, sluggish river. But the heart of it is bathed in gleaming light—and the light makes its brownness a splendid thing! Like a hand, it is—stretched out in welcome and protection and comfort. A hand that is never anything but kind and cordial.

A Christmas Tree Is Lighted in the Hearts of Three Lonely Ones Whom Time Had Wounded



Aline Kemball had known the Settlement House in the old days. She and Gerald together had painted the frieze for the nursery rooms. They had managed a booth at an up-town bazaar given for its benefit. They had sent, each holiday, a generous check to the Superintendent—to be used as it was most needed. As she walked up the brown-stone steps the woman wondered if nothing in the world were free of memories. And shook the thought from her mind, as selfish.

Passing through the hall to the Superintendent's office, Aline Kemball was aware of the quiet of the place. Due, no doubt, to the early hour. She saw, through a mist, the holly wreaths and scarlet ribbons. And then she was in the small reception-room, in front of the Superintendent's office. And a bright-faced girl was asking her to wait until the Superintendent was free.

She was not the first caller. Aline realized that as she seated herself upon one of the long benches that the room boasted. There was a middle-aged man with a tissue-wrapped parcel under his arm. Another woman—also swathed in furs, like herself. And an old couple near the door. A silent, old couple who sat hand in hand.

Waiting there, Aline fell into a reverie. She would take back with her a curly-haired little girl. And a small boy with a stubby nose and freckles. No—not freckles! She couldn't quite bear that . . .

The man with the package went inside. And came out, in a few moments, package-less and smiling. The fur-wrapped woman sailed majestically through the door and emerged, flushed and triumphant, leading by the hand a cherub-faced, underfed Italian child. The old couple, rising together, went into the Superintendent's room. Over seventy, they must have been, and a little feeble. They stayed for almost ten minutes—and came out slowly. And the bright-faced girl ushered Aline into the inner office.

The Superintendent greeted her guest warmly. The Kemball checks had been large—and the Kemball friezes of chubby children had attracted much comment and, incidentally, much newspaper publicity. The Superintendent could afford to be cordial.

"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Kemball?" she queried, after the greetings of the season had been exchanged. "What is it that you—"

Aline Kemball interrupted.

"I want to borrow a couple of kiddies, from your day nursery," she said, a trifle breathlessly, "just for the day, you know. Kiddies that wouldn't have a tree, or any fun. Whose mothers have to work. This—" she faltered, "this will be a lonely Christmas

for me. I—I want to forget. To try and forget."

The Superintendent nodded sympathetically. And her hand stretched out, across her desk, to the woman in black. But, when she spoke, her tone was regretful.

"BUT—" she said, "I'm afraid—afraid—" She hesitated— "Ordinarily there would be so many children who would give their little souls to spend a day in your home, Mrs. Kemball! But just now . . . well, some of the mothers are home from work—it being a special occasion! And there are other women—and men, too, Mrs. Kemball, who feel as you do. Lonely. And they called up yesterday and asked for children. And so, to-day—to-day the nursery is quite empty. The last child—Conchetta, a little Italian—went out just as you came in. Perhaps you passed her."

Aline Kemball nodded. While the tears stood in her wide blue eyes. She remembered the fur-swathed woman who had led the little girl away. If she had only been a shade earlier:

"I was so sure," she said slowly, and her voice had a quiver in it—"so sure! I prepared everything. The tree, and the presents . . . you don't think that there's a chance?"

The Superintendent spoke briskly. The folk who work in the city settlement houses have learned to speak briskly—when there is an emotion to be covered.

"Of course, if you care to wait," she said, "there may be other children brought in. It's still early. Of course—if you care to wait?" It was a question.

Aline Kemball rose to her feet.

"Oh," she murmured, "I'll wait. You see, there isn't anything else to do, to-day, but wait—" her tone trembled, ever so little, as she turned sharply to the door. And passed another visitor—a young man, this time, on his way to speak to the busy woman at the desk . . .

In the small reception-room, again. Empty, now, than it had been. Only the old couple, hand in hand, were there. Close together on the bench—not speaking. Aline Kemball sat down, quietly, beside them.

From far down the hall came the sound of voices—happy voices. But in the small reception-room only a holly-wreathed clock,

busily ticking, made any sound. Aline Kemball felt each tick of that clock, acutely. Each tick like a separate stab of pain. She removed her fine kid gloves—so that her fingers might be freer to pick at the wee lace edge of her kerchief. And prayed, hard, that God would send in a child or two. To share the day with her. Prayed until words failed to come to her and she sat coldly still, with the slow tears rising to her eyes.

On and on ticked the clock. A half-hour. Three-quarters of an hour. Aline followed the movement of its hands until they tortured her. Until she turned nervously from the sight of the cheerful, holly-wreathed face of it. Turned, and saw that the old couple, motionless, silent, were still upon the bench beside her. With withered hand clasped in hand.

She had forgotten them. Quite. But now, with eyes made acutely conscious of detail, she studied their every line. Her artist's instinct made her feel the utter pathos of their pose, before her heart was aware of it.

They were so neat! So neat that it hurt. The man's threadbare suit was immaculately brushed. His shoes—so desperately thin—were almost burnished. The woman, frail and wisplike, wore a shawl of rusty black cashmere, and a wee bonnet tied under her chin, with precision, in a tiny bow-knot. Her hands were in darned cotton gloves. Her print dress was stiffly starched.

Aline Kemball, forgetful for a moment of her own disappointment, watched the two people who sat beside her. They seemed quite unaware of her presence. They seemed utterly alone. It was their aloneness that bothered her, vaguely. That caused her, almost without her own volition, to speak.

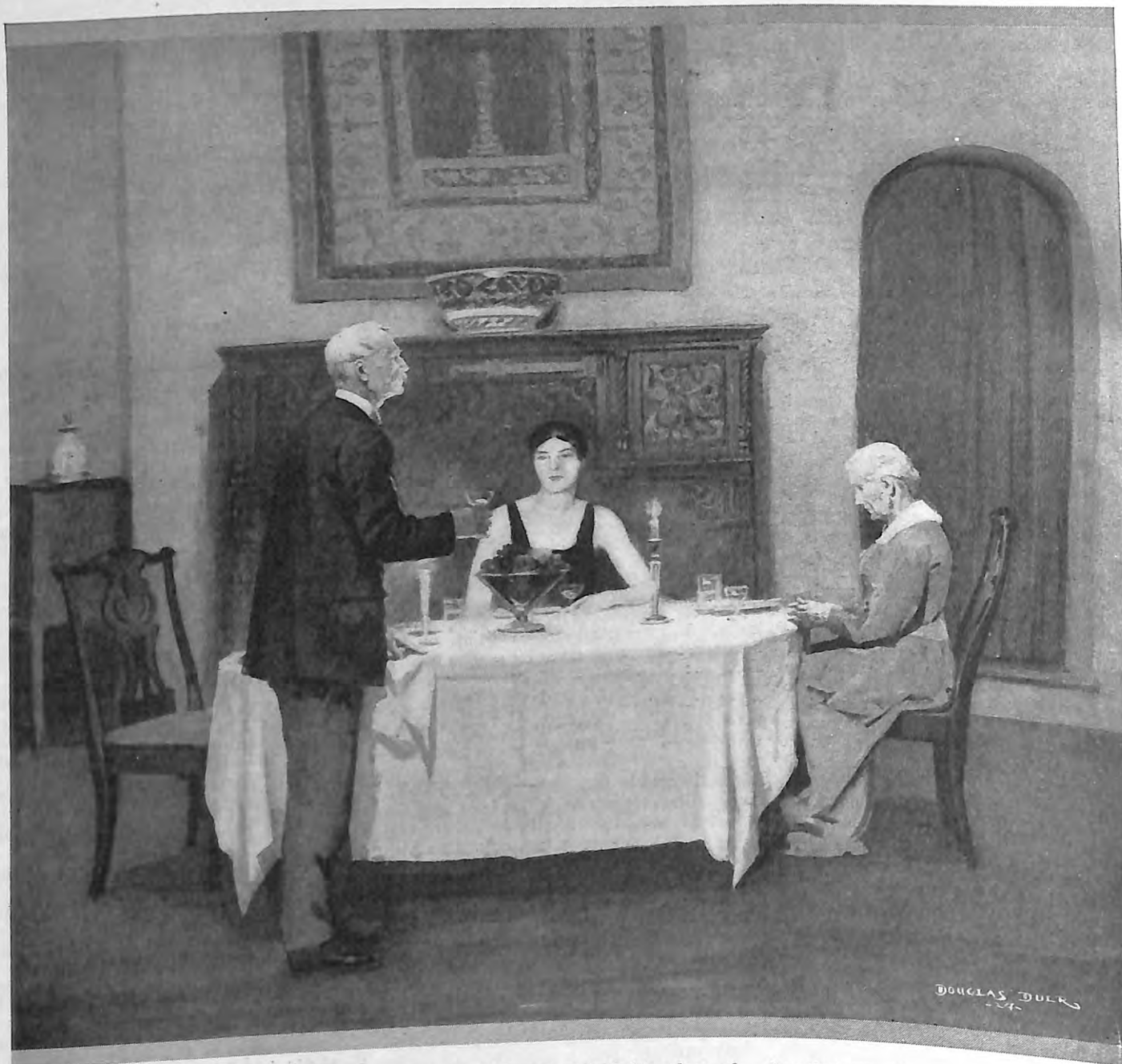
"Are you waiting, too?" she questioned.

The old woman started violently. The gentle voice of Aline might have been the sharp report of a pistol. The old man dropped the little hand that he had been holding—the pathetic little hand in its mended cotton glove! He answered:

"Yes, we're waiting," he said. His voice shook and his lifted eyes glanced dimly through a veil of tears that seemed heavy and opaque.

For a moment Aline did not speak. The tears embarrassed her, slightly. And then—

"I was hoping to find a child here, to spend Christmas with me," she said, "two children, in fact. But all the children have gone. It's going to be an empty Christmas, I'm afraid."



DOUGLAS DULER

The old lady sobbed, suddenly. So suddenly that Aline started to her feet.

"I'd almost forgotten that it was Christmas," she whispered, beneath the sobs that crowded down upon each other. Her voice sank to the merest thread of sound, but Aline caught something about "the lonely years—"

The old man's arm was around the shaking little body. His voice was suddenly strong, suddenly protective—

"There, honey," he was saying, "there, there! It won't be for long. Not for—long. And there'll be the visiting days. Once a month. Think how we'll look forward to 'em. And it won't be for long—"

Aline Kemball felt that she was watching some pathetic little play, from across shaded footlights. She had forgotten her own sorrow. Forgotten it quite completely. She had even ceased to remember her disappointment. Absorbed, for a moment, she saw the old woman's pain-marked face—the old man's grief-stricken eyes. And then she had stepped across the shaded footlights—was a part of the tiny drama. Almost without meaning to she had seated herself again, close beside the crying old woman. And her hand was touching the small fingers in their mended cotton gloves.

"You are in trouble," she said, and her voice

Once the old man raised his glass of cider, in an almost courtly manner, and made a little toast: "To Christmas," he said rather grandly; "to every Christmas!"

was very sweet; "you must tell me. I have known trouble, too. Don't think that I'll not understand! You must tell me—Please."

The old man was stiffening. His form was taking on a soldierly look. Pride was settling down over him, like a coat of mail. But the old lady had lost her dignity—and her drooping figure was not soldierly. She turned to the sympathy of another woman with utter gratitude—

"We're going to Homes," she sobbed, and her frail hands fluttered out to Aline. "We're going to Homes. Charity Homes. Homes where they send old folks that haven't any money! We've been married—we've kept house together for fifty years and now they're sending us to Homes." Her voice rose in a little crescendo of agony.

Aline Kemball said nothing for a moment. Her mind searched, blindly, for some word of comfort. But, through it all, her hand kept patting the little old woman's arm, her shoulder. At last she spoke.

"My dear," she said, "some Homes are very pretty. And it will be much easier to

live that way than to keep house. Perhaps you'll like it—very much."

Over his wife's bent head the old man addressed Aline. He was losing the soldier look.

"It isn't that we couldn't stand a Home," he said slowly—and Aline could feel the great effort beneath his even tone—"we'd got ourselves sort of resigned, to that. But she told us, to-day"—his head nodded in the direction of the inner office—"that we couldn't go to the same Home. I'm to go to an Old Man's Home, in one place. She's"—his arm tightened about the shaking, small figure—"to go to an Old Woman's Home, in another place. Of course, once a month, we can see each other. At visiting times. But we've never been separated—before. Not for fifty years. An' I'm afraid—at nights—that she'll be—frightened. Without me!" The steady voice broke.

Aline Kemball's slim, artist fingers continued to pat. Regularly, rhythmically. But her lips said nothing and her eyes were too misted to speak, either. Only her heart kept repeating, over and over again, the old man's sorry words. To be separated, after fifty years! To be put away in Homes, after a happy half-century. And she, sitting beside this stark tragedy, had been praying for a

(Continued on page 44)

Americans—Givers

We Have Recognized the Advantages of Investing in Friendships

By William G. Shepherd

HAVE you heard—I am now speaking of American sentimentality—how Ohio said “Good Morning” to the stricken nation of Japan the day after the earthquake?

They said it with \$100,000 in cash, delivered in Tokio, by telegraph and cable. The sentimental American citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, did this. It seems that every citizen of Ohio knows that the word “O-hi-o” means “Good Morning” in the Japanese tongue.

Let me tell this story of Cleveland’s action to a European who does not understand us and our ways, and he will be filled with amazement. In all likelihood he will say, “Of course it was a fine thing to do, but it sounds so sentimental—almost childish! Sending money to Japan just because the word ‘O-hi-o’ means ‘Good Morning’ in Japanese.” And he will be right; we Americans are sentimental—to a certain degree.

But let’s see what Cleveland really did; what was behind her action, beside sentimentality. My reader will understand, of course, that other cities than Cleveland gave large sums, totalling over \$4,000,000 to relieve suffering in Japan; I am considering Cleveland only because it illustrates American sentimentality.

Every year there is a ten-day period in Cleveland when 110 organizations of various forms put on a community drive for a community fund; such drives are not peculiar to Ohio; they are becoming, indeed, a common thing in American cities. About \$4,000,000 was collected in Cleveland last year and budgeted off to various philanthropies. But—

In the Cleveland community budget every year—and this goes for similar budgets in other cities, too—there is a sum set aside not for local charities and philanthropies but for trouble that may occur anywhere in the world. They know, in Cleveland, that earthquakes and floods, famine or pestilence, may strike down men, women and children somewhere on this planet any day in the year.

Cleveland’s emergency fund—like the emergency funds of other community chests—is to fight off the “Four Horsemen.” That isn’t sentimentality to save such a fund as that; it isn’t childishness to prepare in that fashion against the visitations of nature in her ugly moods.

That’s American long-headedness.

It’s easy to see how sentimental that \$100,000 good-morning cable to Japan might appear to folks of the outside world who do not understand our American system of philanthropy but if that cable was sentimental it was backed by as hard-headed and as practical a sum of money as any bank director ever displayed. Our giving isn’t always as sentimental as it looks.

Frankly, in writing this article, I wish, for the time, that I were not an American but an outsider, writing of American affairs. But an outsider could not write this article; it would be necessary for him to have the feel of American folks only as an American can have it. There is no use in waiting for an outsider to tell us what I hope to set forth in this article. Although the facts would come with better grace from him, and perhaps, indeed, be even more convincing, nevertheless I shall set them forth because it is necessary that Americans know them.

At every turn to-day you hear that America is the richest nation on earth. A great surplus of the world’s gold is in our strong-boxes—over four billion dollars’ worth of it; gold that was mined in Caesar’s time, and gold that was mined yesterday. Wages generally are perhaps the highest in our land that they have ever been anywhere in all human history. The standard of living of everyday common folks is higher here than has ever been achieved in any other nation. Eighty per cent. of the world’s automobiles are ours; the moving pictures, a holiday luxury for everyday folks in other lands, are a commonplace amusement with us; the radio—well, I rode on a train through Arkansas not long ago, passing through lowly villages made up of unpainted cabins, but I saw the antennæ of hundreds of receivers lacing the sky over every village, drawing down into these humble homes the music and the lectures of the metropolitan cities of both California and New York, and the speeches of our country’s President and its statesmen.

Let it go as it lies. We are the richest nation on earth, perhaps; our people, as a mass, are perhaps the most comfortable mass of people ever known. But I’m writing to say—because I haven’t heard any outsiders say it—that, in addition to being the richest nation on earth, we are also, and by the same token, the “givingest” people this world has ever known.

IN OUR giving we Americans are experts in good-will; can any one say that it is a little thing that our American flag stands for life itself to millions of men, women and children, in the countries where we have given away food and clothing?

Since 1910 we have made countless and unknown millions of friends for America, with our giving. The third of a billion dollars, collected in America for the aid of European and Oriental peoples came from every class of American citizens, from every religion and from every race in our land. It aggregated in five years, a total of \$300 a head for every man, woman and child in the country.

Quickly I say I am not boasting; for all we know we ought to give more. But the truth that we are the richest people in the world is only a half-truth unless, in all fairness, we add this other fact that to-day the American nation, the American people and American individuals are actually giving away—actually giving, without reservations of any kind—more wealth than any people have ever distributed for the help of mankind in human history.

We are NOT sitting with our gold in our

laps, our arms protectingly surrounding it, our heads bent over it and our greedy eyes fixed on it. I got tired of hearing certain people in Europe assert that we were doing this very thing; I got tired of having that hang-dog feeling that came from believing them. I have looked into all the available facts and my head, as an American, is up in the air again.

THEY may call us rich, if they please; there is no denying that. But, with all the facts before them, they cannot call us a selfish, hoarding people. We are giving—and before things have settled down in the world, we are going to give more. Indeed there are signs in plenty that we have only begun to give—if our good luck stays with us.

In saying this I am not patting us on the back; we are doing things in this world in our own American way and we can get along without patting either from ourselves or from the other fellow. The fact of the matter is we have discovered in America that it PAYS to give.

Giving, I say, is becoming an American institution. Stay-at-home Americans may not realize it, but there are many millions of human beings in the most out-of-the-way places of the earth who are more thrilled at the sight of the American flag, with its flock of white stars and its narrow, horizontal stripes of red and white, than any American is ever likely to be—unless he is in an especially melting and sentimental mood. These out-of-the-way folks may not know why we have a whole basketful of stars in one corner of our flag—forty-eight of them—or why we have thirteen red and white stripes (“You fellows have got the fanciest-looking flag, outside of the Greek one that I ever saw,” a rough but admiring Australian doughboy once told me), but they do know that when they see that particular design of red, white and blue they have thrills running up and down their spines.

It is our “givingness” that has done this.

Not a very long time ago a hell of European hate broke out across the water. Smyrna was set afire. Men, women and children were massacred in the streets while the city burned. That wickedest hate of all which grows out of religious differences turned men into killing maniacs. In all modern history, perhaps, there has never been such an inferno as Smyrna saw during those thirty-six hours of slaughter; sixteen centuries of religious and historical differences exploded as the Greeks and Turks fought it out at the edge of the ocean.

Down went the Greek flag and the Turkish flag; the flags of France and England were pulled down. Not a flag could fly in that maelstrom of hate—except one. No one pulled that flag down; wherever it floated when the fighting began it still floated when the fighting was ended. Under that basketful of white stars and that unlucky number of red and white stripes the women and children of both Greek and Turk found shelter and safety and food and drink, as the storm of fury died down.

Who would have pulled that flag down? You cannot say that no one would have dared to lower it; those maniacs were daring anything that day. The flags of the two other great powers were crazily treated like rags.

The point was that no one wanted to pull it down.

That flag, in the minds of both Turk and Greek, represented the helpfulness, the "givingness" of the American people. The men in the Turkish army knew that millions of American dollars were being spent in their land to wipe out human misery, and the men in the Greek army knew that other millions of American dollars were being spent in their land for exactly the same purpose.

Why should they want to pull down that flag?

Before many hours had passed, as fast as steam could push a three-million-dollar destroyer, there slipped into Smyrna harbor an American flag—flat and stiff in the wind with speed—and under it a ship loaded with food and clothing and helpful sailors. That flag also brought sanity, and the massacre came to an end.

MAY I again remind my readers that I am not boasting for Americans. I have a certain important fact to set forth, later on, which will rid all I have to say in my next few paragraphs of any semblance of mere boasting.

If there was ever a test of American "givingness" it came during the famine in Russia. It isn't clear yet whether that famine grew out of the disheartedness of the Russian peasants under Bolshevik misrule, or whether it came from the drought. When I asked George Barr Baker, representative for Hoover of the American Relief Administration, after his return from Russia whether the Bolshevik government was responsible for the famine he said:

"It's none of our damned business who was responsible. Women and children are starving there and America must save them."

That was the way millions of Americans who contributed to the Russian relief fund felt about it. The women and children couldn't be to blame—and that was enough for America.

The Russian government, during that period, would not permit the American relief expedition to fly the American flag on their buildings or to display it in any fashion. America has fed the starving in TWENTY different nations since the war ended and Russia was the only nation which prevented the flying of the stars and stripes.

But there are perhaps 8,000,000 persons alive in Russia to-day because of American "givingness"; whether they know our flag or not they know America; with them America has become a family tradition; what Americans did during the "Great Famine" will go down in family and village history; it will become folklore in Russia. And that's worth money to America throughout generations to come.

No women and children, anywhere in the world, will starve to death if Americans can save them; you can put that down in your book. You may call it sentimentality, if you please, but it's a fact.

The cause of trouble—that's none of our American business. An explosion of sixteen centuries of religious hate at Smyrna, the squeezing of a great population in the Ruhr between the millstones of German and French rivalry, the slipping of hundreds of miles of earth over sunken stone ledges—such things must be all one with us; we must and do look on them as meaning only one thing: human misery that must be relieved.

It is human misery, not the troubles and difficulties of governments, that attracts our giving.

It is true that we have not forgiven the debts of foreign nations to the United States;

those are government debts, as we see them. In all our giving since the war—and we have literally presented food and clothing worth over \$337,000,000 to the peoples of twenty different nations since 1920—we have noted the difference between governments and peoples and have given our money to peoples.

What do the people of a country think of America and of the American people? That is the wise question which the leaders in American giving and American distribution are always asking. The wisdom of American giving—the thing which marks it as enlightened self-interest, if you want to call it that—is the answer to this question.

In every foreign office in the world, of course, the American flag is known. Diplomats know that much, of course. But I am not speaking of foreign offices and foreign governments, nor am I speaking about our own government as a giver. I am speaking

GIVING has become a community activity; it is hard for the neighbors to understand why some certain family in the community does not give at least a little something for the fight against tuberculosis or the flood sufferers in China or the earthquake sufferers in Japan.

In every American community to-day—and you will not find this anywhere else in the world—there is community machinery, of some sort, for sending out cries for help that may come from the utmost ends of the earth, and for collecting neighborhood funds for giving such help. Our shortest and humblest "Main Street" in America is tuned in on the troubles of folks throughout the world.

in terms of folks. The giving is done by the American people, and the receiving is done by the people of other lands. The tribute to our stars and stripes is paid, not formally by diplomats, but by men and women and children who have been in trouble and have found help in their own lands under the American flag. From what I know of foreign offices—and I have had considerable first-hand experience—it may take some of them a long time to discover in what high esteem millions of their own people hold the American flag.

One government, for instance, got a shock by discovering what its people thought of the stars and stripes. This was Bulgaria.

Throughout Bulgaria and, indeed, all over the Levant, schools of various sorts, operated by American money, have been in existence for over half a century. From one of these schools near Saloniki, I saw forty Bulgarian boys, called to the colors of their country, march away to fight on the side of Germany. Over the school the stars and stripes had floated for a quarter of a century. In that school these Bulgarian boys had been taught agriculture, shoemaking, carpentering and other trades, as well as reading and writing, all under American teachers. They marched away from beneath that American flag, singing and happy.

Within a year those Bulgarian boys, as soldiers in the Bulgarian army, must have been the most puzzled young men in the Great War.

The United States had come into the war; the American flag was on the other side.

Those boys from the Saloniki school were not the only puzzled Bulgarians, either. In the Bulgarian capital there were men of power in the Bulgarian Government who had attended American schools in the Levant; some of them had attended Robert College, the American university at Constantinople. They were unspeakably puzzled when they discovered that the flag, under which they had received unlimited educational help—thanks to American givingness—was across the trenches from the Bulgarian army.

In all that war no general ever dared to give orders to Bulgarian troops to fire on the American flag. The Central Powers never called Bulgarian troops to the Western front, and during the war no American on Bulgarian soil was molested by the Bulgarian officials in any way; the American flag lost none of its power in Bulgaria; the hate of war never touched it there.

You may remember that Bulgaria was the first of the German Allies to drop out of the war; she quit—and cut off all communication between Turkey and Germany, four weeks before the German armies finally surrendered.

The United States and Bulgaria were friends, throughout the war, as they had been friends before; it was a friendship made, not between governments but between peoples.

Every eagle on every single twenty-five cent piece that was ever given to the Bulgarian people for education and other philanthropy came home to roost in the Great War.

In our giving we Americans are experts in good-will; can anyone say that it is a little thing that our American flag stands for life itself to millions of men, women and children, in the countries where we have given away food and clothing? There are twenty of these lands:

Poland, Germany, Lithuania, German Austria, Letvia, Esthonia, Bulgaria, Northwest Russia, South Russia, Finland, Belgium, Northern France, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Armenia, Serbia, Montenegro and Albania.

Since 1910—it has all been crowded into five fast years of European horror—we have made countless and unknown millions of friends for America, with our giving. The third of a billion dollars, collected in America for the aid of European and Oriental peoples came from every class of American citizens, from every religion and from every race in our land. It aggregated in five years, a total of \$300 a head for every man, woman and child in the country.

AND, in our giving, we have given more than money. American aid associations have never departed from one of these twenty lands, without leaving, fully established, an organization of natives, based on American lines, for carrying on philanthropic and preventative measures.

Behind our sentimentality, you see, there is common-sense, friendship-making kindness. It is nothing to boast about; but it is something to feel good about. Investments in friendship are as good investments as can ever be made. To have friends of the American flag buried away in the homes in the very heart of a score of European nations gives us a League of Friends.

But American giving is not an external affair, alone, having to do with assistance for foreign peoples.

(Continued on page 50)

Christmas Prayer to The Master

By Scudder Middleton

*MASTER of mighty stars and tides and
earth,
Watching with many-minded eyes
As we so blindly come and go—
What is our worth?*

*Hour on hour you see us struggle,
Reach with harsh hands to seize a bubble,
Fighting, hating, lying, building much
That shall be leveled by your touch—
What is our worth?*

*Ruler of oceans and of time,
Sower of worlds within the heavenly fields,
We bow before your majesty.
All these we are: the chaff, the dust, the fog,
The little noise, the twisted tree.*

*All these we are—yet, look upon us now!
A season very like your happy spring
Has blossomed in our hearts, no more are we
Those selfish creatures. See, how now we
bring
Out of ourselves the precious, buried thing
You gave us long ago and we forgot!
The faith we had in childhood lights our eyes.
Our hands are quick to help, our lips to
speak.
We drive no bargains now—enough to feel
Once more the old simplicity is ours.
See, how we deck our streets and hang the
towers
With everlasting green from quiet woods,
And carol while your shining planets reel!*

*Maker of lightning and the tiny seed,
Builder of winds and Keeper of the sun,
We bow before your majesty—
Earth of the bitter earth are we.
Yet, when you look upon us now,
Those many-minded eyes must sight
Something within us reaching up to you,
As new leaves reach for light.*



*Master of life and death on star and earth,
Who breathed on clay and made it man,
This season in our hearts is near your plan—
Make it our worth!*



Drawn by Ralph L. Boyer



SUNDAY afternoon, and absolutely nothing else to do—not even a revolution—yet La Condesa, Mexico's famous bull ring, was scarce more than half filled when bugle blasts announced the commencement of action. A gate flew wide and out came the heroes of the day, all brilliant in silver, gold and wonderful crimsons. First two *alguaciles*, superbly mounted and very impressive in their old Seventeenth Century costumes of velvet and plumes; then three *matadores*—the “killers”—bobbing along like gorgeous parrakeets; after them two *banderilleros*, less gorgeously attired but still far from austere; next three *picadores*, each armed with a long pike, their legs sheathed in iron, and mounted on horses in every degree of disintegration; then *los monos sabios*, the “wise monkeys” who do the chores of the ring, and at the end the *arrastres*, the bell-hung mule team that drags away the débris.

Ah-h-h! Now we go to see! My Spanish has been known to reduce weak people to chronic invalidism, but, fortunately enough, the Mexican on my right was far above the average in size, weight and strength. I opened with the safe remark that it made fine weather, and as he seemed to meet my accent sturdily, ventured the further opinion that the *toreros* presented an appearance very superb, encouraging the hope that they could to make an exemplification most interesting of the national sport of Mexico.

His cry of protest startled me, for my remarks were in no sense extemporaneous, having been thought out carefully, even painfully. Happily, his outburst was not provoked by my Spanish but by the subject matter. It seemed that I did not have right! Not in the least! These *espadas* of the day—this Manolete, this Zapaterito, this Bonarillo—under no circumstances must they be confused with the *diestros*, the real masters! Not yet had any of the three received *la alternativa*, that proud ceremony where an *espada* of standing—a “major leaguer”—leads some wobbling protege into the arena, lends him his own sword, and sends him forth with a blessing to kill his first “formal” bull. That these *novilleros* were here to-day—here in *el circo de la Condesa*, scene of so many historic encounters between godlike men and divine bulls, was due to one of those tragic mischances that oftentimes defy even the most far-visioned mind.

Look you, Señor! Six bulls still remained on hand after the close of the regular season. Not “cows” nor “rats,” mind you, but noble Spanish animals—“bulls of truth”—huge creatures from the famous breeding farms of Señor Miura, the Duke de Veragua and the Widow de Concha Sierra, every one of a most inspiring savagery, and trained to attack from calfhood. Gone from Mexico were the famous *matadores*—Sanchez Mejias the fearless, Gaona, so refined, so *elegante*, and Silveti, matching the bulls themselves in strength and fury. What to do then but



A “Bush League” Bull Fight

By George Creel

Illustrations by Louis Fancher

to have recourse to *novilleros*? Ah, well, one can not have cream always. No is true? But one can to hope, Señor. For the men—bah!—but *everything* may be expected of the bulls. From all of which I gathered that the performers of the day were mere “bush leaguers” with little hope of breaking into “fast company.” All three had looked fairly impressive before, but now, viewed in the light of disillusionment, I saw that they were disgracefully bowlegged, and I even suspected the quality of their silks.

THE brilliant procession wound its way about the ring and finally halted with a flourish of hats before the box in which sat *el Presidente*. This august personage waved his hand in token of approval and then threw down the key that was to open the gate of the bull pen. The *arrastres* jingled out, the “wise monkeys” got behind the barriers, the *matadores* and *banderilleros* threw their costly promenade capes high into the seats to be held carefully by proud spectators, and the *picadores*, placing themselves prominently, took firmer grips on their lances.

The first animal was a Veragua, and he hit the arena all spraddled out, a militant entry that is the habit of his noble breed, so my friend informed me. A huge beast, horns dagger sharp, head the size of a tub, and a neck that could not be distinguished from the body. As he dashed out of the tunnel, an attendant skilfully inserted a dagger between the shoulder blades as a delicate intimation to the little visitor that he was not among friends. Whatever idea the bull may have had about starting the day off with a good deed went glimmering as he felt the bite of the steel, and his bellow concentrated all the rage of the world.

Manolete was the hero chosen to open the fray, and according to custom, he should have dashed forward at once for the purpose of making play with his cape. Manny,

however, was plainly not the sort that believed in doing things impetuously. He remained afar, but lest people should imagine his conduct governed by fear, indulged in certain gestures designed to intimate that he was giving the situation careful thought. As for his gay companions, they were presenting imitations of catalepsy over by the barrier. Missing the men, the beast's roving eye caught sight of the horses. Poor wretched animals! Also poor wretched riders! A lunge and a lift of the bull's tremendous neck, and fifteen hundred pounds of horse and man were thrown high in the air like so much cork. I ventured a remark about the *picadores* and their terrible falls, but I could see that my neighbor thought me touched by the sun.

“Of a truth,” he shrugged wonderingly, “but it is only a *picador*, Señor. A *picador*! Now I ask you!”

From the start it was painfully evident that the “team”—the *cuadrilla*—was outclassed by the bulls. They were used to smaller animals, less active, more friendly and able to take a joke. The size and fury of the Spanish beasts, the speed and simple directness of their charges, kept the “goat” of the *novilleros* in grave danger at all times. Now and then the ring took on a Mardi Gras effect, *matadores*, *banderilleros* and *peones* sailing through the air like so much confetti, the fact that the amphitheatre did





Throwing the Bull for a Safety is Good For the Matador, But Dull to the Crowd

not possess a roof being the only thing that saved them. By hook and crook, mixed in with a lot of fool luck, four bulls were put away, however, and the bugle blew for the fifth.

THE animal was of Miura, a breed so feared that the Spanish *diestros* demand extra money for fighting them. Certainly the creature looked the part. Black, sullen, lowering, one could see at a glance that he had not been brought up in the Pollyanna school and that he had never read "In Tune with the Infinite." Two sweeps about the ring and the horses and *picadores* called it a day's work and went home. When the bugle sounded for the *suerte de banderillas*, the actors involved had to be blasted away from the barrier. Slowly, lingeringly, the white-faced duo threw capes over the barriers and received their sticks—ash affairs about two feet long, gay with ribbons and ending in a steel barb big and sharp enough to annoy a tarpon. Taking one in each hand, Orteguita marched in the general direction of the *Miureno*. Raising the darts high above his head he began to teeter up and down on his toes, at the same time delivering such taunts as "Cow," "Coward," and "Come on"—a dainty little bit called "cheering the bull."

At the moment when the animal seems sufficiently "cheered," the *banderillero* is sup-

posed to swoop forward, circle a trifle as the bull charges, and then plant the *banderillas* just back of the shoulders, one on each side. Doubtless Orteguita knew his theory as a child knows its primer, but when it came to practice, there was sad lack of coordination. For myself, I thought the whole proceeding a mistake. Even with my untutored eye I could see that the Pride of Miura was in no need of encouragement, and rarely has my judgment been so thoroughly vindicated. Exhilarated to ecstasy by the "cheering," the bull rushed forward with a welcoming bellow, and Orteguita's leap broke the Mexican altitude record. Had it not been pay day, there is doubt as to whether he ever would have come down. As he circled the bull for the fifth time, the crowd advised him to send his *banderillas* by mail, a suggestion that he gave every sign of considering seriously. At last, however, he managed to jab home his two darts more or less effectively and retired with an expression of relief.

The second *banderillero* was evidently a man of a family who loved his wife and children. By no means was he the type of husband who did his "cheering" outside, leaving none for the home. From the start he made it clear that he meant to keep his relations with the *Miureno* on a strictly business-like basis, at all times formal to the point of coldness. Not only did he refuse to "cheer the bull," but he even took pains to keep from meeting him face to face. His approach was invariably from the south, and when he did manage to stick his two *banderillas* somewhere near the tail, the crowd hooted furiously. As for my neighbor, I could not tell whether his complaint was apoplexy or asthma. Oh, the infamous ones! Many the time he had seen men shot for less.

The first *banderillero* then returned to the scene to plant the third and final pair and for a wonder he did it well. At last! *Como dios manda!* He had executed the feat "as



God commands." Clouds lifted from the sun, and a wind from the south brought a hint of magnolia and jasmine. My stricken friend even recovered sufficiently to essay a smile. Of a truth, Señor, the world is not a bad place!

The bugle then sounded for the *matador*, and poor Zapaterito, whose turn it was, slowly disengaged himself from the safe confines of the barrier and dragged his bow-legs before the box of the President. Here, in a resigned tone, he delivered his *brindis*, the traditional dedication of the bull, either to an official or to some *aficionado* sufficiently nutty to come across with money in return for the honor. The pledge delivered, he threw his *montera* among the spectators. In the case of a great *matador*, the people fight for the privilege of holding his hat, but the lid of poor Zapaterito was allowed to fall to the floor and certain low persons added to indignity by filling it with orange peel.

Now I had marked this *matador* from the very beginning. Not for a minute was I deceived by the name of Luis Guzman or the *nom de guerre* of "Zapaterito." He was a Sinn Feiner and his real name was either Guigan or Googan. From head to foot he was as Irish as Paddy's pig, and I wished him well. Truth compels the admission, however, that Zapaterito did not advance with true Gaelic zip. One could almost hear his arches fall. In his left hand he bore his *muleta*, a short stick with a strip of red cloth attached to it. In his right he carried the *estoque*, a dagger-like rapier with a cross hilt. Holding the *muleta* out well to his left, and manipulating the red cloth with the sword in order to get the best effect, Zapaterito advanced warily, and suddenly emitted a weird "Moo." The bull eyed him suspiciously, but when Zap repeated his cry in a quavering falsetto, suspicion gave way to positive contempt.

MY NEIGHBOR was very much disturbed at the quality of these "Moos," and rising high in his seat, he voiced specific and bitter complaints. It seemed that they were without resonance and utterly devoid of insult. Did Zapaterito imagine himself a turtle dove in the mating season? Was he a bull fighter or was he a boy soprano escaped from a church choir? His fury worked on me to a point where I myself was about to give birth to a "moo," but insults and appeals had no power to move Zapaterito, for his "moos" sank to lower and even more soothing cadences.

Now the *muleta* play of a *diestro*, as explained to me between hisses and jeers, is really a very beautiful thing. Like a bolt of lightning, the bull charges the red cloth. It streams over his horns. Turning, he sees again the accursed color, and again he thunders forward. Back and forth, like some great pendulum, Señor, the *matador* standing stock still, only swaying his body, each time letting the sharp horns graze his hip. Behold



the *pase natural*! And the *veronica*! Ah, Señor, there have you the courage! The *muleta* held directly in front of the body, and as the bull charges the *diestro* moves it either to the right or left, diverting the horns of the onrushing beast at the last second. And after bewildering the bull by *pases naturales*, *veronicas* and *navarras*—I beg you me to believe, Señor—it is often the case that the *diestro* will lie down squarely in front of the animal, or else make him slap on the head with the hand.

Zapaterito did none of these things. True, he did essay a few initial passes, but the bull failed utterly in co-operation. Either he was abnormally sensitive or else the "moos" were better than we thought. With a bellow that began basso profundo and ended in passionate falsetto, the *Miureno* made his charge, not at the *muleta*, but straight for the luckless Zapaterito's solar plexus. The crowd bordered on happiness. My neighbor lost much of his gloom. Was it not indeed a "bull of truth"! And one full of the most *evil* ideas! Surely a fine place must be reserved in Heaven for this most noble breed! Only Zapaterito, returning from an aerial journey, failed to join in the general delight. His expression showed that he was commencing to appreciate the seriousness of the task. Certainly it was a man-size job. Not one to be undertaken lightly. He had erred in starting out so carelessly. Consultation was the thing. Drawing his *cuadrilla* to a safe distance, a meeting of the board of strategy was called to order.

Into the ring, thus left vacant save for the bull, a speck fell out of the blue. A boy, not over nineteen by his looks, suddenly volplaned into the arena from the upper seats. Cap in hand he advanced jauntily, and stopping some three feet from the bull, bravely wiggled his hips and let out a quavering but unmistakable "Moo." I could not believe my eyes. What was he anyway? Drunkard or idiot? Neither, Señor. My neighbor spread his hands and smiled indulgently. Merely a lad of spirit, eager to prove his fitness for the profession of a *torero*. Doubtless he had been refused an apprenticeship, and he means to show them. Here, against the fierce beasts of Spain, he will himself demonstrate. It is quite common, I assure you, Señor. And take you no alarm. The luck of these *muchachos* is amazing.

IT CERTAINLY was. The charge of the bull caught the youngster squarely, but between the horns, by a miracle, and the toss of *Miureno's* huge head sent him spinning to safety. He was pretty wobbly when he staggered to his feet, but conscious enough to make a break for the barrier. Suddenly he missed his cap. Either it was a new one or his only one; anyway, it became plain that he did not dare go home without it. Looking around he located his headpiece and made a dart for it. The small circumstance that the cap reposed squarely in front of the bull did not seem to occur to him.

The cry of horror that went up from the crowd stirred Zapaterito and his companions from the trance into which indignation had thrown them. Dashing forward with their capes, they were sufficiently quick to divert a charge that would have scattered the boy over five Mexican states. Saving him, however, was as far as their rage permitted them to go, and with cries of fury, the *peones* fell upon the young wretch. Accursed *muchacho*! Were things not going badly enough



that he should add to them? Was it his thought to make laughing-stocks of professional *toreros*? Had he been hired by enemies, jealous of this great occasion? When they had exhausted curses and blows, the boy was thrown over the barrier into the waiting arms of a policeman. Not even a member of New York's riot squad could have brought greater enthusiasm to a beating. The *gendarme's* hands gave out early in the game, however, and when last seen, even his kicks had lost their rhythmic precision.

