

Among others: Robert McBlair, Charles Paddock, William Dudley Pelley



Western Electric Power Line Carrier Telephone Equipment.

It is the most satisfactory means yet devised for communicating between the stations of companies which cover a wide area and where commercial telephone facilities are not available. It is an important aid in emergency and it helps maintain service twenty-four hours a day.

Here is a worthy newcomer to the long list of products manufactured by the world's largest maker of telephones.

On a cross country power line any sta-tion can talk with any other — with Western Electric equipment.

Amplifying vacuum tube. This is one of anumber of vacuum tubes used in the transmitter circuits.

MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT SINCE 1869

He Doesn't Know It Yet But He's a \$6,000 N

O YOU SEE that earnest-looking fellow talking to the President?" —It was the General Manager speaking; he and his guest were taking a turn thru the main offices.

-"That's the man I've got picked to take Short's place, as Auditor of the Company, when Short goes East. I've had my eye on him for more than a year; he's the kind of fellow who's bound to get ahead. I learned the other day that he has been

studying evenings at home for the past six or eight months. He's one of the few men who really seem awake to their opportunities. A fellow like that is too good to lose, and we're going to make it worth his while to stick. He doesn't know it yet, but he's a six-thousand-dollar man!''

"Studying evenings— working out problems— taking an interest in the business"—if the men in business—If the men in subordinate positions could only read the minds of the men directing them, what surprising things they would learn about themselves!

—How every day, for example, those who show promise are being appraised for bigger jobs. -How their capacity is

—How their capacity is constantly being measured by the readiness with which they grasp the larger problems of the business. —How they are being gauged by the foresight they show in preparing for greater responsibilities.

For, after all, the extent to which a man is willing to *prepare* for bigger things is a mighty good index to his fitness to *control* them—isn't it?

The boss, you see-if he is a real executive and not a figurehead—put in many years equipping himself for his present position. Is it likely that he will overlook the chap who shows the same habits and tendencies which helped him to get

when a man undertakes too, home-study training, he proves that he has good common-sense—and that's an asset!

For consider the logic of his undertaking-

For a comparatively few months-a year or two, at most - a man agrees with himself to give up a certain proportion of his "good times." He weighs them against his ambition to increase his income, and he deliberately chooses the bigger salary, the larger future. He knows that training is what he *necds*, and he values his self-respect so highly that he cannot be happy to drift any longer. the LaSalle Problem Method, he works with actual business problems, and they fascinate him. He is conscious that he is growing in business power. He sees the results of his increased ability in the promotions that he gains.

Consider, for example, such simple statements as the following, all susceptible to ready proof:

"Salary and earnings have increased over 183 per cent. Your course has given me the position I wished for, the salary I looked for, and has broadened my knowledge and vision so that I have perfect confidence in my ability to do any job in the accounting field."

FRANK B. TRISCO, Minnesota.

"Instead of a factory store-keeper, I find myself at the end of three years head of a depart-ment, with an increase in salary of 230 per cent."

F. H. LAWSON, California.

"Led the list in the Maine ar examination." GORDON F, GALLERT, Maine.

"From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me." C. RUTHERFORD, Canada.

"—a total of 90 per cent increase in salary in two years. I saw this promotion in advance and was preparing myself for it, altho it came six months sooner than expected, which goes to show that it pays to be prepared." prepared."
R. L. REEVES, Alabama.



The point to all this is very simple. In making a decision of this kind, he is demonstrating his ability to discriminate between the values that are worth while and those that are no values at all.

And inevitably that kind of shrewdness makes a real hit with sound business men.

He Learns by Solving Problems -and It's a Fascinating Method

But there's another phase to home-study training which we have neglected to mention.

While it takes courage to map out a course for oneself and to make the start, it is only a short time after one has got under way when it becomes no task at all, and instead of regarding his studies as a burden, a man gets to really looking for-ward to his periods of training. Under

Make Yourself a \$6,000 Man

Of course no amount of WISHING can get a man out of a mediocre place and put him on the right road to success.

But what astounding things a man can do if he changes his wishing to WILLING—if he really sets up a goal for himself and steadily bends his energies toward REACHING it!

What is YOUR goal? Is it symbolized by one or more of the courses listed on the coupon just below?

coupon just below?

Then, for the sake of your future, take out your pencil NOW—check the training that appeals to you—sign your name and address—and put it in the mail.

There is, of course, no obligation—but there's a great big OPPORTUNITY—and it's automatically set aside for the man who ACTS

man who ACTS.