THE *cuadrilla* feared to falter longer where a lad had dared. With wild shouts Zapaterito drove the *peones* forward, commanding them to make cape play in order to weaken the animal more thoroughly. The weakening effect, however, was confined entirely to the *peones*. Desperate by now, Zapaterito called upon all of his reserves and ordered a general charge. Even as they obeyed, the "goat" of the "team" gave one last despairing bleat and passed entirely into the possession of the *Miureno*. For ten minutes there was an exhibition of field sports that would not have disgraced the Olympic games—broad jumping, high jumping, dashes, yard hurdles, mile runs, etc., etc. As they returned panting to the barrier, Zapaterito's attitude was about as friendly as that of an foreign committee presenting an athletic trophy to an American. Shameless ones! Did they seek his ruin? Was it their object to send him to a despised grave?

For a time it looked as if ostracism would be the sole punishment visited upon the bull. Zapaterito, standing with folded arms and bowed head, gave the spectators full opportunity to grasp the true state of affairs. Alone! Deserted! Betrayed! But the crowd refused to accept this interpretation, and a storm of jeers forced poor Zap into new action. For a second he was plainly undecided, but suddenly a flash of inspiration lighted his Gaelic map. Striding to the very center of the arena, he turned to the trailing *cuadrilla* and waved it back with a majestic sweep.

"*Fuera gente!*" he bellowed in a tone that had the cut of steel.



Zapaterito, in plain, meant to face the bull alone. He had cried "Get out!" It was a gesture of magnitude. The crowd cheered wildly and even my friend on the right grudgingly admitted that Zapaterito was not entirely devoid of intestinal content. Encouraged by the applause, he advanced and spread his *muleta*. Stamping his foot, he let out a "moo" that any basso might have envied. But there are people without luck—people who are never in the orchard when apples fall. Such a one was Zapaterito. As the bull charged, his charge was again directed straight at the *matador*, not at the *muleta*. As a matter of course, Zap departed without leaving any forwarding address. Nor was the bull able to locate him, although his march carried him to every corner of the arena. All things, however, come to an end, and the strength of the *Miureno* was no exception to the rule. At last he halted in the middle of the ring, fatigue written in every line of his unfashionable figure. Even the tentative approaches of the *peones* could not rouse him to action. A groan of anguish went up from my neighbor. What a tragedy! A brave bull, a true bull, and one that would have conducted himself with undiminished valor but for the wretched Zapaterito. The poor fight had developed "bad habits" in him, and now, with courage gone, the unhappy animal might be expected to die "with his head between his hands."

Zapaterito, however, showed no distress. As a matter of fact, he seemed pleased by the animal's obvious listlessness. Plainly, he was one who liked them languorous. Quickly and deftly he prepared to kill, and it was with a glimmer of his old grin that he went forward for the *volapie*. The bull was *cuadrada*—properly set—and Zapaterito, standing about three feet in front of him, raised his sword to the level of his shoulder and pointed it just as marksman sights a rifle. The spot to be reached is at the base of the neck. When the bull's head is down there is an ample opening through which the heart can be pierced. When the head is up, this opening is closed.

THE range secured and tested by repeated "sights," Zapaterito took a long breath and lunged forward. According to theory, the *matador* should put his entire body behind the thrust, burying his sword to the hilt. Zap, however, had other uses for his body. The bull was inconsiderate enough to let out a bellow at the critical moment, and he jumped back with as much speed and precision as though the leap had been forward and unhurried. Instead of sinking the rapier clear to the cross, therefore, only a foot of the point entered the bull's broad back.

Hard on the stroke, the *peones* jumped in, lashing at the *Miureno* with their heavy capes. Whereat a roar of indignation went up from the crowd. Infamous rascals! Trying to hit the sword so as to drive it in deeper. A swarm of oranges, well aimed, caused them to give up their ignoble purpose. The *asiolados*—the "sun struck ones"—as they call the Mexican bleacherites, showed signs of coming "over the top," and the *peones* "dug in." By this time, the *estoque* had fallen out of its own accord, and Zapaterito retrieved it and
(Continued on page 53)

So This Is Christmas!

No Doubt of It in the Book Shops Where There Is Something Enjoyable for Everybody to Read

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Travel and Adventure for All

TO *Lhasa In Disguise*, by William McGovern. (The Century Co., New York.) The "Forbidden City" entered by an intrepid Englishman. In his dangerous journey across Tibet he had stained his body dark, dressed as a Tibetan, given up washing himself in accordance with the national custom and spoken the language of the land. Adventure meant probable death. Adventure lurked in every corner of this almost unknown part of the earth. Once, a fanatical crowd howled "for his blood" outside the gate of the house where he lodged in Lhasa. He escaped, disguised, with his servants through a secret door in the courtyard, stopping long enough when outside to join in the mass meeting of hate and hurl a few stones at his own abode. A unique experience, told with simplicity and charm by a scholar and an explorer.

Diary of a Dude Wrangler—by Struthers Burt. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mountain roads and desert trails sound to some of us lonely and fearsome. There are others, however, who, singing, laughing, comrade-ing under the high vault of heaven, often find in such quiet places a gorgeous adventure. This book of well-deserved popularity is dedicated to—

"All Dudes, Cow-Punchers, Ranchers, and Horses I Have Met."

Blue Water—by Arthur S. Hildebrand. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

Two restless young spirits, a Scotchman and his Yankee friend, put off from the Port of Glasgow in a fifty-four-foot yawl. Foot-loose and free they sailed away, like two foolish heroes in a frieze. And where do you think they finally found themselves? Constantinople, Athens, the fairy islands of the Mediterranean! The book will make you itch to toss a bundle over your shoulder and be off to see the world.

With Lawrence in Arabia—by Lowell Thomas. (The Century Co., New York.)

He was twenty-six years old, a dreamer, a visionary (Englishmen sometimes are), and during the war he saw his dreams and his visions take on a reality so sensational and incredible that this narrative reads like the wildest sort of romance. In Arabia he created an army out of violent desert tribes, he saved a country, refused a V. C. and a General's commission. Now, at an age when most men are merely beginning to build a reputation, Col. T. E. Lawrence is using his as Advisor on Arab Affairs to King George. A great book.

Jungle Beasts I Have Captured—by Charles Mayer. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Here are some of the hair-raising and breathless adventures that lie behind gilt-barred circus wagons, behind every well-kept animal house in all the zoos. Mr. Mayer is one of the small brotherhood who "captures them alive," and to get his lions and tigers, his rhinos and his orang-outangs he has penetrated Eastern jungles, pushed

up savage rivers and faced astonishing dangers. It was wild hunting!

Czecho-Slovakia—edited by Dr. Joseph Gruber. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

A new country in an old world. It is a wise thing from many points of view to know something about this sister Republic, its economic condition, its resources, its leading men, its government. Lots of surprises and interesting facts within the covers of this book.

Tales of Southern Rivers—by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

An inspiring chronicle of travel and adventure, fishing and hunting down in our own southland and in Mexico. Truth enhanced by the thrilling vividness of this popular novelist's style.

A Loiterer in London—by Helen W. Henderson. (George H. Doran, New York.)

The sort of guide book that makes you want to go, pronto, to London Town, if you've never been, and back again at once—if you have.

The Land of Journey's Ending—by Mary Austin. (The Century Co., New York.)

This country of romance, of quaintness, of lure and of tragedy is our Southwest. Mrs. Austin's rare sensitiveness to its grandeur and its history make this a necessary and entrancing book for every American's library.

By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne—by E. Alexander Powell. (The Century Co., New York.)

The almost unbelievable adventures of four enthusiastic and fearless men who traveled with open eyes and ears and notebooks from Constantinople through Asia Minor and on into Persia—lands of intrigue, danger, romance and fascination.

Sweden and Its People—by Robert Medill. (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.)

An interesting and valuable presentation of a great country and its stalwart people.

Voyaging—by Rockwell Kent. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Artist and author, Mr. Kent has, by a rare and vivid combination of his talents, given us a most distinguished book of travels. This account of his wanderings in Tierra Del Fuego stands quite alone among the new and worthwhile books of the season. It is superbly written, and illustrated with Kent's own strange drawings which somehow breathe of lurking dangers and bleak isolations.

Hawaii, the Rainbow Land—by Katherine Pope. (Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.)

It is difficult to believe that so exotic and picturesque a land, with its volcanoes, its strange dark people, its ravishing fruits, its legends and its passionate history, is part of our own practical country, thriving under our own flag. But the Army knows it is part of America, so does the Navy, so do

the planters and the business men out in the Islands. Here is the story of it all.

Seeing Canada—by John T. Faris. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

The first glimpse is of Cape Breton, on the East, then our captured eyes follow the magnificent panorama across the wide country of Canada to the great Northwest. We see the unlimited possibilities in agriculture, lumber, water, ranches, mines, fisheries. We also see the peace and beauty of the land. A book for all travelers and next year's vacationist; invaluable for the inquiring business mind, and a pleasure for all readers.

Heirs of the Incas—by Carroll K. Michener. (Milton, Balch & Co., New York.)

Why does the great continent to the south hold so much enticement for us? Every new book about it is welcomed gladly. This one rebrightens and amplifies all our previous knowledge of the Andean countries, with their mysterious blending of Spanish and Indian blood, their age-old customs and their dazzling mountain cities.

In the Land of the Laughing Buddha—by Upton Close. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

China, like a great pageant flaming with color, passes before us; mysterious, dramatic, always provocative.

The Mediterranean Cruise—by Rolland Jenkins. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The sea and the lands of heart's desire. With its illustrations (some in color), its maps its authentic descriptions and details, this volume makes one of the best handbooks to give a traveler bound for the Mediterranean. Also a delight for the fellow who stays at home.

Finding the Worth While in Europe—by Albert B. Osborne. (McBride, New York.)

This excellent book will save the tourist many a wasteful day, and many a wasted franc or lira or whatever the coin may be. It gets right down to what you ought to see when you go "to the other side," and how best to see it.

The Riviera—by S. Baring-Gould. (Brentano's, New York.)

The golden and entrancing coast of the Mediterranean and its history, which is romance in many guises.

Paris Restaurants—by Robert-Robert. (Brentano's, New York.)

A tiny volume which will make you ravenously hungry and equally restless—a dangerous but enjoyable complication. This should prove a simple but priceless gift for any one headed for France and its capital.

Inexpensive and Charming Gift Books

The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne—by William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

(Continued on page 60)

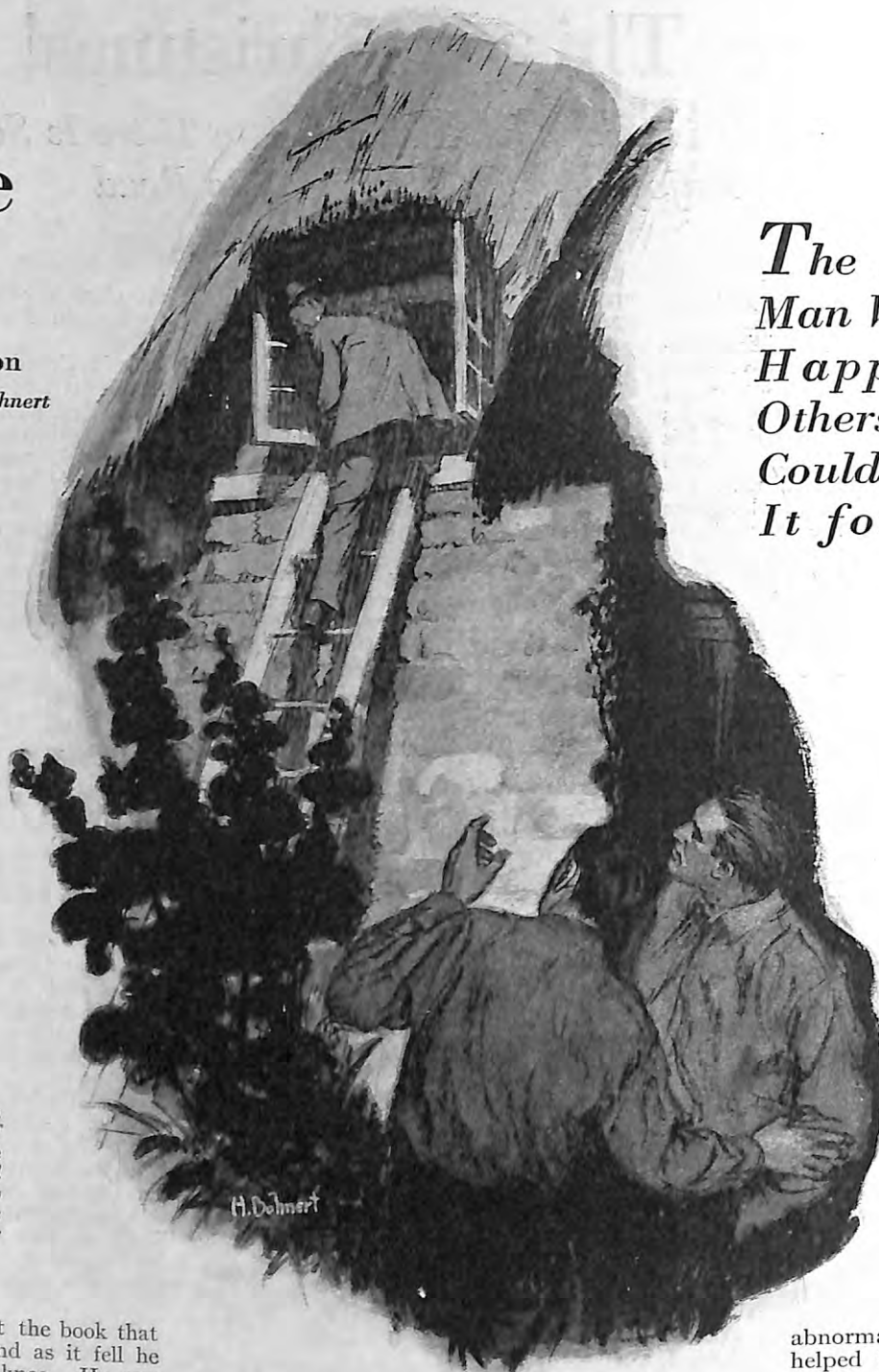
Failure Farm

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrations by Herbert Bohnert

The Story of a Man Who Found Happiness for Others But Who Could Not Find It for Himself

The lamp was blown out. With an air of extreme caution, the man Jones crawled through the window and warily began his descent of the ladder



A SCREW of paper hit the book that Holt was reading and as it fell he caught it with his knee. He saw that it was a note addressed to him in pencil, and he opened it, puzzled and surprised.

It was short and to the point. The initials G. F. were scrawled at the end of it. "Follow me out in ten minutes," it ran. "I shall be under the wall of the cowshed, facing east. There's something queer going on."

Holt looked up and some of the astonishment that he felt was stamped upon his face. G. F. was obviously George Fraser, who, getting up quietly, was knocking out his pipe against a log. He caught the inquiring look and nodded, his teeth gleaming whitely for an instant against his deep tan. He brushed some tobacco ash off the rough clothes that he was wearing, made his way across the uneven floor of old flagstones, opened the door and went out. A whiff of hay-scented air came in. The heavy latch fell with a click.

Holt was not the only one who watched him go. The daughter of the house, whose golden head and graceful young shoulders had been bent over her sewing since the evening meal, looked up too, and the novelist

caught the same expression of wistfulness in her large blue eyes that he had often noticed before. It was natural enough for her to feel something more than friendship, he thought with a spasm of jealousy, for the only young man among that queer collection of flotsam and jetsam that had come together to work for her father on his ramshackle farm.

Because the manner in which he had received the note had in it a silent request for secrecy, he glanced quickly round the room to make sure that no one had seen him read it. The scene was one to which he had become perfectly familiar since he had taken a room in that farmhouse a week before, and it still stirred his curiosity and interest. John Alton, the owner of the place, a thin, angular, dyspeptic man, with a tangle of gray hair that hadn't been cut for months, was playing chess as usual. A pair of pince-nez was fixed on the end of a large and bony nose, beneath which the mouth was sour and cynical. High, prominent cheek-bones, burned red by the sun, a good chin and

abnormally big Adam's apple helped to give him more the appearance of a schoolmaster than a man who struggled from sunrise to sunset to scrape a living out of his second-rate acres.

His engrossed opponent, whose name was Phillpotts, was a small foxy man with beetling red eyebrows, a sharp face pitted with freckles and tufts of red hair sprouting out of large pointed ears. His high-pitched voice, generally giving vent to complaint, was refined in the manner and intonation of a clergyman. It was difficult to imagine why he should be working as a farm laborer.

On the other side of the long table, with his back to the bulbous oil lamp, reading a much-thumbed edition of Shakespeare's "Sonnets," sat another figure not usually associated with such surroundings. Passmore he called himself, a round-faced, soft-looking person, with long, artistic hands, mousey hair parted accurately in the center and gouty short-sighted eyes surrounded by myriads of crisscrossed lines. His blue flannel shirt was clean, and he had, as usual, changed his working trousers for a pair of gray ones which, although rubbed

and shabby, had been made, it was easy to see, by a good tailor.

The remaining member of the personnel of Alton's farm, a sparrow-like man with a strong cockney accent, a shrill laugh and an irritating habit of sniffing after saying something that he considered to be smart, had gone to bed early, as was his wont. He answered to the name of Jones and ought to have been a barber.

The room itself reeked with history and had in its time harbored the soldiers of the Wars of the Roses, both Royalist and Cromwellian. That was why Holt had persuaded Alton, much against his will, to put him up for a week. He wanted its atmosphere for a story that he was writing and he was taking notes. It was one of those enormous kitchens, with huge oak beams and white-washed walls, only to be found in the farm-houses of its period. A dresser, crammed with rough thick crockery, ran all along one side of the wall. The other was broken by half a dozen high narrow windows with leaded panes which were rarely opened. The fireplace at the end of the room, surmounted by a semi-circular beam to which hundreds of old rusty horseshoes had been nailed, was wide and deep, with bricks discolored by centuries of log fires. Wood ash, banked up at the back of it, rose to a little mountain.

Letting ten minutes go by with growing impatience, Holt was a little amused to find that the last sentence of Fraser's note had caught hold of his imagination. The mysterious reference to "something queer" set his mind at work like a newly-wound clock. The only queer things that could be connected with the hard-working monotony of this farmhouse, it seemed to him, were the men who returned from the fields to feed every night in the kitchen and afterwards tried to amuse themselves there for a couple of hours before going wearily to bed.

From his first evening in the house these people had naturally set Holt speculating. He had wondered how it came about that these heterogeneous creatures who had lost their places in the great procession through weakness or bad luck, had drifted into the same cul-de-sac. Alton himself was an enigma and, although not so bad a failure as his laborers, had plainly come down in the world. The fact that he gave out a subtle sense of having been broken might probably have drawn those human wrecks. Holt had honestly to confess that his efforts to ingratiate himself with those men were coldly and firmly repelled. He was *not* a failure and they did not disguise the fact that they resented it and his presence.

Finally he got up. Then, in order to appear casual and without a settled purpose, he wandered about the room, watched the game of chess for a moment and presently drifted to the door. "Wonderful night," he said, to the room generally, and went out, taking with him a little smile from Mary.

HE FOUND Fraser was leaning against the barn with his hands in his pockets. His physical strength was emphasized by his workman's flannel shirt and the corduroy trousers that were held tight beneath his knees by pieces of string; but these clothes did nothing to disguise his obvious breeding and easy gracefulness. What on earth was he doing on Failure Farm?

Without a word he caught hold of the novelist's arm and led him to the other side of the building. He pulled up under the shadow of the wall and pointed to a small window in a loft room over the stables on the opposite side of the yard. A long ladder from the apple orchard rested against the window-sill.

"Watch," he said, with a peculiar note of excitement in his voice.

Holt did so. On the blind, which had been pulled down, the shadow of an active figure, passing and repassing in front of a lamp, was thrown as in a peep show.

"There. See that?" The hand tightened.

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Jones."

Holt was puzzled. "But why shouldn't it be Jones? Isn't that his room and doesn't he go to bed directly after dinner every night?" There didn't seem to be anything exciting about that.

"That's the point," said Fraser. "He pretends to go to bed early every night. But he doesn't. He sneaks out of the kitchen, yawns his head off, pretends hardly to be able to keep his beady little eyes open, goes to his room, changes into a perfectly respectable suit of clothes, and then, looking like the prosperous Mayor of a small provincial town, turns out his light, nicks down that ladder and goes off jauntily to the village. Often it is after midnight before he slips back."

"You've watched him, then?"

"Every night this week."

"Why? What made you suspect that he was up to something?" Here was mystery—here, of all places. Perhaps even drama. Inconceivable, among a body of men who had drifted into this stagnant backwater from the great main stream of life. The pulse of the writing-man quickened.

"I suspected him the moment he shuffled in and asked for a job," said Fraser. "From the very first he seemed to me not to be a genuine failure like all the rest of us, but a sham, a fake, made up for the part, like an actor. That creature couldn't have it in him ever to have achieved such a thing as failure. Not he!"

"Do the others feel as you do about him?"

YES. They're all uneasy. He has utterly disturbed the peace of this place. And to-day when we were getting our bread and cheese during the lunch hour, and Jones had gone to dip his head in the stream, we discussed him. The old man's eyes blazed and he said that if Jones turned out to be a fraud he'd snap every bone in his body.

"He'll climb down that ladder in a few minutes and when you see his smug and comfortable appearance it'll be as plain to you as it is to me that he has no more right to be here than you have."

"What are you going to do?" asked Holt, catching something of this man's righteous anger.

"Give myself the pleasure of shaking the teeth out of his head," said Fraser grimly.

It was the first time that Holt had had an opportunity to talk intimately with one of Alton's derelicts. He was eager and even excited at the chance—especially as he liked Fraser and felt drawn to him by some subtle sympathy. Hitherto, like the others, Fraser had shunned his approach. The first flicker of interest and friendship had come into his eyes the previous night when Holt had been speaking of a pet ambition to be married and build a house in the country. He had failed to find the right girl and the familiar word failure had broken down the barrier. Holt was very glad.

Keeping close watch on the window in the loft they talked in undertones.

"You're so young," said Holt, going boldly into personalities. "I don't see why you should class yourself with old Alton and those pathetic men."

A streak of moonlight outlined the clean-cut, well-bred profile of the man at his side. Not more than thirty-three or four and ap-

parently in full possession of physical and mental health it was not easy to conceive of his having fallen permanently out of the procession of life. "You don't? Why not? I came here through Hell, by way of Eton, Cambridge and the London Theatre."

And then a silence fell. This summing up of a short career was terse without a doubt, but it left the man who dealt in stories with an eager desire to know its ins and outs. Before he could venture on another question Fraser spoke again.

"Are you much of a playgoer?"

"Yes."

DO YOU remember a play produced at the Royalty five years ago called 'Women and Ladies'?"

"Of course I do. It ran for a year."

"And did you ever see 'St. Martin's Summer' at the Haymarket, put on a few weeks later?"

"Several times. A delightful thing, fresh, amusing and full of charm."

"Maybe you also saw 'Tea and Tittle-Tattle' and 'Baby-Face'?"

"Indeed I did. They were all written by a young dramatist who brought fresh blood to a tired theatre and of whom tremendous things were expected. Let me see. His name was—"

"Fraser. G. Guthrie Fraser."

Holt wheeled round. "Good Heavens! Are you—"

"Yes. I was the young dramatist of whom tremendous things were expected." He gave a peculiar laugh. "In the writing of those pot-boilers, those easy efforts that aimed no higher than the box-office, I succeeded brilliantly. The managers ran at my heels like a pack of hungry dogs and my bank account bulged with money. But when it came to my serious plays, the real stuff that was in me, the big, honest, true work in the writing of which my whole soul was thrown, I failed."

"But how?" It was unbelievable.

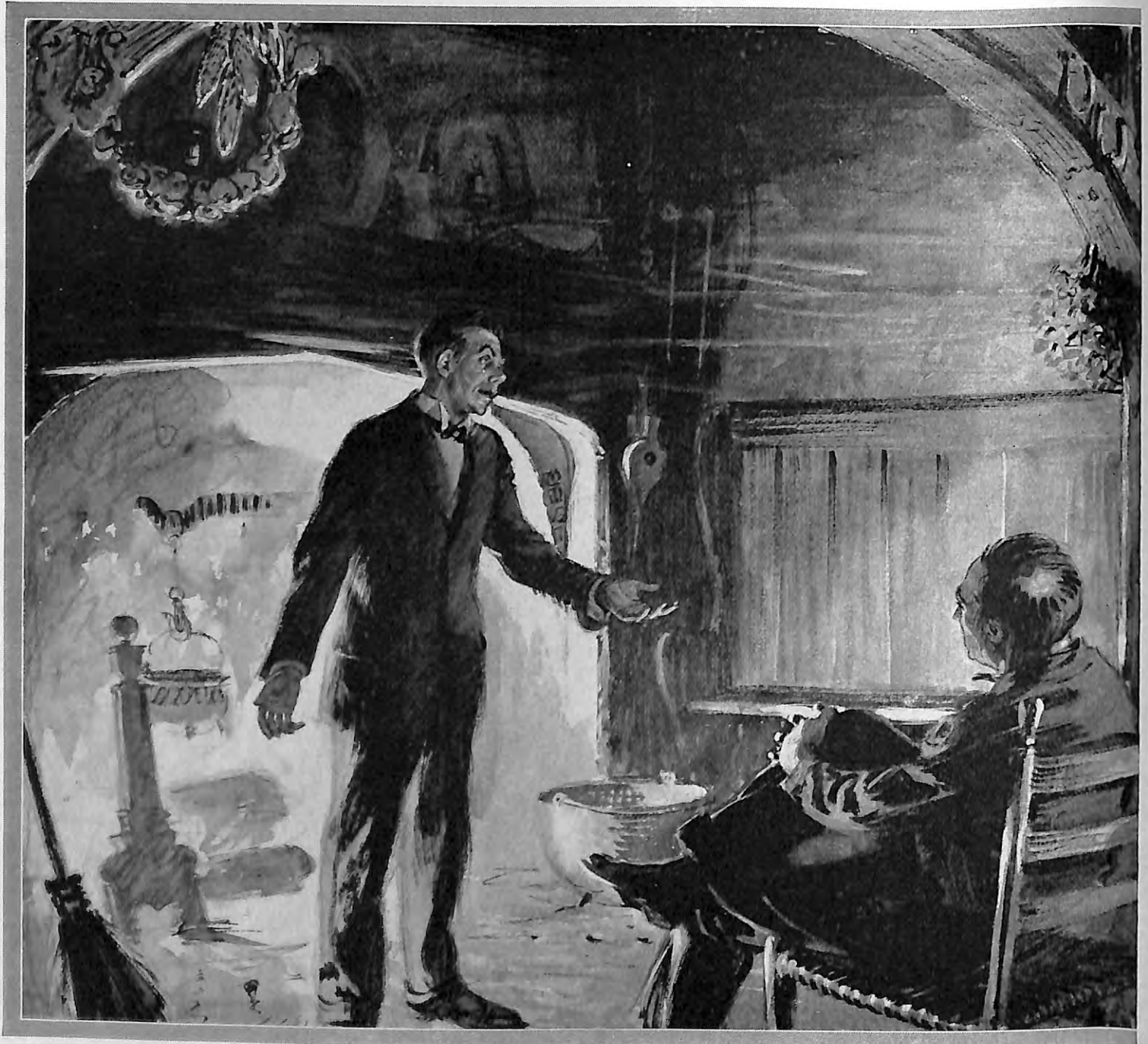
"When it seemed that I had the game at my feet I submitted my six big efforts, one by one, to the manager who had made his fortune out of my pot-boilers. He read them all and when he came to see me, the first thing he said was to beg me to consult a doctor. He thought that I was suffering from incipient lunacy." He laughed again, mirthlessly.

"What did you do?"

"I refused to burn them in a heap as he strongly advised and go back to work on another frivolous effort, and sent them round to every manager in London, responsible and irresponsible. They all turned them down. So I took a theatre with my own money and produced the one I liked the best with the finest cast available. The press jeered, the public stayed away, the actors gave in their notices. But I engaged other actors less famous, produced the other five in quick succession—the average run of each was a month to empty benches—and lost every cent that I had ever made."

"My dear chap," said Holt, a little feebly.

Fraser gave the man at his elbow the sort of smile which made it clear that he understood the self-consciousness of sympathy. "I refused all temptations to dash off another pot-boiler, and slunk out of London with my tail between my legs. I was the laughing-stock of the critics, 'the man who thought that he knew better than the public.' I held horses' heads, played the piano in a moving-picture theatre, delivered milk at area-doors, drove a tram-car in a suburban town and finally tramped into the country. Alton found me sleeping in one of these out-houses. My one hope was never to wake



again. Having a fellow-feeling for has-beens he took me on to make his hay and I've been here ever since. I am the greatest failure in the history of playwrights." He tilted his chin as he said this.

Taking on the color of surroundings and sympathies in the way of the born writer, the feeling came over Holt as he watched the window with this story in his ears that if he had failed and gone under like Fraser and his pathetic companions he, too, would have resented the presence of the undersized impertinent bounder who had managed to ooze his way into the privacy of that harbor under false pretenses. And as, in that mood, he thought the whole thing over, a sudden dramatic idea flashed through his brain.

"I DON'T think anything will be achieved by assaulting Jones," he said. "There's nothing queerer about him than there is about any cheat. The thing to do is to put him to the test; sit in judgment on him. When he comes down the ladder, seize him, march him into the kitchen and make him tell his story to the experts there. If you and they don't consider then that his failure is big enough to justify his remaining, fling

Jones stood with his back to the old fireplace. His lips trembled with emotion. "What I have to say," he said, unevenly, "is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—"

him off the farm. Don't you think that's the fairest and quickest thing to do?"

Fraser thought it over and nodded. "It's a good idea," he said. "Look!"

The lamp was blown out. The blind went up with a flick. With an air of extreme caution, Jones crawled through the window and began his descent of the ladder.

Acting on a mutual impulse Fraser and Holt darted across the moonlit yard and stood waiting, ready to pounce.

When Jones landed and saw the two men he hid his surprise, after one quick look, behind an affectation of bland bonhomie. It was very well done. "Ullo—ullo," he said, buttoning his coat to hide a gleaming watch-chain. "Out to enjoy the nightly odors and listen to the wondrous tale of stars?"

"No," replied Fraser, towering above him with the quiet menace of a policeman. "Knowing your after-dinner habits we're waiting to take you to the kitchen to tell your wondrous tale to Alton, Phillpotts and Passmore."

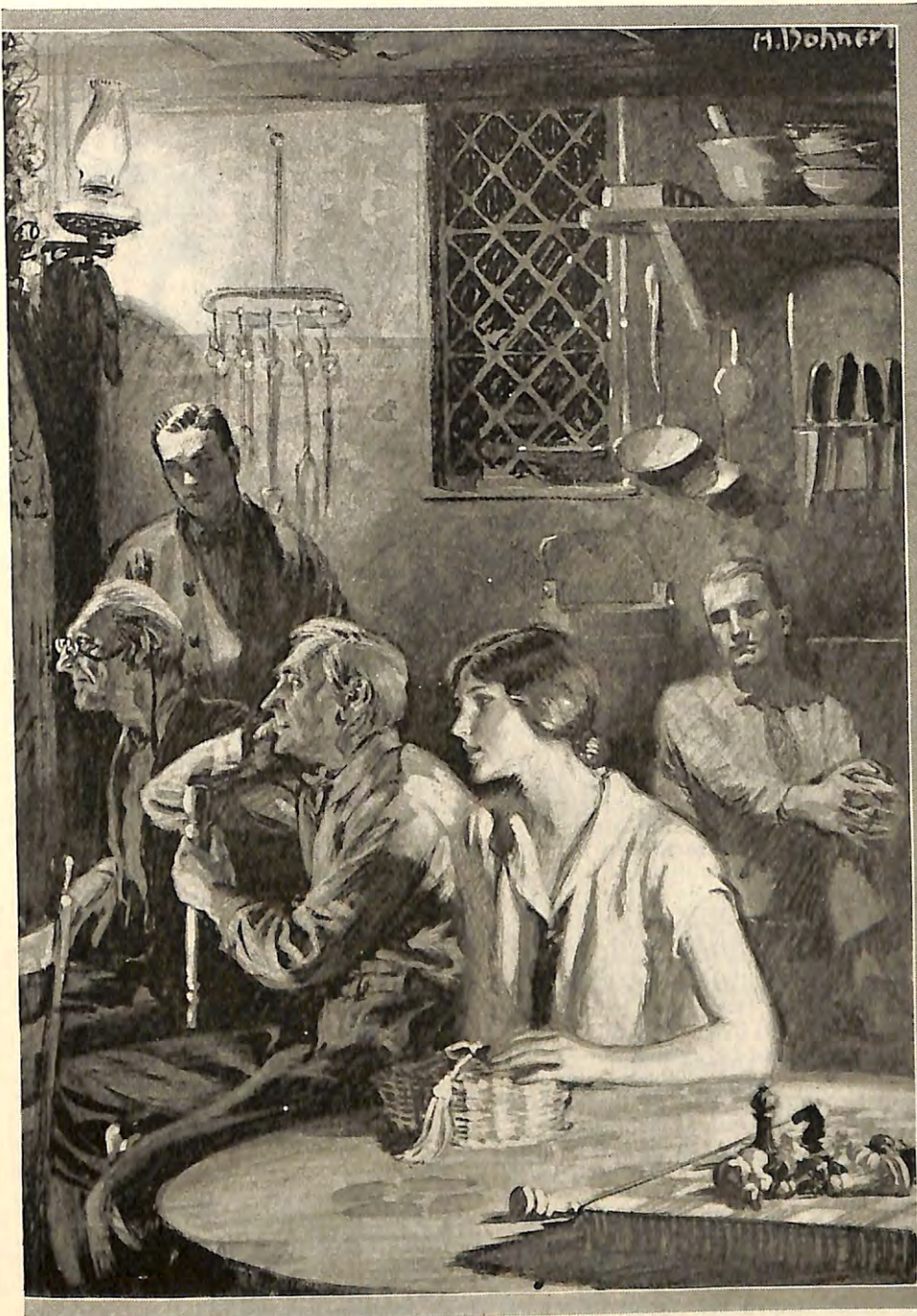
He caught the antagonism and bristled. "What's the bloomin' idea?" he asked, shrilly.

"Briefly this," said Fraser. "We're not satisfied with your right to the membership of Failure Farm—any of us. We've tolerated you here for two weeks, and the time has now come for you either to prove your qualifications or get out."

Jones looked suddenly at Holt with a most disconcerting smile of irresistible amusement and lowered one eyelid in a wink. But Holt scowled back at him and gave no encouragement to his attempt to win him to his side. And so he turned again to Fraser. "All right," he said. "Take me before the Judge and jury. I'll jolly soon show you who's the biggest failure in this place—jolly soon. He went forward into the moonlight, tilted his hat, puffed out his chest, shot his cuffs and screwed his face into the sort of knowing grin that never fails to get a laugh from a vaudeville audience.

Weird little person. There were dozens like him on the stage of various degrees of cleverness.

Fraser led the way without another word. The derelicts were still in the kitchen.



But Alton was putting the chess-board into a drawer in the dresser, and Mary, the young Madonna, was tidying up her work-basket. Holt saw her look at Fraser as he stalked in and caught something in her eyes that was like a spark from a heart of fire. The search for a wife was not to come to an end in Alton's farm.

The sudden and rather dramatic entrance at a moment when everybody was very ready for bed after the strenuous work of the day, filled the Professor and Phillpots with curiosity, and made Alton wheel round from the dresser.

"What's all this?" demanded Alton.

Fraser came at once to the point. "We've brought Jones before you," he said, "to put an end to our doubts. And if what he has to say doesn't satisfy you that he has a right to remain here it is for you to decide what shall happen to him. I will do the rest."

Alton waved his hand toward the fireplace. "Stand there, Jones, and we will hear you. But what you say must be under oath. Hitherto you have not convinced us as a man to be believed."

With a new and curious touch of dignity Jones crossed the flag-stoned floor and stood

with his back to the old fireplace, framed by the square of heavily carved oak. To the astonishment of everyone who watched his comedian face it went as white as his collar, and his lips, nearly always twisted into a grin, now trembled with emotion. "What I have to say," he said, unevenly, "is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

He looked slowly from one pair of suspicious eyes to another and then with a dignified gesture appealed for permission to speak.

The four colossal and undoubted failures drew their chairs into a semicircle. Mary remained at her place at the little table, and Holt, being at this extraordinary trial on sufferance, seated himself near the door.

"My father," he said, beginning quietly and without a trace of cockney accent, "was a butter and egg merchant, with sausages and Australian wines as a side line, in a good way of business. He also purveyed tea and lived in Camberwell. I was the only child and never knew my mother. It was my father's one obsession to make a gentleman of me and to see me relieving the pains of

humanity as a doctor in the medical quarter of London. I was well and properly educated to this end, walked Bartholomew's Hospital as a student, eventually won my degree and set up my practice in a swagger house. But all the time I had been studying medicine my soul had been on the stage. I had bathed in Shakespeare, studied the fine old comedies, attended first nights, and was the leading spirit of an amateur theatrical club in the back end of Westminster. Oh God, those glorious nights when I strutted the stage of our dismal little hall in the characters of Tony Lumpkin and Andrew Aguecheek! I was never cast for the tragic parts that I thought I was born to play. . . . I was successful as a doctor and my practice grew large. But the call of the theatre was always in my ears and the magnet of the footlights drew me incessantly from my work. I fought against it for the sake of my dear old father and his ambition and suffered the agonies of the damned for years in my Bloomsbury consulting-room. But one day I blurted out my secret to an actor-manager of a famous provincial touring company who was a patient of mine and he tempted me with an offer which I—I couldn't resist. I chucked my practice, broke my father's heart, joined the company at a small salary and became an actor at last. I was the best low comedian my chief had ever had and as such was cheered to the echo from one end of the provinces to the other. In every small town I had my followers and friends. But I was not happy in these parts. I didn't want to be a comic with a red nose and an unruly wig. I wanted to move people to tears and sympathy, I wanted to stir their hearts to infinite pity, to conjure up before them the tragic figures of the classic drama. But nobody would let me do anything but clown. I was doomed to be a comic, and the more I made people laugh the more bitter became my secret moments. At last, one night, I got my chance in the big theatre in Edinburgh. In the middle of the week the company was badly hit by an epidemic of influenza. The leading tragedian and his understudy were both knocked over, and so that the curtain might be rung up I was told to go on as Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' . . . For ten years that very chance had been the dream of my life. . . . I rushed to the theatre, worked over my nose with wax and spent hours over my make-up and costume. It's true that I was three feet too small and that the leading man's clothes had to be pinned to fit me, but even the Chief, who had always roared at my pretensions, said nice things and wished me luck." . . . His voice was thick, his eyes were filled with tears and the hand that he raised to his forehead trembled violently. . . . "From the moment I went on the stage every line I spoke was received with yell after yell of laughter. The great house shook and reverberated with very agonies of mirth. People rolled and rocked in their seats and one beautiful girl had to be carried out in pain. Nothing had ever happened like it before in the history of the play. In the language of the leading lady I 'had killed the play stone dead.' I crept away from the stage-door, a broken and shipwrecked man, without faith, without hope, without charity. I left all my possessions in my lodgings and my dressing-room and rushed from that laughing city, haunted by the mocking screams of that audience and of all the world. . . . Mr. Alton and gentlemen, if that doesn't constitute a failure worthy of ranking with yours, you can ask George Fraser to kick me off the place."

(Continued on page 54)



The Road to Fortune

Part II

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

AUDREY BLAIR, facing the young man with the bright grey eyes, the firm chin, who had just entered the living-room of her apartment, experienced a sensation of relief as she met his gaze. Something told her that she would not be called upon to use the automatic pistol she had slipped beneath her waist; this man, she felt, was no common burglar or thief, entering her rooms at night to rob her—to obtain by force such valuables as she might possess. Indeed, she possessed none that would attract a thief, save the single unset diamond her grandfather's servant Stetson had found on the floor of the library, on the night the old gentleman's safe had been emptied of its bags of jewels, and he himself murdered in cold blood by the thieves.

Her thoughts flew to the mysterious jade bracelet, which one of the robbers had made off with, and subsequently broken up and sold. Her efforts to locate the six missing medallions of which it was composed had so far resulted in the recovery of but one of them, the one she had purchased in the little antique shop on Fourth Avenue kept by the old German, Sternberg. That she now had, as well as the wax impression of the second medallion, which she had managed to secure at the country club dance on Long Island a day or two before. The Chinese lettering on the medallions, translated, meant "The Lotus Bud," "The Willow Tree," but these had told her nothing. In spite of her grandfather's insistence, before his death, on the importance of this bracelet to her, she had begun to think she was pursuing a will o' the wisp. And then had come the surprising telephone message from this man, Dudley Rives, asking permission to call, to discuss with her the matter of the jades. She had thought until now that no one knew anything about them—no one, that is, except old Stetson and herself, and the robber who had stolen the bracelet from her grandfather's home. She forgot the tale she had told the antique dealer, Sternberg.

Certainly the police, in their search for the murderers, had apparently not been aware of this damning bit of evidence.