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		COUPON	
LASALLE EXTENS	ION UNIVERSITY	Dept. 1328-R Chicago,	Illinois
Please send me catalog and Also a copy	full information regarding the course of "Ten Years' Promotion in One.";	and service I have marked with an X	
Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.	Domestic: Training for position as Rail- road or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate	agement, Production Control, Industrial	for Business
Modern Sales manship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager.	Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc. Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant,		Correspondents and Copy Writers,
Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all posi- tions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.	Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc. Banking and Finance: Training for	Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.	Commercial Spanish: Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with
Higher Accountancy: Training for posi- tion as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified	Executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.	and Practice: Training for position as	Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for
Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.	ModernForemanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superin-	Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Man-	Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.	tendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.		C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
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Number Eight



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

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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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 most in an 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.

You Know This Writer



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You have spent many a pleasant hour with Octavus Roy Cohen, chuckling at the kindly humor of his stories of the colored residents of Birmingham. The optimistic Florian Slappey, ever ready to help a friend out of and into trouble, the obsequious Lawyer Evans Chew, willing at all times to handle both sides of a case, Miss Mallissie Cheese, Mr. Ultimate Scott—these and many other Cohen characters you know almost as well as you know your family. They have made their author famous, and have established him among our foremost humorists. It is in this role that you probably recognize him.

But Do You Know That

it is not as a humorist that Roy Cohen is likely to make his greatest reputation? He has turned, of late, to the writing of "white" stories in more serious vein. His new novel, which deals with white people, is as tense and dramatic as his previous work has been amusing. Always a master of plot, Cohen has here used his technique to produce a story that thrills from the very beginning and baffles to the very end. To start it is to follow it through to the last word. It's the sort of story that simply compels your attention.

Look for the first chapters in an early issue of The Elks Magazine. It is called "The Iron Chalice."

He Writes of White Folks Too?

None But the Best For The Elks Magazine

Achmed Abdullah LeRoy Baldridge Bruce Barton Norman Beasley Gerald Beaumont Helen Christine Bennett Ralph L. Boyer Berton Braley Albert Britt Kenneth F. Camp Arthur Chapman Octavus Roy Cohen Frederick L. Collins James H. Collins James B. Connolly Courtney Ryley Cooper Mildred Cram George Creel Edmund Davenport Evan J. David Walter De Leon Harris Dickson Charles Divine Douglas Duer William S. Dutton Claire Wallace Flynn Oscar Graeve Cosmo Hamilton Elon Jessup Joseph F. Kernan Frederick Arnold Kummer R. L. Lambdin Richard Le Gallienne Robert S. Lemmon Albert Levering Robert McBlair W. O. McGeehan William Slavens McNutt A. Wallis Myers William Dudley Pelley Lawrence Perry Grant Reynard Conrad Richter Herb Roth Charles Ryan Margaret E. Sangster William G. Shepherd Everett Shinn Paul Stahr Dudley Gloyne Summers Donald Teague Albert Payson Terhune Leslie Thrasher John Peter Toohey Lui Trugo Carl Easton Williams William Almon Wolff Francis Brett Young



Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

New Year's Greeting

Columbus, Ohio, January 1, 1925

MY BROTHER ELKS:

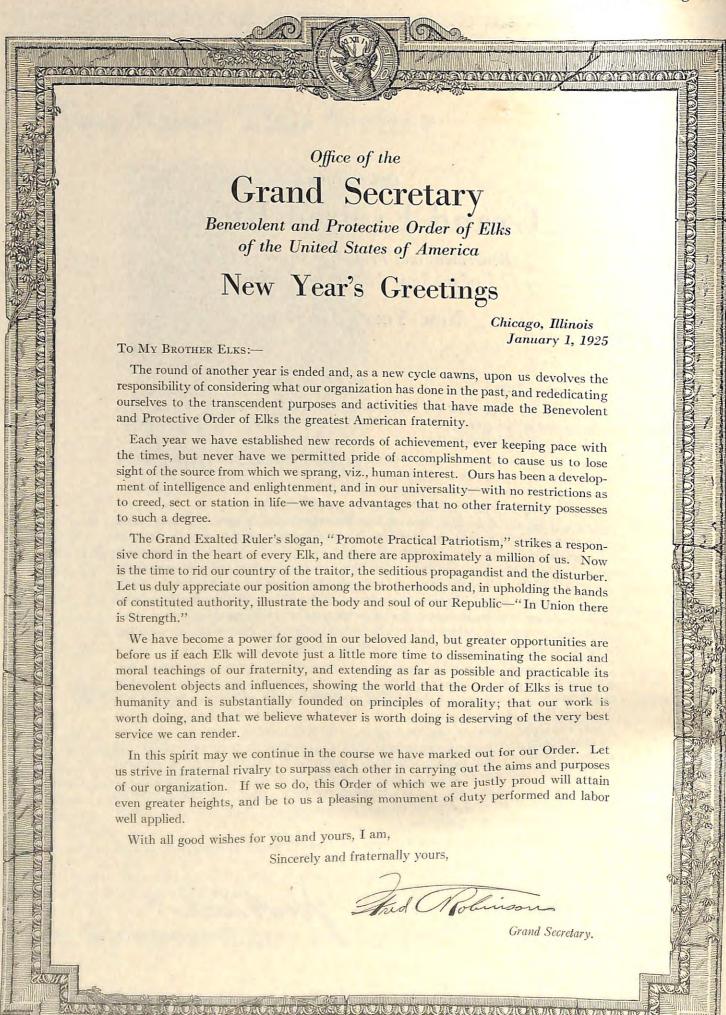
The first day of the year has been observed from earliest times as a holy festival, a day of glad rejoicing and reverent worship, observed among the Jews, the old Romans, the Hindus and the ancient Druids.

New Year's Day marks the first point beyond the imaginary line which separates the past from the future and suggests the thought of a careful inventory of the past—not so much to change or modify the things that have gone—but to gather there from the best thoughts to be used in the performance of duties lying beyond. As we pass over the threshold of the New Year with its uncertainties let us have that courage and that moderation in the use of our talents in whatever direction they may lie, that the best results may flow from our own lives and so wield a beneficial influence upon others. Our friendships, our companionships, our associations and our occupations are so closely interwoven that it may be truly stated that we do not pass through a single day of any year alone. Therefore, as we are touching elbows with our brothers, let us then remember that our greatest endeavor should be to leave the proper impressions upon those human lives with which we come in contact so that the reflection of our activities may be indelibly impressed upon our friends and neighbors.

When we are in doubt, when we hesitate because of what appear to be human limitations, let us turn our thoughts to the lessons taught to us by the beautiful ritual of our Order, from which we can draw those inspirations which will help us in every circumstance and on every occasion. Let us fortify ourselves with the strength that comes from the helping of one less fortunate and enrich ourselves by the aid and assistance that may be given to someone weaker. Let us attempt to exemplify by all of our acts the fact that to be an Elk is to be one fortified with the beautiful teachings which insure the perpetuation of the spirit of the great doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Let us go through the golden gate of opportunity which opens with a full desire to measure up to every responsibility in life that we may grow stronger and happier in the attempt.

With all my heart I wish for you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Personalities and Appreciations

Our Promise and Its Performance

AST January, on this page, we pledged ourselves to devote all our energies to making each new issue of The Elks Magazine better than the one before. It seemed to us then that we could set up no more exacting promise than that of aiming at a constant improvement. It seems to us to-day, on the threshold of another year, that we can seemely do more threshold of another year, that we can scarcely do more than to bind ourselves to a steadfast continuance of

that same program.

True progress is gradual and results from the experiments of men who, unsatisfied with things as they are, wish to learn how they may be bettered. Such experiments sometimes succeed, sometimes fail. The failures among them are likely to be as useful, from the standard progressive of progressive states. roint of progress, as the successes, if only in a negative way. Lessons can be learned from both. In editing a magazine—particularly a new magazine, such as this—one must constantly be experimenting. In the publishing business, as in every other, there are conventions, traditions superstitions and ing business, as in every other, there are convenions, traditions, superstitions and dogmas, all concerned with what the public—which is you—will read or will not read, will like or dislike. To take all these beliefs for granted would be, in this changing age, to court disaster. It used to be thought, for instance, that women would not read men's magazines and that men would not read not read men's magazines and that men would not read

not read men's magazines and that men would not read women's magazines; as if men and women were not equally human and equally interested in the identical fundamentals of everyday life!

It is true, of course, that women have certain special interests peculiar to their sex, and that men, too, have special interests of their own. Also, one must make allowances for differences between individuals and individual preferences. Not all men, nor all women, are interested in the same subjects. But their most vital interests and their most vital problems they share.