One other grim possibility flashed through her mind as she waved her caller to a chair. There was Mr. Tresdale, who had married her grandfather's sister, and had for years done all in his power to obtain possession of the old gentleman's money—or the jewels into which he had converted it. Could Mr. Tresdale have

any interest in the bracelet? And if so, why? The intimation by Stetson that there might be some mysterious message engraved on its jades was, it seemed likely, but an old man's fancy—the product of a loyal but none too vigorous brain. And even were there any such message—and Audrey had begun to doubt it—what use could it be to Mr. Tresdale or anyone else, now that the jewels which constituted her grandfather's fortune had been stolen? She gazed at Mr. Dudley Rives curiously as he sank into a chair. The impression he made upon her, in spite of his cool and somewhat brittle manner, was not displeasing. A handsome man, she found herself thinking—handsome and strong, both mentally and physically—the sort of man you could depend upon to pursue his ends, whatever they might be, with the most cold-blooded determination. She hoped he might not be against her—might not be in Mr. Tresdale's employ, but prepared herself for anything, no matter how astonishing it might be. It had been astonishing enough already, to find this utter stranger connecting her so intimately with the quest of the missing jades.

"What is it you wish to see me about, Mr.—Mr. Rives," she asked, facing her visitor with all the coolness at her command.

Mr. Rives cleared his throat. To him, too, the few brief moments of silence following his entrance had been interesting ones. He had thought Audrey, while watching her at the country club dance, a girl of unusual loveliness and charm. Now, observing her more intimately, he realized that she was a woman of depth of character as well. No light-headed, irresponsible girl could have met him, alone in her rooms at half-past nine in the evening, unconscious of the nature of his mission, without exhibiting both surprise and a certain amount of agitation. Audrey, thanks to her superb self-control, betrayed neither. From the expression of quiet interest which lay about her eyes, one might have supposed she was greeting the most casual of visitors.

"I have taken the liberty of calling, Miss Blair," Rives said, not finding his task an easy one, "to ask, if I may, how you are so interested in recovering these jade medallions?"

"What jade medallions?" Audrey replied quickly, determined not to fall into any traps.

"The ones which were set in the bracelet stolen from your grandfather's house the night he was murdered."

"How did you know any such bracelet was stolen?" Audrey asked. "There was no mention made of it in the newspapers at the time of my grandfather's death. And the police apparently know nothing of it."

"It is true that the bracelet did not figure in the newspaper accounts of the crime. The reason for that, apparently, was that no one knew of its existence, except, perhaps, your grandfather's servant, Stetson, and since he did not mention it, it was not missed."

"Then how does it happen that you know about it?" Audrey demanded.

"Why"—Mr. Rives met her with a pleasant smile—"to tell you the truth, Miss Blair, I first learned of the matter through following you."

"But—why should you follow me?"

"BECAUSE—because"—for a moment Mr. Rives appeared to be hunting for a satisfactory answer—"because certain parties became curious to know why, ever since your grandfather's death, you have been searching antique stores and pawnshops all over the city—"

"But even that," Audrey interjected, "would not indicate to anyone that I was searching for the pieces of a jade bracelet."

"No, that is true. But when you happened to find such a piece in a shop on Fourth Avenue kept by a man named Sternberg, and not only bought it, but obtained from him a list of names showing who had purchased the other pieces as well—"

"Did—did he tell you that?"

"And when, going further, you located one of these purchasers, a Mrs. Cole, on Long Island, watched her throughout a dance at a near-by country club, even went so far as to make, without her knowledge, a wax impression of the pendant she wore about her neck—"

"Oh!" Audrey started back, shaken from her studied calm. How was it possible for this stranger to know she had made an impression of Mrs. Cole's medallion in wax, during the instant she had held it in her hand at the dance, when, with the exception of that lady and herself there had been no one else in the room? This Mr. Rives, she decided, must possess uncanny powers of divination.

"What I have come to ask you, Miss Blair," Rives went on slowly, "is this, why did you make that impression? And what is your interest in these pieces of jade?"

By an effort, Audrey regained her composure. However Mr. Rives knew the things he had told her, it was plain that he did know them, and was thus in a position to make her a great deal of trouble—to



The first medallion

block, perhaps, the quest upon which she had embarked. It was necessary, even imperative, she felt, to move slowly and with the utmost caution in dealing with so well-informed and dangerous an antagonist.

"Since you know so much about my affairs," she said in a level voice, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain what your interest in the matter is."

"Why—er—certainly," Mr. Rives replied, in a tone that to Audrey seemed unconvincing. "I am a special investigator, working in the interest of—well—of persons who are, in a way, very close to the police. And I am after those medallions myself."

"What for?"

"To trace, if possible, the murderers of your grandfather."

It seemed plausible enough, this ready explanation, and Audrey would have been convinced by it, but for one thing. Why had Mr. Rives come to her? Why was he so keenly interested in the fact that she had made a wax impression of Mrs. Cole's pendant? Why did he seem so insistent upon knowing her reasons for making this impression? There could be no suspicion that she had anything to do with her grandfather's death; at the time it occurred she had been in England. Something told her that deeper motives lay behind Mr. Rives's interest. Had it been supplied by her enemy, Mr. Tresdale?

"Well," she said, concealing the fact that she did not believe his glib explanation. "What then?"

"Why—I want you to help me—"

"In what way?"

"By working with me to recover the pieces of jade."

"I don't see why you should need my help."

"Perhaps not. But at least you have a list of the purchasers of the medallions."

"I have. But, if you are, as you say, working in connection with the police, all you have to do is to go to this man Sternberg and demand such a list yourself."

"No. Since your visit, something has frightened him. He fears, no doubt, becoming involved in the sale of stolen goods. He has refused all information and his records are kept in such a way that they are quite meaningless to an outsider. The least pressure brought to bear on him now—the least

intimation that the police are interested in these pieces of jade—would result in his tipping the gang off—putting them on their guard," Mr. Rives added, as though to cover his momentary relapse into the jargon of the underworld. "You see that, of course. So I naturally thought you would be only too glad to render me any assistance you can in running down your grandfather's murderers. In fact, I supposed that was your purpose in trying to trace the jades. Revenge. Is it?"

The question intensified Audrey's rising suspicions. In some way, she concluded, Mr. Tresdale had learned of the bracelet, the supposed message on it, and had sent this man in the guise of a detective to ferret out her secret. Well—she could be clever, too.

"NO," she said slowly, shaking her head. "I haven't thought of using the stones of the bracelet as a means of tracing the murderers. In fact it never occurred to me, until you came here to-night, that they could be so used. And I don't quite see how yet."

"It's simple enough. If we can trace each one of the six medallions, through its purchaser, to Sternberg, and then through him trace the entire bracelet to the man who originally broke it up and sold it, I think we shall come very close to laying our hands on the guilty parties. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes," Audrey agreed. She did not consider it necessary to add that she also saw it would be quite as desirable for the murderers themselves to recover the medallions and thus make away with the only bit of evi-

dence against them. Mr. Rives was astonishingly subtle, but—she, too, was not without intelligence. The safest plan, she felt, would be to pretend to work with this man without in fact actually doing so. And since the explanations she had just listened to, concerning the value of the jades as a means of

running to earth, of convicting the men guilty of her grandfather's death, she felt she had a double reason for her search for them—to see that the guilty persons were punished.

"Of course," she heard Mr. Rives saying, "if your purpose in tracing the lost medallions was *not* to bring

the murderers to justice, you must have another motive. Would you mind telling me what it is? If we are to work together, frankness—"

Frankness! Audrey smiled to herself. Yet not to answer the question would only increase her visitor's curiosity—his determination to penetrate her secret.

"Of course," she smiled. "The explanation is extremely simple. The bracelet was intended by my grandfather as a gift—a remembrance to me. On that account I prize it highly. I am trying to recover the stones in order to have them reset."

"I see," observed Mr. Rives, smiling. "And the wax impression?"

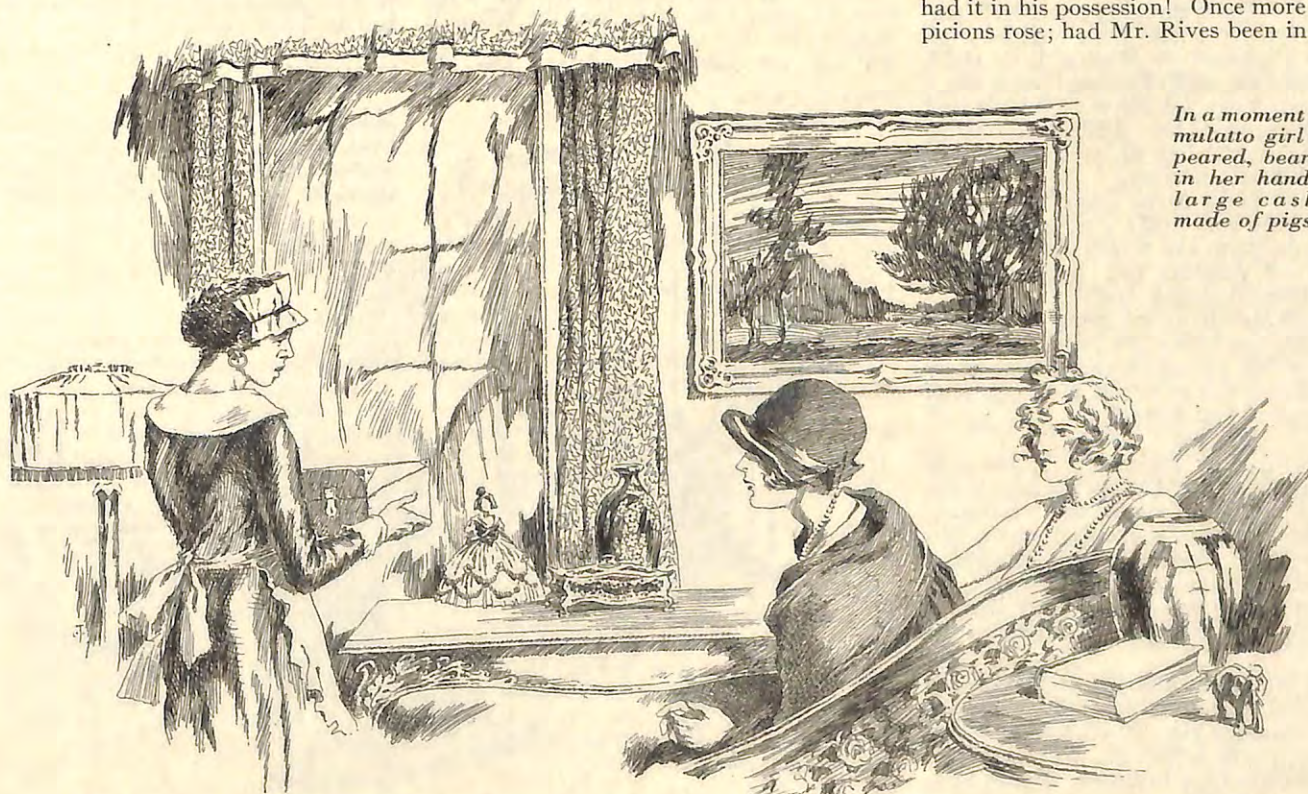
"That is equally simple. I hoped to buy back the stones. Mrs. Cole, when I asked her, refused to sell hers. In such a case, the only thing to do is to have the missing stone replaced, using the wax model as a guide for the jeweler when carving a new one."

"Hm—m." Mr. Rives did not betray by so much as the waver of an eyelash the fact that he believed Audrey was lying. "Did you secure a good impression of it? If not, you can make another." He drew the second medallion from his waistcoat pocket and carelessly laid it in Audrey's hand.

For a moment the girl stared at it, stupefied. Two nights ago, she had last seen the bit of green stone about Mrs. Cole's neck at the country club dance! And now, this detective, or criminal, or whatever he was, had it in his possession! Once more her suspicions rose; had Mr. Rives been in the ser-



The second medallion



In a moment the mulatto girl appeared, bearing in her hands a large casket made of pigskin

vice of the police department she knew that the bit of evidence would long ago have been locked up in safety at Headquarters. Certainly he would not be carrying the medallion carelessly about in his pocket. How had he obtained it? In a flash recollection came; he was the young man in evening clothes who had stood beside her, near the clump of palms at the country club, whom she had, later on, passed as she descended the staircase. A thief, of course. No doubt he had followed Mrs. Cole until an opportunity arose to clip the pendant bit of stone from its chain. She understood, now, what Stetson had meant in his letter, telling her he had learned from Mrs. Cole's maid that her mistress had returned from the dance without the medallion. Good old Stetson. She would have a talk with him about this.

"I think the impression I made is sufficiently clear for my purpose," she said coolly, handing the medallion back without even glancing at it.

"The inscription on it, I find," Mr. Rives went on agreeably, "means 'The Willow Tree.' Part of a Chinese poem, no doubt. What does it say on yours?"

Audrey was waiting for that. Perhaps her caller's last words revealed completely the real purpose of his visit. Should she take the medallion she had bought from the drawer in which she had placed it earlier in the evening, exhibit it, she would probably find herself looking into the muzzle of Mr. Rives' revolver. Of course he would want that medallion, as well, in order completely to remove all evidence against those who had killed her grandfather. She was amazed that she had not thought of it before. A clever trick, to force her to disclose the medallion's whereabouts. Well—she would not fall into *that* trap, either. Instinctively her right hand slid toward the automatic pistol concealed beneath her waist.

"The inscription on *my* medallion is something about a lotus flower," she said carelessly. "Quite meaningless. Mr. Sternberg said it had probably been intended originally as a present to some girl, or child. The Chinese are fond of names of that sort." She waited, tense, for her companion's next move. It surprised her. Instead of drawing a revolver, demanding the piece of jade, he took up his hat and rose.

"Thank you, Miss Blair," he said. "You've been very kind. Now what are we going to do about the *next* medallion?"

"Why—" Audrey, too, rose, stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that if we are going to work together, the sooner we get busy the better. Who's the next person we've got to go after? Having that list, you're sort of in charge of our campaign, you know."

AGAIN Audrey hesitated. If she told him the name of the next purchaser she meant to move against, it was a certainty that before she could make that move, Mr. Rives would have forestalled her, have stolen the coveted medallion himself. Yet, to refuse to reply would be to put him on his guard, to show that she did not trust him.

"I can't tell you exactly, to-night," she said. "I—I'm waiting for additional information. Suppose you call me up to-morrow—say about six o'clock." That at least would give her time to think—to talk matters over with Stetson.

"Fine." Mr. Rives did not seem in the least downhearted over her refusal. "Good-night." He put out his hand, and against her inclinations Audrey took it, wondering if she would be at once jerked off her feet by some trick of *jiu-jitsu*. Nothing of the sort occurred—nothing, that is, save a certain tingling sensation as Mr. Rives pressed her hand in his large palm. It annoyed her to find herself smiling in response to his whimsical grin. Only when he had gone, and the door had been securely locked behind him, did she remember having read, only a few days before, that the most dangerous criminals, the really high-class men in the profession, are so exceedingly suave and polished that they can deceive even the cleverest of criminal in-

vestigators. She looked at her hand and shuddered. For all she knew, Mr. Dudley Rives might himself be one of her grandfather's murderers! Well—whatever his game, she was on guard.



The third medallion

IX

At four o'clock the following day, Stetson knocked gently at Audrey's door, and on being admitted began his usual elaborate apologies for the liberty he, a servant, was taking. Audrey cut him short.

"Sit down, Stetson," she said crisply. "And please forget all that rubbish about once having been grandfather's butler and remember we are friends. And right now I need all the friends I have."

"Why, miss? Is anything wrong, miss?"

"Sit down, Stetson, and I'll tell you." Very carefully she went over the conversation which had taken place between Mr. Rives and herself the night before, emphasizing her points as she made them by tapping the old man vigorously on the knee. "He won't get the medallion I bought from Sternberg, anyway," she concluded, with a bright laugh. "I've hidden it where Sherlock Holmes himself couldn't find it. I tell you, Stetson, I don't believe the fellow is working for the police at all. I believe he's working for Joseph Tresdale. The old

scoundrel may not only have had something to do with grandfather's death, but what's more, I have an idea he has got wind of the fact that I think the medallions have a message engraved on them."

Stetson looked troubled. His slender, waxen old fingers played nervously along his neatly shaven jaw.

"It's possible, miss. It's possible."

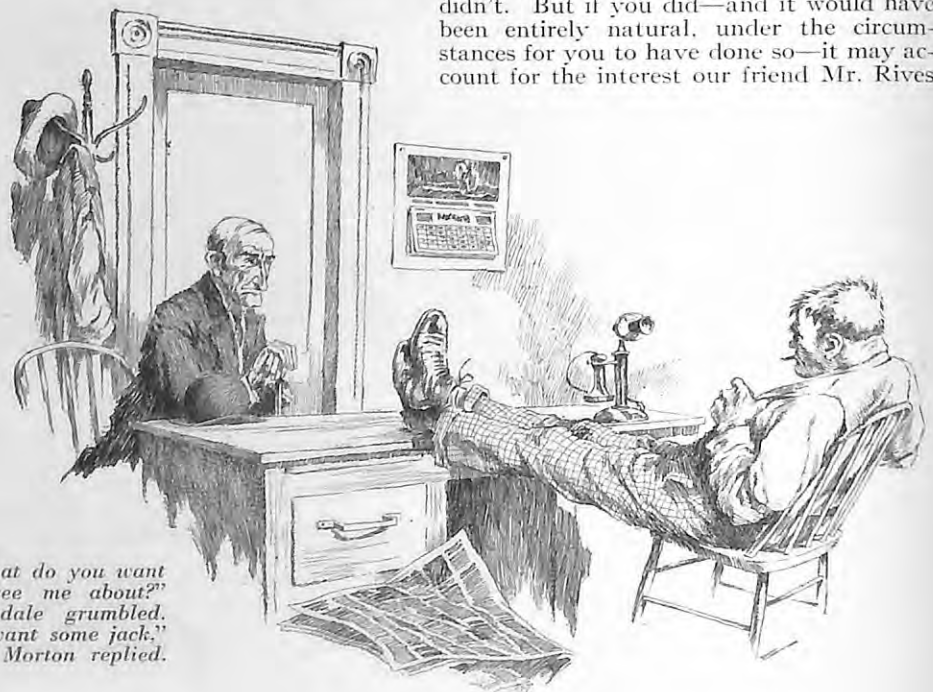
"But how, Stetson. Nobody knew anything about the bracelet except grandfather, and you. He told you to guard it carefully, in case anything happened to him, and to turn it over to me, but I'm sure he didn't say anything to Mr. Tresdale about it. He hated the ground he walked on. And I'm sure *you* didn't, either. So how could he possibly know?"

"There's just one way, Miss Audrey. You will remember I told you that on the night of the murder—the night the bracelet, and poor Mr. Harvey's jewels, were stolen, that I was hit over the head with a sandbag—knocked unconscious."

"Yes, Stetson, I know. But how does that explain—?"

"IN THIS way, miss. I was pretty sick the next day, as a result of the blow. Very sick, in fact, miss. A shock to my nervous system, the doctor said. And that day, as soon as the death of your grandfather was known, Mr. Tresdale came to the house in a great hurry. I was delirious a good part of the time, but I remember his asking me a great many questions—about the jewels, about Mr. Harvey's private papers, his keys, where he kept things. I answered as best I could, miss, and of course, as long as I was conscious, I never said a word to him about the bracelet. What I might have said, while I was out of my head, miss, I don't know. People are apt to rattle on, at times like that, especially about things they have on their minds. And I had the bracelet on my mind, more than anything else, except poor Mr. Harvey's death. It was natural for me to be thinking about it, of course, since the very afternoon before Mr. Harvey had told me, for the hundredth time, to be sure in case anything happened, to turn it over to you with his message—that it was everything he had to leave you. If I *did* say anything, miss, while I was out of my head, I can't tell you how sorry—"

"Never mind, Stetson. Maybe you didn't. But if you did—and it would have been entirely natural, under the circumstances for you to have done so—it may account for the interest our friend Mr. Rives



"What do you want to see me about?" Tresdale grumbled. "I want some jack." Mr. Morton replied.



As she came abreast of the bathroom window, something appeared from the darkness that froze her with horror. A man was mounting the fire-escape

is taking in the jades. The thing to decide now is, what are we going to do about it?"

"About him, you mean, miss, I take it?"

"Certainly. He's going to call me up at six o'clock. What shall I say to him?"

"Can't you put him off, miss?"

"Yes. I'll have to. But before we go into that, tell me what you have learned about this artist who bought the second medallion—this Ralph Unger."

"Not much, miss. And yet, maybe enough. I went to his studio—it's on Fifty-sixth Street not far from Sixth Avenue—and told him I wanted to buy a jade piece he had gotten from old Sternbeg. Thought it best to be quite frank with him, miss. First he wanted to know why I wanted it. I said I was interested in jades, and that a lady who had also bought one from Sternbeg—his last one, I said—was trying to get hold of another, so as to make a pair of earrings, and had commissioned me to secure it for her.

"He laughed, then, and said he'd sell me the piece and welcome, for what he paid for it, only, unfortunately, he didn't have it any more. He'd given it, it seems, to a young lady on the stage—a friend of his, named Silvia Valentine. A chorus lady, miss. In a play called 'Polly and the Goldfish.' You may have heard of it, miss, and from the way he spoke, miss, I took it he and this lady weren't friends any more."

Audrey nodded and taking a slip of paper from her purse consulted it.

"The jade sold to Mr. Unger," she said, "was set in a brooch, surrounded by a circle of small cabochon rubies. Synthetic stones, the list says, but still, I imagine, fairly valuable. Possibly this girl to whom Mr. Unger gave them thinks they are genuine rubies. I shall have a talk with her at once."

"And this Rives person? What will you tell him?"

Audrey sat with her knees cupped in one hand, thinking.

"I sha'n't be here to tell him anything, Stetson," she said. "You will have to answer his call, say I have had to go out, but that he might try later. And, Stetson—ring up that artist, Mr. Unger, and ask him if he

would mind giving you Miss Valentine's home address." She sprang up and began to put on her hat.

A few moments later Stetson turned from the telephone with a smile.

"The gentleman doesn't seem friendly with this chorus person, at all, miss," he said; "in fact, he—he cursed me for disturbing him. But he *did* say she lives at the Hollywood Arms."

Audrey took up the telephone directory, and presently located the place as an apartment house on Sixty-eighth Street. She snatched up her purse.

"IT'S five o'clock, Stetson," she told the old man as she went out. "I ought to be just in time, if I hurry, to find this girl before she leaves for dinner. I may be back by six, after all. If not, tell Mr. Rives to call again." She ran down the stairs, crossed by way of Eleventh Street to Fifth Avenue, and there boarded a bus. In less than a quarter of an hour she was entering the marble-lined foyer of the Hollywood Arms.

It was a pretentious and rather gaudy place, with a clerk at a desk, and small West Indian hall-boys in uniform hovering about. Audrey inquired for Miss Valentine, and to make sure of an interview, said she was a reporter from one of the newspapers. She felt confident that any suggestion of free publicity would not fail to appeal to a woman on the stage, and her reasoning was correct. Miss Valentine sent word that she was to "come right up." With a fetching smile at the impressionable young clerk, Audrey went to the elevator. To the boy who whisked her to the fifth floor she gave a dollar. It might prove valuable to her, she thought, to be in favor with the employees of the place.

A slender yellow maid opened the door, ushered her into a large studio room. From the costly nature of its furnishings, Audrey realized at once that she had to deal with one of those vivid characters of stage life known as gold-diggers. Not even the salary of a leading woman could have sufficed to purchase the splendid Chinese rugs, the antique tapestries, the pieces of period furniture with which the room was filled. And she realized, further, that to such a

woman the value of the bit of jade with its synthetic stones would mean nothing—that offers to buy it, for the comparatively small sum it was worth, would be of no interest. Still—if she could only take hold of the brooch! A disc of modelling wax lay ready, cupped in the hollow of her left hand.

It was quite ten minutes before Miss Valentine appeared, and then she was followed by the maid, frantically trying to hook about her mistress's bare and lovely shoulders the straps of an evening gown of amber chiffon. Miss Valentine boasted an almost perfect figure, a pert and insolent loveliness of face, quite unnecessarily enhanced by rouge, mascara, and all the other devices of her trade. In her slim fingers she carried an absurdly long tortoise-shell cigarette-holder.

"Hello," she said, glancing at Audrey with an indifferent smile, "what's the big idea? The story of my life, or divorce papers?"

Audrey decided that her safest course was to be honest with the girl.

"I've a confession to make, Miss Valentine," she said, laughing nervously. "I'm not a reporter. I only said that to make sure of seeing you." Then, observing the hard look which crept into the show-girl's eyes—"And I'm not trying to sell you the Encyclopedia Britannica, or anything like that, either. All I want is to ask you something about a piece of jewelry you own—buy it from you, in case you care to sell it."

Miss Valentine stared for a moment, then, her curiosity getting the better of her, she sank into a chair.

"Well," she observed, puffing at her cigarette, "I must say you've got a hell of a nerve. But now that you're here, I might as well hear what it's all about. Shoot."

"It—it's about a—a brooch Mr. Ralph Unger, the artist, gave you—a piece of jade, surrounded by rubies."

"Huh!" Miss Valentine gave a snort of disdain. "That cheap skate, with his imitation sparklers! Nothing but synthetic stones, them rubies—about in the same class with his synthetic gin. He sure had a nerve, to offer phony jewelry to *me*—with all the classy stuff I've got. Why, when I tried to hock the thing for a thousand, once, they gave me the laugh."

"If you don't want the brooch," Audrey said, "I'd like to buy it."

Miss Valentine gave her caller a suspicious stare.

"What do you want to buy it for?" she asked shortly. "Has that false alarm Unger gone and got himself engaged to some jane? Afraid I'll try to hold him up? A fat chance you'd have getting anything out of *that* bird! Why, he's so close he'd shave the whiskers off a Russian rouble and use 'em for Ostermoors."

"I don't know anything about Mr. Unger or his affairs," Audrey said. "In fact, I've never even met him. But I'd like to buy that piece of jade—"

Again Miss Valentine stared, sniffing suspiciously. Then she turned to the door behind her.

"Cecilia!" she shrilled, "you black devil! Bring my jewel case in here!"

In a moment the mulatto girl appeared, bearing in her hands a large casket made of pigskin. Miss Valentine placed it on her lap, rummaged among its contents. From a glittering confusion of necklaces, pins, bracelets and dinner-rings she presently drew forth an insignificant looking brooch and sat staring at it with a contemptuous grin.

"Some bauble!" she giped, turning the bit of jade this way and that. "If it set him back a couple of centuries, he was badly stung. And to send a piece of junk like that to me."

"I'll pay you two hundred for it," Audrey said.

"Nothing doing. Two hundred isn't cigarette money, in *my* life. And besides, this trinket's not for sale—see? I'm going to keep it, just to remember that four-flusher by." She dropped the brooch into the casket, snapped down its lid. "The only bird that ever had the nerve to hand Sylvia Valentine a piece of stage jewelry!" As she concluded she gave the jewel-case back to the waiting maid.

"But—won't you let me—look at it?" Audrey asked desperately.

"What for? It won't do you any good, and I'm in a hurry." She rose, and Audrey saw that the interview was at an end. "Come around some time when I'm on the rocks, kid, and maybe we can make a trade. Just now I've got a live one in tow, who don't think no more of a coupla grand than that bird Unger does of a Patagonian kopeck. So sorry you must go." She gave a shrill, hard laugh, and Audrey, seeing that further argument was useless, followed the maid to the door.

X

Mr. Joseph Tresdale, descending from his not overly conspicuous limousine, entered the doorway of the shabby building on Thirty-seventh Street with the air of a man engaged in the questionable business of

stealing sheep, and terribly afraid that his neighbors may catch him at it.

His fears, however, were quite needless. On those short blocks between the gradually approaching channels of Broadway and Seventh Avenue, the crowds have long since ceased to be curious. Almost any one might be found along those motley streets from theatrical producers to confidence men, from movie magnates to members of the chorus at the Metropolitan Opera House, to say nothing of old-clothes dealers, ticket speculators, and assorted ladies of the underworld. Mr. Tresdale slipped through the dingy entrance, ascended the dark and well-worn stairs, entirely unnoticed. At a door which bore on its fly-specked ground glass the legend "S. Morton, Investments," he paused, then went in without knocking. Mr. Morton himself occupied his usual chair, his feet on the battered desk, a ragged cigar between his tobacco-stained teeth. It was evident from his grunt of welcome that Mr. Tresdale was expected. With a nervous nod the latter sat down in one of the cheap wooden chairs.

"What do you want to see me about?" he grumbled. "I'm in a hurry."

"You ain't in no more of a hurry than I am," Mr. Morton replied. "I want some jack."

The grim expression about Mr. Tresdale's thin blue lips became intensified.

"What for?" he said.

"For breaking my neck trying to save you from—"

Mr. Tresdale raised a quick and warning hand.

"Whatever you may be trying to save me from involves you as well," he snapped. "Don't forget that. What do you hear from this man Rives?"

"He's got one of the stones—I phoned you that. And he says he's on the track of another one he'll land to-night. The one the girl's got is number three."

"Why doesn't he make sure of that one, right away?"

"I asked him that. He said if he did anything to lose the jane's confidence, she'd refuse to work with him. And the only way he can find out who bought the stones is through her. Sternberg's got cold feet—shut up like a clam. So Rives says he is going to leave the one the girl's got till the last."

"Hm-m. Does this Rives seem to know his business?"

"I'll say he does. He refuses to turn over any of the stones to me until he gets 'em all. A flat sum for the six was the deal with him, or nothing doing."

"A poor arrangement," Mr. Tresdale grumbled.

"Why? If I'd said so much for each

stone, he'd have held the last one out on us—made us pay his own price for it. As it is, he doesn't get a nickel until he comes across with 'em all."

"I see that," Mr. Tresdale admitted grudgingly, "but suppose he doesn't succeed in getting them all?"

"Then we can make a trade with him for what he *does* get, at our own figures."

"Hm-m. What a pity we can't get hold of one of them ourselves." Mr. Tresdale gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Yeh. I've thought of that." Mr. Morton was lying—the idea had not occurred to him until now, but he instantly embraced it.

"Of course," Mr. Tresdale went on, "it wouldn't be safe for *you* to appear in the matter."

Mr. Morton had thought of that too—many times.

"No," he grumbled. "And if this bird don't hurry I'll be on the rocks. I figured I'd get so much for each one of them stone pieces as I turned 'em over to you, and now, the way he's handling it, I can't collect a thin dime till he's finished the job. Can't you slip me a couple of centuries on account, Mr. Tresdale? I'm flat."

Mr. Tresdale drew out a shabby leather bill-fold and extracting four fifty-dollar bills from it, laid them in Mr. Morton's eager palm.

"That makes five hundred you've had so far," he said shortly. "I promised you a thousand apiece for the medallions. The sooner you produce all six of them the sooner you'll get your money. And, incidentally, the sooner we'll all have to stop worrying. As matters stand, I'm paying you, right now, for doing something you ought to be glad to do without pay. For your own safety."

"Hell—you're not paying *me*! Ain't I got to turn the jack right over to this guy Rives—all but a grand?"

"I don't doubt more than that will stick to your fingers," Mr. Tresdale replied, rising. "Well, if that's all you want, I'll go along. And don't send for me again until you get all the stones and are ready to talk business. It isn't safe. So far as the public is concerned, you and I are strangers. Don't forget that."

"We are," rejoined Mr. Morton viciously, "as long as you stick. But if you ever try to double-cross me, I'll squeal, as sure as my name's Sam Morton. Get that?"

Apparently Mr. Tresdale "got" it, for he went out without another word, his bloodless lips twitching. Mr. Morton, who had not moved from his recumbent position, was busy with engaging thoughts.

He had promised Rives five thousand dollars for the recovery of the six medallions. From Mr. Tresdale he would receive six. A beggarly thousand profit, but enough, with the impending dangers to his person

(Continued on page 48)





Flora Le Breton
in
"Lass o' Laughter"

NICKOLAS MURRAY
A LATE entrant to our lists is this English comedy, the maiden effort of Edith Carter and Nan Marriott Watson, two young English actresses. Miss Watson herself originally created the leading part with great success and dignified London audiences supported her with enthusiasm for a whole season. The play has an appealing love story of the kind that endeared "Peg o' My Heart" to us for many seasons and Miss Le Breton, fresh from laurels abroad, is a delightful "Lass."—E. R. B.



APEDA

The Shylock of Firmin Gemier (right), actor manager of the famous Théâtre National de l'Odeon, created a sensation during the war. He is now paying a semi-official visit to this country with his company and will be seen in New York and on tour in a repertoire of French classics

The life of Benvenuto Cellini, rogue, genius and soldier of fortune, is a veritable storehouse of good play material. Edwin Justus Mayer has chosen a single romantic episode for "The Firebrand" and without a too cramping attention to historical detail he weaves the breathless and amusing intrigue through three acts of blazing acting on the part of Joseph Schildkraut as Benvenuto, and very potent luring by Nana Bryant as the Duchess of Florence

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



HAYBAH



WHITE

This innocent looking tête-à-tête between Leslie Howard and Marion Coakley is a scene from the season's naughtiest play—"The Werewolf", which comes to us via Berlin and has been adapted for our stage by Gladys Unger. In it a professor of psychic research tries to conjure up the spirit of Don Juan and succeeds in raising some very astonishing and amusing complications due to the unforeseen confusion of the long departed Juan's amours with the secret love affairs of the household

More than any other kind of play, a melodrama is made or marred by the quality of its acting. So the inference is plain when we report that "High Stakes" is much more than averagely entertaining—due chiefly to the capable efforts of Mr. Lowell Sherman with the cooperation of Phoebe Foster and Wilton Lackaye. The working background is supplied by Mr. Willard Mack

For jaded appetites nothing more refreshing could be recommended than a trip to Devonshire with Mr. Eden Phillpotts. In "The Farmer's Wife" he offers a shrewdly humorous picture of the decline and fall of the pride of a middle aged widower who would a-wooing go. Charles Coburn is the farmer and Ethel Morrison plays first choice on his list of eligible wives



RICHARD BUCKE



WHITE



WIDE WORLD

With what may seem an original taste in mascots, Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt call their play "Pigs." Though the holders of the title do not materialize until the third act their ultimate appearance is foreshadowed from the first in the barely suppressed desire of the youthful hero's yearning to follow his star as a pig-fancier. Nydia Westman (right) is the artful disciple who makes his dream come true



NICHOLAS MURRAY

Billie Burke
in
"Annie Dear"

TWO years' absence from the legitimate stage has done nothing to dim the radiant charm of this actress. The play is Clare Kummer's musical version of "Good Gracious Annabelle" with all the clever lines retained and a great deal of splendid costuming and dancing to Sigmund Romberg tunes added. There are moments when it would be gratifying if Miss Burke had a larger voice to do justice to the lyrics, but her leading man, Marion Green, leaves nothing to be desired in this line—E. R. B.



Harold (Red) Grange, star, this year and last, of the Illinois football team. Considered the best player in the West, Grange is a demon at running through a broken field

(PHOTO © U. & A.)

The Sporting Angle

By W. O. McGeehan

Walter Koppisch, for three years captain of the Columbia team and one of the greatest performers that ever wore moleskins. Koppisch is an exemplar of the modern open game

(PHOTO © KEYSTONE VIEW)



IT BECAME apparent early in this season that the game of American intercollegiate football has reached about its highest development. At the very start there were many so-called upsets. Teams from little colleges that were lightly thought of by the experts beat teams from bigger colleges that figured on paper to have the overwhelming advantage.

This happened rarely in the early days of American football. The old game was more cut and dried. There were a limited number of plays possible and the "big teams" won their games with monotonous regularity. Now it is come to pass that it is almost impossible for the coaches and the boards of strategy to make up a schedule that will guarantee them weak teams for certain dates. In the football game that has been established there are no teams certain to be weak.

A team that has the weight and the driving power that would carry it crashing through any line under the old style of play might show up very badly in the modern game, with the forward pass, the feint at the forward pass and the innumerable changes of style of attack that the game of to-day makes possible. In the old days one or two new formations were developed in a year. With the new game the possibilities for football strategy have not yet been scratched, though new styles and new formations are being developed every week.

Although the modern intercollegiate football game does not show the number of serious casualties the old game used to show it is really a harder game than the old one. The physical clash is as sustained and as hard and in addition there is a mental strain that was not in the old game. The possibility of a loose flying ball always is present in the new game and a loose flying ball carries with it the opportunity that may decide the conflict.

Modern football requires not only quickness of physical action but alertness of the mentality. It is a great game that the American colleges have evolved from the English game of Rugby and because it is so infinitely more comprehensible to the spectator the chances are that the American intercollegiate game will in time become a universal game. The development of the game has been hampered to a certain extent by the old grads who continually protested against the abolition of the old mass mo-

mentum formations as movements to make the game effete. It still remains the most strenuous game of all and at the same time it does not take the toll in life and limb that it used to take annually.

The Spirit of College Football

ONE of the main points of criticism of college football is that it exalts "the gladiator spirit" and it is held highly undesirable that the gladiator spirit should be exalted. This is a debatable matter. I have come to the conclusion that most of the criticism directed at intercollegiate football is made by persons who know nothing at all of the organization and the spirit of a college football team.

Looking the matter over dispassionately I do not recall many cases of what they call the "swelled head" being developed in the players of college football. As a rule the "football heroes" wear their laurels with the same modesty as men of the regular army wear the laurels that are handed to them at rare and unusual intervals.

The spirit of college football is the spirit of service, the same spirit that inspires the army and the navy. Remember that all of the men who work to make the college football eleven do not bask in the limelight. Some of them never are heard of. There are always the members of the scrub, who take all of the hard knocks without ever the hope of a college letter or the chance of a paragraph in a newspaper. That is the true spirit of service and it is not at all an undesirable quality for the college to foster.

The young man who is a limelighter rarely makes the regular team and of course he would be useless for the self-sacrificing, self-forgetting work on the scrub. Football, essentially, is a team game and behind the team is the undergraduate body and the college itself. There is considerably less danger of a blind hero worship being developed around football heroes than there is around heroes in professional sport by sport followers in general.

One of the most striking monuments erected after the war was one dedicated by a western college to one of its men who had been killed in France. At the college he had played four years on the scrub team, never making his letter and never taking part in a real game. This was the spirit that sent him into the army, the spirit of service which makes your real armies.

I think that there is a great deal of unnecessary worry over the "tendencies of modern intercollegiate football." Most of this worry is expressed by persons who do not know what they are worrying about. Still, after all, this class seems to comprise the bulk of the population everywhere.

How About Professional Football?

AMERICAN football essentially is an amateur's game. It must be played always at top speed and for all that is in the players. These qualities can be found only in the amateurs. The songs that they sing wherein they chant of being willing to die for dear alma mater are quite serious. A professional may strive very earnestly for his share of the gate receipts but he is not quite willing to die for it.

That is why you never will find professional football games played with the reckless spirit and the fire of the intercollegiate games.

The professional at any sport becomes conservative. At football he is more prone to become conservative. There is not enough money in the world to make him take the risks he used to take when he was playing for his college. Frequently I have been asked to preach against professional football. These requests have been made by persons who fear that our colleges may become the breeding places of young men ambitious to become professional football players. There is absolutely no danger of this. Professional football, the American kind, never will gain much of a foothold.

You can professionalize the game of soccer football as they do in England, for that is a milder sport than the American game. But with the American colleges staging and keeping the best that is in the American game of football the professional teams find scant pickings.

Sanitation in Baseball

ONCE again those in charge of professional baseball are faced with the problem of how to keep the game sanitary. All too quickly after the revelations concerning the White Sox came the scandal involving two members of the New York Giants. Cosy Dolan, coach, and Jimmy O'Connell, a young player, were dropped from organized baseball following the confession of the latter that he had offered a

(Continued on page 46)



Decoration by Israel Daskow

EDITORIAL

UNDER THE SPREADING ANTLERS

IF THERE be any member of the Order who has any doubt in his mind as to the splendid part the Elks are playing in the community life of those cities in which the Subordinate Lodges are located, let him read the pages of THE ELKS MAGAZINE devoted to Lodge activities, captioned "Under the Spreading Antlers."

In every issue he will find numerous items, from all sections of the country, which bespeak the keen interest displayed by the Lodges in an infinite variety of benevolent activities. Each one of these items is a record of a distinct contribution to community welfare and happiness; and no true Elk can read those pages without a genuine thrill of pride in his membership.

Perhaps the chief value of the publication of these news notes lies in their suggestion of opportunities for emulation. Frequently when one reads of what another Lodge has done that is helpful and uplifting, there is an impulsive mental survey of local conditions with a view to like service. And in many instances a fraternal interest is thus stimulated that is ultimately translated into real accomplishment.

In any event no member can read the monthly reports of the outstanding activities of the Subordinate Lodges in humanitarian service without a feeling of gratification that his membership is contributing, in some measure, to the splendid Elk history that is being thus recorded. And that feeling is itself an incentive to make that contribution more effective and to have a more worthy share in the fraternal achievements of the Order.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF ALL the ceremonials of our Order, the one which, perhaps, makes the most universal appeal to the membership and the public alike is the annual Memorial Service; because it is born of the sweetest sentiments of the human heart and evokes none but the tenderest and most uplifting emotions. It is the occasion when Elks are peculiarly mindful of the motto of the Order. "The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands; their virtues upon tablets of love and memory."

And there is something inspiring in the thought

that, as these lines are penned, nearly fifteen hundred Lodges, in as many cities all over our land, are planning once again, on the appointed day, to pay a deserved tribute to the memory of our departed brothers; to read again the kindly inscriptions graven deep upon those enduring tablets.