WE OPERATE on the principle that a good story, a WE OPERATE on the principle that a good story, a good article, a good poem, things dealing with ideas and emotions and facts that are close to everyday life and thought, will find a response among our readers, both women and men. It is part of our job, as of course you know, to publish a magazine which should contain "matters of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household."

Write Us a New Year's Letter

Write Us a New Year's Letter

EVERY woman likes to be told how beautiful she is and how much she is loved. Arnold Bennett, or W. L. George, or Solomon, or one of those experts once stated that the way to keep a wife happy is to say to her, every morning: "I love you." A woman may have every reason to believe that her husband does love her, but she is never quite convinced unless he tells her so.

Magazines are strangely akin to women in this respect. They—or rather their staffs—like to have their readers tell them they are appreciated. They may have every reason to believe it so, but it warms them to be told. It goes without saying that a letter of appreciation, to be really cheering—or convincing—must be sincere. And any reader who feels that he, or she, can not sincerely write us a letter of appreciation, is hereby cordially invited to write us the opposite kind. Why not take half an hour on one of the first days of the New Year and tell us just what you think about The Elks Magazine and its development?

We shall welcome either blame or praise.

Introducing Gerald Beaumont

IT IS with pleasure and no little pride that we announce the addition to our roll of contributors of that well-known and justly popular writer: Gerald Beaumont.

Mr. Beaumont's stories of the race track, the baseball diamond and the fight ring are conceded to be in the very forefront of American sporting chronicles. Appearing regularly and exclusively for the last few years in one of our greatest fiction magazines, they have made a place for themselves in the hearts of all men and women who love sport. Mr. Beaumont is still under contract to the magazine in question so far as his fiction is concerned to the second of the s is concerned, but he is writing, especially for The Elks Magazine, a series of sporting articles which will have all the human interest, pathos and humor of his splen-

The first of these articles will be published in our next issue—February. Do not fail to look for it. You will agree that it is one of the most interesting features we

have ever printed.

The Man Who Wrote "Woodsmoke"

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, the English author who wrote "Woodsmoke," that very dramatic novel of Africa which, after its appearance in The Elks Magazine, was hailed as one of the most distinguished stories zine, was hailed as one of the most distinguished stories of 1924, is now on the way to Egypt. He is going there to familiarize himself again with the atmosphere of that ever-mysterious and fascinating country, so that he may capture its spirit for his next book. We believe that Mr. Young will produce, as the result of this trip, a story no less thrilling and colorful than "Woodsmoke." It is sometimes difficult—even for the author—to tell in advance just how a story is going to turn moke. It is sometimes difficult—even for the author—to tell in advance just how a story is going to turn out when it comes to be written. But unless all signs fail, some time during this year we shall be able to announce a new and stirring novel by the man who has been called, by competent critics, "the most promising of the younger English writers."

That Article on "Failures"

NO FEATURE we have published has struck a more Barton's article entitled "Failures." We have followed Mr. Barton and his work quite faithfully for a long time, and have admired both. We were convinced, however, when the manuscript of "Failures" came in, that it was the best thing he had ever written ever written.

In letters to both The Elks Magazine and Mr. Barton, readers all over the country expressed the same sentiment. "Failures," wrote one, "is one of the finest things you've ever done. The problem before the class is how to recommend its reading to those of

STATES OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

my friends who need its philosophy, without appearing too darn personal."

Another wrote: "I have been reading your articles and fiction for years, but never have I read anything more illuminating, more applicable, more emphatic, or better, than 'Failures' in Elks Magazine. It is wonderful! Here is what I am doing with it. Reading to friends who call at my home. Passed it on to Lay Reader of Henry Street Settlement Church. Passed it on to man who talks to failures at the Bowery Y. Read extracts to my salesmen. And a long list yet to come. That article is worthy of reprinting. Ordinarily I am not enthusiastic about stories, and things of this kind, there are so many, but when I find one that is truly inspirational, full of facts, logical, strong, I get rabid. Write some more like this."

"Failures" was reprinted. And Mr. Barton has promised to write some more for us. and fiction for years, but never have I read anything

"Failures" was reprinted. And Mr. Barton has promised to write some more for us.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been the cause of many good men joining the Order. A useful idea is to give your copies, when you are through with them, to friends who are not yet Elks but who ought to be.



A Man Whose Wide Renown Had Left Him Soul-Hungry, Finds His Great Adventure

Wild Thyme

By William Dudley Pelley Illustrated by Kenneth Fuller Camp

"I know, a bank where the wild thyme blows. . . .

NCLE JOE FODDER first brought the news into our Vermont newspaper office; for forty years the old man has conducted the livery stable behind the Whitney House and somehow managed an acquaintance with every man, woman and child who has ever lived in our town long enough to be called a resident.

"Guess who's just registered to the hotel!" he commanded, entering the inner sanctum. It was half-past six of a late

Half a dozen voices declared it together. Work at once ceased in our cluttered establishment. Even Bessie Bottom, the office girl and proofreader—with hat pinned on and ready to depart for the day—halted on the threshold and came back swiftly.

"Yes, Rance Hepburn!" confirmed Uncle

Joe, sitting down and fanning himself with his battered old hat. "The only feller from out of this town who ever married four wives.

out of this town who ever married four wives."

"But Rance Hepburn's somewheres in South America. We had an article in the paper about him within a month."

"Can't help that! Rance Hepburn's right over to the Whitney House right this minute. Drew up in front of it a while back in the dayndest motor car you goes set eyes. in the darndest motor car you ever set eyes on—canary yellow thing you could see comin' a mile off. Guess I oughta know him; I went for the doctor the night he was

"Did you speak to him?"

"I shore did. And he knowed me right off."

"What's he doing here?"

"Come up to look over the scenes of his boyhood triumphs, mebbe. Didn't tell me.
But I heard him say to Pat Whitney he
might be here quite a spell."
"How's he looking?"

"You'd oughta go see for yourselves."
"Meaning what, Uncle Joe?" Our

"Meaning what, Oncie Joer Our faces were grave.

"Dressed pretty classy, o' course. Naturally would be, drivin' that sort o' buggy. But the rest of him, . . . his face, his eyes, . . . well, . . . kind o' looked to me as if he was carryin' his experiences around on the lines in his facture." the lines in his features."

Sam screwed up one eye to avoid his

Sam screwed up one eye to avoid his cigar smoke and ran his fingers delicately along the edge of his jaw. "Must have a lot on his face then," he commented absently, "—after losin' four wives."

"That's just what I mean," the patriarch nodded sadly, his whiskers covering his faded old blue shirt like a mat. "Rance's probably crammed more real livin' into his thirty-nine years than any other boy ever comin' from these parts."

comin' from these parts."
"Thirty-nine years? He's no older than that?" It was Bessie who demanded this from the doorway, the inner doorway separating our private office from the big front room. Bessie had paused there, her color strangely high.

"Born in Eighty-five," declared the liveryman. "Figger it out."

As though she contested this, Bessie moved across to the high box safe between the inner windows. She took down the current issue of "Who's Who in America." "That's right," she said finally. And

she drew in her upper lip and bit down on it.

"Read what the book says about him,"
the editor ordered her. Bessie complied:

HEPBURN, RANCILL FREDERICK—Author, War Correspondent, Explorer. Born

Paris, Vt., September 18, 1885. Son of Martha Egglestone and Warren Edgeworth Hepburn. Educated public schools Paris, Vermont, and Vermont University. European editor New York Mercury, London, 1904. Correspondent Briskitt Syndicate Mukden, Feb., Mar., 1905. Correspondent New York Dispatch, Balkans, 1907-8. Author of: Taming Thibet, 1909; Seething Siberia, 1910; The Real Iceland, 1911; A Thousand Miles of the Amazon, 1912; African Midnights, 1914; Correspondent London Express, India, 1914-17. Wounded Hill 79, France, 1918. Repub. Congregationalist, Permanent address: Sportsman's Club, New York City.

"I notice it don't say nothin' there about

his wives," chuckled Sam.

"Naturally it wouldn't," Uncle Joe responded. "Ain't proud of 'em, probably."

"According to this book," Bessie broke

in, "-he must have been in London when he was nineteen and in the Far East—at the Russian Japanese War—the year he was twenty!"

"That's right," agreed Uncle Joe.

"BUT how could be possibly complete school and graduate from the Univer-

sity of Vermont so young—?"
"He didn't. Don't say he graduated, does it? Only spent about a year to Burlington, if I recall correct. 'Twas his first marriage made him get out. Started young, that boy did. One o' the smartest young fellers ever raised in this valley. Might o' been a genius if he'd let the women alone—"
"I should think he was a genius," de-

clared Bessie, indicating the thick red volume she held, "—with all these achieve-

ments to his credit."

Uncle Joe shrugged his perspiration-stained shoulders. "Matter of opinion," he grunted. And his keen little eyes grew sad.