Quite usually these ceremonies are observed with such elaborate programs that they are outstanding events not only upon the Lodge calendar but in the community life as well. And they would be eminently worth while if they served no other purpose than to provide occasions when hundreds of thousands of people could, in devotional mood, enjoy the beautiful music, the impressive ritual and the thoughtful addresses. And yet it is well to remember that this is not the chief object in view.

The Fidelity to which Elks have pledged themselves embraces the faithful memory of the virtues of those of our brothers who have gone before us into the Great Beyond. The annual tribute of the public testimony of that faithful memory is not only the performance of a fraternal duty to the dead, but it inevitably inspires a desire and purpose to emulate those remembered virtues. And therein lies the designed value of the ceremonial to the living.

In the confident assurance that this benefit will be derived by each Elk who participates in those services in a proper spirit, attendance is earnestly commanded to every member of the Order. It is a definite obligation of membership.

A SUGGESTION

THE initiatory ritual of the Order of Elks, when appropriately exemplified, is a beautiful and impressive ceremonial. It inevitably inspires in the initiate an appreciation of the dignity and importance of his new obligation; and arouses in him a keen desire to learn more about the great fraternal organization of which he has just become a member.

Unfortunately no provision has been made for imparting that information in any formal manner. A copy of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order, and of the By-Laws of his Lodge, are presented to him; and he is left to his own devices to acquire, as best he may, the knowledge which



the Order is materially interested in having him possess.

As a result, many thousands of members, without special fault on their part, remain lamentably ignorant of the splendid history of the Order, of its noteworthy achievements, of its current activities, of the plan of its organization, of the functions and powers of its administrative officers and their relation to each other, of its ceremonies and their significance, and even of his own rights, privileges and obligations as an Elk. This condition is deplored by the thoughtful members of the Order who recognize it as a result of a lack which can be, and should be, supplied.

It has been suggested that the Grand Lodge should provide for the preparation and printing of a pamphlet containing the desired information in a brief and attractive form; and that a copy should be presented to each candidate as part of the initiation ceremony; and that in appropriate cases, where a number of initiates are received in one class, an oral lecture might be delivered in which these subjects could be dealt with.

The latter method has been tried out as an experiment in a number of cases recently, not as part of the initiation proper, but as a substitute for the inspirational address which is usually made a feature of the program of such occasions. And in each instance the experiment has proved a marked success and one of absorbing interest, not only to the newly made brothers but to the older members as well.

From observation of the results in those instances in which the plan has been tried, the conviction is born that such a lecture, carefully prepared and effectively delivered, would prove a most useful and attractive feature of all meetings at which candidates are received, at least in the cases of the larger classes of initiates.

The experiment is commended to the officers of the Subordinate Lodges, in the confident assurance that it will arouse a fresh interest in the initiatory ceremonies; and will insure a much better informed, and therefore a more loyal and enthusiastic, membership.

LONG RANGE

QUITE frequently one reads in the current periodicals expressions of opinions by acclaimed experts as to the particular character of weapon that will prove most effective in future wars. Not a few insist that superiority of air

machines will assure the victory. Some proclaim that large-caliber, high-powered guns will prove the deciding factor. Others incline to lethal gases as the most effective weapon of the future.

Each of these involve long-range fighting and the range is being constantly extended as science perfects the implements of war. The accuracy and destructiveness of some of the modern weapons is little short of marvelous, even to those who are familiar with them. And it may be that the experts are right in their prophecies as to the future.

But it must be remembered that wars will continue to be fought by men. Infantry is still the backbone of every army. Machines do not operate themselves. The human equation is ever present.

Notwithstanding the Big Berthas of the World War, with their tremendous range, and notwithstanding the mighty siege guns that battered the fortresses designed to be impregnable, the decisive combats of that great struggle were fought by men at comparatively close quarters. Individual valor played its part, as it has ever done in all human conflicts.

There is much food for thought, even to-day, in the philosophic pronouncement of The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, written years ago:

"The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries."

Army rifles are still equipped with bayonets. Cavalrymen still carry sabers.

DID YOU JOIN THE RED CROSS?

ALTHOUGH the annual roll call of the American Red Cross was officially ended on Thanksgiving Day, a word here on the subject may not be amiss, for the organization welcomes new members at all times. There is little need, presumably, for us to dwell at length on the accomplishments of the Red Cross, nor to attempt to justify its plea for nationwide support. Everyone knows what the American Red Cross has done in past emergencies, in both war and peace. Not only in emergencies, moreover, but in the less spectacular, yet no less effective, work of community welfare its services are unceasingly active. We feel that Elks especially are in sympathy with the purpose of the American Red Cross and suggest that those who did not enroll during its recent membership drive might well express that sympathy by joining now.



Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, Mrs. Price, Jack, Kathleen, and Little Dick, comprising the entire family, send their hearty Christmas Greetings

Memorial Sunday—Christmas Day

My dear Brothers:

The shadows deepen and we set our faces towards the New Year which time will soon usher in. The fading of the present year recalls to our minds the Brothers who answered to the silent roll-call, and we pause once more to celebrate the most sacred of all days in our Order—Memorial Sunday, which falls on December 7th. On this particular day when nearly a million of our Brothers are assembled in a great Lodge of Sorrow, let us turn to memory's storehouse and draw therefrom those fine fragments of recollection, the mere thought of which will supplant sorrow with joy. Let our Memorial Day be the occasion of a careful inventory of the past of the living, as well as a resume of the achievements of our dead in their earthly struggles, remembering always that the most enduring memorial we can erect will be a constant effort on our part to perpetuate by our faithful devotion to

the cause of Elkdom those things that were dear to our departed brothers—May they rest in peace.

Christmas Day

In expressing my wish that this may be the merriest of all Christmas days for you and yours, it is with the hope that the proverbial Elks' Christmas spirit may prevail this year more bountifully than ever before.

May your efforts to bring Christmas cheer to those who perhaps otherwise would not see "Santa Claus" bring to you and yours God's choicest blessings.

With every good wish, I have the greatest pleasure to be

Sincerely and fraternally,

John G. Price

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Proceedings of the Annual Conference

Of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Presidents of State Associations

THE annual conference of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Presidents and Secretaries of State Elks Associations, called by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price for October 12, at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, was one of the best attended and most successful meetings ever held.

With the exception of the Grand Chaplain, Rev. Dr. John Dysart, all the Grand Lodge Officers were present and the Grand Lodge Committees were represented by members as well as by their Chairmen. A number of State Association Presidents and Secretaries were also in attendance.

The purpose of these annual conferences, which were inaugurated in 1921 by William W. Mountain when he was Grand Exalted Ruler, is to enable the head of the Order personally to meet and instruct his District Deputies in order that they may have a full understanding of what is expected of them prior to beginning their work. Through contact with the Grand Exalted Ruler and the other Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, the District Deputies are given an accurate picture of conditions and problems in the Order—a picture which helps them immeasurably in their relations with the subordinate Lodges under their jurisdictions.

The program of this year's conference, which followed a simple luncheon, was led off with an address by Grand Exalted Ruler Price, as a preface to his formal installation of the District Deputies. Mr. Price spoke, in part, as follows:

"I desire to express my most profound thanks and appreciation to all of you for the sacrifice you have made in coming here. It is a noteworthy fact that we have representatives from every section of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and I am sure that all have come with a serious mind understanding the importance of this meeting, so that I feel under a debt of gratitude to you for this manifestation of your kindly cooperation. It reflects a spirit which is encouraging and which I am sure will be helpful to those who are to serve with me during the coming year.

"I shall not elaborate on the remarks that I have to make, believing, as I do, that the men who are here representing the various activities which are being conducted under the auspices of the Order are much better able to present in detail the plans which they have under way. You as District Deputies particularly, the personal representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler, in fact the eyes and the arms of the Grand Exalted Ruler, hold the most important positions that are held in the Order. You are the ones who come in contact—personal contact—with the problems that affect the various Lodges throughout the country, that affect the various individuals who are members of the Order, and it is to you that we look for a solution of these problems, and for such a solution as will always tend for the best interests of the Order at large.

"Some of you have had experience as District Deputies; some of you are quite new and this is your first experience. I hope that each and every one of you will understand that the responsibility and the authority you have as District Deputies will always be used with the idea of promoting the interests of the Order, the interests of the Lodges in your district, and never with the idea of simply using and asserting it. I have long since learned that the surest and most certain way to have authority respected is to use it just as little as possible, and I think

that that can apply to your positions. Since having assumed the office of your chief executive I have learned many things that I didn't know before, and I have learned that there are a great many occasions which arise in the various Lodges of controversies between members; even controversies between Lodges, that rest on the insecure foundation of misunderstanding, and with some little tact, some little effort and some diligence we can iron out these differences and restore order where chaos threatens, and I hope that each of you will look at the matter in that light. Now, it is not the purpose, as I view it, for a District Deputy to take a Lodge off its guard, or a member off his guard, for the purpose of finding out something that is wrong; that may be necessary in some cases where special instructions may be needed, but, as I see it, the main purpose of a District Deputy is to help. He is supposed to have some superior knowledge, and the application of that to the various problems of the different Lodges will enable him to perform the best service when, instead of allowing matters to get beyond a threatened disturbance, he can conciliate or bring about an understanding and keep down the trouble that threatens.

"Now, I hope you understand this, and I make the statement so plain and frank because I have such confidence in the intelligence of this great body of men that have been selected for this trying position. I know that you can discriminate between right and wrong, and I know you can understand when some Lodge or individual is wilful rather than perhaps mistaken.

"Now, my brothers, we have great problems before us, and we should all feel proud that we are so fortunate in having at the heads of the departments of this great Order men who are fitted for the positions they fill by reason of their devotion to the work at hand, who have been giving all their help unstintingly, and who are ready at all times to receive suggestions and capable of executing them. You will hear from these various men today.

"I want at the outset to impress upon you one thing that to me is very important, and that is that at once on your return to your homes you begin to make up your schedule of visitations to your Lodges, as I would like to have in my office by the 15th day of November a completed list of the schedules of the various District Deputies, and if this remark should offend anyone I want you to know that it is not intended for that purpose but simply to bring home to you just what is in my mind. I can think of no more serious disregard of your duties as field men of this Order than to delay in replying to a communication which may be sent to you from the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Such delays have occurred in the past and sometimes have led to very embarrassing circumstances. So I ask you above all things to be prompt and punctual in replying to any communication we may send to you. You know that the Grand Exalted Ruler is not in his office at all times; he is obliged to be here and there, and when he fixes a date to take up a matter for consideration it is very important that his wishes in that respect be adhered to as closely as possible. So I ask you at the outset to prepare your schedules. It may not be possible for you to complete them by November 15th, but, if you cannot do that, let us know why, but those of you who can I hope will complete your schedules for visitations, and, furthermore, it is highly important that your visits to the Lodges in your districts be made just as soon as possible, and if by the first of the year we could have a report from a District Deputy that he has visited the Lodges of his District and have his reports, it would indeed be very helpful in the solving of the problems we have to dispose of, so try and make your visits and make your reports not later than the 15th of January if you can possibly do so. I

understand that April 1st is generally regarded as the time limit. In the past there are some District Deputies who have not visited all their Lodges; this should not be, and if there is any one man here who feels that he is not going to discharge the full duties of his office and the responsibilities of it as they are contemplated by the statutes he will perform a good service by advising us of that fact at once."

At this point, the Grand Exalted Ruler administered the oath of office to all the District Deputies. This done, he continued with his address:

"Brothers, as we go about from place to place we cannot help but note the increasing usefulness of the Order of Elks, and with the changing conditions throughout the country we cannot help but recognize the great opportunity that lies just beyond. My notion of the Order of Elks is that it should be practical; that it should be through the practice of the ordinary routine things of life to which we apply the principles of Elksdom that we may be able to demonstrate to those who are within the usefulness of their membership and to those that are without the benefits that flow from affiliation with the Order of Elks, so that after all the questions that we have to take up are the questions that we meet in our every-day life, and the principles which we should apply to those questions are so simple, practical and commonplace that there is no difficulty whatever in taking advantage of the opportunities to impress upon people throughout the country the benefits that flow from Elksdom.

"We are engaged at the present time in the building of a memorial building. I know that you may all see it later. You will hear from the one who is the head of that great Memorial Headquarters Building Commission, Bro. John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who will talk to you at some length upon the subject. I want you to learn something about this project because in the future it will be regarded as one of the high spots in Elksdom's activities. And, another thing—of course you are all familiar with THE ELKS MAGAZINE; I know you are because you are active and you are interested, but let me say that there is not one word in that Magazine from cover to cover that is not worth devouring, and if you are up-to-the-minute District Deputies you will be glad to identify yourselves with the Magazine. You will hear from Director Fanning in a few moments, and I wish you would listen intently to what he will have to say, and be able to answer the questions of anybody throughout the country with respect to the policies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"We are of course anxious to extend the membership of the Order. We have for years commented on the fact that wherever there is an Elks Lodge there are a number of splendid men who are on the outside, and in many cases they are on the outside because they have not been brought in close touch through the activities of members of the Order. Now, shortly a movement will be started, and perhaps today you will learn the details of what we are pleased to call an 'Invitation Membership Campaign,' and I wish you would bear carefully in mind what Colonel Sullivan will have to say on that.

"I WISH when you go about the country, that you would stress the fact to the members of the Order throughout your districts, of the many things they can do in a practical way. In Official Circular No. 1 I was pleased to call attention to two things that I regard as of paramount importance; first, Conservation of Human Life. I know you are all acquainted with it and I am not going to burden you with any extended discussion of it, but you are all familiar with the shameful disregard of traffic laws since the advent of the automobile. What

a wonderful source of help! What a wonderful inspiration would flow from the fact that a million people under the auspices of this Order had centered their minds upon the conservation of human life with a view to minimizing the appalling loss of life from casualties that confront us every day through the careless, negligent or inefficient use of automobiles, if we, as Elks, would consider this as one of the practical things we can do! That of itself would be justification for the great amount of labor and treasure that has been expended in more than half a century in building this Order up to its present standard of efficiency! My brothers, I ask you to think of this. I don't expect you to adopt it simply because I suggest it to you, but, if you can find a practical way to bring this to the attention of the members of your Lodges that you visit you will have demonstrated to the outside world that the Order of Elks stands for something in a practical way.

"Now, my brothers, there is another matter that we want to encourage always when it is proper, but it is a matter that to my notion is surrounded by dangers. You, of course, may only come in contact with individual and isolated cases. I refer to the question of the erection of buildings—Elks Homes—and in all probability during the next nine months you will be kept busy on these propositions, for it is my purpose and intention to place matters of this kind, for an auxiliary purpose at least, in the hands of District Deputies for full and complete investigation and report. We should always encourage the branching out and building of new homes, but never when we are unable at the outset to determine that we are not going to create a liability instead of an asset. There are some very deplorable examples of this lack of foresight scattered about the country, and I hope that when any of the Lodges in your districts have in mind the building of a new home or the remodeling of an old one, or any expansions in the way of assuming a liability that you should settle clearly in your mind whether or not the matter should be sanctioned by the Grand Lodge, and when you have found out please do not keep it to yourself, but send it in to the Grand Exalted Ruler's office. We have these questions every day.

"Another question that to me has assumed somewhat of an alarming condition is this: Applications for dispensations to join Lodges other than the one in which they should become members, or, be members. You would be surprised to know the large number of these for one reason or another. It is a well recognized fact that where Lodges are inaccessible, where railroad facilities are not good, and where a man living in one jurisdiction is deprived of Lodge privileges by reason of not being able to reach there, it is proper perhaps to grant a dispensation to join another Lodge which is more readily accessible, but I want to ask you as my representatives during the next nine months to discourage as much as possible applications for dispensations unless there are some real, outstanding reasons for them, because the tendency is to adhere to jurisdictional lines which have been established and laid down, and applications for dispensation sometimes lead to embarrassing situations. I know that you understand this and that you will apply your best judgment and intelligence to the problems that may come up before you along this line.

"I hope that none of you will ever omit the slightest detail, and I am speaking now absolutely as I mean, and that you will never overlook the slightest detail in the examination of records, examination into the various matters upon which you are to report when you visit a Lodge. Don't let it be said to you that the Subordinate Forum Box key cannot be found, or, do not take it for granted that this, that or the other thing is true, because if you do then I might say that it is unnecessary for this Order to maintain a corps of District Deputies, as we could receive the same information from the Secretaries of the various Lodges by writing them. Understand, your position is a serious one; you are the guardians of this Order; no one holds a more important position than you do, and you are sent personally to the Lodges for the purpose of securing first-hand information, and when the Grand Exalted Ruler has your report over your signature to the effect that a particular Lodge is in a particular shape he has a right to believe, to know

and to rely upon the fact that you have personally found out to be true just what you have recorded on paper over your signatures. There is not a District Deputy here (or those who may be absent) but who will find that he has behind him the earnest support of the Grand Exalted Ruler at all times. Just be as frank as the conditions may warrant, and I will try to be equally so in my dealings with you in reference to any particular case that may come up.

"I have no one particular thing to impress upon your minds. If you were not, as I have heretofore said, men who have some superior qualifications you would not have been selected for District Deputies. Your experience has told you of things that should be and of things that should not be, and you will be expected to draw on your experience and apply your own intelligence and good judgment in dealing with matters that come before you. Everywhere you go endeavor to teach Lodges, where they do not seem to know, that everything in the Order of Elks is so illuminating when properly carried on that there is never any mistake in letting the public know when the Elks are connected with a forward movement in their communities, and there is no community that won't be all the better by reason of the fact that the Order of Elks within its boundaries is functioning and taking an active part in all the matters of that community.

"We have our set days for celebration in the Order, and a particular day near at hand, and which we hold sacred, is Memorial Day. I don't know what your experience may have been, but my experience as Exalted Ruler of at least a medium sized Lodge is that it was shameful the way that some Lodges disregard the importance of Memorial Sunday. I have been called upon as late as noon of Memorial Day to get a speaker for some nearby Lodge for the evening services, and no doubt some of you have had similar experiences. I do not desire to place this upon your shoulders as an injunction, but it would be very gratifying to me if I could have a report from every District Deputy tabulating a list of speakers that have been provided for Memorial Sunday. It would help to insure a general observance of the day. I don't want to burden you, but I would ask each and every one of you in your districts to get in touch with your Lodges and see that they have their speakers for Memorial Day. It is now only a few weeks off, and I dare say there is not a District Deputy in this room who does not have in his own district at least 25% to 50% of his Lodges who are at this late date trying to make arrangements for Memorial Day speakers. That is wrong, my brothers, and I think that is one matter you can help to remedy, and I think a letter from you to the Secretaries of your Lodges will bring about a proper understanding of the importance of that day, and that they will see to it that it is properly observed; also, see that Flag Day is properly observed, and so with all of the holidays of which we are so proud, and more especially wherever the function is to be held in public, in order that everyone on the outside will know and realize that the Elks stand for something real.

"Now, my brothers, I am confident that the important things you should know will be discussed in detail here this afternoon, and I am going to close by again thanking you for your deep interest in coming here. I wish you every joy and pleasure that can come from your office, and I hope that I may be able to see many of you during the coming year in my travels about the country. Remember always that I appreciate and thank you in advance for the assistance you will give to present Grand Lodge Officers in the exercise of your all-important duties and responsibilities."

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

Following his address, the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced the Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, whose talk on the National Memorial Headquarters Building is reprinted herewith:

"I take it that on this occasion none of us will indulge in a discussion of matters academic pertaining to our Order. We need not have told

to us again the principles of our Order or the worthwhileness of our undertaking, and I take it the purpose of your coming here is to learn certain things from the Grand Exalted Ruler and those whom he has chosen to speak on this occasion, and that you will receive such information as will be of value to you as you go about your Lodges in the dissemination of this information, and be enabled to answer questions that may be asked of you, so I will direct myself particularly and directly to the subject assigned to me. I perhaps could confine myself to a word or two and report progress only, yet I realize there are new faces here, those that were not with us a year ago when these matters were discussed, hence I will in some respects repeat what I said at that time.

"You must know that the Commission called the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was created by the Grand Lodge, and its purpose was to establish an Elks Magazine, and particularly to erect a building that would at once be a memorial and serve as headquarters and administrative offices, office of the Grand Secretary and offices of the Magazine, so that our building is not only monumental and memorial, altho it is in appearance and we want to think of it as such, but is useful in that it becomes the permanent administrative headquarters and offices of the whole order.

"The principal purpose of the building, as you well know, was to give evidence of the fact that the Elks have not forgotten those who served, those who fought and those who died in the recent great conflict. That in itself would have been altogether worth while and sufficient justification for erecting this building. The Grand Lodge appropriated two and one-half million dollars to be assessed from time to time upon the membership and through the Subordinate Lodges to be collected. That collection was limited to one dollar in each calendar year. The Commission as organized has for the past three years engaged upon its duties. During that time \$1.65 has been collected, and we propose to collect \$1.00 next year, payable during April, which will leave probably 42c or 43c remaining which we will collect the following year, and which will measure in total amount, irrespective of our membership, two and one-half million dollars, the amount originally appropriated. That amount, however, is increased and augmented by authority of the Grand Lodge by \$350,000.00, which is made up of \$250,000.00 which remained over in the treasury of the War Relief Commission, and an additional \$100,000.00 the proceeds of the sale of our Boston property, so that in the aggregate we will have \$2,850,000.00. We purchased the property here in Chicago for the sum of \$375,000.00, I think it was, and today the value of the property is more than twice that amount. In fact, we understand from the best informed realtors here in Chicago that the property is now worth, not considering the improvements we have put upon it, the sum of \$800,000.00, so our purchase in a business way was a wise one.

"The Commission, as you know, was not only given authority to erect this building and given complete control of the fund as well provided, but also was directed and authorized to establish an Elks Magazine, of which publication I will not speak in detail as our Executive Director is present and will cover that subject. I might say, however, and for your special information, because I know you will be asked, that this Commission is made up of a number of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and that no officer or no member of that Commission receives one single penny of compensation for his services, excepting a small and wholly inadequate amount that is paid to our Executive Director, and when you consider this very small amount paid in an undertaking which involves an expenditure of two and one-half or almost three millions of dollars you will realize what the Grand Lodge is getting for so very little.

"Now, my brothers, as I said at the outset, I only want to give you just such information as may be useful to you when inquiry is made of you as to why we are erecting this building; in what manner the assessments are being levied; what the building is to be used for and its ultimate cost. The building at the present time is nearly 50% constructed in its major construction or general contract. Of course, we can spend an almost unlimited sum when the

building is completed in its decoration and art work and all that it will contain, but it is not the purpose of the Commission, nor dare we do so, to exceed the appropriation. The building is located at the confluence of Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway. It is within a short taxi ride and can also be reached by bus from the hotel here for 10c, and it is well worth your while before you leave the city to visit the building and notice its grandeur and magnificent proportions. Not a building compares with it in the entire world, and I am sure when it is turned over to the Grand Lodge it will remain forever a shrine of Elksdom where we have shown to our brothers and to others of the citizenry of the United States that the Elks do not forget; that the Elks do pay tribute to those who had rendered service, and that they do give proper recognition to the memory of those who have fallen in the cause of their country. I sincerely hope as many of you as can will go to the building before leaving the city.

"Now, much may be said about our Order and its achievements. I will only say this, however, that from the very inception of this Order (and it must have been well-founded when it reaches the proportions it has today) it has always stood for something, principally Charity, as it should, and from its earliest date it has dispensed charity to the needy—to those who really needed help. The Order in its own name has quickly gone to the relief wherever famine and suffering existed, and not forgetting our own, we have established our own National Home at Bedford, Va., where a number of our unfortunate brothers are now housed; unfortunate because they have fallen perhaps in life's pathway and were unable to carry on in their vocations, they have sought the solace and rest and comfort that is so lavishly, I might say, given there.

"So, we have progressed with our Order. One of our greatest achievements is the Elks National Magazine. As we have succeeded in other things so also have we succeeded in the firm establishment of this publication, and admittedly today those who know most about publications, fraternal and others, declare it to be the only fraternal publication that has proved a real success, not only fraternally, but artistically, commercially and editorially, and we should consider it a proud claim of this Order when we have accomplished something in the field where other fraternities have failed. Not that we glory in their failure, but rather in our achievement.

"I want to thank the Grand Exalted Ruler for this opportunity to come here and meet you face to face, and to see so many of our old friends and to make the acquaintance of the new ones. I thank you."

The Elks Magazine

The next speaker to be introduced by Mr. Price was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. His address follows:

"The Grand Exalted Ruler has invited me to speak on the subject which is nearest to my heart, THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"I hadn't thought it would be necessary to make any extended remarks at this time regarding the Magazine because those of you who attended the Grand Lodge Meeting at Boston—and I take it that nearly all of you and probably all of you were there—will recall that a very full and complete report was submitted to the Grand Lodge by the Commission in charge of this publication, but there are a few subjects that I had thought were worthy of calling to your attention at this time, and not trusting entirely to my memory I have reduced them to writing, and with your indulgence I will read them.

"As all of you know who attended the Grand Lodge Session in Boston, or who have read the account of the proceedings there, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is no longer a doubtful venture, but an established success. I say this not in a boastful spirit, but as a plain statement of fact. By earning a surplus in its first two years sufficient to enable us to turn over to the Grand Lodge the very large sum of \$200,000.00—thereby reducing the annual per capita tax from 35 cents to 15 cents—THE ELKS MAGAZINE spoke for itself. By the earning of that surplus it proved itself. It proved also that the Elks National

Memorial Headquarters Commissioners were making no idle prophecy when they foretold, in their Report for the year 1922-1923, that the Magazine would soon be in a position to do that very thing.

"My object in coming before you today is twofold. First, I want to thank you all, on behalf of the Commission, for the splendid cooperation you have rendered in the past. Second, I want to bespeak a continuance of that cooperation for the coming year. I believe you are all proud of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and its achievements. The Order at large has voiced itself as being heartily in favor of the Magazine and thoroughly pleased with it as a high class, interesting and informative publication. Having won the confidence of our members and their families, we must work harder than ever to make the Magazine worthy of their continued confidence.

"Our editorial staff is striving constantly to improve the quality and strengthen the appeal of our stories, articles and pictures. We have published the work of many of the best writers and artists from the very start. During the next few months you will find interesting and famous additions will be made to what we call our "Honor Roll" of contributors, but this does not mean that we are abandoning our old favorites. On the fraternal side we have been steadily building up our news department. As more and more Lodges realize that our columns are open for the recording of their activities, *provided they send us the facts promptly*, we are able to print more and more of their news. This is one way in which you, the District Deputies, can be of service. In your official visitations, if you will urge the officers of every Lodge to make someone, or some committee, responsible for sending us the real news of their Lodges, you will be helping them to get more out of the Magazine and helping the Magazine as well. We have printed thousands of news items concerning hundreds of Subordinate Lodges—but I think there must be at least one third of the Lodges that have never been mentioned in our pages because, although we have frequently requested it, they have never sent us their news. We want the news from every Lodge, no matter how small or remote.

"Right here I might point out the fact that when we say 'news' we mean 'news.' You perhaps have heard the definition of news as given once to a cub reporter on a daily paper? 'If a dog bites a man,' the editor told him, 'that's a common occurrence, but, if a man bites a dog—that's news.' Just so with our Lodge items. If a Lodge merely holds a regular meeting there's nothing particularly interesting about that. But, if in the course of a regular meeting a Lodge votes to donate \$10,000.00 to a camp for poor boys—that is interesting. What we are on the lookout for are the happenings throughout the Order—the accomplishments—the experiments—the things that make a Lodge pull together and do something that will inspire the others. Those are the news items we want, and we will print as many as we can get. But, they've got to be news, otherwise they're of no value. Also, the information must reach us in time—at least thirty days before the date of the issue in which the item is to appear—otherwise we cannot handle it. Our closing date for material for each number is not later than the first day of the month preceding the date of the issue. If this point were generally considered by those who send us news many items we now are obliged to omit because of lateness would find a place in the Magazine.

"Help us secure the news and your efforts will be reflected in a better and a more useful Magazine.

"Every Elk is entitled to receive his copy of the Magazine each month. In order that we may do our part in sending every member his copy it is essential that all the Subordinate Lodge Secretaries do their part by helping to keep our mailing list up to date. It is one of the duties of every Secretary to notify us of all changes of address and to send us the names and addresses of new members. In your talks with Subordinate Lodge Officers you can help to hold down the number of unreceived Magazines by reminding the Secretaries of this duty and emphasizing the importance of it.

"There is another way in which you can help THE ELKS MAGAZINE. As you know, the revenue

from our circulation is not great enough, by itself, to defray the cost of publication. This is true in the case of all big, high class magazines. To make both ends meet without reducing our standard of quality, and, more particularly, to earn a surplus for Grand Lodge purposes, we must sell advertising space.

"In considering this question of advertising sales, it should be remembered that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is a comparatively new product. Yet, because of its quality, it enters into competition with old established publications having long records of producing results for the advertiser. It is, moreover, a fraternal journal, which, I am compelled in frankness to state, is regarded by many advertisers as a fault rather than a virtue. The attitude of the manufacturer and the advertising agent toward us—generally speaking—has been and still is similar to that of the average man toward the aeroplane. He figures that aeroplanes may be all right, and no doubt are all right, but he'll stick to automobiles for a while until it has been proved that aeroplanes won't drop from under him. This skepticism is natural and to be expected. Nobody wants to buy a pig in a poke. But, just as every successful aeroplane flight breaks down the general distrust of flying as a method of transportation, so every *resultful* advertisement in THE ELKS MAGAZINE breaks down the resistance of advertising in a fraternal magazine. Every advertisement in THE ELKS MAGAZINE that has made money for the concern that bought it is ammunition we can fire at prospective advertisers.

"We have made some splendid records already. We shall make more and finer records, and we need your cooperation in this way:

"Wherever you go, and whenever you address the members of a Lodge, urge them to read the advertisements in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. And not only to read them, but to answer them. If we can habituate our entire membership to giving their patronage to ELKS MAGAZINE advertisers we shall soon have an advertising medium without a peer in this country. A few words from you will be of tremendous service in helping to bring about this result.

"So long as we all work together, in harmonious cooperation, THE ELKS MAGAZINE cannot fail to hold a permanent place among the leading publications of America. I thank you all in advance for the help I am sure you will be glad to give us during the coming year."

The Grand Exalted Ruler next introduced Messrs. John C. Karel of Milwaukee, Murray Hulbert of New York City, Lloyd Maxwell of Chicago, and William J. Sinek of Chicago, members of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; W. C. Robinson of Minneapolis, Secretary of the Committee. This introduction preceded an address by its Chairman, Col. John P. Sullivan of New Orleans, who spoke on

Membership, Rituals and Welfare

On the subject of increasing the membership of the Order, Col. Sullivan made the suggestion, which has had the approval of Grand Exalted Ruler Price, that subordinate Lodges set aside the first week in February, 1925, as "Elks Initiation Week," working from now until that time to bring into the Order, by invitation, men of the highest type in their communities.

It would not be difficult, Col. Sullivan pointed out, to increase the membership to one million, if each Lodge would invite a few of the most desirable men in its city to join the Order. And the most effective way to interest the best type of citizens in becoming members is not by circus methods, but by acquainting them with the real aims and achievements of the fraternity, particularly in the field of Social and Community Welfare.

"I have never known any Lodge to succeed; I have never seen any Lodge grow great and prosper unless that Lodge has done things of a civic nature and of a charitable nature which would bring that Lodge right to the doorsteps of

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New Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

Handsome Building Recently Dedicated

THE beautiful new million-dollar Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357 was formally dedicated on Saturday, November 1. The impressive ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gillhaus of New Jersey Northeast, assisted by Frank Boland, Exalted Ruler of Jersey City, Lodge No. 211; Jack L. Fox, Exalted Ruler Hackensack, Lodge No. 658; George Butler, Exalted Ruler Ridgewood, Lodge No. 1455; Williard P. Burdett, Past Exalted Ruler Hackensack, Lodge No. 658; and George Steinert, Chaplain Hackensack, Lodge No. 658. Many distinguished members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, and Joseph G. Buch, Past Exalted Ruler of Trenton, Lodge No. 105 and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, participated in the exercises.

The dedication followed a parade held early in the afternoon, in which more than 7,000 members of the Lodge and visiting members took part. Other incidents leading up to the dedication included the initiation of a huge class on Wednesday, October 29; public inspection and entertainment on Thursday, October 30; special afternoon's entertain-

ment for the ladies, and in the evening an informal dance, on Friday, October 31. The dedication was followed by a banquet at which Hon. George S. Silzer, Governor of New Jersey, was the principal speaker. Thomas F. Martin, Secretary of State of

height, in full Georgian architecture, of rough texture brick, white cement mortar, trimmed with Indiana limestone. Four Ionic pillars grace the façade of the building. The vestibule is in white Italian marble, with solid bronze doors and tile floors.

On the first floor there is a ladies' reception room with damask covered walls and Louis XV. furniture; library, and general reception room; lounge room with walls and ceiling done in glazed brown. Fine old paintings, handsome chairs, couches, tables and draperies beautify this spacious lounge. The main dining-room is also on this floor. Done in Italian style, with heavy beam panel ceiling and French windows, this room, accommodating 300, is one of the most charming in the building. The kitchen with electric and gas ranges, refrigerating plant, is directly back of the dining-room.

The Lodge room on the second floor is a beautiful combination of a meeting place and a ballroom. It has six massive Scagliola

columns on each side, with a roomy balcony and loges running around three sides. It will accommodate 2,500, and measures 90 x 120 feet. A \$15,000 three-manual organ is at the north side below the rostrum. The cloak and small reception rooms

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New Jersey and first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, acted as toastmaster, and many other prominent members of the Order were the guests of honor.

The new Home which has been erected on Hudson Boulevard, at Hackensack Plankroad, is a beautiful structure four stories in

Great Is St. Nicholas!

By H. MacS.

*"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."*

THUS wrote Susan Coolidge many years ago, and to-day the children of men in this weary world are once more considering the beautiful story of the Christ Child. In the land of the Southern Cross where the devout read in the skies God's starwrit message; in the Northland where, in the Aurora Borealis, the faithful behold the prismatic sheen of the Almighty throne; in the East and West where men in every condition of life see in the arches of Heaven a harbinger of hope; in Nature's wilds where the Great Spirit is worshiped in lofty cathedrals and humble chapels, on Christmas day priests in costly chasubles and preachers in gowns, and surpliced choirs, and choirs unsurpiced, raise their voices and sing: "Glory to God. Peace on Earth. Good-Will Towards Men."

Is this mockery? Is it mere pretense? Let us hope not. Quick changes in Governments and in the lives of people have been made in the last few years. It always takes time to effectuate adjustments after a great war. The wounds, if they ever heal, do so slowly. The jealousies and hatreds engendered are apt to remain—enduring. At least they are not transitory. Wars may

establish boundaries and perchance settle principles, but lasting peace between combatants is rarely attained.

In our own land we are just beginning to be confronted with problems which have troubled older civilizations. All men are born free and equal but, alas! they don't remain equal long. Brains, industry, observance of Nature's laws must always command, yea, demand, reward before mediocrity, indolence and reckless indulgence.

There will, probably, always be unrest on this Sphere of ours. The thoughtful student of men and affairs may pause and ask the questions: Is the world improved? Has all the sacrifice of blood and treasure been in vain?

Time, the great Mystery, may answer this question, for as the mighty Schiller has said, "Who knows what may be slumbering in the background of time!" Therefore, despite all this, with sublime faith in the future we gather at Christmas time in our respective places and sing with the rest of the world, "Peace on Earth. Good-Will Towards Men."

It is now more than a quarter of a century since the writer became a member of this great American Order and during that period he has never changed in his belief that its

two most attractive and commendable features are the Christmas distribution and Memorial Day. The former exemplifies the true spirit of unselfishness, and the latter perpetuates the memory of many excellent and lovable men.

At Christmas time all clouds have a silver lining. We forgive and we ask to be forgiven. We strive to remember the good in our fellow men and forget the evil. We write their faults on the sands of the sea, and inscribe their virtues on the tablets of our memory. We cease being critics. We believe there is some good in everyone. We cheerfully acknowledge racial peculiarities and contradictions. We recognize that the nation which was responsible for U-boat warfare also invented Santa Claus and gave us the Christmas tree and Grimm's Fairy Tales.

The fighting men of the world are often simple-minded and gentle. The stolid son of a certain country, with seemingly no sense of humor, is blood brother to the inimitable Gilbert and Sullivan, fathers of the most humorous light operas ever written.

The world indeed is a conglomeration of "queerness." At Christmas time we stop, look and listen. The music of the dance crowds out the funeral dirge. Plenty replaces poverty. Weeping changes with laughter and sadness with joy. Smiles

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New Digest of Opinions and Decisions

A Review of the Splendid Book Edited by the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary

AN ELK was given a transfer dimit to join a sister Lodge and made his application and was accepted within the time limit. He never appeared before the sister Lodge to sign the Constitution and By-laws of said Lodge, nor was a membership card thereof given him.

Problem: Is he still a member of the Order and if so of what Lodge?

The answer to this problem may be found, together with the answers to hundreds of other questions relating to the Grand Lodge laws, in the newly published digest, "Opinions and Decisions," edited and compiled by Hon. John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In fact it can be said that every question which has so far arisen relating to the interpretation of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order is answered in this book, clearly and accurately. It is a remarkable piece of work.

The new Digest is the first compilation of Opinions and Decisions of the Grand Forum and of the Chairmen of the Committee on Judiciary to be issued since 1917. There had been a similar book published in that year, one in 1915 and one in 1913. The earliest Digest, edited by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, who at that time was Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, contained decisions of the Grand Forum rendered since its creation in 1907, opinions of the Committee on Laws up to the time of its abolition in 1907 and opinions of the Chairmen of the Committee on Judiciary since the time of the creation of that office in 1907. The Benjamin Digest was revised in 1915 and brought up to date by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, then Chairman of the Committee. In 1917 the Rightor Digest was revised by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, who occupied the Chair in that year. Following the Rain Digest some two thousand decisions were handed down and opinions rendered during the seven-year interval. As Mr. Malley states in his preface to the latest Digest, many changes have been made since 1917 in the laws of the nation, of the states and of the Order. "Great events have occurred and left their impress. The Order has entered new fields of endeavor. All these things are reflected in the opinions which have been written since 1917."

The new volume, which brings the Rain Digest up to date, contains some material of the older compilations and a great deal of new matter. The opinions of the Chairmen of the Committee on Judiciary, from which the syllabi contained in this book have been taken, were written by Messrs. Raymond Benjamin, P. G. E. R.; Charles P. Bates,

Edward Rightor, P. G. E. R.; Frank L. Rain, P. G. E. R.; William M. Abbott, P. G. E. R.; James G. McFarland, P. G. E. R.; Lawrence H. Rupp and the present Chairman. In view of the long period of time during which no compilation was

the page number of the new Digest whereon the opinion or decision appears. This facilitates a more ready use of both these reference books and makes each more fully supplement the other.

After the index, perhaps the most striking feature of the Digest is the conciseness and clarity of language in which the opinions are stated. The lay member will find that the Digest tells him what he wants to know without the use of superfluous words in the telling.

AS an example of the copiousness with which the various subjects are treated, there are twenty-four pages devoted entirely to decisions and opinions relating to Offenses and Penalties. With this mass of information to guide him, no Elk need be in ignorance of what constitutes an offense against the Order, what the procedure is in the Courts of the Order, what the rights of the parties are and what and how penalties may be imposed. The troublesome problem of dimit is covered in some eight pages which set forth in detail the answers to the innumerable questions which constantly arise in connection with this subject. Just how far Subordinate Lodges can go in the organization of Clubs; the meaning of the law with regard to Auxiliaries; the decisions concerning the ballot, Lodge elections, membership and residence; the questions in regard to the rights of trustees; the important decision on life membership; the full opinion of the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary in regard to THE ELKS MAGAZINE; the matter of the incorporation of the Order—all these things are fully dealt with in the Digest.

Not alone every Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodge officer, but every lay member who wishes to acquire an intelligent understanding of the application of the laws of the Order, will find the Digest of Opinions and Decisions an incalculable help. The edition is limited, but by this time every Subordinate Lodge Secretary will have received some copies of the volume, so that it is now available to any member who wishes to consult it. Hereafter annual supplements are to be prepared by the Chairmen of the Committee on Judiciary and issued in pamphlet form. Thus, the important new Decisions and Opinions will be published from year to year so that the Digest will be kept perennially up to date. As for the present edition, we feel that we shall be voicing the sentiment of the entire Order in expressing unstinted appreciation to Chairman Malley for the time and effort he has unselfishly expended in its preparation. The Digest represents in its completeness, its convenience and its common-sense form a service of immeasurable benefit to the Order of Elks.



Hon. John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who edited and compiled the new volume of "Opinions and Decisions," reviewed on this page

made, it requires little effort of the imagination to realize the amount of work involved in the preparation of this current edition.

Workmanlike in appearance, well printed on good paper and neatly bound, the Malley Digest possesses two features which must immediately appeal to those who use it: the alphabetical arrangement of its contents and a completely cross-referenced index. So thoroughly and carefully has this indexing been carried out that no one can possibly fail to find the decision or opinion he may be looking for. In connection with this point we must mention a valuable innovation incorporated in the 1924 edition of the Constitution and Statutes: at the end of each section of which there is an interpretative opinion or decision, there has been entered



The Malden Boy Sea Scouts take the water in their new craft which is a gift of Malden, Mass., Lodge No. 965. The boat, formerly a racing cutter of the battleship Utah, was purchased and supplied with fittings by the lodge

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Under the Spreading Antlers

News of the Lodges Throughout the Order

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Lodge No. 3 recently laid the cornerstone of the imposing new \$1,500,000 Home which it is building on Post Street, near Mason. The members of the Lodge marched from the present Home on Powell Street to the site, preceded by two bands. Assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Exalted Ruler August L. Fournier laid the cornerstone before a crowd estimated at 2000. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin made the oration of the day, paying tribute to fraternalism and to the builders who have made San Francisco a city of magnificent edifices.

Following the ceremonies, a large banquet was served in the Colonial Ball Room of the St. Francis Hotel at which Mr. Abbott was table master. Among the speakers were Exalted Ruler Fournier; Hon. James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco; Hon. Michael F. Shannon, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Bradford M. Melvin; Edgar F. Davis, President of the California State Elks Association; William H. McCarthy, and Homer R. Spence, Past Exalted Ruler of Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015.

The new Home will be one of the most beautiful and complete buildings of its kind in the Order. A Roman plunge will occupy a part of the basement, and on the same floor will be steam-rooms, showers, hot-rooms, lockers and individual dressing-rooms. On the first floor will be the hotel offices, with hat, coat and check-rooms, and the gallery to the swimming-pool. The second floor is to be given over entirely to Lodge-room purposes, the Lodge room itself being one of the largest fraternal rooms on the Pacific Coast, having total dimensions of 87 by 70 feet. The main floor will seat 1200 people. A fully equipped theatrical stage for entertainments and a maple dancing floor for social gatherings will make the Lodge room a useful and popular headquarters at all times. In the front of the building on the second floor will be a memorial hall seventy feet long. The main lounging room in front and the dining-room in the back will be located on the third floor. On the fourth floor the billiard room, buffet and social rooms, the lounging and game rooms will be situated. Two large committee rooms will also be located on the fourth floor. From the fifth to the thirteenth floors, thirteen double living rooms are to be placed on each floor, all being outside rooms, and with bathroom attached to each. The fur-

nishings and accessories of the new building will be the finest obtainable and every detail will be faithfully carried out to accomplish the maximum of comfort for the members without sacrificing any needed conveniences.

Members of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Visit National Home at Bedford

A large number of members of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge No. 321 and their families recently chartered a special train and paid a visit to the National Home at Bedford, Va. Arriving at Bedford, a parade was formed with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Senator A. D. Barksdale and Exalted Ruler E. P. Cromwell of Lynchburg Lodge in the lead. Marching to the music of bands the procession moved direct to the Home grounds where an escort, bearing a beautiful American flag, joined the visitors for the final march to the main building. Practically every resident of the Home was on the portico to greet the visitors. At noon a splendid picnic lunch to over 400 was served on the grounds, and later in the afternoon, when ladies from Bedford joined the party, an informal dance was held in the spacious lobby of the Home, the music being generously furnished by Coy Miller and the Dixie Five Orchestra. Every minute of the day was enjoyed by the residents of the Home, and the members of Lynchburg Lodge, equally pleased with the visit, voted to make "Lynchburg Day" an annual event at the Home.

Exalted Rulers of Charleston, S. C., Lodge Hold Profitable Meetings

Acting upon the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price that Lodges should consider seriously the great advantages of organizing Past Exalted Rulers' Associations, the Past Exalted Rulers of Charleston, S. C., Lodge No. 242 and present officers held a meeting and supper recently. This meeting accomplished a great deal of good, and it was decided that similar meetings should be held monthly. Every one present went away with a much clearer understanding of the affairs of the Lodge and with a pledge to assist each other in the upbuilding of the Order.

Charleston Lodge has shown a substantial gain in membership, and has been very active in social and civic affairs. Weekly dances have been held during the summer at its country Home at

Folly Beach, a pleasure resort about 10 miles from the city. This seashore Home has been a great asset to the Lodge and to the city of Charleston. Many other fraternal orders, and various conventions that have been held in Charleston, have, through the generosity of Charleston Lodge, used this Home for their affairs.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge Acquires Property For Permanent Home

For some time past the members of Rome, N. Y., Lodge No. 1268 have been seeking a location for a permanent Home. The Lodge has now purchased the residence of the late Wheeler Armstrong, which was owned by Dr. W. L. Kingsley and held at \$20,000. Thanks to the generosity of Dr. Kingsley the Lodge was able to obtain the property for \$15,000 on the condition that it be used for an Elks' Home only and not for investment purposes. It consists of a lot 100 by 200 feet running back to West Park Street. The dwelling on the property is a two-and-one-half story brick building and there is a row of garages in the rear. The buildings are rented at present, the rental taking care of the interest on the purchase price until such a time as it is decided to remodel or raze the building and erect a new one.

Plans for Dedication of New Home Made by Gary, Ind., Lodge

Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152 is now making elaborate plans for the dedication of its beautiful new \$250,000 Home, which will take place early in the new year. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price is expected to be present on the occasion, and many other distinguished members of the Order and many other representatives of Indiana Lodges will be invited to take part in the ceremonies and celebration. The new building will permit Gary Lodge to broaden the scope of its activities and to become an even greater factor in the life of its community than it has been heretofore. With the opening of the Home an Invitation Membership Campaign will be launched that should bring the membership of Gary Lodge close to 2000.

Maysville, Ky., Lodge Gives Banquet To District Deputy John J. Emerick

Maysville, Ky., Lodge No. 704 recently gave a reception and banquet in honor of District

Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick of Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge No. 942. At the business session an extensive program of Social and Community Welfare work was inaugurated for the current year. The Mayor of Maysville, the presidents and secretaries of the Rotary and Optimists Clubs and representatives of several other important organizations were present.

Many Prominent Members at Meeting Of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge

Representatives from New York Lodges in Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Cohoes, Hudson, Kingston, Brooklyn, and from Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211 were present at the large celebration which marked the observance of Roll Call Night by Catskill, N. Y., Lodge No. 1341. A parade through the city was followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates—in which the well-known team of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22 played an important part—and a supper served in the mess-room of the Armory. Among the many distinguished members of the Order present were: Former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees W. E. Drislane; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin F. Feinberg; Past District Deputies Grand Exalted Rulers Walter M. Stroup, Henry S. Kahn and William E. Fitzsimmons; James A. Murray, Exalted Ruler of Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141, and Roy D. Morrow, Exalted Ruler of Connorsville, Ind., Lodge No. 379. The work of Catskill Lodge was praised by Mr. Drislane and short addresses were also made after the supper by a number of the other prominent guests. The occasion was one of enthusiasm and fraternal interest and enjoyment throughout.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge Lays Corner-stone for New Home

The whole city turned out to join the members of Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge No. 500 in the impressive ceremonies and festivities that marked the laying of the corner-stone for their new Home at Lincolnway and La Fayette Street. American flags and the colors of the Order floated in the air and graced the windows of business houses as the members, accompanied by hundreds of visiting Elks, paraded through the downtown district to the site of the New Home. Following the ceremony of laying the stone, an elaborate banquet was served at Altruria Hall to over 400 guests. The dinner speakers included many distinguished members of the Order, and there was special music provided by the Apollo Male Quartette of Chicago throughout the banquet. At the conclusion of the banquet, the members and their guests enjoyed two hours of dancing in the University gymnasium, music being furnished by Cope Harvey's orchestra.

The new Home when finished will cost close to \$200,000, and will be one of the handsomest and best-equipped Lodge buildings in the State. The basement and first story of the structure had been completed when the corner-stone was laid, and work is now progressing with a rapidity that insures it being under roof before bad weather sets in. It is expected to have the new Home completed and ready for occupancy by May 1, 1925.

Interest in Portland Grand Lodge Convention Runs High on Coast

Some idea of the spirit that exists among the Lodges on the Coast concerning the Grand Lodge Convention to be held next July in Portland, can be gained from the following letter sent recently by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge to Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Riesch, Chairman of the Convention Commission of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142: "Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174 is very desirous of doing all possible to insure a highly successful Grand Lodge meeting in Portland in 1925 and with that in view we are going to turn out in strength. We have a wonderful band and also a bugle and drum corps and we tender to you these two organizations to assist you in welcoming delegations. The members of these two organizations have expressed their willingness to be in Portland a day or two before the convention convenes and to stick until the end and to serve your Lodge in any and every way you desire. We also intend to open and

maintain a Tacoma Lodge headquarters in Portland during the entire convention and if such headquarters could in any way be used to help you entertain delegations we would be only too happy to join with you. In other words, we feel that a Portland convention of Elks is a Pacific coast convention and we want to see your Lodge make a huge success of the undertaking, so if we can be of any assistance please command us."

Plans are being formulated by Portland Lodge through its Finance and Accounting Committee for the financial campaign, which according to Julius L. Meier, chairman, will probably be launched early in December. Franklin T. Griffith has been appointed vice-chairman of this important committee.

Malone, N. Y., Lodge Begins Winter With Large Initiation

Malone, N. Y., Lodge No. 1303, opened its winter activities with the initiation of the largest class of the year. Representatives from many neighboring Lodges and the following distinguished members of the Order were present at the ceremony and celebration: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. S. Bogardus; Robert Kelsey, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Miles S. Hencle, former President of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of New York North Central District, and William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1. At the close of the initiation a supper was served in the grill-room, which was followed by an impromptu entertainment.

Alameda, Cal., Lodge to Broaden Field of Big Brother Work

Alameda, Cal., Lodge No. 1015 is playing a leading part in the Big Brother movement. The committee having the work in charge is broadening the field of its activities and plans to form a club among the younger boys who will be given the privileges of the gymnasium at least two days a week, and be encouraged and assisted in forming athletic teams. In time, it is the desire to give the younger generation a few evenings at the Home when entertainments and short talks of interest and help to growing boys will be provided.

Big Charity Benefit Held by Detroit, Mich., Lodge

The annual charity benefit show of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34 was held recently in the Auditorium of the Home. The largest aggregation of vaudeville entertainment ever brought together in the city for one night was offered an enthusiastic audience made up of the members and their friends. The funds raised by the benefit will be used to defray the cost of the Lodge's Christmas baskets and other holiday charities. In this connection it is recalled that the charities of Detroit Lodge last year amounted to \$34,500.

Everett, Wash., Lodge Sets Goal At 1,000 New Members

Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479 has appointed a membership committee which is working out plans for an Invitation Membership Campaign during the present Lodge year. An application blank has been sent to every member within the jurisdiction of the Lodge with a request that he get at least one new member. Only individuals of the highest character and standing in the community will be accepted as applicants. The goal Everett Lodge has set for itself is 2,500 members by April 1, 1925, which will mean the addition of 1,000 new names to the roster.

Minnesota State Elks Association Continues Good Work at Rochester

The Minnesota State Elks Association continues to do excellent work at Rochester, Minn., where it maintains a representative to look after the many members of the Order who are confined to the various hospitals of that city. Funds for the work are being raised by a per capita tax of twenty cents from each member of the Lodge within the Association. As the continuance of these laudable activities of the Association in

Rochester is dependent on the remittance of this tax, all Lodges concerned are urged by the officers to make their payments to the Treasurer of the Association at the earliest possible moment. Many large hospitals are located in Rochester and members of the Order from practically every State are being visited and helped by the Association's representatives.

Conference of Northeastern Ohio Lodges Honors Grand Exalted Ruler

Representatives from close to 40 Subordinate Lodges of Northeastern Ohio recently took part in a conference arranged in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price by Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 18 and Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge No. 1350. The conference and the special entertainments for the occasion were conducted in the Masonic Temple at Cleveland. The whole affair was most admirably planned and carried through by the Executive Committee of the conference, of which Capt. R. L. Queisser was the General Chairman. A special session, at which one of the largest classes in the history of the State was initiated, was the opening feature of the day. This class was made up of candidates from the various Lodges participating in the conference, and the ceremonies were impressively conducted by the officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37 and the Glee Club of Canton, Ohio, Lodge No. 68. In the evening a large banquet was given in honor of Mr. Price at which many distinguished members of the Order were present to pay homage to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Hon. Clayton C. Townes, Mayor of Cleveland, made the address of welcome, and there were interesting after-dinner speeches on subjects of vital importance to the Order by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and John K. Tener; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, and Judge John J. Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Cleveland Lodge. Other prominent guests at the banquet were District Deputy Exalted Rulers of Ohio, Blake C. Cook (Northeast), R. Ford Loomis (North Central), P. R. McKay (Northwest), James A. Allen (South Central), and Richard A. Powell (Southwest), and President of the Ohio State Elks Association, George A. Synder.

During the banquet the diners were entertained by the Keystone Serenaders, who were guests of the conference. Along with other musical attractions one of the features of the evening was the singing of the Elks Glee Club of Canton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 68. The events of the evening, broadcast by radio through Station WJAX, were heard and enjoyed in many Lodges throughout the country.

The conference was a decided success in every way, and provided the members of Lodges in Northeastern Ohio with an excellent opportunity to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler and to meet many Grand Lodge officers.

Albuquerque, N. Mex., Lodge Takes Kiddies to Circus

Close to 200 children from St. Anthony's Orphanage were recently guests of Albuquerque, N. Mex., Lodge No. 45: at a matinee performance of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. The youngsters were transported in autos to the big tents where they were provided with large quantities of peanuts, popcorn and lemonade. Every one had plenty of these goodies and enough surplus peanuts to feed the elephants. The children, who ranged from 5 to 10 years of age, were taken home after having enjoyed the happiest day in their careers. Many of them had never had the pleasure of seeing a circus before.

"Elks Emblem on Coat Saves Life of Man"

The following is taken from *The Times Union* of Albany, N. Y., where it appeared recently under the heading printed above:

"An emblem of the Order of Elks worn by D. C. Paquette, 27, an automobile salesman of Boston, meant the saving of his life. Paquette fell under a train at the Union Station and his left leg was mangled. Dr. Arthur M. Dickinson of Memorial Hospital found him so weak an immediate transfusion of blood was necessary to save his life, to regain a little of the strength he

had lost so as to make him strong enough to amputate the leg.

"Paquette was unknown in Albany. He had been on his way to Detroit. It was then Dr. Dickinson noticed the Elks' emblem on his coat. He called the Elks' Club, where there was an informal reception for Alfred E. Smith, Jr., son of the Governor, on the occasion of his marriage. Myron Rote of Rensselaer, one of the popular entertainers of the Elks' minstrels, was a member of the Smith party when the call for assistance came. He quietly left the party and was driven by George W. Decker, also a well-known minstrel man, to the hospital. Both Decker and Rote submitted to blood tests and Rote was pronounced satisfactory. He sat in the operating-room for more than three hours while the transfusion was taking place. He gave eight tubes of blood, five from the right arm and three from the left.

"Dr. Dickinson declared Paquette owes his life to his brother Elk. 'I must confess I did not expect the response to be so quick when I called the Elks' Club,' Dr. Dickinson declared. 'It isn't every person who would give his blood, especially for a total stranger.'"

Bronze "Elk on the Trail" to Be Protected from Vandals

Work has been commenced on an enclosure for the beautiful bronze "Elk on the Trail" erected last year by Massachusetts Elks on Whitcomb's Summit overlooking the Mohawk Trail in memory of the Elks of the Bay State who sacrificed their lives in the World War. This step was made necessary by the fact that many thoughtless tourists were making a practice of mutilating the memorial by carving their initials and, in some cases, their full names in the monument or cutting pieces of it for souvenirs. An enclosure 18 x 24 feet, following the lines of the base, will be made by an iron picket fence 5 feet high. The lot will be graded, a suitable curbing will be placed in front of it on the Trail and on the old Stage Coach Road. The grounds outside the enclosure will be covered to a considerable depth with crushed rock to keep back the weeds. Within the enclosure, it is planned to bank field stone against the base of the memorial in order to give it a natural appearance and to protect the tablet.

Orphans, Veterans and Nurses Guests Of Wheeling, Va., Lodge

Under the auspices of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge No. 28 the famous United States Marine Band recently gave two concerts at the Market Auditorium. At the afternoon concert about 300 orphans from all the institutions in and about the city were guests of the Lodge. In addition to enjoying the wonderful music, the youngsters were presented with souvenirs. A large number of school children were also invited to the matinee concert. At the evening performance the Lodge was host to the veterans of the G. A. R. and the nurses of the North Wheeling Hospital and the Ohio Valley General Hospital. The two concerts received enthusiastic support from the public and were among the most successful affairs recently conducted by Wheeling Lodge.

Handsome Home in Sight for Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge

Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge No. 1478 has begun work on the new Home which it will erect on East Main Street. The new building will be two stories high with a full length basement under the entire structure. It will be constructed of terra-cotta and brick and will be 45 feet wide by 80 feet long. The main floor will be devoted to the reception room, reading room, lounge rooms and executive offices. Bowling alleys and a handsome grill will be located in the basement. An auditorium with a stage and ample floor space for entertainments and social events will occupy a large part of the second floor. It is expected that the cost of the new Home will reach at least \$50,000 and that close to \$15,000 will be spent on special equipment and furnishings.

The building of this new Home is made necessary by the rapid growth of Lancaster Lodge in the past year. Only recently the membership

was further increased by the initiation of a class of over 50 candidates.

Boston, Mass., Lodge Gives Dinner In Honor of Daniel J. Kane

Daniel J. Kane, Exalted Ruler of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 was recently the guest of honor at a testimonial banquet given to him by members of the Lodge and other personal friends in the ball-room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel. More than 700 were present at the banquet, which was given to Mr. Kane in recognition of his services as Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge during the Grand Lodge Convention last July and his work in connection with the building program of the new \$3,000,000 Home which Boston Lodge will soon erect on Tremont Street. The toastmaster of the evening was Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Many other prominent members of the Order and individuals high in the government of the city and state were on the speakers' program. Among these were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; E. Mark Sullivan, Past Exalted Ruler of Boston Lodge, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Timothy E. McCarthy; District Attorney Thomas C. O'Brien, Hon. John A. Sullivan, Judge Charles S. Sullivan, Brigadier-General John H. Dunn and Congressman Peter F. Tague. During the banquet there were splendid instrumental music and spirited community singing of old-time songs.

When Mr. Kane left the banquet hall he found a new touring car at the hotel entrance waiting to take him home. The car was a gift from his friends, to testify their regard for him.

Pennsylvania Central District Association Meets at Altoona

With representatives present from practically all the Lodges in the District, the Pennsylvania Central District Association recently held an interesting meeting at the Home of Altoona, Pa., Lodge No. 102. A feature of the meeting was the resignation of M. F. Horne of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge No. 512 as President and the election of J. K. F. Weaver of Tarentum, Pa., Lodge No. 644 as his successor. Mr. Horne resigned because of his recent appointment as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Pennsylvania Central District. Following the business session a large dinner was served in the banquet hall of the Home at which Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. C. Mishler acted as toastmaster to a number of prominent speakers.

Brookline, Mass., Lodge Active in Many Fields of Endeavor

As a result of its many recent successful activities, Brookline, Mass., Lodge No. 886 has rapidly increased its building fund so that, with the additional amounts expected these coming months, the members hope to formulate definite plans for erecting a new Home.

Brookline Lodge has been particularly active in welfare work during the past year. One of the largest events of this nature conducted by the Lodge was the outing which it gave to nearly 2,000 children at Norumbega Park. The youngsters were given a good lunch, and special attendants, nurses and assistants were provided for their care. Free tickets to every amusement

feature in the Park were also purchased for the children by the Lodge.

Akron, Ohio, Lodge Buys Property For Country Club House

Akron, Ohio, Lodge No. 363 recently purchased a property of 76 acres known as the Babb Farm situated near Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, for the site of a summer Home and golf course. On the farm are a large brick building which will be converted into a club house, and a large barn which will be made into a garage and dance-hall. The construction of the golf course will take place sometime in the near future. The land is ideal for a nine-hole course, as it is very uneven and abounds in natural hazards. Work has already been started on remodeling the buildings. When completed the members of Akron Lodge will have a fine playground and a country club within easy reach of the city.

An Item of Interest to Lodges In New York State

Under the Act passed 1923 by the New York State Legislature, all unappropriated State land, that is, land owned by the State but not used for any purpose, can be turned over to communities in which it is located for park or playground purposes. Many localities have not taken advantage of this law and Lodges in New York will do well to look into the matter if there is any such land within their various jurisdictions.

Goldfield, Nev., Lodge to Replace Home Destroyed by Fire

Goldfield, Nev., Lodge No. 1072 is planning to erect a new \$27,000 Home on a site already owned by it, a block removed from the site of its former Home which was entirely destroyed a few months ago by fire. The new site was selected because it is on one of the finest business corners in the city and affords better fire protection. The tentative plans call for a two-story frame and stucco structure of an attractive design. The ground floor will be divided into five stores, which will be rented. The second floor will contain a large Lodge room and various club rooms. Pending the erection of the building, Goldfield Lodge will hold its meetings in the local Masonic Hall, and have temporary quarters in the Goldfield Hotel.

"Visitation Key" Encourages Visits Between New Jersey Lodges

When Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge No. 1388 recently paid a visit to Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075 to initiate a class of candidates, it presented the Lodge with what is known in the District as the "Visitation Key." The purpose of the key is to encourage visitations and to cement friendships between the various Lodges. As it is passed along the names and numbers of the Lodges possessing it are inscribed on the key and its travels are permanently recorded. In the past year it has been in the hands of New Jersey Lodges in Plainfield, Somerville and Bound Brook.

Success Attends Carnival of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge

The annual carnival recently staged for four nights at the Municipal Auditorium by Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402 drew large crowds to its many attractions. In addition to excellent music and dancing, games of all sorts and various prize contests, a new vaudeville bill was presented to the visitors every night. The event was one of the best and most successful things of its kind ever conducted in the city. Close to \$2,000 was realized for the Building Fund of the Lodge.

North Dakota State Elks Association Meets at Mandan

Mandan, N. Dak., Lodge No. 1256 recently played host to the annual convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association. The meeting was largely attended and each of the ten Lodges in the State was represented by two or three delegates. The business sessions were par-



Bronze tablet placed in Braves' Field in memory of "Tony" Boeckel, late third baseman of the Boston Braves, by Winthrop, Mass., Lodge

ticularly productive and interesting. A questionnaire had been sent out previous to the meeting to all the Exalted Rulers setting forth a series of questions bearing on the Good of the Order. These questions were read and discussed at the meeting. Philip R. Bangs of Grand Forks Lodge No. 255 was elected President for 1924-25 and William Brodick and Charles Doyan were re-elected Secretary-Treasurer and Trustee respectively. The meeting place for 1925 will be Grand Forks.

Lew Dockstader, Famous Minstrel, Was Honorary Life Member of No. 1

New York Lodge No. 1 mourns the death of Lew Dockstader, one of the last of a line of famous old-time minstrels, and one of the best-known and best-loved black-face comedians in the country, as well as one of the oldest members of the Order. Mr. Dockstader was initiated into Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 almost 50 years ago and became a member of No. 1 on January 8, 1888. On January 14, 1923, he was made an Honorary Life Member by the Lodge as an expression of its appreciation of his long and faithful service in the interest of the Order.

Salisbury, N. C., Lodge Opens New Home With Reception and Dance

A brilliant reception and dance, which was attended by more than 400, marked the formal opening of the new Home of Salisbury, N. C., Lodge No. 699 in the Yancey Building. Masses of golden rod and gentian were used in decorating the spacious new quarters for the occasion. A splendid orchestra played throughout the evening for the dancers and a special supper was served to members and their guests.

How Watertown, Wis., Lodge Greets Traveling Members

Watertown, Wis., Lodge No. 666 has erected a handsome signboard on the road at the entrance to the city's Tourists' Camp. This greets all traveling members of the Order and their families who come to this beautiful spot and reminds them that Watertown Lodge, situated not far away, is always glad to welcome them and to offer the hospitality of its Home. The sign has been very effective, judged by the great number of visitors which have visited the Lodge rooms since it was erected.

Memphis, Tenn., Lodge Acquires Site, Will Build New Home

Members of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge No. 27 are soon to realize their ambition to own a new Home. The Lodge recently purchased the property on Front Street adjoining its present site on Jefferson Avenue, which will give the Lodge a lot 75 x 148½ on which to build. The Exalted Ruler has appointed a Building Committee of 25 members whose duty it will be to work out the plans for the erection of the new building.

Rifle Club is Organized by Richmond, Calif., Lodge

Richmond, Calif., Lodge No. 1251 has organized a Small Bore Rifle Club among its members. Weekly shoots are held every Friday evening in the basement of the Home where a good range has been constructed. Membership in the Club is open to any member of the Lodge upon the payment of \$1.00 initiation fee and \$1 for annual dues.

Silver City, N. Mex., Lodge Opens Handsome New Home

Members of Silver City, N. Mex., Lodge No. 413 are now occupying their beautiful new Home which was recently completed. The building is an impressive structure 97 x 70 feet, and built of brick with a cement foundation and tiled roof. The basement contains the grill, dining room and kitchen; the first floor, the Lodge room, 35 x 55 feet, billiard, lounging, writing and reception rooms. The second floor has 17 living rooms equipped with baths. The new building is not only the Home of the members but it is a community center as well. Besides being the meet-



This sign erected by Watertown, Wis., Lodge brings many traveling members to its Home

ing place for various civic bodies, the Home is used by the Women's Club, Choral Societies and other social organizations conducted by the women of the community. In addition to the beautiful Home, which represents an investment of nearly \$70,000, Silver City Lodge owns the Opera House adjoining the property. This building was built in 1907 at a cost of approximately \$30,000.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge Holds Successful Outing. Carnival Planned

The recent outing of Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943, held at the Braintree Kennel Club, was a huge success, both from the entertainment and financial standpoints, more than \$1,000 being cleared by the event.

Quincy Lodge is now making plans for a large three-day carnival to be held early in December. The Lodge expects to obtain by means of this carnival sufficient revenue to take care of the sick and needy at Christmas time instead of going direct to the members for subscription.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Has Large Initiation and Barbecue

Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439 recently conducted an interesting initiation of a class of over 70 candidates at Big Creek, a small town within its jurisdiction. The ceremony, held at the local theatre, was followed by a large banquet and a fine entertainment. The next day, a barbecue was held at a spot seven miles away, close to one of the large construction jobs of the Southern California Edison Company. The members were provided with a special train by the Company and were taken through the great tunnel which is one of the features of the construction. Nearly 400 members attended the initiation and the barbecue.

Fresno Lodge recently played host to about 400 boys of the city, giving them an outing on the San Joaquin River outside of the city. Running, swimming and other athletic contests for prizes were on the day's program.

Salinas, Calif., Lodge Fosters Plan To Erect County Memorial

In line with its excellent welfare work, Salinas, Calif., Lodge No. 614 is now working hard on a community project to secure for the county a fitting memorial building to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. A committee was appointed which is cooperating with the

American Legion and various civic bodies in the county in an effort to formulate definite plans and to see that these are put into execution in the near future.

Six Hundred Orphans Guests of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge

For the fifth consecutive year San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 was host to all the orphans in the various institutions of the city at a picnic outing held for their benefit at Koehler Park. More than 600 children enjoyed the day. All sorts of refreshments were provided for the youngsters, and there were merry-go-rounds, donkeys and row-boats which added to the fun of the outing. The Elks Patrol and members of the city fire department patrolled the grounds, keeping a watchful eye on the youngsters and helping them in various ways. It was the biggest and most successful picnic ever conducted by the Lodge.

A Series of "Municipal Nights" Planned by Gloucester, Mass., Lodge

An idea is being worked out by members of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892 which should prove very entertaining and at the same time promote considerable civic pride. It is proposed to give a series of "Municipal Nights" at which all parts of the city will be represented—each ward being allotted a night. Each of these evenings is to be self-supporting and each of the ward committees is to be solely responsible for the entertainment and other features on its program.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Stimulates Athletic Interest Among Members

At a recent meeting of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85 a motion was adopted instructing the Exalted Ruler to appoint a committee, with a view of stimulating interest in athletics and sports of various kinds among the membership. This committee is now investigating the advisability and possibility of installing in the basement of the Home sports equipment such as a golf practice net, a volley-ball court, wrestling-mats and hand-ball courts.

St. Charles, Mo., Lodge Helps Salvation Army Drive

The recent annual drive for the benefit of the local branch of the Salvation Army was generously sponsored by St. Charles, Mo., Lodge No. 690, which made a substantial donation to the fund. The Lodge, in responding so wholeheartedly, set a splendid example to the rest of the community, and its work was of valuable assistance to the Salvation Army in raising the amount necessary to keep up its activities in that region.

Books and Supplies Given School Children by Shawnee, Okla., Lodge

At the opening of the schools, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge No. 657 learned that there were a number of children in the city who would not be able to attend because their parents could not buy the required books and supplies. The matter was taken in hand and funds were appropriated by the Lodge so that every child in the community so handicapped was furnished with the necessary articles. The Social and Community Welfare Committee will make this charitable work a permanent part of their activities.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

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

Burbank, Calif., Lodge, No. 1497.
Lake Forest, Ill., Lodge, No. 1498.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Organizes "Order of Antlers, No. 3"

Under the sponsorship of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge No. 888 "The Long Beach No. 3 Order of

Antlers," made up of young men between the ages of 15 and 21, was recently instituted, its officers installed and the organization successfully launched on its career.

When the idea of a junior organization of this kind was first conceived by Long Beach Lodge, it was not known that there were any similar ones in existence in the northern part of the State. An article published in the September, 1924, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE gave the members the information that San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 had a junior organization known as the Order of Antlers. A letter to C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Big Brother Committee of San Francisco Lodge whose work was described in the article, resulted in securing the ritual and constitution of the organization. Confirmed in its efforts by the success of the San Francisco plan, Long Beach went ahead with the result that it is now furthering the development of a fine group of red-blooded young men who are imbued with the spirit of the Order.

The organization meets in the Home of Long Beach Lodge the first and third Fridays of every month and holds one social function in addition every month. The initiation fee is \$2.50 and the dues 50 cents a month. Any white American boy between 15 years and 6 months and 21 years of age is eligible. Every applicant must be recommended by a member of the organization or by a member of Long Beach Lodge.

Work on New Home of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Now Going Forward

Work on the addition to the Home of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24 is now progressing rapidly. It is expected to have the new structure fully enclosed early in the coming year so that work can go on spite of winter weather conditions. Completion of this addition will give Rochester Lodge one of the finest Homes in the country. A structurally the addition will conform to the attractive exterior of the present building. It will also provide many new conveniences and comforts for the members. Splendidly appointed living rooms, an adequate and completely equipped gymnasium, additional bowling alleys and a swimming pool are some of the features of the new building.

Band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Prepares for Grand Lodge Convention

The band of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174 is already working on the program of music which it will render at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Portland, Ore., next July. A complete evening's program is being rehearsed which will be given in Portland as well as in various cities of the Northwest. This is in the form of an oratorio, namely, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which is recognized as one of the world's masterpieces. The preparation of this, together with the regular programs for the Lodge and public concerts, keeps the members of the band hard at work.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Helps Children of Community

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge No. 902 continues to perform many laudable acts of charity. Through its generosity proper apparatus was recently installed in the crippled children's clinic at the local Y. W. C. A., so that the corrective exercises necessary in the treatment of the youngsters do not have to be taken on the floor, as was previously the case. The Lodge has also furnished funds for sending children to the Berkshire School for Crippled Children in Pittsfield, Mass., which provides a special education for children who are handicapped by deformities.

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: Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge No. 1478. Erection of a new Home at a cost of \$40,000, the building to be three stories and of brick construction.

Madison, S. Dak., Lodge No. 1442. Purchase of a new Home. The two-story building is of brick, 50 x 136 feet, on the principal business

street with a large Lodge room on the second floor, the first floor being rented to various business enterprises. The building will cost \$35,000. Norristown, Pa., Lodge No. 714. Purchase of an eighteen-room dwelling, and erection of an auditorium of two stories 45 x 120 feet, to contain Lodge room, rooms for theatricals, dancing, bowling alleys, billiard tables, etc. The purchase price of the property is \$50,000 and the addition will cost \$50,000.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge No. 1268. Purchase of a new Home consisting of a large brick house and a lot 100 x 200 feet at a cost of \$15,000. It is expected that a new Home will be erected on this site at some future time.

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge No. 1494. Purchase of a three-story brick building 47½ x 67½ feet, the two upper floors to be used for Lodge and club rooms and the first floor to be rented to present tenants. The purchase price of the building is \$15,000 and it is expected that \$12,000 will be expended for repairs and \$2,000 for furnishings.

Golfers of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Champions of San Joaquin Valley

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266 recently won the golf championship of the San Joaquin Valley. Victory came to the Bakersfield team in the final 18 holes of play when they defeated the team of Modesto, Calif., Lodge No. 1282 finalists for the Valley cup. Last year this beautiful trophy was won by Visalia, Calif., Lodge No. 1298. It now becomes the possession of Bakersfield Lodge until it is won by another Valley Lodge.

False Membership Card Being Used by Escaped Convict

All members are warned against an individual using the name of Harry J. Davis and carrying a membership card of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge No. 221. The Lodge has no such member and the card used is one of a number of blank cards stolen recently from the Lodge. "Davis" is an escaped convict from Sing Sing Prison and the

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 white 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 white 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 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

authorities should be immediately notified should he be met with.

Pennsylvania South West Association Holds Meeting at Washington, Pa.

The Elks Association of Pennsylvania South West District recently held its regular meeting under the auspices of Washington, Pa., Lodge No. 776 at the George Washington Hotel. Matters pertaining to the banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price to be held at the William

Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 14, 1925, a degree team contest, and Community Flag Day service in Schenley Park were discussed at length. Inasmuch as the ball-room of the William Penn Hotel, where the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet will be held, is limited in its capacity to 1,000 covers, it is urgent that reservations be made as early as possible.

Portland, Ore., Lodge Organizes "Greeters Committee"

Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 has appointed a "Greeters Committee," the purpose of which is to make visiting members feel at home and welcome, both within the club rooms and Lodge. The committee has placed with the door-man in the lobby a number of Elks visitors' buttons. These will be placed on the coat lapel of every visiting member to the Home. It will be the duty of a member of this committee to see at once that the visitor is made welcome, introduced to the other members and shown through the building. There are 100 members on this committee, all frequenters of the club rooms, so the duty of welcoming the visitors will not take too much of any one member's time.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge Plays Host to Many Children

Two thousand children were recently taken on an outing by Meadville, Pa., Lodge No. 219 to Spade's Grove where they were entertained and given an excellent picnic lunch. The committee in charge of the outing also provided a program of various games, races and contests, and awarded many prizes to the lucky winners. The youngsters were brought to and from the outing place in autos furnished by the members of Meadville Lodge.

Widow of Grand Trustee Applegate Leaves Property to Lodge

The members of Owensboro, Ky., Lodge No. 144 and many of her other friends throughout the country were saddened recently by the death of Mrs. Cary L. Applegate, widow of Cary L. Applegate who was at one time a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. Perpetuating the memory of her husband and his interest in the Order, Mrs. Applegate, in bequeathing all her property to her only son, devised that it should pass on to Owensboro Lodge at his death.

Mother Seeks News of Son Who Is a Member of the Order

Mrs. Joe P. Clark of Caney, Okla., will be grateful for any information that will help her to locate her son, Ewing Clark. Mrs. Clark states that he is a member of the Order, though she does not know the number of his Lodge. He was in the Navy during the World War and was stationed either at Seattle, Wash.; San Diego, Calif., or the Great Lakes. When last heard from he was in Vera Cruz, Mexico.

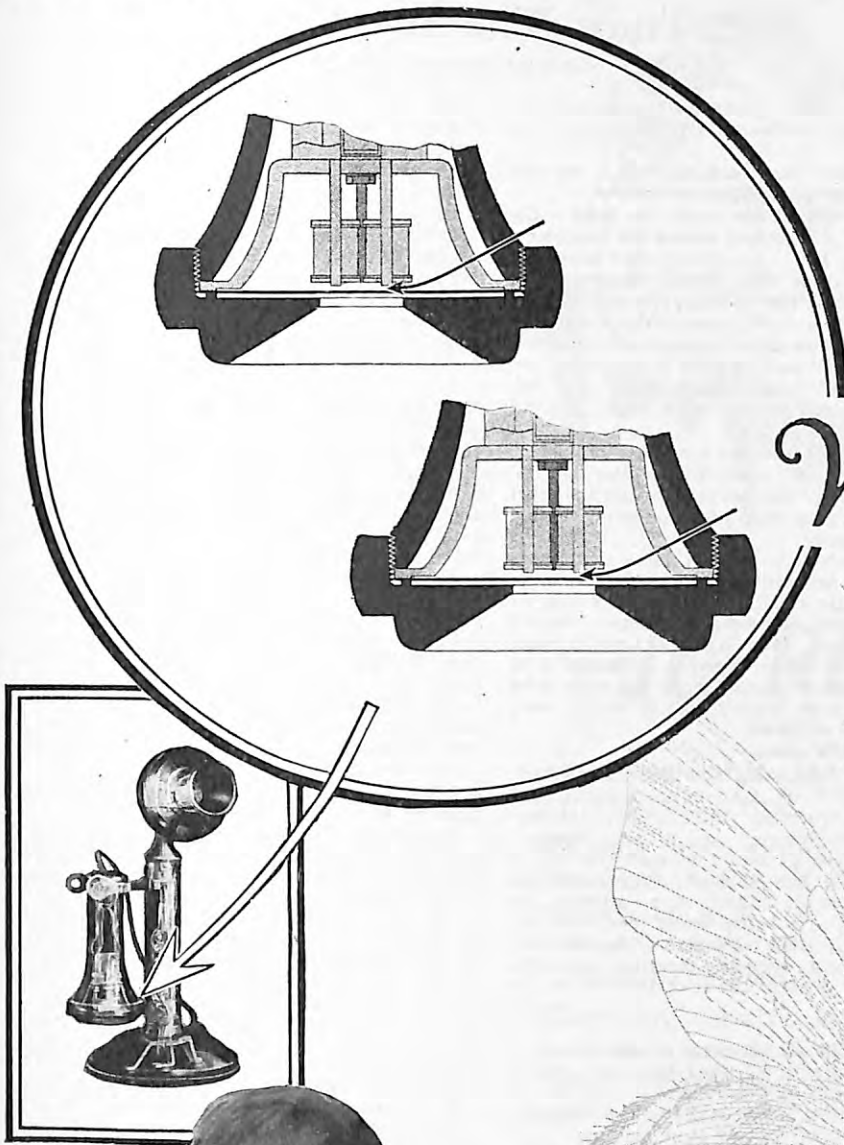
Scottdale, Pa., Lodge Is Host to Grand Exalted Ruler Price

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was recently the guest at a large banquet given in his honor by Scottdale, Pa., Lodge No. 777 at the Pleasant Valley Country Club. Representatives from many Lodges in the State were present and addresses were made by a number of prominent members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Hon. John K. Tener and J. Edgar Masters. The toastmaster of the banquet was the Hon. James J. Keegan, Past Exalted Ruler of Scottdale Lodge, and Mr. Price was introduced to the diners by the Hon. Wooda N. Carr, Past Exalted Ruler of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge No. 370. The banquet was one of the most brilliant events of its kind conducted by the Lodge.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Lays Corner-stone for New Home

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Conklin of Englewood, N. J., Lodge No. 1157 recently laid the corner-stone for the new

(Continued on page 64)



Which space is bigger?

by the thickness
of a bee's wings

THE picture shows the ends of two telephone receiver magnets. The spaces indicated by the black arrows are equal in size—to the unaided eye.

But the extremely fine measuring instruments which Western Electric uses, show one space to be wider than the other by the thickness of a bee's wings. Even so small a difference is too great to pass the rigid inspection which watches over the making of your telephone.

This care for detail is one reason why your telephone is so dependable. It is typical of the whole work of producing Western Electric equipment, and is a manufacturing habit which dates back to the very beginning of telephone history.



Under the receiver cap is a thin disc of iron. For proper voice reception, the distance between disc and magnet must be fixed with minute accuracy. The operative shown here, by grinding the magnet unit, makes this distance just right.

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A Truce With the Years

(Continued from page 8)

borrowed child to lighten her burden of loneliness. Had been completely absorbed in her own affairs.

"But there must be some way," she said at last, "some way. But, of course—"

The old man slowly shook his head. The old woman still sobbed against his shoulder—more gently now. As a tired child sobs. . . . All at once Aline found herself thinking of the old woman as a child! A little, piteous child with white hair. A child grown older. And the husband, with his gallant wee attempt at soldierliness. She had seen Dick try to straighten, just so, under the burden of a tiny grief. Just children—two old children. A boy child, and girl child!

"No," the old man was speaking, "no! She," his hand gestured again toward the Superintendent's office, "she said there wasn't any other way. There's not much provision made—for old folks. An' so—"

Aline Kemball, in her soul, knew that it was true. There are plenty of people who love to do things for little, cuddly youngsters. For dimpled babies. Plenty of people—the empty nursery testified to that! Many a mother heart to yearn over a golden head. Many a father spirit to rejoice at sight of a manly face. But these older children—just as helpless, just as, much more, needy—what of them?

Suddenly she spoke. "After all," she said, "what's the use of waiting here? It's—oh, I know you'd forgotten it—but it is Christmas! And I have a cozy home. And a turkey dinner. And a tree. Surely—surely they hadn't meant to send you off, so soon? Surely not—to-day? Why can't you come with me, for dinner? As a—truce. An armistice with the lonely years. See," she had arisen swiftly, "I'll explain to the Superintendent!" And completely forgetting to knock, she hurried through the door that led to the inner office.

ONCE inside she faced the woman, seated at the desk, with a flushed face and shining eyes. With lips that quivered.

"I'm positive," she said, without prelude, "that there won't be any more children. I've waited so long! And so I'm going to ask if I may take that old couple waiting in the outer room with me. In place of the kiddies I'd planned for?"

The Superintendent started to speak. Objections—logical ones about plans to be made, about papers to be filled out, in regard to the Homes—crowded to her lips. But somehow she didn't mention the objections. Instead—

"I guess my business with them—" she said, "can wait until to-morrow. Are you sure—that you want them?" Her tone was gentle—"Quite sure that you want them?"

Aline Kemball answered swiftly. Her wide blue eyes were afire with eagerness.

"Oh—very sure!" she said. "So sure!" She meant it, too.

And so they went back with her, a little uncertain, a bit bewildered. To the house that was empty for all its Christmas preparations. Went in a taxicab that drew up grandly at the very door. Susie ran to meet them—a speechless Susie, with eyes that almost started from her head as she glimpsed the wrinkled old faces. But the speechlessness soon left her; the eyes were quickly sympathetic.

"The poor dears," she said gently and led them into the house and up to the prettiest of the guest bedrooms. Never a question did she ask about the children that she had been expecting. Only once did she indirectly refer to them, and that was in an aside to Aline.

"Th' gifts under the tree will never do," she said swiftly, "it's others you must be findin'. I've a lace collar that's new. An' a box of writing-paper—it'll do for him."

Aline had thought of the same thing, herself. The child gifts, that lay under the green branches of the tree! She must substitute other presents for them while her visitors were resting, in the pretty up-stairs room. A linen handkerchief, a new necktie—one that Gerald had never worn. The box of paper and the lace collar. A knot of vivid artificial flowers and a silver pencil. Impromptu gifts—but not bad! She laid them under

the tree—beside the other, gayer presents. Somehow she could not remove those presents—though she had prepared them for children that hadn't materialized.

Flushed and tremulous she left the drawing-room at last, with its tree that gleamed and sparkled. And went with Susie, to summon the couple. They were still bewildered but a light lay somewhere behind the eyes of the old man. He has accepted the truce with time. And the parchment-like cheeks of the old woman were softly tinted. She was keeping faith in this armistice with the lonely years!

Aline Kemball, looking at them, realized that they were excited. Nervous. That the unexpectedness of the adventure and the strain of the preceding days had begun to tell on them. She spoke quickly to Susie, over the silver heads.

"We'll have dinner, first," she said, "before the tree. Don't," she appealed to the couple standing before her, "don't you think that would be best?"

The little old lady was smiling. The old man nodded his head.

"Christmas dinner," he said, and his voice shook, "Christmas dinner! We didn't expect this, did we, honey?" he addressed his wife, "not Christmas dinner—"

For the first time, almost, since she had entered the house, the old lady spoke. Swiftly she bent and laid her soft, quivering old lips against Aline Kemball's slender hand.

"Not Christmas dinner," she finished her husband's sentence—"with a friend!"

And so, seated at the gate-legged table they had their turkey and cranberry sauce. They had sparkling cider in tall glasses and a smoking plum pudding. Over the centerpiece of poinsettias they smiled into each other's eyes—or laughed at each other's small jokes. Once, even, the old man raised his glass of cider, in an almost courtly manner, and made a little toast.

"To Christmas," he said, rather grandly, "to every Christmas!" And, if the face of the old lady clouded at the word "every," they pretended not to notice.

At last the dinner was over. And Susie, who had been hovering, like a patron saint, in the background, came forward and drew away the chairs. And the four of them went, slowly, happily, into the drawing-room.

The candles on the tree were lighted, and the rose curtains had been drawn to shut out the afternoon sunlight. Susie had slipped away to attend to that! The gifts, at the foot of the tree, called flamboyant attention to their many charms. And the Christ-Child, on the topmost branch, beamed almost delightedly—down on them. Aline, meeting the eyes of the waxen baby, said words in her heart that reached all the way to heaven, even though they were silent words. Aline, turning sharply away from the waxen baby's smile, talked in her soul to Gerald and to Dick. And felt Susie's rough, understanding fingers upon her own.

But the old couple, crowding forward, were not talking silent things. Not *talking*, at all. Their voices shrilled little exclamations of surprise, of delight. Just children—grown older! Aline, tearing herself away from the dim figures of memory, spoke to them. And knew, as she spoke, that they had perhaps never before seen a gift-tree that was their own.

"It was made for you," she said, and her gaiety, after all, was not forced, "the presents were put under the branches for you. Pick them out for yourselves! The gifts that you like best."

Down on her knees went the old lady, with a lightness that belied the seventy odd years. Down on the floor, beside her, plumped the old man. With tiny squeals of child-like astonishment they regarded the array of presents. And then, all at once, the little old lady's hand—thin and blue-veined—began to creep out. To creep past the presents that were after-thoughts—past the lace collar, past the linen handkerchief, past the silver pencil and the artificial nosegay. Until it came to rest, on—so softly and lovingly—upon the broad, pink hair-ribbon that had been purchased to feed the vanity of an unknown small girl.

"This is so pretty—" sighed the little old lady—and she smoothed the satin length of it with fingers grown suddenly firmer and younger,

"this is so pretty! All my life—" she raised a vivid face to Aline—"I've loved pink ribbons! When I was a child I always wanted one to wear to church, of a Sunday. I had long hair—yellow, it was—and I fancied myself in pink! But I was the youngest of seven—and it was hard enough to keep us in shoes and stockings . . . let alone pink hair-ribbons! And so—the dream died away. Except that I never—forgot! To think," the tears stood, diamond-like, in her eyes, "that you'd have a pink ribbon for me, to-day!" She cuddled it, suddenly, against her withered cheek.

Aline tried to nod, brightly. She couldn't trust herself to speak. And saw, as through a mist, that the old man was examining the intricacies of the toy train. With an absorbing interest.

THE day crept on. Aline, with a curious sense of peace that flooded her being, wandered the rooms of her house, and thought deeply. But always she came back to the drawing-room with its tree and its two busy, old children.

Two o'clock. Three o'clock. Four o'clock. The afternoon waned. And the couple, still seated upon the drawing-room floor, were unconscious of its passing. They were playing as they had never played in all their crowded, poverty-stricken lives. Just children—the words kept ringing in her head. In her heart! Just little, old children.

During the ride home, in the taxi, they had told her fragments of their story. Susie, before dinner, had gathered the rest of the sad little tale. Such a sorry narrative—with neither high light nor climax. Just a drab recital, ending drably. Two lives, lived all too piteously—and yet made beautiful by the glory of a great love.

For they were lovers, these two. Had been lovers for fifty years. Since their meeting in the farming community where a young town boy had visited country relatives. They had gone to the city together and had built their married happiness in two dark rooms behind the factory where the boy had worked. Childless they had been. But their solitary lives were perhaps more closely knit because of their aloneness!

There had always been so little money. And yet there had been enough saved to keep them for over five years—since the man's usefulness at the factory had ceased. There had been enough saved, they thought, to keep them forever. But prices were high and rents—even the rent of two rooms—were enormous. And so finally, the Settlement House had seemed the only solution. And the Settlement House had decreed that Homes—separate Homes—were best. Where they would be cared for, in their feebleness.

"I'd rather 've starved," the old man had whispered fiercely to Susie—"but it'll be best for her—when she gets used to it. She's too little," oh, the tenderness of his voice, "to go hungry!"

Shadows crept into the drawing-room. The candles on the tree had burned out, long since. The fire was low. And an old man and an old woman sat together—with bent heads—in the twilight. In prim chairs. No longer playing with the toys. No longer laughing under the tree. Two tired old folks. Waiting. Waiting. . . .

Aline, switching on the electric lights, found them so. Weary—grey with fatigue. At her approach the old man rose, slowly, to his feet.

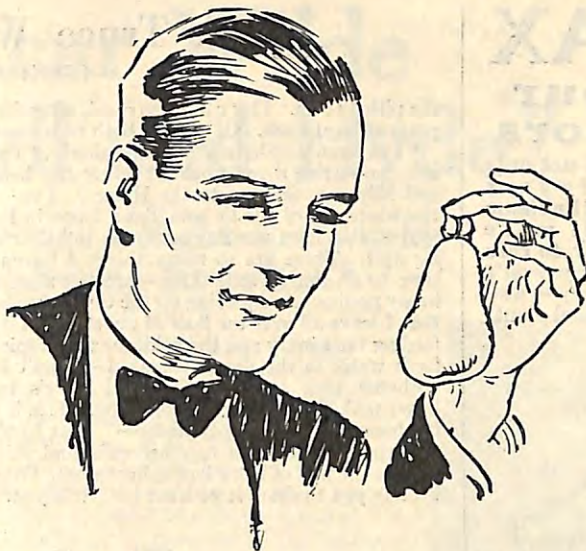
"It's been so beautiful, here," he said, "that I can't exactly feel that it's over. But all good things do come to a finish. You've—you've given us the happiest time we've ever known—hasn't she, honey?" He appealed to his wife. "We'll remember it all through th' days of this life—"

The old woman still held the pink ribbon in her hand. She spoke so quietly that one could hardly have guessed the dread that clutched at her heart.

"An' th' next life," she murmured. "Heaven can't be any prettier than this"—her glance swept the room—"nor any kinder—than this—"

All through the afternoon Aline had been thinking. Arguing with herself. Of course, women adopted children! Of course. No one thought it silly. But her friends might laugh at the idea of Aline Kemball adopting grandparents. Well, let them laugh, she had told herself fiercely! Let them laugh . . . She spoke quietly—they must not know, these two, that

(Continued on page 46)



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A Truce With the Years

(Continued from page 45)

she pitied them. Pity can be so cruel, after fifty years of hard work. Of making both ends meet.

"I've been wondering," she said slowly, "I've been wondering if you wouldn't rather stay here, and help me, than go to the Homes? I've—" the whiteness of the lie was like a flame in her soul—"I've been wanting some one to help me, for ages. There are so many things I haven't time to do, for myself. Like—running ribbons in my undies. And picking up the tubes of paint that I leave all over the floor of my studio. Like feeding the canary and the goldfish, and keeping fresh water in the flower vases. I—I can't be bothered with such details. And Susie's too busy, with the cooking and ordering. This is a big house—and an empty house—" Her hands were clasped tight, tight, together—slim and white against the fluff of black lace at her throat. "And I'd like you to share it with me . . . Will you?"

Together the old man and the old woman had risen. With eyes starry—like the eyes of children that had been awakened from a bad dream. The old woman's hand, stretching out to Aline, let fall the pink ribbon. It lay, a shimmering length of loveliness, on the rug at her feet. And then, all at once, she had turned to her husband. And as his arm closed about her, as his bent shoulders began to shake convulsively, Aline moved slowly away.

And, though the tears crowded to her eyes—and fell upon her clasped hands, she was not lonely, any more. Not exactly lonely! The very shadows seemed alive. Almost in them she could glimpse faces. Two faces. A man-face and a boy-face. *Smiling.*

The lights had burned out, long ago, upon the Christmas tree. But even without candles, it was glowing!

The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 29)

certain sum of money to a player on the Philadelphia Nationals "not to bear down too hard" in the game which clinched the National League pennant for the Giants.

When the White Sox scandal broke it was a distinct shock to the entire nation. The belief always existed that baseball of all the professional sports was absolutely clean. While the latest scandal is set down by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as a senseless offense, the responsibility of which is confined to the two men who were expelled, the baseball fans are deeply concerned over it.

This time it was not the case of baseball players being corrupted by a ring of professional gamblers. This attack upon the integrity of the game came from within the game itself. O'Connell, who confessed, said that he had other players behind him when he made the offer. The players he named were absolved of all responsibility by Judge Landis. The tentative closing of the case left the baseball fans still suspicious and with the notion that there was more to be revealed.

The revelations in the latest scandal were not forgotten even in the heat of the world series of 1924, which turned out to be baseball's greatest and best sustained melodrama. Later this scandal may be regarded as just what Judge Landis seems to think that it is, but the fans are bound to brood over it during the winter.

Why Blame the Game?

THERE are some who are certain that all of the corruption is due to the big money that is in big league baseball and that the only salvation of the national game is to put it on a cheaper basis. I can not see this. I maintain that the Matthews, the Johnsons, the Cobbs and the Speakers are worthy of their hire.

These men are and have been national entertainers. They have contributed generously to the national joy in life. Compare what they make out of their game with some of the salaries paid to our moving picture folk and their pay does not seem exorbitant or out of proportion to things in general.

It is natural and fair that a professional baseball player should want to get all that he can out of his profession. The business of handling big league clubs has required something of daring in the past. It is fair that a club owner who takes the risks should get a reasonable return on his investment. I know one personally who ran his club for four years on a loss and nearly went to the wall before he began to realize anything on his investment which was his entire fortune.

But in the baseball business as well as in any other business honesty is the best business policy aside from any ethical considerations. The Matthews quit active playing with reputations that become assets to them in their later life. The Jacksons and the Cicottes become practically fugitives.

Consider the case of Cozy Dolan, an old ball player cast adrift and the more pitiful case of Jimmy O'Connell, a young ball player who might have won for himself a reputation, being

thrown out with that stigma on him, going back to California where the fans of the Pacific Coast contributed to buy him a home, when he left to join the big league.

Of course it is not the fault of the game that these men transgressed. The weak ones succumb in every business and every business has its temptations. But these cases stand out because these men have been in the limelight.

Dishonesty Is Rule-proof

THEY seem to have tried every precaution to prevent the throwing of baseball games, especially as they affect the World Series. To forestall an arrangement between clubs that would permit a club near the top to cinch a pennant, they have provided that a certain share of the World Series gate goes to the second and third club in each league. This decision was arrived at shortly after accusations were made by no less a person than John J. McGraw to the effect that the Giant players practically allowed the pennant.

They have provided that the players involved in a world series do not share in the gate receipts taken in after the first four games are played. This rule was made to prevent collusion between the players of the clubs involved purposely to prolong the series.

In making these rules the magnates have made it evident that they do not trust the players to any great extent. The players in submitting to them would seem to be admitting tacitly that they were not to be trusted too far. This is a bad state of affairs when the players and the magnates are working in a spirit of mutual distrust. It does not help to allay to any extent the popular suspicion that all is not well.

The Giants, since the expulsion of "Shufflin' Phil" Douglas for offering to quit the team in the crucial part of a season for a consideration, have been under surveillance on the road and in New York by detectives hired by their owners. Yet all of these precautions did not prevent the developments which resulted in the expulsion of Dolan and O'Connell.

The integrity of the game must rest upon the sincerity of the magnates and the honesty of the players. It has been demonstrated that no rules and no spy system can prevent corruption.

Give the Honor System a Chance

THE Boston Braves finished the season of 1924 at the tail end of the League, but the club of which Christy Mathewson is now president is making an experiment that other clubs should try. They are putting all of their players on their honor to do their best for the club and for the game at all times, to keep themselves physically fit and to give all that they have.

Of course as this comes from a tail-end team it may not sound so highly impressive. But it seems to be reasonable and right. Only an honor system taken seriously by all baseball players will keep professional baseball clean. If

(Continued on page 48)

Was Oscar Wilde a Real Jekyll and Hyde?

"His genius will forever delight the world
—his shame is already forgotten"

ACROSS the one dark blot upon the brilliant life of Oscar Wilde the world has drawn the curtains of forgiveness and forgetfulness—because of the richness of the treasure he left to lovers of great literature.

Every year more and more people are "discovering" the charm and fascination of this great writer's stories, novels, poems, plays, and essays. Thousands who have heard vaguely of the mad impulses that led this genius to make shipwreck of his own life are surprised to find that there is no hint of it in hardly any of his works.

Only from "De Profundis," the most pathetic confession in literature; from the famous "Ballad of Reading Gaol"; and from his letters written in prison, can you learn the fact of his downfall.

His books speak for themselves. They are beautiful, noble, high-minded, brilliant—they stand immortal in their

own right—and are daily becoming more and more popular. His essays, as entertaining as Lamb's, and far wittier, sparkle with some of the most penetrating observations on life that have ever been written. Critics have united in placing his comedies in a class by themselves. One, "The Importance of Being Earnest," is pronounced the best comedy in the English language.

No one but Wilde could have achieved such a masterpiece as "The Picture of Dorian Gray," a novel that has been translated into sixteen languages. Little children are delighted by the delightful fairy tales that he wrote for his own children. Philosophers appreciate and praise his profound, stirring essay, "The Soul of Man Under Socialism." Never was a literary man more versatile, more charming, more pleasantly readable and stimulating.



Volume One contains all of Wilde's hauntingly beautiful poems. If it were only for "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," this book should be in every home. Frank Harris says of it, "It is, beyond comparison, the greatest ballad in English; one of the noblest poems in the language." Volume Two contains two wonderful plays, "Vera, or the Nihilists," and "The Duchess of Padua." Volume Three, "The Happy Prince," and other fairy tales. Volume Four, the great novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Volume Five, four of Wilde's incomparably amusing satirical essays. Volume Six, "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and other brilliant stories. Volume Seven, two matchless comedies, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "A Woman of No Importance." Volume Eight, "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "An Ideal Husband." Volume Nine, the famous play "Salome," and two others. Volume Ten, "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," and other essays. Volume Eleven, Wilde's Confession, "De Profundis," written in prison, and Volume Twelve, a collection of Wilde's wonderful criticisms and reviews.

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The Sporting Angle

(Continued from page 46)

the magnates did more to impress the players with the fact that they were on their honor to keep the faith with the fans who support them, the mental state of the players might be considerably more wholesome.

It must come to this eventually. Everything else has failed. The matter of calling upon the players for a declaration of faith might well be taken up at the next joint meeting and some of the eternal politics of big league baseball forgotten for the time, for the public in general is getting very weary of baseball politics.

The effects of the first baseball scandal wore off quickly because of the ascension of Babe Ruth and the appearance of a new and radiant figure in the game. The melodrama of the World Series helped to mitigate the effects of the second scandal. But a third baseball scandal would develop a cynicism in the fans which might be fatal to professional baseball.

Magnates and players must reach a better frame of mind to prevent that third scandal.

THE melodrama that was the world series had its sad note. With the announcement made by Walter Johnson that he has about decided to step down and into the minors, every baseball fan must feel just a little bit older.

It is true that Walter Johnson finished the series gloriously. For a few innings in that final game he seemed to have all of his old-time speed. He fought a gallant battle for his waning youth. All the world was with him in this battle. He won it, but the realization came to him that this could not go on. In arriving at this decision Walter Johnson showed that he is a remarkably sane and well balanced man. So few can face realities in calm and businesslike fashion. It requires great courage in any man to face the fact that youth is not eternal.

The decision was a wise one. For eighteen years Johnson has been up in the big time. Just as his arm was about to give out he got his chance in a World Series. Twice he failed. It seemed that he was through for good and that

the opportunity for which he had waited so long had come too late.

Then the little gods of the diamond who had been grinning derisively at him relented. They made for him a last opportunity in the last game. Johnson went in. For the time his old speed returned to him. He held back the rush of insolent youth. It was fated that he was to win that final game but he realized then that it was close to being the supreme effort.

And so he has said that he will step aside—not cheerfully, for who casts aside his youth cheerfully? But he will do it courageously with a heart strong enough to face the inevitable.

I heard that when Walter Johnson lost his first game in his first World Series one small boy cried all night. I think that it was the realization that the loss of that first game might do something of the sort that made Johnson lose it. He was nervous over the responsibility that he felt was placed upon him.

Moreover when one waits eighteen years for an opportunity one is likely to take it with too much seriousness, especially one with the temperament of Walter Johnson. It takes a man of character to feel responsibility. It was a far more important matter to him than his first game in the big league.

I cite the case of Walter Johnson to show that the money paid to good ball-players is not excessive. Here is a man nationally known and nationally loved, through with his life work while not yet forty. He has only a very modest amount of money saved out of a very modest salary, yet he is forced into practical retirement. He burned his speed to bring joy to millions. Certainly, judged by comparative values, he was not overpaid.

Part of his reward and perhaps the biggest part must come from the realization that he gave his best and that he always played the game squarely to the very last. It would have been tragic and ironical if he had not won that last game and had not been able in that last moment to pull back from his splendid past that last burst of his old speed.

The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 24)

thereby eliminated. But the position that Mr. Rives would be in, if he, Sam Morton, could get his hands on one of these pieces of green stone, was to Mr. Morton a fascinating thought. Rives would then be unable to demand his five thousand—would no doubt be glad to sell out at a far lower figure. And he, Sam Morton, with but a single one of the jades in his possession, could hold up, dominate, not only Mr. Spike Rives, but Mr. Tresdale as well. Could scare the old tightwad half to death, make him pay through the nose, until that last medallion, at Mr. Morton's pleasure, was finally located.

There was one, and only one, Mr. Morton well knew, that he could hope to secure—the one in the possession of Audrey Blair. As for the others, he did not know where they were. It was possible, of course, that the girl might carry the stone about with her—possible, but not at all probable. Far more likely that she would leave it hidden somewhere in her apartment. Mr. Morton knew the location of that apartment, knew that Audrey occupied it alone, that it was a "walk-up," with only two doors to be opened—the first, at the street, the second, that of the apartment itself. So far as the street door was concerned, it did not bother him at all. He knew he had but to ring any one or all of the electric bells in the vestibule and some one would be certain to press a switch upstairs and open it.

Nor did the matter of making a forced entry to the apartment itself give him any particular concern. Mr. Morton, in the course of his long experience in underworld channels, had acquired an extensive knowledge of locks, and how to open them. Some he could solve quite readily with a hairpin. For others, a skeleton key was required. There were few, outside of those on safes, which he could not open in a very trifling interval of time.

What, he reflected, could be simpler than to watch Audrey's apartment until she went out, enter the place immediately thereafter and then at his leisure ransack it until the missing medallion was in his hands? It was, as he mentally expressed it, an "open and shut proposition"—a "pipe." There was not even any danger attached to it—he would select, for his visit, a time when Audrey had gone to dinner, and thus insure his having the apartment to himself. And, thinking being far less attractive than acting to Mr. Morton, he put on his hat, relit his frayed cigar, and took a Sixth Avenue car to Eleventh Street. As he descended from it, and strolled toward Fifth Avenue, the chimes in Madison Square were just sounding the hour of five.

MR. MORTON, who had shadowed Audrey on a number of occasions prior to the coming of Mr. Rives into the case, saw her leave the apartment about a quarter past five, climb aboard a bus, with a gratified smile. He sauntered to the front door of the apartment and to his satisfaction found it slightly ajar. This did not surprise him; he knew from long experience that such doors often were so, when the springs which closed them happened to be weak. He ascended the carpeted stairs, paused before Audrey's apartment, a bunch of keys in his hand. It was an easy task to open the simple lock; a moment later Mr. Morton had stepped softly into the hall.

Here, however, a surprise awaited him. A small, insignificant-looking man, with thin grey hair and an apologetic manner, stood staring at him. It was Stetson, who, supposing Audrey had returned to give him some final message, stood quivering with amazement at his most unexpected visitor. It was quite too shadowy in the little, unlighted hall for him to realize more than



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the fact that a man and not a woman stood before him, and owing to the extreme promptness with which Mr. Morton acted that was all Stetson *did* realize. A moment later he was being choked into oblivion by Mr. Morton's muscular and warty hands.

XI

IT WAS close to six o'clock when Audrey left the Hollywood Arms, after her unsatisfactory interview with Miss Sylvia Valentine. She felt completely baffled, and rather wished she had accepted Mr. Rives' suggestion that they work together. Possibly, after all, he might have been sincere in his offer; at least she could be no worse off than she was now so far as this one of the jades was concerned. Mr. Rives was to telephone her at six; by hurrying, she might reach home a few minutes after that hour. In furtherance of this plan she hailed a cab.

It was not, however, an especially happy thought. What with traffic jams, the usual congestion on Fifth Avenue, it was twenty minutes past six before she threw open her apartment door.

Once in the living-room, an astonishing sight greeted her. The place looked as though a wrecking crew had tried to dismantle it. The pictures on the walls had been torn down, the rugs taken up, the contents of the desk, the bookcase, strewn about the floor. The upholstered seats of the chairs, the couch, had been sliced open with a pen-knife, and even the pillows had shared in the general fate. Speechless, Audrey fled to the bedroom.

Here a similar scene of ruin met her gaze, but to her astonishment there was no sign of Stetson. With a cry she threw open the bathroom door.

The unfortunate butler lay, bound hand and foot, in the bathtub. A wadded handkerchief, thrust into his mouth, rendered him unable to utter more than a few feeble groans. Audrey lost no time in releasing him. When the old man, revived by a glass of water, a dash of aromatic spirits of ammonia, was able to tell his story, Audrey found that she knew no more, practically, than she had known before. A man had come in and choked him. That was all he could tell her. Whether his assailant was tall or short, light or dark, fat or thin, he had not the faintest idea. The hall had been too dark, the attack too quick. Audrey stared grimly at the evidences of destruction about her.

"He was after the piece of jade, whoever he was," she whispered. "Probably our friend, Mr. Rives. He watched, no doubt, and saw me go out. And he didn't realize you, Stetson, were here. I might have known he would try to find that medallion," she concluded. "But he didn't get it." With a laugh she stepped into the bathroom, picked up a large cake of soap. A thin line, now almost invisible, showed where the cake had been cut in half. Breaking it open, Audrey slipped the jade medallion from the space which had been hollowed out in the soap, and placed it in her purse.

"Rather a good thing I thought of that," she whispered.

Returning to the living-room, she told Stetson to go home, that she would not need him any more. The old man protested, but Audrey was firm.

"Nobody is going to bother me to-night, Stetson," she reassured him. "Lightning, you know, never strikes twice in the same place. Run along now, and get your dinner. I want to do some heavy thinking."

The result of this thinking was not very great, but to Audrey it represented the only thing she could do to secure at least an impression of Miss Valentine's jade medallion. The way she reasoned the matter out was this: The maid, Cecilia, would in all probability be at the Hollywood Arms during the evening, while her mistress was at the theatre. She might conceivably be willing to allow Audrey to make a wax impression of the medallion, in return for a suitable reward—say fifty dollars. Once she had impressions of all the jades before her, Audrey would at least be in a position to tell whether or not the inscriptions on them formed any sort of a message. But to do this, she had to have them all. The absence of even a single one would make the message, if message there were, meaningless. Above all, she felt that haste was imperative.

(Continued on page 50)



THERE isn't a car owner this side of the River Styx who won't appreciate the Cig-a-lite. It's always ready with a lighted smoke—one turn of a lever produces the cigarette, another turn lights and "puffs" it.

The Cig-a-lite, a handsome metal container for fifteen standard size cigarettes, fastens on to the dash, connecting with the ammeter and vacuum line or intake manifold. It is easy to install on any car. The necessary tube, wire and screws come with it.

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Office Bldg.—Church—Number of Windows—Number
of Doors—

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Eng. Dept. J-12.

The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 49)

Once Mr. Rives obtained possession of the jades, they were lost to her; of that she felt quite sure.

Preparing a hasty meal from the remains of breakfast in her tiny ice-box, she removed the worst evidences of disorder in her living and bedrooms, and once more set out for Miss Valentine's apartment. Remembering that she carried one of the jades with her she took the precaution to slip her automatic pistol into the pocket of her coat. It might come in handy, she reflected, in case anyone attempted to hold her up.

Her passage through the lobby of the Hollywood Arms to the elevator was a superb piece of acting. To the clerk at the desk she gave a nod and a smile. The boy to whom she had presented the dollar earlier in the day welcomed her as an old and valued friend. A few moments later she was pressing the bell at Miss Valentine's door.

The girl, Cecilia, who opened it, listened to Audrey's proposal with hardening eyes. Then she shook her head and tried to close the door. "Too many valuables in that there jewel-case for me to let anybody fool with 'em," she announced.

The door, however, did not close, for the reason that Audrey had inserted her foot in the opening. Well—she had tried diplomacy and failed—now she would try force. Snatching the pistol from her coat pocket she thrust it into the dumfounded maid's face.

"Open that door—quick!" she whispered.

The effect of the pistol was magical. The door flew open instantly, as the girl stepped back. Closing it again, bolting it, while still keeping the maid covered, Audrey backed her into the bedroom, and thence into the bathroom beyond. She would take a leaf, she reflected, from Mr. Rives' book. Had he not similarly incarcerated

poor Stetson? No sooner had the bathroom door closed upon the frightened negress, than Audrey began a search for the jewel-case.

A careful inspection of the dressing-table and bureau drawers failed to reveal it. Yet, Audrey argued, it was not kept locked up in a wall-safe, since Miss Valentine had ordered it brought to her by her maid earlier in the day. A trunk, perhaps. There was a small one, standing beneath the bedroom window, happily unlocked. Audrey lifted its top and perceived with delight the pigskin casket, lying in an upper tray.

It required but a moment to locate the brooch, make the wax impression of it. With a laugh Audrey flung open the bathroom door.

TO HER utter amazement, the maid had disappeared. A glance at the open window disclosed the manner of her flight. The fire-escape. How stupid of her, Audrey reflected, not to have thought of it.

With a gasp of dismay she raced to the front door, praying that she might get clear before the colored girl had time to give the alarm. Her hopes were vain. As she reached the hall there came a series of quick blows upon the door, a sharp command to open at once, before it was broken in.

Cursing herself for her stupidity, Audrey flew back to the bathroom. If the maid could escape that way, why not she?

As she came abreast of the bathroom window, something appeared from the darkness that froze her with horror. A man was mounting the fire-escape, his head and shoulders now on a level with the window-sill. Suddenly the light struck his face. With a groan of despair Audrey realized that she was staring into the grim countenance of Mr. Dudley Rives!

(To be continued)

Americans—Givers

(Continued from page 10)

At home, among ourselves, we have attained a "givingness" that has never been approached by any other nation in history.

There is a kindness creeping into the hard, silver American dollar that has perhaps never been known in any other coin on earth. You can prove this fact to the hardest boiled Socialist in the United States. The Socialist may claim that we have not done away with poverty, in spite of our riches, and we will agree with him. But this fact remains:

One and one-half billion dollars have been set aside in the United States during the past half century to abate the evils of poverty and, in the end, if possible to set aside poverty itself.

This one and a half billion dollars is at work every day and twenty-four hours a day, in American business, in the form of stocks and bonds and other securities, for the sole purpose of making life easier and better for our own people.

There isn't a train wheel that turns that does not earn a fraction of a cent for philanthropy and education; there isn't an ingot of steel turned out or a chunk of coal turned up, that doesn't produce some profit for institutions that have to do with the betterment of the lot of all Americans. You don't click a camera shutter or step on the accelerator of your car without putting some money into the mighty uplift which is going on in America to-day.

IN A little town in the Middle West not long ago the residents went down to the railroad station to meet not some great hero but six strange and poorly dressed boys. They were bewildered little fellows, those boys; it was pretty hard for them to understand what the welcome was about.

They were orphan boys, the first students in a school for orphans which had just been built in that town. That school had been established by an American who had made his fortune right in that little town; he had put \$4,000,000 into it and it will ultimately house about 200 boys. These boys will become citizens of this town; craftsmen and trained workers.

This town is little known; its population is

less than 8,000. The donor of this \$4,000,000 is known only in his own State and in his own business.

America is literally dotted with such instances. It is a literal fact that no one person or institution knows how many of such gifts have been made by American men and women. This writer, in a long and careful investigation, has been unable to make up a list of such donations and such enterprises. It would require a scouring of each State in the Union to uncover all the projects of this sort that are under way to-day in our country.

I came across the school in this little mid-Western town by accident; business took me there at a time when the folks were still talking about the reception to the six orphan boys.

That \$4,000,000 is still working in American business; it is woven into the fabric of American enterprise like threads of gold; but every cent that it earns goes into that citizen-factory, the school for the education of fatherless American boys.

This kind money that is tied up in American business plays queer tricks on American consumers; it forces us to take money out of our pockets and give it to fine, high purposes.

I have said that you cannot click a camera without giving some money for an uplifting purpose. This is because the head of one of our great manufacturing concerns has established a great university, with over 3,000 students, which is practically operated on the income from stock and bonds in a firm that manufactures photographic material.

It's only a coincidence, of course, but it is a fact that in the candy trade in the United States there is an astonishingly large sum of kind money, money set aside in the form of gifts for philanthropic and educational purposes. Every nibble of a certain brand of chocolate puts money into the coffers of a school for orphans, because the stock and bonds of that company—all of its possessions, in fact—have been devoted for perpetual use by that school. Their value is \$60,000,000! For many years, because of the philanthropy of a nationally known candy manufacturer, dainty ladies who peck away at

chocolate drops and high school girls, with their candy luncheons, have been keeping a famous mission in the Bowery supplied with the funds by means of which it has raised thousands of drunken wretches from Bowery gutters.

There is not any line of American business enterprise in which kind money is not at work. And this money is buried so deep in American business, is so thoroughly interwoven with our business fabric, that it will never come out. Here's an instance of how persistently and effectively this kind of money can work:

A young French sailor named Stephen Girard, born in Bordeaux, landed in Philadelphia about the time of the American Revolution, and went into business. He became an American of the Americans. During a yellow-fever epidemic in Philadelphia he took charge of the pest house and went out into the streets to pick up stricken citizens.

He caught the American spirit of "go-getting" and his lines of ships sailed all the seas. In the war of 1812 he helped to finance the American Government. His life was a hard one. He was motherless at twelve and ran away from home. His right eye, lost at birth, caused a gruesome disfigurement. His only child died in infancy and his wife went insane eight years after their marriage and survived for a quarter of a century in an asylum. Philadelphia folks called him an "atheist" and a "skinflint." He read Voltaire and was a strict business man. But when he died the day after Christmas in the year 1831 it was discovered that he had left a fund of \$3,250,000 for educational and philanthropic purposes. By means of this fund the famous Girard College in Philadelphia was established.

That was ninety-three years ago. Over 11,000 boys have been educated in that institution since its founding. The present attendance is 1,500. The \$3,250,000 fund of 1831 has grown until on January 1, 1924, it reached the sum of \$60,400,000. In one year, 1921, the fund earned \$3,521,000, a sum larger than the original bequest. Among other varied possessions sixteen great coal leases are owned by the Girard estate of today; they yield over 12,000 tons of coal a day and every ounce of that coal yields some tribute to Girard College; every user of that coal indirectly pays some money toward educating the 1,500 orphan boys in that great school.

The Girard foundation is one of the oldest foundations in the country. If we use it and its growth as a yard-stick to measure the future of foundations that exist to-day in the United States we arrive at amazing conclusions; we see that, in the warp and woof of American life and American business there is an influence at work that has never before been known in the history of any nation on earth.

Twenty-four major foundations are listed in the United States.

They total \$836,000,000!

They consist of securities in almost every branch of American business and American industry.

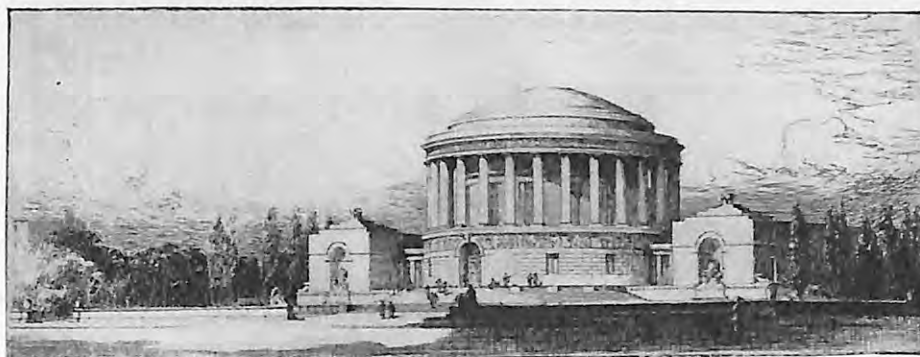
Apply the Girard ratio of increase to this \$836,000,000 and you discover that if these foundations were permitted to grow as the Girard estate has grown they might in the year 2024 amount to \$16,720,000,000 though the Girard rate of growth is impossible owing to certain present legal restrictions.

That much money, working for kindly purposes, might convert America into a new kind of a nation; might give mankind, as a mass, a new way of living.

It is difficult to understand how much sixteen billion dollars really is. The total earnings of Americans, annually, is sixty billion dollars. Sixteen billion dollars is more than the total value of all the railroads, at the last estimate of the federal census bureau; it is two billion dollars more than the value of all our manufactured products in 1912. It is equal to the wealth of India in 1923. It is equal to the total wealth of both the North and South at the time of the Civil War. It is over three times as large as the value of all the gold in our national coffers and there is not gold enough in existence to pay a debt of sixteen billion dollars.

That much money at work for kindly purposes could convert America into a new kind of nation; could give mankind, as a mass, a new way of living. By education, by progress, by scientific management of industry and agriculture and by the care of the physically and

(Continued on page 52)



Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago
Egerton D. Swartwout, Architect

"We have erected a monument more sublime and regal than the elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish."—SMART'S HORACE.

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Americans—Givers

(Continued from page 51)

mentally unfit the proper use of a sum like that might conceivably wipe out all poverty and all the sufferings that come from poverty and ignorance and injustice.

Who can say that America, a new kind of nation on earth, is not heading in that direction?

The \$36,000,000 dollars which form the present listed foundations in the United States, all devoted to research and philanthropic purposes, is a stupendous sum; no other people in known history has ever had any such wealth at work in its midst for the betterment of humanity's condition.

For every man, woman, and child in America there exists in these foundations the sum of \$8. This \$36,000,000 dollars earns about \$41,800,000 a year. It draws this \$41,800,000 out of the profits of American business and devotes it to purposes of betterment.

Ten and a half million persons—one-third of our man power—would have to work one day a year, at \$4 a day, to earn the interest on the sum invested in our foundations.

Thirty-five thousand people, working 300 days a year, would earn the interest on American foundations—as many people as live in Stamford, Connecticut, or Quincy, Illinois, or Wilmington, North Carolina, or San Jose, California.

So much for foundations. But we have more kind dollars at work in American business.

There are 139 universities in the United States, each one of which has an endowment of over \$1,000,000.

To be exact about \$635,000,000 is the endowment of these 139 seats of learning; every cent of this money is at work somewhere in American business, in the form of securities of one kind or another, yielding an income to these great schools. Over half of the American boys who go to our universities "work their way" through school; this is because of the low tuition which, in part, is made possible by the earnings of these great endowments.

It is actually a truth that we Americans do not eat or sleep or travel or enjoy amusements without financially helping some American boy or girl through some of our great universities. It is indirect help, it is true, but nevertheless, the results are very definite; it serves to give America the highest ratio of university graduates in our citizenship of any nation on earth.

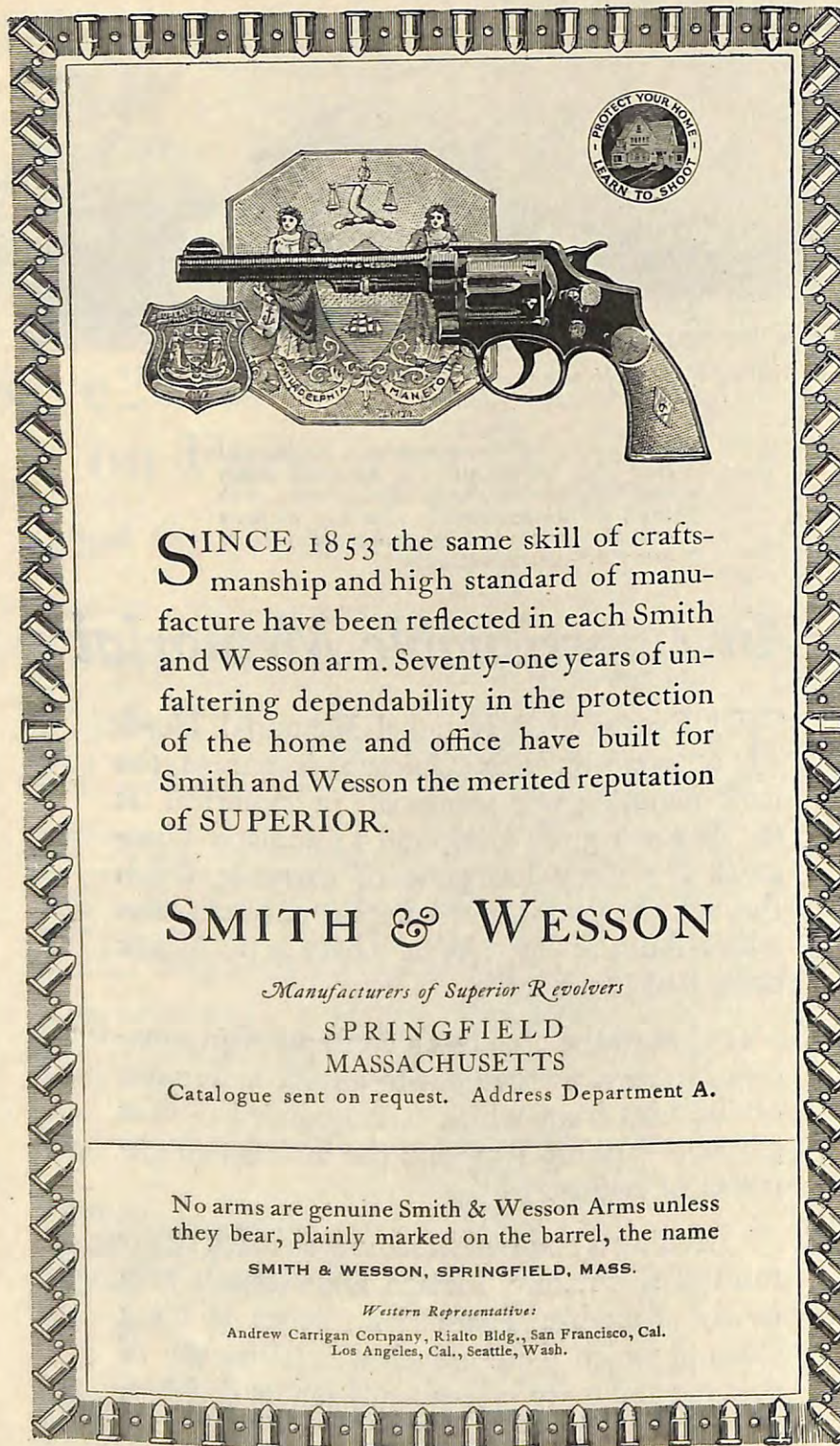
THERE'S your billion and a half kind dollars in American business—\$836,000,000 in foundations and \$635,000,000 in university endowments, with an allowance made for hidden millions, similarly employed, but quietly working in out-of-the-way corners of the land.

There is every indication that Americans and the men of America have only begun to give; that our billion and a half kind dollars, working for the betterment of America and Americans, and the world at large, are only the starters.

Within the past ten years, in fifty American cities, so-called "community trusts" have been formed. We Americans are familiar with "community chests" such as the city of Cleveland drew on for her greeting to stricken Japan. While a man is alive he may make his gifts to mankind through the "community chest." But the "community trust" is quite another thing; it handles and administers the bequests of citizens, who, having led full and happy and prosperous lives, go their ways into the hereafter, leaving behind them, for the betterment of their communities, part of the wealth which they gained in enterprise among their fellow men.

Local bankers, local government officials and local citizens form the boards of these "community trusts" and it will be their duty, perpetually, generation after generation, to see that the earnings of whatever kind dollars are placed in the "community trusts" are used for the "well-being of mankind."

Although the "community trusts" are new, hundreds of millions of dollars have been assigned to them in the wills of citizens who are still alive. Already these trusts have received \$15,000,000 for administration. With the passing of one or two generations we shall probably see every city of any importance in the United States in the enjoyment of a vast fund contributed by citizens for the purpose of benefiting



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(Cut Stone—Not Chips)



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Elk on ring will be sent for inspection.

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the citizens of that city and, incidentally, mankind at large.

We are rich, we Americans; and we are "go-getters," seekers of wealth.

But we are givers, too, and, in our giving it may be that we are finding a way to solve the problems of poverty—a new way that the world has never tried before.

But giving is not entirely a rich man's game in our United States.

Giving has become a community activity; it is hard for the neighbors to understand why some certain family in the community does not give at least a little something for the fight against tuberculosis or the flood sufferers in China or the earthquake sufferers in Japan.

In every American community to-day—and you will not find this anywhere else in the world—there is community machinery, of some sort, for sending out cries for help that may come from the utmost ends of the earth, and for collecting neighborhood funds for giving such help. Our shortest and humblest "Main Street" in America is tuned in on the troubles of folks throughout the world.

IN THIS article I might have mentioned many philanthropic institutions, a goodly number of foundations and not a small number of noted American men and women.

But this article wasn't about them.

It was about the American spirit of giving.

It is a new spirit that is coming into our midst; it is a spirit that is growing. And it is a mighty tendency that the onlooking world can't leave out of account when it tries to measure up the future of the United States of America, and tries to figure out what the America of the future will mean to the world at large.

Among other things America may give the world a new spirit of trust and confidence in mankind and of kindness to all men.

Perhaps that might mean the end of war.

A "Bush League" Bull Fight

(Continued from page 14)

made ready for another thrust. This time only the size of the bull prevented a clear miss.

With anguish and despair written in every line of his face, Zapaterito turned to the crowd and lifted his hands to high heaven. It was a noble gesture. It told the story of a man's courage brought to naught by a demon bull in whose soul dwelt forty thousand devils. As so often happened in the arenas of old Rome, it was a case of "thumbs down." The crowd, as one, joined in a great cry, and the word *ignorante* hit poor Zapaterito with the force of a Big Bertha.

Ignorant! *Dios de Dios!* They called him ignorant! Oh, insult of insults! Had he given his life to the profession only to meet contumely at the end? Ah, well, he would show them how heroes die. A third attempt, however, ended even more disastrously, and this time Zapaterito walked over to the barrier and put his burning head against the cool plank. Even this moment of dramatic despair was denied him. Some low creature just above him let out a piercing scream, and naturally enough, poor Zapaterito thought that the bull was making a charge. His frenzied leap, entirely unnecessary, carried the crowd to the edge of hysteria.

"We do not take this seriously," my neighbor explained in the pathetic fashion of one trying to account for the possession of stolen goods. "If this man were a true *diestro* there would be a different story to tell. Only last week in Tampico, the spectators, roused to noble anger by the cowardice of the bulls and the indifference of the *espadas*, tore down the entire ring and forced the infamous management to return every cent of their money. But *this*—we laugh!"

Under the continuous strain, poor Zap seemed to lose control entirely. His "fast ball" was wild, and the bull smashed his curves for home-runs. Utterly demoralized, he commenced a series of wild thrusts from every angle, and at last, through some lucky accident, a stroke seemed to go home. The bull tottered on his feet as if about to fall. A great joy lighted Zapaterito's gloom and with returned majesty, he waved away the *peones* and walked forward with the stride of a conqueror. Planting himself

(Continued on page 54)



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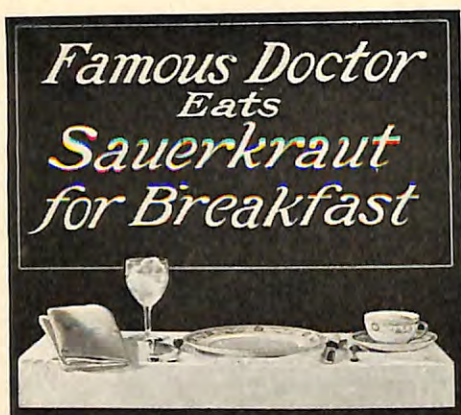
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A "Bush League" Bull Fight

(Continued from page 53)

squarely in front of the *Miureno*, he rested his left hand lightly on his hip and twiddled the fingers of his right against its nose. Pride swelled him and found vent in shrill taunts. Accursed animal! Where now are your evil thoughts? Behold, thou art helpless! Look upon thy master.

The bull obeyed and it was quite obvious that he did not like the look. Summoning every energy for one last supreme effort, he lunged forward, and only Zapaterito's agility saved his sciatic nerve. Taking to the ground again after a short flight, the enraged *matador* now decided upon stern measures. Enough of fooling! Half the week gone and nothing done. The bull stood with head drooping close to the ground, and Zapaterito crept close, sword held like a dagger. Aha! The *descabello*! Standing squarely over the animal, he focused his eyes on a spot just back of the horns, and after careful sounding, made a sudden downward stab. The bull did not move, but Zappie did. Habit was too strong for him, and as he struck he turned his face and jumped back. Instead of entering the base of the brain, the rapier merely punctured the bull's left ear.

"Choke him!" came the taunt. "Sit down and starve him out!"

Uttering yelps of pure insanity, Zapaterito now threw his near-science to the winds, and launched a series of aimless jabs that soon had the bull looking like homespun after the first wearing.

"Que ahora!" yelled the crowd ironically. "What now?"

Zapaterito and his companions withdrew to the side of the ring for another conference, or maybe for the purpose of sending a boy to the nearest drug store for poison. But wait! Can it be? The bull, left to himself, had crumpled to his knees. Whether he was resting or dying will never be known. The *cuadrilla* took no chances. With the speed of lightning a *punc-tillero* leapt forward and drove home his dagger to the brain. As one willing to forgive and forget, Zapaterito turned to the spectators with a beaming smile and congratulatory wave of hand.

Roaring its distaste, the populace laid down a barrage of oranges, but after an hour with the *Miureno*, Zap was in rare dodging form. He gained the barrier with only one good solid hit scored against him.

The sixth bull, a vicious, sullen specimen from Veragua, fell to the lot of Bonarillo. Evidently resolved to die rather than repeat the shame of Zapaterito, this young chap advanced with fury and courage. He made some beautiful *pases* and when it came to the *volapie*, entered straight between the horns and drove home his *estoque* clear to the hilt. As if hamstrung, the bull fell to its knees, and rolled over. With a blare of joy the band gave him a *diana*, that burst of music that cries "Well done," and Bonarillo, oozing pride, made the circuit of the ring, bowing to plaudits, accepting cigars and not disdaining to pick up the silver thrown him.

"What a pity!" exclaimed my friend of the red face as we trudged to the exit. "Superb bulls, every one with good blood in his veins! May they rest in peace! Ah, if only they could have died by noble hands!"

Nor, he continued, must I judge bull fighting by this base exhibition! I must wait to see Gaona or Sanchez Mejias or Silveti. There was courage! There was grace! I said nothing, not from dislike of argument, but because of the fainting condition of my Spanish. But I had many thoughts. To be sure, the *matadores* do risk their lives, for at any moment the bull may decide to charge the man instead of the *muleta*. However, the *espada* never attempts the kill until the bull has been thoroughly worn out by the *picadores* and the *banderilleros*, and even then he has the assistance of his *cuadrilla*. When the Moors first introduced bull fighting in Spain, the bull was fought by one man alone and this man was armed only with a short spear. The Cid Campeador went into the ring on horseback and charged the bull with a lance. Francisco Romero, first of the professionals, killed his bulls unaided, and Martincho, another historic master, would sit in a chair and destroy the bull by a single thrust, using his hat as a *muleta*.

Is it, or is it not, a degenerate age? I ask you?

Failure Farm

(Continued from page 19)

A sob shook him as he came to the end of his defense. Pathetic in his physical comicality, with both hands hanging at his sides, he waited for sentence to be passed.

All four derelicts had been deeply moved by Jones's simply told story. They realized that their own pitiful failures were not more genuine and tragic. Alton was the first to rise and hold out his hand. "You belong," he said generously, and gripped hard. The others followed the old man's example—Passmore exuberantly, with tears still shining on his fat cheeks; Phillips earnestly, with a few words of high-pitched welcome; Fraser cordially, with a frank apology.

On his way to the door Jones stopped and shook Holt's hand, his face alight with triumph, his eyes gleaming at his success. The novelist murmured congratulations, and his sympathy would have remained warm about him but for the fact that, once again, Jones closed one eye in a deliberate wink.

Holt resented this. It seemed to undermine that outburst and leave it false and insincere. It puzzled and annoyed him so much, in fact, that, after saying "good-night" he followed Jones out, suspicion aroused again. He was just in time to see the little man jaunting down the cow-path with his shadow dancing grotesquely by his side on the moon-splashed turf. "Fraser's first impression was right," Holt said to himself. "There is something queer about this," and seeing that the would-be tragedian had turned to the right on the main road he took a short cut across the cabbage field to head him off and have it out. Dodging and ducking and keeping behind the bodies of the great oaks he came finally to the road, and waited for Jones to approach. He was in for another surprise. Jones was glad to see him, welcomed him with a waving hand, and hurried forward with real excitement and triumph.

"Damn them all," he shouted. "Wasn't I right when I said that I could make 'em cry, and hold 'em breathless with my dignity and power? Wasn't I? Wasn't I? Look at 'em to-night. Did you ever see anything like it? I had 'em—a pretty tearless lot—not merely cryin' but weepin', I tell yer! Without make-up too, without an atom of paste on my silly-ass nose. Oh my God, I could have been world-renowned if only they'd believed in me and given me a chance. I could have had a London theatre of my own by this time and had the joy of seeing my old dad in the Royal box beamin' with pride at my Othello and Macbeth."

Holt was staggered. "I don't understand," he said. There was deep sincerity here. "Was it simply your purpose, then, to achieve a histrionic triumph just now? Weren't you keener to qualify for Failure Farm than prove your power to move an audience to tears? Upon my soul, I'm beat."

There was a most curious silence, broken finally by a sigh and a laugh. The whole appearance of that odd creature changed from rather painful exultation to a sort of dry practicality.

"Stroll as far as the village," he said. "I want to talk to you." He spoke like an educated man, a social equal. He took Holt's arm as they began to walk and fell into an easy stride.

"I've been trying for several days, my dear Holt, to take you into my confidence. But you didn't like me in my character as a cockney sparrow, did you? Which is not to be wondered at. And so you have avoided me and ignored all my overtures. You weren't to know the game I am here to play, so don't apologize."

"Game? Then you confess to playing a game?"

"I do," he said gravely, "and a very serious one. And as I'm most anxious that your obvious and very natural antagonism shall be withdrawn,

I will tell you what it is. I don't need your help because, through Fraser's unconscious assistance, I have won my right to remain at Failure Farm. But I do need your confidence and understanding—especially now as things are going my way. Wait a minute, and I'll put my cards on the table. I can see that you don't know whether you're standing on your head or your heels."

"I don't," said Holt.

AND he gave a chuckle. "Every word of that story of mine was true," he continued, grave again and eager. "That's why it moved those four poor devils to such genuine emotion. But I didn't finish it. Under the circumstances it didn't seem to be necessary. I'll finish it now. Starving and on the verge of brain fever, I wandered at last into the house of a brother doctor. That was three weeks after I left Edinburgh. He took me in and treated me. He used upon my disturbed brain and shattered spirit the wonderful principles of psycho-analysis to which he had devoted himself. And eventually, of course, set me on my feet again by influencing me back to the real job that was mine—medicine. I started again in Bloomsbury, convinced that my triumphs would be won as a doctor and not as a tragedian. And from that moment I plunged into my friend and saviour's line of thought. Thank God I have had the inestimable privilege of rescuing a dozen such poor wretches as I was from despair and suicide. The reason of my being here is to try to do it again."

Holt pulled up short and faced him. "Who are you, then?" he asked.

"Cartwright!" said the little man.

"Cartwright? Not the Cartwright? Not the man everybody's talking about?"

As he looked up at the novelist a very humble expression came into the doctor's eyes. "Yes. That Cartwright," he replied quietly. "But that doesn't mean anything yet."

Holt caught up his hand. "It means that you saved my brother," he cried out. "It means that no other man in England could cure his shell-shock but you. To me and to him and to his wife and children the name of Cartwright is among our sacred names."

"Thank you," Cartwright said. "The cheers of a hundred audiences couldn't help me as much as those words."

They moved on again, in silence. Both of them had something in their throats. So this was the "something queer" about Jones, the cockney sparrow. He was the famous Dr. John Cartwright of Russell Square, mender of beaten spirits, builder of shattered nerve systems, renewer of broken hopes.

When he spoke again it was in his most crisp and practical way. "I am combining business with pleasure here," he said. "I needed country air and exercise, early hours and the absence of the cursed telephone. I came to the farm on behalf of Mrs. Passmore, who implored me to work on the Professor and persuade him back to his old job."

"By Jove, if only you can."

"If only—how often I am faced by those two pathetic words! However, I shall do my best. And what's more, being here, I think I can do something for Fraser, Phillips and the unfortunate old man. I repeat that I shall do my best. But to do that I must continue, of course, to play the part of Jones, the man who couldn't be tragic and won an honored place in Failure Farm. I can rely on your not giving me away?"

"Good Heavens, yes, indeed."

"Good. Having been taken into this tragic brotherhood I can now get down to work."

"Do you mind if I ask you about these men? It's not the curiosity of a novelist that prompts me but the deep interest of one who has a brother."

"I'll rough them out," said the Doctor, stopping for a moment to light his pipe. "Let's take old Alton as the first and the most difficult case. The son of Robert Alton, of the famous firm of Alton, Armstrong & Buckmaster, civil engineers, he was educated in engineering. Having inherited the genius of his father as well as the business when the partners died, all he would have had to do was to have stuck to the business and his name would have been on the everlasting list of master bridge-builders."

Holt was amazed. "What, that Alton!" he

(Continued on page 56)



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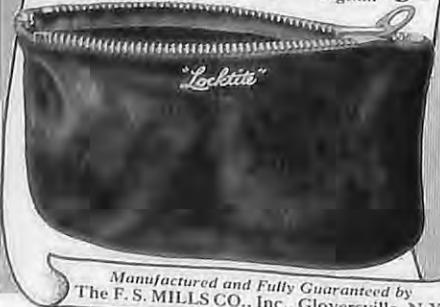
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Failure Farm

(Continued from page 55)

said. "Why, he ought by this time to have been made a Peer!"

"Quite so. But on the day that he stepped into his father's shoes he went off at a sudden tangent. He took to writing novels."

"Novels? By an engineer?" Holt laughed.

"Queer notion, wasn't it? And so was his absorbing ambition, which was to succeed to the mantle of Thackeray, give the world a series of satirical masterpieces of social life and be buried in Westminster Abbey. . . . Poor devil. Nothing that he ever wrote was published. Nothing. He sold his business, rented Thackeray's house in Kensington, married, settled down, and without condescending to consider the sort of thing the public wanted to read, wrote a novel a year. The manuscripts of all these books are lying in a huge box up in one of the lofts. I've been having a look at them. With no plot, no love story, no hero and no heroine, they are nothing but mordant dissertations on the psychology of society, the scornful analysis of frail humanity."

"And he called them novels!"

"And still maintains that they are. And notwithstanding the fact that as a novelist he is the greatest failure known in the history of letters, it was only when he was reduced to the last thousand pounds of the proceeds of his business and was fifty-eight years old, that he finally owned to failure and bought this farm. He did that to get away from London and its bitter associations, and to provide Mary, his one masterpiece, with clean air and the certainty of a livelihood. He no longer fingers a pen or thinks in terms of chapters. He is the abject slave of Nature by whose flighty kindness he scrapes a sort of living. The only thing out of which he gets a gleam of pleasure is a game of chess."

"I notice that. And who was Phillips?" Holt spoke of him involuntarily as though he too was over and finished with.

CARTWRIGHT accepted the past tense.

"Don't you remember the name of Duncan Phillips—that used to be over the finest block of buildings in Regent Street? Duncan Phillips—lingerie and corsets, the 'D-P Union Suit'? He was the man who gave twenty-five years of his life to prison reform, started and edited a revolutionary paper so brilliantly dangerous that he found himself among the very criminals whose lot he tried to remedy, and received five years penal servitude which broke his spirit and ruined his business. He's now a perfect marvel at raising sheep."

"Duncan Phillips! Good Lord, I remember, of course. The humanitarian who thought he could bring about the millennium with a bomb. Back to the land, eh? What an amazing change."

Cartwright gave a short laugh. "Wherever we begin and get, or fail in getting, the earth claims us at the end. As to Passmore, with the gray trousers, he was a History Professor at Oxford who chucked the job for which he was born to try and make money in commerce. He had dreams of a palatial London house crammed with old masters, first editions and intellectuals. He went to the Stock Exchange like a lamb to the slaughter, lost his capital of twenty thousand pounds within twenty days and trembled on the edge of lunacy for a year. Just escaping, he was ashamed to take up teaching in an inferior position or return to Oxford to live on his wife. So he paced the hard pavement of Fleet Street trying to become a journalist, and when the soles of his last pair of boots had worn away, had them patched with his one remaining shilling and tramped into the country. He worked his way from village to village and finally was taken on by Alton last year for the hay-making. I preceded him by just five days. When are you returning to London?"

"I'm leaving to-morrow," said Holt.

"Are you, though? I'm sorry. Well, try to come back at the end of the month. I can't guarantee any miracles, but if you don't find at least one or two changes here I'll eat my hat and yours. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll keep my belated appointment with Mrs. Passmore at the 'Black Bull.' The poor lady needs cheering. Good-night, my dear fellow." His comedian face broke into the most friendly smile.

Holt watched him swing along the deserted

road that was echoing, tree-lined, touched with the moon's magic and the night's peace. Short of leg and long of arm, his hat tilted over his left ear, his whole personality irresistibly and reluctantly comic, he made off jauntily as though he were going down to the footlights to start a song and dance. In spite of this he left behind a sense of inspiration and hopefulness, energy and eagerness that were electrical. He little knew how often his name had been in the prayers of, amongst others, the novelist and the brother that he loved, and those others who were loved by the brother.

"Good luck," Holt called out, waving his hand.

PRESSURE of work kept Holt in the city well into the new month. But when eventually he managed to escape and drove his car to Failure Farm it was to arrive an hour after the evening meal.

He left the car in an outhouse, crossed the open yard of cobble-stones and made anxiously for the kitchen. As he put out his hand to raise the rusty latch it was seized by Cartwright, who sprang upon him from the shadow of the wall with a whispered welcome. "I saw you drive in," he said, "and am very glad you've come. I thought you'd lost all interest in us."

"Good Lord, no," Holt replied, examining him keenly. "I couldn't get away before."

"Well, you're better late than never, cockie," he said, affecting the well-remembered accent for a moment. He seemed to be in the highest spirits.

"Whose hats are you going to eat, Doctor?"

"Sh-h! Not so loud. I'm still playing the part of the little bouncer Jones. Come here, and take a look." He drew Holt to one of the windows.

Of the usual evening contingent of derelicts only Alton could be seen. It is true that he was bending over the table in the old attitude, with his glasses on his bony nose, but in place of the chessboard there was a pile of manuscript, and a bottle of ink. He was writing.

Holt wheeled round in amazement. "What's it mean?" he asked.

Cartwright took his arm and led him round the building and into the courtyard. Holt found himself once more in the doorway of the potato-shed under which Fraser had told him his story the night of several surprises. Was this to be another of the same?

"I've not got to eat either your hat or mine," said Cartwright, with a wonderful smile. "Passmore went back to Oxford with his wife last Monday. His college gave him a thunderous welcome and he's the perfect Don again. Duncan Phillips left on Tuesday for Liverpool. His young brother's business required the master touch and he has gone into partnership with him to revive the D-P Union Suit."

There was a whoop of delight. "My dear man, how did you manage it?"

"Suggestion," he replied. "I inoculated them both with the metaphorical virus of their first ambitions and bit by bit it took. Phillips was a more difficult patient than Passmore. Prison leaves hideous marks on a man's soul. He will put his whole mind into his old business, but the light has gone out. It is empty. He will fail."

"I'm sorry. . . . What about Alton?"

Cartwright chuckled. "Ah, he was a hard nut, if you like. But I got him going by reading aloud after dinner one of your popular novels. They piqued him and made him dreadfully jealous. They sent him secretly up to the barn where all his life-work was. Without a word to a soul he picked out one of his early books and fell on it night after night till the small hours. Then he came to me for advice. Should he cut out all the cynicism and philosophy and inject an often-written love story into what remained of it? 'No,' I said. 'Leave it as it is, because times have changed and these things are considered clever. But give it a happy ending.' And he did so and threw it at me to read. 'How about that?' he asked scornfully. . . . My dear fellow, it had best-seller stamped upon it. It was all so perfectly new and in the fashion. I sent it up immediately to a publisher friend of mine—without asking his permission. He thinks I'm still wading through it, and is doing the same

(Continued on page 58)



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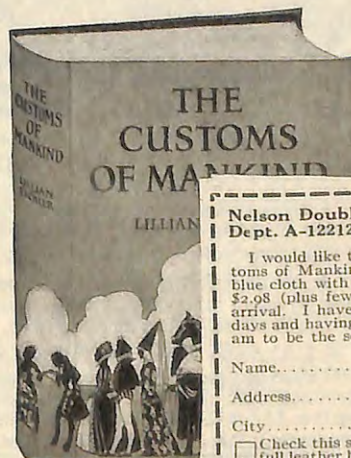
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Failure Farm

(Continued from page 56)

thing to another in the same spirit of scorn. I've just come back from the post-office with the letters. Melville writes to me that he has accepted the book and likes it immensely and has written to Alton to make him an offer. Here it is."

"Isn't that tremendous," Holt said breathlessly.

"He only had to be sufficiently annoyed, you see. I caught him at a moment of savage humility. His pride never let him alter a line before. And as for Fraser, I have a little surprise for him." He held up another unopened letter.

"Fraser—yes, tell me about Fraser. He's too young and fine for this back-water."

Cartwright gripped Holt's arm. "Dr. Mary worked with me on that case," he said. "Look."

He heard voices and peeping out saw the playwright and the spring maid strolling into the yard laughing and talking.

"Love and a desire to marry and build a nest helped me with Fraser," continued Cartwright, under his breath. "The rest was easy. We talked plots the night after you left. I led him into a long and heated discussion. He only condescended to argue with me because I know the stage. He described his favorite play in detail—aim, thesis and construction. It was Ibsen without the Ib, so to speak, but, by Jove, with what a gorgeous idea! He asked me what I thought of it, and I said it was masterly but as dead as the Dodo. He told me that if he chose to bastardize his art he could make it a live popular box-office success in two days. And there was my chance. I had him on my hook."

"How?"

"Impossible," I said. "Pick out a hack dramatist at random and he could do it any day of the week, but you," I said, "never in this world. You have lost your touch, that charming light touch that drew all and sundry to your early plays. You could no more popularize that play than turn Cleopatra's needle into a toothpick." "Oh, I can't, can't I?" he shouted, black with rage. "We'll damned well see about that." And off he went, then and there, with Mary's starlike eyes like beacons in his brain."

"And then what?"

"He did the trick, but took four weeks over it," said Cartwright, showing his teeth. "Result—delightful. A genuine comedy. I'm still supposed to be reading it. Whereas, I need hardly say, it went to his old manager at once, with a letter of explanation. Meantime, the itch for writing is on him. The old habit has revived. Every spare hour sees him working for dear life; and this time he's writing for Mary." "Good boy!" said Holt, meaning it both for Fraser and the man who had teased his pen.

Cartwright cleared his throat. "This is going to be the best night I've had for many a long day—or you've had either. You're a very decent chap."

Holt punched him in the chest by way of gratitude for his praise. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll show you. Being an actor still—every doctor has to act—I'll work up to a curtain and save my surprises for Alton and Fraser, to say nothing of that brave little girl. I hope and believe that Fraser's letter is favorable. I've not heard personally from the manager. If those fellows know how to write they don't practise overmuch."

Holt held out his hand. "Congratulations, Doctor. It's a wonderful science that you've brought to such perfection."

"Is it? I wonder," he said, wincing under that grip. "Do you know, I'm inclined to believe that the new words, psycho-analysis, stand for nothing but two very old ones."

"Really, which?"

"Human sympathy," he replied, and moved out into the courtyard. "Look at those two, standing against the light of the window. They were born for one another. Would to God I had been a twin-brother of Fraser's. I might have a sweet girl like that to welcome me home. . . . But who would fall in love with such a face as mine? However, it's time for the finale. Come in with me."

Holt was greeted cordially by Alton and Fraser, very shyly by Mary. He thought that she must have guessed that he had read her

secret during his former visit. It had been easy enough.

Jones, as he had immediately become, played postman, pretending, with a touch of comic genius, to be a crabbed old man, with asthma and a gouty foot. "One fer Farmer Alton," he said. "T'other fer G. Guthrie Fraser, H'esquire."

It was a long time since Fraser had received a letter addressed like that. He took it quickly, with a startled expression, and examined the handwriting. "Why, this is from Harrison," he said. "Why on earth's he writing to me?" And he stood gazing at it, puzzled and stirred.

Alton watched him with what Holt thought was envy. He evidently considered that his own letter was a bill and put it on his blotting-pad. Mary caught her breath.

"Well," said Jones, with an idiotic grin. "I discovered some years ago that the best way to see what's inside a letter is to open the bloomin' thing."

A sudden thought struck Fraser like a blow. He wheeled round to Jones. "Did you have the impertinence to send that play to Harrison?" he demanded.

"I did," said Jones, putting up his arm to guard his head. "Don't 'it too 'ard, cockey."

"I've a good mind to wring your neck." But the hand that held the letter began to tremble and the eyes that scanned the address again were filled with the most painful excitement and fear. Perspiration broke out on his forehead and his face went as white as chalk. Finally he handed the letter to Mary. "I'm afraid," he said. "Will you read it, please?"

And Mary took it and opened it and read it aloud. "My dear Fraser, come out of your hiding-place and help me cast your play tomorrow. It will put you back at the top of the ladder and fill my theatre for a year." . . . A little cry went up to Heaven as the letter fluttered to the floor.

Fraser caught her in his arms and held her against his heart. "You've done this," he said brokenly. "It's yours, as I am."

The man on whom the mantle of Thackeray had never fallen dropped his hand on his pad. He was old, very old, and the only failure left except Jones, who didn't seem to mind.

Giving Holt an extraordinary look in which joy was mixed with triumph, Jones went swiftly to the table. He picked up Alton's letter and handed it to Mary. "You're the one to read this, too," he said.

And she took it with surprise.

Alton shook his head.

Holt hadn't the pluck to go to him and put his hand on the old bent shoulder. He had had so much of the luck.

And the clear young voice broke the silence once more. "My dear Sir: I beg to inform you that it will give me the greatest pleasure to publish your most excellent novel at once, and I shall be honored if you will pay me a visit at your early convenience to discuss an agreement."

"Oh, my God!" cried Alton.

In an instant Mary broke away from Fraser's arms and put the old man's head against her breast.

And Fraser turned and stared hard at the little impertinent Cockney. "There's something queer about this," he muttered.

"Don't you worry about me," said Jones. "I'm all right."

And then, with the first gleam of humor that Holt had ever seen him show, Alton rose, his eyes gleaming, his great hook nose red with the sun, his hollow cheeks all wet with tears.

"I'm a failure even as a failure," he said, and laughed and laughed.

Holt was deeply moved at all this. He was a sympathetic soul. It seemed to him that a good angel had waved a wand in that old kitchen. He turned to Cartwright to blurt out some of the amazement that his achievement had stirred in him. But the sight of his face dispelled his words. It had become white and sad. There was a great fatigue in his eyes and all about his queer little body. It was obvious that his concentrated effort of will had drawn upon his spirit.

He saw Holt's concern, twisted his mouth into that comic grin, and took his arm. "Let's go out," he said, under his breath. "My job's over. They don't want me any more."

They need not have taken such pains to go quietly across the stone floor. Alton had gone

(Continued on page 60)



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Failure Farm

(Continued from page 59)

back to the table and was rereading the publisher's letter with the most poignant joy. He had no eyes or ears for them. Mary was in her chair again with the familiar work-basket at her elbow, and George was on his knees at her feet, his arms clasped about her slim, sweet body and his head on her breast. The smile that played on her lips was maternal in its beauty. They had forgotten everything but love.

Cartwright drew up at the door and looked back with indescribable wistfulness at Alton's Mary. He put his hand over his heart as he turned away and Holt heard him give a sigh that ended in a groan.

He led his friend to a place behind the farmhouse which overlooked a sweep of valley. Grouped about its mother church the village was all twinkling with lights. They looked like fireflies. They sat down on a fallen tree from which all the bark had been peeled away. The sky, star-pitted, was higher above them than it had ever seemed to be. The moon was full, cold and curiously impersonal. There was no sense of silence because the insect life was still astir, and along the path which wound its way through a little forest of pines and birches some boys and girls were singing as they walked.

Cartwright spoke suddenly. "Did you hear Fraser say there was something queer about all this?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is."

"Is there? How?"

"I came here on a mission as well as for a holiday. I told you that. I was pretty well tired out after a year's work, incessant and unsparing. All I was asked to do, as you know, was to send the professor back to Oxford—to rescue him from his miasma of wounded pride and half-contented sloth. Then I worked as I said I would on all the other poor talented derelicts, with the results that you have seen. It was a huge effort. I didn't do it scientifically. I did it humanly, and it has left me as empty as a dried-up well."

Holt laid his hand on Cartwright's arm, thinking of all that he had done for his young brother too.

"The queer part of it all is this," he went on: "Putting these men on their feet again has proved that I am an actor, not a doctor. In succeeding as an actor—I had to play a different part with each of our old friends—I failed as a doctor. Do you understand? And so I'm going to remain on Failure Farm—the one remaining failure."

"You're not!" Holt cried out.

"Yes, I am," he said. "I'm going to buy the place from Alton. I'm very, very tired, old man, and no one knows how lonely. I need the beauty and quietude of this old house. I need the optimism of the earth and the fellowship of trees. And here—as nowhere else—there will always be the spirit of Mary, who will take my heart with her. I shall see her sitting in the old kitchen every night bending over her work-basket. I shall hear her quiet tread on the stairs and her call to the poor old dog. . . . And I shall let it be known, presently, that the man who lives here is a failure—other failures welcome. There are so many of 'em wandering about. See the idea?"

Holt not only saw the idea but something in Cartwright's eyes that made all arguments foolish. He didn't think that there was anything queer in all this—knowing Cartwright.

So This Is Christmas!

(Continued from page 15)

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(Continued on page 62)



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That's the kind of talk you hear about the visits of Fyr-Fyter Representatives, and the convincing story they have to tell. And it's your story, your opportunity if you have in you a grain of ability to succeed in what others are doing so profitably.

The Reason WHY Fyr-Fyter Representatives Make \$20 to \$60 a Day

Look around you, see inflammable material everywhere, listen to the fire alarms and the fire engines dashing madly down the street, read the papers, get Uncle Sam's statistics of appalling fire losses of five hundred million dollars a year, and then realize what inadequate fire protection you find on every hand. That's why Fyr-Fyter men make so much money, \$20 to \$60 a day and often more.

Let 100 Men who are doing it Tell You

There's not a logical reason under the sun why any home, factory, garage, institution or any of a hundred other places can get out of being your customer for Fyr-Fyters after you've told the story we tell you to tell.

Payne averaged \$20.77 per day for 217 days and that shows you we're not talking about any one day luck. Mendenhall works half time and knocks out \$100 a week. Frank Depries made over \$500 in one week, following an 11-year city job at \$85 a month, and averaged \$150 a week. There are scores more, hundreds of sales records show how Fyr-Fyter men make good. Any 100 of them will tell you "If you're a man of average ability, just one of the regular fellows and want to make good, hop on to the Fyr-Fyter proposition."

Write Today

And we say, write today if you've got a spark of ambition, 100 good men are needed to round out our big national sales force.



The Fyr-Fyter Co.

520 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Clip This Coupon or Write a Letter

The Fyr-Fyter Co.
520 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

Gentlemen: Just send me particulars.

Name.....

Address.....

So This Is Christmas!

(Continued from page 61)

Dr. Doolittle's Circus—by Hugh Lofting. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

No Christmas would be complete without our own Dr. Doolittle in some form or other. Hugh Walpole says that Dr. Doolittle in his various adventures is the first real children's classic since "Alice."

Robinson Crusoe—by Daniel Defoe. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

A new, attractive and inexpensive addition to this firm's excellent Stories All Children Love Series.

Treasure Island—by Robert Louis Stevenson. (John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

The best edition at the lowest price that we have ever seen of this great story. Gorgeous colored illustrations.

Everyday Wonders—by Laura A. Large. (W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago.)

A perfect book for the young, inquiring mind.

The Boy Adventurers in The Unknown Land—by A. Hyatt Verrill. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Fourth volume of the extremely popular Boy Adventurer series. This is particularly good reading for chaps between the ages of ten and fifteen.

Girls in The High Sierras—by Katherine Ellis Barrett. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A delightful story of a girls' camping party in the far West. Illustrated.

Pussy Willow's Naughty Kittens—by Lillian E. Young. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

When the youngest member of the family begins to take to literature, this picture book (with a delightful trick hidden between its covers) may fill every childish need.

Raggedy Ann Stories—by Johnny Gruelle. (P. F. Volland Co., Chicago, Ill.)

The story of a now famous rag doll and her amazing exploits. Small daughters adore Raggedy Ann.

Moving Picture Circus.

A toy book for the tiny shaver who isn't up to very heavy reading yet. Published by the Ideal Book Builders, 9 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

For the Amateur Detective

Walker of The Secret Service—by Melville Davison Post. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Adventures of a train robber who becomes a great master detective. As bandit or sleuth, Walker, the hero, is equally exciting and brave.

Grey Face—by Sax Rohmer. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A grim, grey face appears mysteriously in various parts of London—in the slums and in the walks of the mighty. Always there is a frightening result. Here is a plot thick with incident and thrills.

Officer!—by Hulbert Footner. (George H. Doran Company, New York.)

A pretty girl invaded his room in a hotel—he called a policeman—after that, suspicion, suspense, arrest, mystery, romance!

Vultures of the Dark—by Richard E. Enright, Commissioner of Police in the City of New York. (Brentano's, New York.)

This expert on crime writes of one of the greatest criminal organizations that ever preyed upon fashionable New York.

The Best Ghost Stories—edited by Bohun Lynch. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A thrilling collection of yarns—most of which are modern.

Chalk Face—by Waldo Frank. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

A story of mystery, murder, ghosts and dreams. As told by this gifted novelist, this "thriller" becomes literature.



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taking orders for Jiffykake, a prepared cake flour containing eggs, milk, sugar, shortening, baking powder and flavoring—add water—and bake. Anyone can easily and quickly make a delicious cake. Every home a prospect. Housewives eager to buy—just the article they have been looking for. Repeat orders every week bring you profit and a big, permanent business. This is just one of the 350 famous

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Vivid romance of a most brilliant character, set in a past day—Virginia of Washington's time—and Jefferson's. Mr. Hergesheimer's literary style has "all the lights turned on."

The Slave Ship—by Mary Johnston. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

An enthralling novel of colonial Virginia and the eighteenth century slave trade.

Lottery—by W. E. Woodward. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A laughing and biting satire on the modern business man, and the god of luck that so often plays an important part in his success. A great tale. Most men would enjoy this with chuckles.

Isles of The Blest—by Wilbur Daniel Steele. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A story of southern seas. A man and his wife each seeking freedom and adventure meet on the same steamer as they run away to find these beckoning things.

Plumes—by Lawrence Stallings. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

The account of two young people—a returned soldier and his wife—who try to cover the scars of war. Mr. Stallings is co-author of "What Price Glory," the astounding war play which is causing a sensation in New York.

Nina—by Susan Ertz, author of "Madame Claire." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The old, unsolved question—does a woman need to love, or is it sufficient for her to be loved?

Professor How Could You!—by Harry Leon Wilson. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York.)

A novel to "torture every wife, and tickle every husband." A laughing hit, by a man's writer.

Sard Harker—by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Wonderful romance of the sea, youth, and a dream that almost comes true. Told by a master hand.

The Enchanted Hill—by Peter B. Kyne. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.)

The Southwest as a background for a wind-blown, sunny, honest love story.

The White Monkey—by John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The disillusionment of youth, from a new angle. An after the war story.

The Needle's Eye—by Arthur Train. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A distinguished and worth-while novel of our complex, modern life.

The Melting Pot

Ariel, The Life of Shelley. Translated from the French by Ella D'Arcy. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

This beautiful biography, written with a novelist's art, has been the literary sensation of its year.

Louder Please!—by Ernest Elmo Calkins. (The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.)

An interesting and exciting account of the battle for success by a typical American business man. The handicap of deafness, in this case, only makes the narrative more stimulating.

Cross Word Puzzle Book, Third Edition. (Plaza Publishing Co., New York.)

The Life of Calvin Coolidge—by Horace Green. (Duffield & Co., New York.)

Since we elected him we really ought to know something about him. Here are lots of interesting facts.

Francis Wilson's Life of Himself—(Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.)

A famous and distinguished comedian, and a great student, writes a good book.

(Continued on page 64)



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This wide experience, now available in the Thompson apparatus, means Receiving sets and Speakers that embody the latest and best practice in Radio Engineering.



A critical investigation of each model will disclose outstanding features of genuine effect, in artistic appearance, naturalness of tone, simplicity of operation.

Radio in the home broadens the scope of human happiness. Every day the broadcast program carries something for every member of the family.

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Hundreds of Shaves From Every Blade

The Ingersoll Dollar Strop keeps razor blades practically as good as new—hundreds of shaves from every blade! That means no more discarding blades after a few shaves. Re-sharpen them and save \$5 to \$10!

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DAYS'
TRIAL

Prove that the Ingersoll Dollar Strop is all we claim. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit including specially-treated 12-inch Leather Strop and patent nickel-plated Holder. No skill required. Automatically puts scientifically keen edge on blade! Money-back guarantee if ten-day trial doesn't convince that Mr. Ingersoll's new invention solves your razor blade troubles. Write today, mentioning make of razor used.

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\$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if at end of 10 days you are not satisfied with this late model UNDERWOOD typewriter rebuilt by the famous Shipman Ward process.

GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory in the world by our money saving methods.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS So small that you will not notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS Explaining Shipman Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters and also valuable information about the typewriter industry both instructive and entertaining.

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Buy your Christmas Gifts on our easy confidential payment plan. Send only \$1.00 and your selection will be promptly sent to you. When you have examined it carefully and convinced yourself of its exceptional value pay only one-fifth of the price. The balance in 10 equal monthly payments.



X2418—18K. white gold Spread-top ring. Blue white diamond, \$22.50.



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X2421—Ladies' engraved 18K. Aquamarine ring, \$22.50.



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SALESMEN—Make \$130 monthly selling only one \$10 policy a day! Policy pays \$5,000 and \$25 weekly for sickness or injury. Total cost \$10 yearly. Easy to sell with our "Direct-By-Mail" plan. Underwriter—No. 709 Bonnell Building, Newark, N. J.

So This Is Christmas!

(Continued from page 63)

The Torch—selected and edited by Louise Collier Wilcox. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

An anthology of verse for children of between three and ten. These have been chosen carefully from the greatest and most beloved writers.

The King of Elfland's Daughter—by Lord Dunsany. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A fairy-tale for grown-ups and all lovers of the best in the writing world. Enchantment lies between the covers of this book.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

Home of Bergenfield, N. J., No. 1477 before a gathering of approximately 3000. The ceremonies started promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with the Band and Fife and Drum Corps of Union Hill Lodge No. 1357 playing several numbers. The principal speaker of the day was Col. Alfred T. Holley of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge No. 658, who complimented the members of Bergenfield Lodge on their achievements and the part played by them in the life of the community.

Since the Lodge was instituted on December 6, 1923, with 241 charter members, it has grown rapidly and prospered. Ground was broken for the new Home on August 9, 1924, and the finished building will be ready for occupancy at an early date.

Alterations Will Double Facilities Of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge

Plans now under way will give Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301 one of the most comfortable and commodious Homes in the State, and at the same time increase the capacity of the Hotel Antlers dining-room by nearly 20 per cent. In addition to extensive alterations within the present Home, the residence on the adjoining lot, which is also owned by the Lodge, will be completely remodeled and used for club-rooms. Here will be the main lounge with a fireplace, the secretary's office, the reading-rooms, a kitchen, and a large pool and billiard room. When these plans have been carried out Lorain Lodge will have three times the floor space it had in its Broadway Home, and nearly twice the number of square feet it has at present.

Past District Deputy W. H. Thomas Is Mourned by Fellow Members

The members of Canon City, Colo., Lodge No. 610 and his many other friends throughout the Order were saddened recently by the death of W. H. Thomas. Mr. Thomas was for many years active in the affairs of his Lodge and a tireless worker for the development of the Order in general. He was Exalted Ruler of Canon City Lodge 1921-22 and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Colorado Central 1922-23. When Exalted Ruler of Canon City Lodge, he was one of the first to inaugurate an annual contest among the school children of the city for the best original essay on "The American Flag"—a practice which has since been widely adopted by Lodges throughout the Order.

New Home of Butte, Mont., Lodge Ready for Members Next June

Work is going ahead rapidly on the new Home of Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240 at Montana and Galena Streets, for which ground was broken a few months ago. The general contract for the building calls for the completion of the Home by June 1, 1925, and the rate at which the construction is proceeding assures the members that they will occupy the new quarters on that date. An excellent program is now being arranged for the laying of the corner-stone.

News of the Order from Far and Near

Malone, N. Y., Lodge is raising funds which will be used to send crippled children within its



Stop

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 \$6.00 EACH
only
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-
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39 West Adams St.,
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PORTLAND, ORE.

\$300.00 Burroughs Adding Machine

ONLY \$9.50 DOWN—
9-Column Capacity

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered! Factory rebuilt by experts. Every machine perfect mechanically and in appearance. Carry same guarantee as a new machine.

SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS

Only \$9.50 down, balance paid while you use machine. Why pay big prices? Hundreds of well-known firms, our customers.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

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in less than five years as a real estate specialist. Started during my spare time, with no experience, and less than \$5 capital. If you want to earn the secret of my success and follow my money-making method, send your name and address at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. A-3312, 1133 Broadway, New York. They send full information free, telling you how you can build up an independent, profitable business of your own by using my amazingly successful system.

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To prove how quickly you can learn, I will send you 12 amazing magic tricks and teach you how to do them—ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send only 25c to cover postage, packing, etc. Write today to

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jurisdiction to hospitals where they will be given treatment by specialists.

Nashville, Tenn., Lodge is planning to spend a considerable sum in improving and enlarging its Home.

The annual Charity Ball of Beverly, Mass., Lodge was a means of raising a substantial fund for the Lodge's welfare work.

Representatives from all the neighboring Lodges were present at a large celebration given at the Home of Oroville, Calif., Lodge, the occasion being the initiation of a class of 150 candidates.

Members of Rockville, Conn., Lodge now occupy their new Home.

A meeting of all Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges that are members of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was held recently in Milwaukee at the Hotel Pfister.

Ensley, Ala., Lodge is raising funds for its Christmas charities by a series of weekly dances at its Home.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge recently gave a banquet in honor of Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter. Mr. Cotter, now a member of Hartford Lodge, was at one time a member of Bridgeport Lodge.

Denver, Colo., Lodge has interested its members in saving tin foil, the sale of which it is hoped will finance a children's picnic next year.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. There were initiations, and the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge occupied the chairs.

An old-time Harvest Dance opened the fall social festivities of Ashland, Ore., Lodge.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge played an active part in the Industrial Exposition conducted by the city.

Erie, Pa., Lodge is sponsoring a series of concerts to be given this winter, at which some of the world's famous singers and musicians will appear.

The shooting teams of Reading, Pa., Lodge and Lewistown, Pa., Lodge recently competed at Spring Valley. The Reading team won by a margin of five targets.

Hackensack, N. J., Lodge held a large clam-bake recently at Elk's Grove, Oradell, N. J.

Members of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge recently enjoyed a beefsteak dinner at Oakwood Arms.

Representatives of Cumberland, Md., Lodge joined the members of Frostburg, Md., Lodge in tendering a large reception to A. Charles Stuart, recently appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge recently gave a benefit dance to raise funds to provide proper surgical attention and correct appliances for the crippled children of the county.

Belleville, N. J., Lodge has broken ground for its new Home.

The new Home of Penns Grove, N. J., Lodge has been formally dedicated.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge took part in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of a memorial tablet at the Winthrop Cemetery in honor of the late Herman W. Kuchmeister, a Congressional Medal of Honor man.

Monessen, Pa., Lodge and Jeannette, Pa., Lodge are each contemplating the organization of a children's dancing class.

A congratulatory banquet was recently given William R. Cullen, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge by his fellow members on his appointment as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York west.

The wives, daughters and sisters of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge members have organized a club which meets regularly in the Home every week.

Decatur, Ill., Lodge recently laid the cornerstone for its new Country Club House on the shores of Lake Decatur.

San Juan, P. R., Lodge is planning to help some of the crippled children of the city by providing them with proper surgical and medical treatment.

On December 31 Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge will
(Continued on page 67)

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.

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SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written.

Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery

11 Superb Volumes
By SAX ROHMER

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental

THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of enjoyment and pleasure at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

2 Beautiful Book Ends FREE If You Act NOW



A LIMITED quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends, will be sent absolutely FREE as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After your free examination, just mail your first installment within ten days—but send the coupon to-day sure.

Forget your Troubles—Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency many times over.

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Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute!

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Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, your special set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep the books and send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly, absolutely free, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

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Address

Occupation

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Dept. E, 30 Irving Place NEW YORK



Instantly I realized what a fool I had made of myself. I tried to apologize—attempted to help—but all too late.

It Was the Most Embarrassing Moment of My Life

—but it taught me the meaning of popularity

I THOUGHT I was a “smarty” and I didn’t blame Anne or the rest of the crowd for giving me the cold shoulder as they did. Yet, if I had known then what I know now, such a humiliating incident would never have occurred.

* * * * *

Anne glared at me almost savagely.

I could see that she was in deep distress—that my blunder had caused her severe pain.

“I’m sorry—I’m sorry—I’ve hurt you,” I stammered.

“If that’s the best you can do why don’t you stay at home where you belong,” snapped Anne.

What could I say—I knew that I had bluffed and failed miserably. But when Bob had introduced us she looked so bewitchingly beautiful I just couldn’t resist the temptation—so I bucked up courage and asked her for a dance. Somehow I would get along—and then, perhaps, she would overlook my awkwardness.

The orchestra was playing a captivating fox-trot. After a little unsteadiness I finally swung into step. In an instant I could plainly see that I had more than nerve to invite such a wonderfully smooth and exquisitely graceful dancer as Anne to go on the floor.

I tried to interest her in conversation—but Anne said nothing. She had been exceedingly pleasant when we met, but now

she was surprisingly cool. I was praying hard to myself for the end of the dance—it seemed ages and ages away. Each minute I was getting more nervous and clumsy—continually leading her right into other couples. Then I saw Jim Neville execute a comparatively simple step. I tried to imitate him. Somehow or other my feet became all tangled and before I realized it the sharp end of my heel had dug down full force on Anne’s slender foot.

I was never so embarrassed in all my life.

As she stood there rubbing her foot I could feel everyone’s eyes piercing me. I tried to apologize—attempted to help—but Anne just passed a cutting remark and limped away with the assistance of Russ Brandon.

Trembling all over I slunk from the hall—secured my hat and coat—and left unnoticed. On the way home I felt like a two-cent piece. One thing was sure—I would never make a fool of myself again. And I didn’t.

For the minute I got home I did something I had threatened to do for many weeks. I searched through a magazine, found what I wanted, addressed an envelope to Mr. Arthur Murray—America’s foremost dancing authority.

In a few days I received five free lessons by return mail. I followed the simple directions and diagrams, practising before a

mirror. Before I knew it, I had mastered a fascinating fox-trot step! I learned how to follow, how to lead, how to be perfectly at ease and have poise of manner in the ballroom. It was wonderful! In one evening I had learned to dance.

Now I know why good dancers are always popular.

* * * * *

Arthur Murray will be glad to send his five free lessons to anyone who is interested in becoming an accomplished dancer. These lessons prove better than anything he can say that through his method anyone can learn to dance at home, without music and without partner. These lessons teach you how to lead and follow, how to waltz and fox trot, how to have poise and confidence. Send for them today—they are yours to keep without obligation. This coupon brings them promptly.

ARTHUR MURRAY

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290 Broadway, New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send me the FIVE FREE LESSONS by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to cover the cost of printing, mailing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
City State

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

have been in existence 48 years, and the anniversary will be celebrated at the Hotel Sinton on this date. Elaborate plans, including a special musical program and a large banquet, are being prepared.

Lewiston, Me., Lodge recently staged its annual minstrel show at the Empire Theatre.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge has launched an active program for its Boy Scout and Big Brother work.

An Out-of-Town-Members night was recently held by Dixon, Ill., Lodge. A fine entertainment was a feature of the program.

One of the largest classes of candidates in its history was recently initiated by Casper, Wyo., Lodge.

Extensive plans have been perfected by Rahway, N. J., Lodge for the entertainment of the New Jersey State Elks Association, which will hold the December meeting in its Home.

A baseball game between the New Rochelle and the New York Police resulted in a check for \$800 being received by New Rochelle Lodge for its Crippled Children Fund.

Leominster, Mass., Lodge held its Annual Ball in the City Hall on Thanksgiving Night.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge is considering the organization of a Past Exalted Rulers Association.

Rev. Father James O'Neill recently became a member of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge by dimit from Glensdale, Calif., Lodge. Father O'Neill is pastor of Santa Clara Church in Oxnard.

Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge will conduct a Bazaar at its Home during the week of December 6 to 13.

A class of more than 50 candidates was recently initiated by Corning, N. Y., Lodge. A parade, band music and fireworks were features of the celebration.

The Glee Club of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge will stage the Elks' Frolic of 1924 at the Majestic Theatre on December 15-19.

Hudson, Mass., Lodge recently initiated Louis T. Seymour into the Order. Mr. Seymour, who is 94, is the oldest member in the Reno Post, G. A. R., and perhaps the oldest candidate ever initiated. A special program was arranged in his honor by the Lodge.

Officers of Braddock, Pa., Lodge recently journeyed to Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge, where they initiated a class of candidates. Following the ceremony, the officers and the members who had accompanied them were entertained in a lavish manner.

Louis J. De Roy, a prominent jeweler of Pittsburgh, Pa., and an active member of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, died recently leaving a bequest of \$500 to the Relief Fund of his Lodge.

H. Y. Bell has been elected to fill the vacancy of Exalted Ruler of Centralia, Wash., Lodge caused by the resignation of A. F. Cormier. Mr. Cormier found it necessary to resign because of a change in residence.

Norwood, Mass., Lodge has suffered real loss by the death of two of its most faithful and active members: Alfred Noyes Ambrose, a charter member, and Emil Olsen of Canton, Mass. Both were loyal and conscientious workers for the development of the Lodge.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge has begun preparation for the observance of its 39th birthday on February 7, 1925.

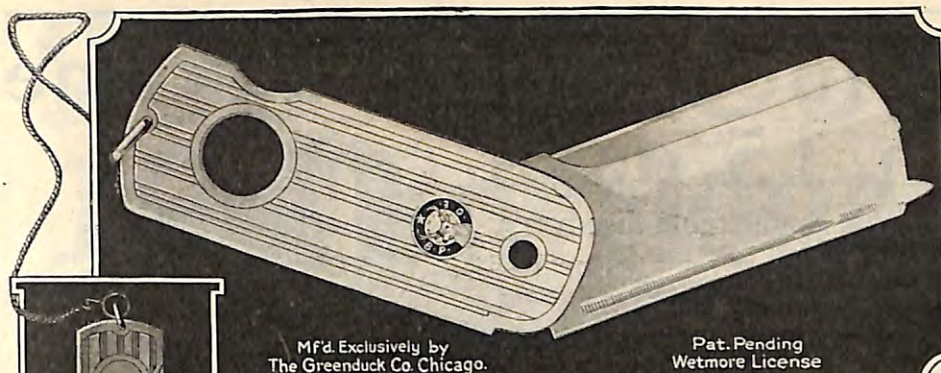
Knoxville, Pa., Lodge recently gave a testimonial dinner and entertainment to its members who are ex-service men.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge is considering the idea of founding a room in one of the local hospitals where corrective treatment can be given the crippled children of the community.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge will present its annual minstrel show at the Globe Theatre December 4-6. The show is being given for the benefit of the Betty Bacharach Home, which is owned and operated by the Lodge.

Jeannette, Pa., Lodge is considering plans for the establishment of a country Home and outing place for its members.

(Continued on page 68)



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Pat. Pending
Wetmore License

For Everybody's Christmas—

This practical gift is suitable to the needs of everyone. Delight your friends by giving them a genuine

RAZO-NIFE "NOT A DULL MOMENT"

the handy pocket knife with the real razor edge—sharper than any pocket knife made. If the recipient-to-be is an Elk, give him one with his lodge emblem on the handle, as illustrated. No matter what his affiliations may be you can get a Razo-Nife with the proper emblem on it or without any emblem at all.

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they make new knife blades for Razo-Nife—replaced in a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snap into place—always sharp and ready to do all that can be expected of any pocket knife. Made of solid jeweler's grade mirror-polished nickel silver—handsome—durable—efficient.

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Give Razo-Nives to your customers at Xmas. They're wonderful good will builders. Can be made up with your own trade mark, firm name, or other special lettering. Packed in handsome Xmas boxes. Send \$1.00 for sample and ask for special quantity prices.

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Dealers: Razo-Nife is a fast-selling novelty and a winner for Xmas trade. Packed in handsome holly boxes. Display material supplied free. Write for quantity prices and special introductory offer.

LOOK Inches Thinner at Once

Look pounds lighter the moment you put it on. Become inches thinner as you wear it. Scientific Self-Massaging Belt makes bulky fat around waistline disappear in amazingly short time.

New Massaging Belt Reduces Waistline Quickly

Why weaken yourself with starvation diets—why strain your heart with violent exercises—when a wonderful new invention gives you an instant appearance of slimness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial?

Like Having a Private Masseuse

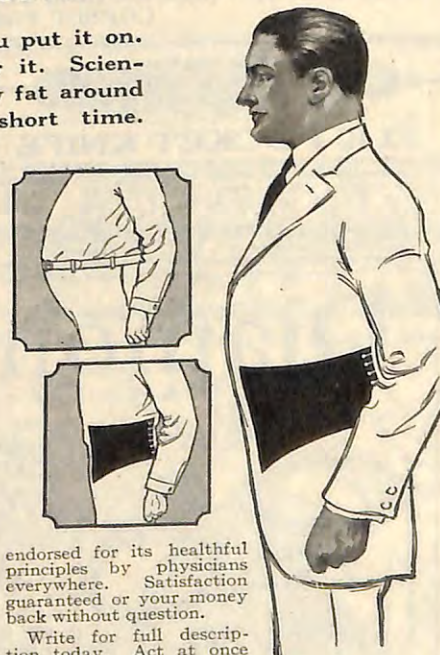
Doctors will tell you that massage is the quickest, easiest, least harmful method for reducing fat at the waistline. You eat what you want—you exercise only as much as is good for you, but you lose weight—it literally rolls away. And in its place you have firm, solid muscle.

But masseuses are expensive. It takes a lot of time and inconvenience. This new, wonderful Weil Reducing Belt does the masseuse's work in half the time at a trifling cost. Made of specially fitted rubber, it clings to the waistline, massaging every inch of fat with each move you make.

Fat Melts Away

With every movement of your body the blood is sent coursing through the tissues in a few weeks carrying away the fat and building up firm, healthy muscle. You will be astonished at the rapidity with which your waistline goes down. You will marvel that anything so comfortable can be so instantly effective. A loss of from 4 to 6 inches—25 pounds in actual weight—in a few weeks is not at all unusual with this remarkable reducing girdle. Not only do you look thinner, younger—but backaches, stomach disorders, constipation quickly disappear. A new vigor and energy are yours—you feel like a different being.

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly



endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write for full description today. Act at once and get in on a Special Reduced Price Offer being made for a limited time. Mail coupon today to THE WEIL COMPANY, 1312 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Weil Company, 1312 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Reduced Price Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

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

4 inches off waistline in 15 days by this remarkable discovery

See what it will do for you in ten days—FREE

Without medicine Without Dieting

Without Exercising

With No Effort at All

"In the fifteen days I have had your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer I have reduced my waistline 4 inches," writes J. J. Collins of 5326 West Adams Street, Chicago.

Short and to the point is this testimonial from one of the thousands of men who are regaining their normal, symmetrical figures through the use of Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Between the lines may be read many pounds of weight reduction, also, for when you take off that fatty unsightly mass about the waist and abdomen, weight is sure to fall as well.

Something entirely new

This astounding discovery must not be confused with ordinary rubber belts. It does all that they do—AND MORE. In the center and on the inner side is the patented Vacuum Applicator, which gently, surely massages away the fatty tissue with every breath you take—with every step you make. Further, it is cool, comfortable, well ventilated and made of special reducing material.

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Just decide how much you want to reduce. Then send for Dr. Lawton's Automatic

This is the patented Vacuum Applicator—to be found in no other reducing device. It massages away the fatty tissue with every step you make—every breath you take.

Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Use it for ten days. If that trial does not convince you that it will do for you what it has done for Mr. Collins, your purchase deposit will be refunded.

Sign your name and address to the attached coupon. Send it to Dr. Lawton. It will bring you full description of this remarkable reducer and details of the FREE TRIAL OFFER. Don't miss this opportunity to get rid of that unsightly paunch.

ACT RIGHT NOW—WHILE THE COUPON IS BEFORE YOU

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Please send me complete description of your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Also details of your FREE TRIAL OFFER, under which I am to be the sole judge of the efficiency of your device.

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ELK POCKET KNIFE

Handsome designed gun metal knife, two blades of finest grade German steel. Guaranteed permanent sharp cutting edge. Also furnished with Masonic, Shrine, Knight Templar or K. of C. design. State design wanted. Order today. \$1.75 postpaid.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

A meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges of the Wisconsin State Elks Association was held recently in Milwaukee. Judge John C. Karel, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was one of the principal speakers on the occasion.

The New York State Elks Association has a Drill Team Committee whose duty it is to encourage the organization of drill teams in Subordinate Lodges, with a view of making contests between them a feature of future conventions.

The Home of Sanford, Fla., Lodge was completely destroyed recently by fire. All furniture and paraphernalia was lost, but the important records were saved.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge is organizing a Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps.

Miami, Fla., Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates on the occasion of the presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Frank Blanton who is also a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. The fact that the officers conducted the initiation under a specially arranged spotlight made the ceremony all the more impressive.

New Orleans, La., Lodge is making preparations for a fitting celebration of its 40th birthday on December 7.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge recently voted to sell the property on which its present Home is located and to erect a new building.

The local branch of the Salvation Army was assisted recently in its drive for funds by Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge. The excellent work of the members cleared the branch of all debt and put a balance in the treasury.

New Home of Union Hill Lodge

(Continued from page 36)

are also on this floor. The ceiling of the Lodge room is a heavily ornamented glass dome that is exceptionally handsome. On the outside circles of the dome, beautifully tinted glass reflects the inscriptions of the four stations—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

Seven large offices, including private quarters for the Exalted Ruler, a double suite for the Secretary, Board of Trustees, and the committee rooms, take up the third floor.

There are forty living-rooms, single and en suite on the fourth floor. Each contains a private tile bath, telephone, writing desk and wardrobe, and is most attractively furnished. The basement contains a rathskeller, bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms. Decorations here include the electroliers made of elks' horns, which were purchased at the demolition of the old Astor House on lower Broadway, New York City, a few years ago.

The building plans also provide for a roof garden, and an out-door dining-room, which will be opened in the summer of 1925.

UNION HILL LODGE, chartered on June 10, 1918, with a membership of several hundred, passed the 1,000 mark within a year and the 2,000 mark in its third year. It has a present membership of 3,600, and has set 5,000 as its goal for 1925. In its short career the Lodge has set a record in achievements which stamps it as one of the most active Lodges in the Order. It claims the distinction of opening the first Elks' clinic for the treatment of crippled children, this feature having been started in the third year of its existence. Its program has also included the entertainment of the "shut-ins" in the institutions of the county and the distribution of thousands of dollars of foodstuffs and clothing at Christmas and Thanksgiving. In civic work it has always participated to the fullest, and led other fraternal organizations in the same field of common endeavor. Its band of sixty-five pieces, recognized as one of the leading organizations of its kind in the East, captured the first prize at the last two conventions of the New Jersey State Elks Association. A drum corps recently organized will add greatly to the prestige of the Lodge.

Great Is St. Nicholas!

(Continued from page 36)

dry up tears. Christmas is a safety valve for the human engine. On Christmas day men become children and children are generally happy.

Great is St. Nicholas! His generosity follows the stars and encircles the earth with one continuous and unbroken glow of good fellowship, making the bad good and the good better. As the Yule tide wreaths are hung up the human heart softens. Even the miser's purse-string is loosened. Succor is given to pain and suffering. We stifle the sobs of sorrow and poverty and cover the unfortunate ones with the royal ermine of love.

Great is St. Nicholas! He stills the din of the foundry where men forge guns, and hangs over the door the holly as a sign of peace. He lures the man of science from the making of a deadly explosive and rears the Christmas tree in his laboratory as a symbol of good-will. In camps and field he hushes the beat of drums, the blast of trumpets and the tread of marching armies, and whispers in each soldier's soul, "On Earth Peace. Good-Will Towards Man."

A great philosopher has said: "Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz: Avarice, Ambition, Envy, Anger and Pride. And if those enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace." Here is food for reflection. Let all of us labor and pray for a lasting peace behind a cloudless sky and that all the year be Christmas time.

Strike off the chains from the imagination! Give full rein to fancy! Fly into the future upon the noiseless wings of Time! Place your ear to the phonograph of the Ages and you will hear attuned to the music of the spheres a chant sublime of "Peace on Earth. Good-Will Towards Man!"

Is the prophecy Utopian? Remember that at Christmas time all the world is Utopia and St. Nicholas is the patron saint. The present year finds the world struggling more than ever for tranquillity. The shouts and vaporings of the professional agitator have ceased to interest us. We are determined to blaze our own trail through the wilderness. Statutes and laws for regulating men's activities are all very well in their way. Covenants and agreements are likewise good. But the rank and file have become convinced that the settlement of the world's problems must come from a higher source.

THE purification of the heart must be the basis for human happiness and contentment. Then away with sadness and despair, selfishness and little things! Forget ourselves, think more of others! We are not assuming to be a preacher nor the son of a preacher—no, not even a reformer, but just a man of the world whose experience and observation throughout a busy life have made him proud of his friendships and grateful that he has been permitted to march in that great army of Elks which, conceived by a few (who builded better than they knew) in good fellowship, has now become a vast army of American citizens. May we ever be proud of our country and our Order, and never ashamed of the nation's God nor of true humility as His children.

Then ring out the chime bells this Christmas day! Let the words "Peace on Earth. Good-Will Towards Man" mean something more than empty phrases. The charm of the day is its simplicity. Everyone can understand it! In the hearts of nearly a million Elks it is a clarion note to self-examination and benevolent activity.

Great is St. Nicholas!

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes



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Money Back Guarantee!

Order today! Just fill in the coupon exactly as you want the stationery printed, send it to us with \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside the U. S. \$1.10) and this generous supply will come by return mail, securely packed and postage prepaid. We guarantee satisfaction! If you are not pleased in every way we will refund your money without question. Send the coupon now—while you're thinking of it!

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With Our Free Course of Instruction You Can

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Just think of it! In 3 days, without any musical ability—without knowing one note from another—you can quickly play such songs as "Long, Long Trail," "Till We Meet Again"—all the old and new-time favorites—the day Saw arrives. Yes, indeed, within 3 days you will be playing all the popular songs, hymns and classical music you and your friends love. The sweet, mellow, pleasing tone from our Musical Saws you have heard in Vaudeville, over the Radio and on Phonograph Records. Now over 10,000 men, women, boys and girls are playing our Musical Saws at parties, dances, lodges, church entertainments, everywhere. Over 100 famous dance orchestras are using our Saws.

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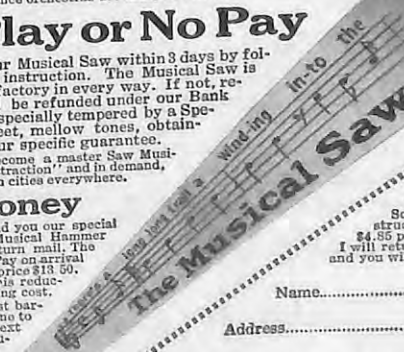
Play or No Pay

We guarantee that you can play our Musical Saw within 3 days by following our simple, easy course of instruction. The Musical Saw is guaranteed to be perfect and satisfactory in every way. If not, return in 8 days and your money will be refunded under our Bank Guarantee. The Musical Saw is specially tempered by a Special Process, to produce soft, sweet, mellow tones, obtainable from no other source under our specific guarantee. This is your opportunity to quickly become a master Saw Musician and entertainer—the "Center of Attraction" and in demand, in your neighborhood, your own town, in cities everywhere.

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Simply send coupon today. We will send you our special Tempered Musical Saw, Special Soft Musical Hammer and Free Course of Instruction by return mail. The complete outfit is only \$4.85 C. O. D. Pay on arrival \$4.85, plus a few cents postage. Former price \$13.50. Nothing like this ever offered before. This reduction due to great demand and low producing cost. The musical saw is one of the greatest bargains ever offered in music. Be the one to furnish the "Big Surprise" at your next party, lodge or entertainment. Rush coupon TODAY. Money back if not satisfied.

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Shipments to Canada, Cuba, Philippine Islands, and all points outside the U. S. cannot be made C. O. D. Send \$5.23 with this coupon. We pay postage.

Proceedings of the Annual Conference

(Continued from page 35)

the homes of the people of its community. After that, as I have seen in my own Lodge, men will knock at the door of your Lodge and ask to be admitted to membership in that institution.

"My brothers, you can't do anything in your communities if your Lodges are organized solely for the purpose of self-entertainment. Remember I don't decry self-entertainment. It is a splendid, wholesome thought to provide recreation and entertainment for your own members, but when a Lodge is alive to the needs of a community, and participates in all things not political, that Lodge doesn't need to inaugurate drives to secure new members. Such a Lodge will grow and prosper not only in membership but in every other way. Your members are taught to do better things in life. They are taught the great needs of the community. They are taught to travel outside the domain of their own Lodges and go into the homes of the poor and there practice the real outstanding cardinal principle of our Order—Charity. And it is by charitable deeds that you endear your Lodges to the communities in which they exist.

"I am not going to try to tell you the message you should take to the Lodges in your jurisdictions. You know that better than I do. The Exalted Rulers and members of these Lodges know better than you do. But you can encourage the thought of doing those things that are uppermost, those things which are most needed within the municipalities, where those Lodges exist. And by giving thought and attention to the specific things that are needed in their municipalities, the Lodges have done their share in the work of Social and Community Welfare."

Col. Sullivan then went on to tell of the arrangements made for the revision of the several Rituals, all of which will probably be exemplified in their revised forms at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland next year.

Following this address, the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced Past Grand Exalted Rulers William W. Mountain, of Flint, Michigan; James R. Nicholson, of Boston, and Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., each of whom spoke briefly, and the following Grand Lodge Officers: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John B. Knapp, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., Lodge No. 109; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight John D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge No. 59; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight George W. Edgington, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge No. 1087; Judge William J. Conway of the Grand Forum of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge No. 693; Pardon Commissioner Judge Jefferson B. Browne, of Key West, Florida, Lodge No. 551; Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Kaufman, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37 and Grand Treasurer John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge No. 48. Mr. Dusty Miller, of Wilmington, Ohio, Lodge No. 797, furnished a few minutes of diversion with a humorous speech.

The Elks National Home

Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Indiana, Lodge No. 866, came next on the program. Before proceeding to his main topic, the Elks National Home, Mr. Scott spoke briefly of the necessity of Subordinate Lodges applying to the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler for permits before embarking on any real estate transactions or building operations. He urged the District Deputies to see that this is done in all cases. He touched also on the question of the redistricting of states. In connection with the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., which is under his direct care, Mr. Scott emphasized what a wonderful place it is and brought out several specific points. First, it is important, he said, that Subordinate Lodges refrain from sending men to the Home who are not eligible for admission. Second, it is also important that those Lodges that have members in the Home remember that they are there and send them, occasionally, a little spending money, books and things of the sort, so that no residents may feel their existence has been forgotten.

A Welcome to Portland

On behalf of Portland Lodge and all Elks in Oregon and the Northwest, District Deputy Barnett H. Goldstein extended to everyone present and to every Elk the courtesies of Portland, Oregon, where the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued on page 72)



TEST
—instead of Guess
when you **INVEST**
—this booklet
will show you how

NO LONGER need you guess that an investment is safe. Now you can actually test their safety by following the rules laid down in the booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

This valuable booklet was written from the knowledge gained during 59 years' experience in the first mortgage investment field without loss of a dollar to a single customer. In it are given all the safeguards by which a first mortgage real estate bond should be protected. It will show you how to invest your funds safely in 7% bonds of the highest type.

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There are definite reasons why Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-

earning buildings in Florida cities, pay as high as 7½% interest, and why these bonds have never caused a dollar's loss to any investor in all the years of this firm's history. The reasons are given in our circular, "Why Florida Investments Pay Up to 7½%." You can obtain a free copy by mailing the coupon. **Mail it today.**

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Proceedings of the Annual Conference

(Continued from page 71)

will be held next year. Mr. Goldstein said that when it became known that the next Convention was to be held in Portland, the people of the entire state united in pledging their support and financial assistance.

He pointed out that Portland is peculiarly suitable for conventions because of its climate and its excellent facilities. The Auditorium was specially designed for convention purposes. The hotels are up-to-date and contain 10,000 rooms. In addition to these accommodations, the private residences will be thrown open to Elk visitors. Mr. Goldstein dwelt on the beauty of the scenery surrounding the city, mentioning the Columbia River Highway, Multnomah Falls, Mt. Hood and other spots which annually draw thousands of visitors and which should be a strong magnet, inducing Elks all over the country to head for Portland next July.

This invitation to Oregon was followed by the introduction, by Grand Exalted Ruler Price, of Grand Tiler F. B. Wilkinson, of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge No. 192; Grand Inner Guard J. E. Breaux, Jr., of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge No. 606; Messrs. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge No. 339, and Fred Morris of Mexico, Mo., Lodge No. 019, and Judge W. H. Crum, of Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order.

The Judiciary Committee

The next speaker on the program was John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Malley made it clear that the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee does not write the law of the Order.

"The basic law of the Order is the Constitution and the decisions of the Grand Forum. The statutory law of the Order is made by the legislative body of our Order, the Grand Lodge, by you and other members like you, and it can be changed when you and men like you wish to change it. The Chairman of the Judiciary Committee does not always agree with the laws laid down by the Constitution and Statutes; he may perhaps think that it should be different, and perhaps he may think that the decisions of the Grand Forum should have been written in a different manner and with different result, but it is not his function to criticize; his function is to interpret the written law of the Order and to apply it to the specific facts presented to him.

Mr. Malley touched on the newly published Digest of Opinions and Decisions of the Grand Forum, and the Chairmen of the Committee on Judiciary, which he had edited and compiled, and which is fully reviewed on another page of this Magazine. He then explained once more the question of Grand Lodge dues:

"At the last session of the Grand Lodge," he said, "by amendment to Section 49 it was provided that the Grand Lodge dues should be collected by each Subordinate Lodge as part of the Subordinate Lodge dues, that is, from each member there shall be collected only the Subordinate Lodge dues, and out of that amount so collected the \$1.15 of Grand Lodge dues must be taken and transmitted to the Grand Secretary. If the Subordinate Lodge realizes that the revenue which is to be obtained from Subordinate Lodge dues cannot take care of Subordinate Lodge matters intended to be covered by these dues, and also pay the Grand Lodge dues, then there should be an increase in the Subordinate Lodge dues by an amendment to the By-Laws, which should be properly adopted by the Lodge and submitted to the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee that it may go into force and effect as of April 1, 1925. The exception to the above, of course, is with reference to life members; the assessment may be collected from them as Grand Lodge dues of \$1.15.

After an explanation of certain phases of the Grand Lodge law as they apply to the Statute of Limitations, subordinate Lodge organization and club management, Chairman Malley had this to say regarding law enforcement:

"There is not in Elk law anything that is peculiar. It is a law that is written by the Grand Lodge, by men like yourselves, and the words in the Statutes have their usual and ordinary meaning. Right is right, and wrong is wrong. Elk law is the same as the law of the land, and there is no method by which through any fanciful interpretation of Elk law we can permit anything to be done contrary to the law of the land. If a thing is wrong you know it is wrong, and where the plain, common-sense and ordinary meaning of the words of a Statute prohibit a thing

then that thing is prohibited. The Statutes of the United States are written into the Laws of our Order by the words of the Ritual and the oath of the Ritual. They are made part of the Supreme Law of the Order by the very first clause in the Constitution.

"So you may know that it is useless to appeal to the Chairman on Judiciary for any unusual or fanciful interpretation of any word for the purpose of permitting wrong to take on the appearance of right. It means what it says, and you men are supposed to see that that law is enforced throughout your districts, and in doing that you will receive the support of the law officers and the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler."

Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, spoke next on

The Portland Parade

In urging the District Deputies to persuade all Elks in their jurisdictions who can possibly do so to visit Portland in July, Mr. Grakelow said that the Grand Lodge Reunions are the best possible means of letting men and women know what the Order really is and does. They bring the Order out into the open for all to see. Those who do not appreciate this, he said, are like the man in a dark room—the man knows what he is doing, but nobody else does.

Mr. Grakelow bespoke the active support of the District Deputies for the Grand Exalted Ruler, wished him, on behalf of the gathering, success and happiness in his year's work and presented him with a handsome traveling bag as a gift to Mrs. Price and an additional present for the Price children.

The last speaker on the program was Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson. A good deal of Mr. Robinson's address was confined to instructions of interest chiefly to the District Deputies, but certain matters of general import were as follows:

Reduction of Per Capita Tax

"As previously announced, the Elks Magazine surplus of \$200,000, turned over to the Board of Grand Trustees at the Boston Convention, made it possible to reduce what always has been known as the per capita tax from 35c to 15c. Therefore, the remittance to accompany the next annual report will be \$2.15 on the basis of the membership on April 1, 1925, distributed as follows:

"For general Grand Lodge purposes—15c; for subscription to the Elks Magazine one year in advance, April 1, 1925, to April 1, 1926—\$1.00 for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building—\$1.00.

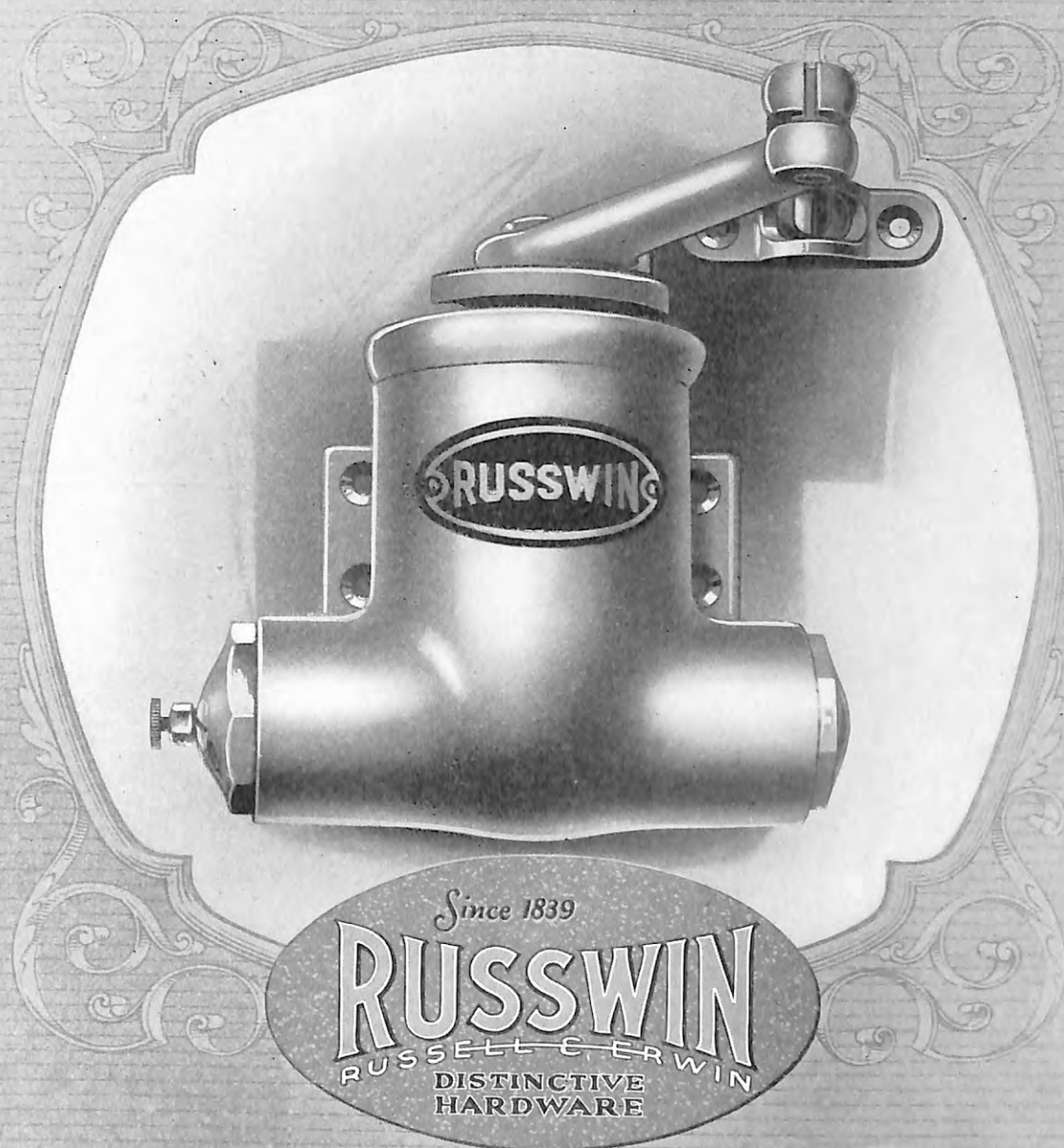
"Many Subordinate Lodges pay these Grand Lodge dues from their general funds, but quite a number meet the levy by a tax on the individual members. I mention these items at this time so that Secretaries of the latter Lodges may be making their collections accordingly. They will find their work lessened by the action of the Grand Lodge in scheduling these taxes so that they may be collected at the same time as are the annual Subordinate Lodge dues.

"I wish to renew the request made last year that prompt notification as to the newly elected officers be sent to our office. For this purpose we send with the annual report blanks what we term a 'Directory Slip,' and this slip should be filled out and returned to us immediately after election. To hold it until after installation delays us in getting copy to the printer and handicaps us badly during our busiest season.

"I am glad to be able to report less complaints the past year than ever before with reference to failure or delay on the part of Secretaries in answering letters and official communications, but still there have been a sufficient number of such cases brought to our notice to warrant calling attention again to the Grand Lodge Statute whereby a Lodge may be fined ten dollars for failure to answer an inquiry from a Grand Lodge Officer or Committeeman. Not only should these official communications receive a prompt reply, but it is equally important that immediate answers be sent to members and sister Lodges that write regarding limits, the operation of Section 148, or any other subject pertaining to the Order and its membership."

Before closing the conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler asked the approval of those present that telegrams of greeting be sent to Past Grand Exalted Rulers Robert W. Brown and Astley Apperly of Louisville, Ky., both of whom are ill. The suggestion was, of course, heartily concurred in.

In conclusion, Mr. Price once more urged his Deputies to put forth their best efforts so that the year might be one of the most progressive and fruitful in the history of the Order.



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