"Run away with a girl to Burlington, didn't he?" asked Sam.

"No—girl that lived to Rutland," corrected the kineologist. "Think her name was Potts-or Potter-anyhow, don't matter. Her folks got the marriage annulled and she stood for it. So Rance lit out for New York and a year later we heard he was to London. That's where he married his second wife; English actress woman, I recall. Only lived together a year. She run off with some other feller and he divorced her. Then he goes off to the Orient.'

"Haven't I heard of him marrying a Russian countess or something like it?"

suggested the editor.
"Not Russian. Polish. Met her in Adelaide, Australia. His Uncle Jim was livin' in them days and told me about it once. They hit it off for five or six years till a former husband of the lady's shows up the which Rance never knew she had. The husband shot her, I think. Anyhow, either shot her or she was killed while tryin' to escape him. Then Rance travels a long time alone in strange parts till he meets Lord and Lady Britton-Corring in Africky.

Ever heard that story, you folks?"
Sam seemed to have heard it but the

rest of us had not.

"This Lord and Lady was Britishers and wealthy as folks in the Newport society columns o' the New York papers. He meets 'em, as I got it, on a huntin' trip across South Africky and kicks in along with 'em. One day the three of 'em goes out lion huntin', the Lady along with 'em, cause she's that swell kind o' sport. They scares out two lions that come runnin' directly for 'en—one lion at the Lord an' t'other at the Lady. Rance has about one-fifteenth of a second to decide which lion he's gonna stop. He drops on one knee without battin' an eyelash and sends a clean-cut bullet through the brain o' the lion that's headed for the Lady.

"And what about the other lion?"

"Chewed the Lady's husband to

asked the round-eyed office girl.

rags before they drove him off.' Killed him? "Dead as Ol' King Tut that ain't then been unearthed. So here's Rance in the heart of Africky with the widder. Swell lookin' woman, I've always understood. An' by the time they get out to the seacoast, nine months later, she an' him has been married by some Catholic priest they met up with,

en route."
"What became of her? Is he married

to her now?"
"Nope. She died durin' the last of the war-with the flu. And left him all her boodle. Queer way he ain't been able to hang onto women. But they's fellers like that, I suppose. And they's others that marries hellions that don't die till they get to be a hundred and have to be hit on the head with an axe!

We sat for a time in silence—broken once or twice with questions by Bessie-considering Rance Hepburn's vivid-colored career. Uncle Joe was right. Some men's lives run to dramatics, that way. But of course Rance Hepburn had deliberately lived the type of life that easily runs to the bizarre and spectacular. Suddenly Sam lurched

forward.
"Come on, Bill," he addressed me. "Let's go over to the Whitney House and visit with him a spell. He used to peddle *Telegraphs* once upon a time. I'd like to learn if he recalls it."

THIS local son from the earth's far places was up in his room when Sam and I inquired for him at the desk. He remembered Sam at once when Pat Whitney advised him of our desire to see him, over the phone. "Go on up," said Pat. "Room Seventeen—the suite that opens onto the upper piazza."

We ascended, found the room and knocked. A nervous inside whistling stopped; a quick tread sounded. Never shall I forget Rance Hepburn's figure as he pulled open the door and stepped slightly backward, right hand remaining high up on the door's edge.

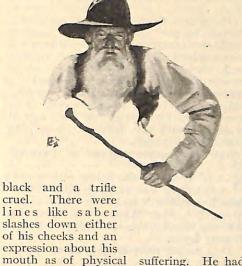
The man wasn't handsome—not as movie

heroes or the boys in the clothing advertise-ments are handsome.

Distinguished would be the better term. Six feet in height he must have been, with the shoulders and biceps of an athlete. He still wore his motoring togs; knickers, a sweater-coat; he brushed his hair straight backward on a fine-shaped head and it had the smoothness of black glass, pow-dered at the temples with a faint fluff of gray. A beautiful streak of pure white the result of a scalp burn, I afterward learned-seemed painted on that glass slightly on the left of center. But it was his face

of course that immediately seized and held my attention; here was a fellow who knew the World-and Life -spelled with capital letters. Its flesh, like the backs of his hands, was bronzed like an Arab's. The features were heavily cut and hawkish; his eyes as I saw them first were keen, coal

Paris, Vt., learned that Rance Hepburn's path of least resistance was through the little milliner



mouth as of physical suffering. He had needle-pointed moustaches, pricking deftly upward. No, he wasn't handsome. Yet he was romantic, dangerously romantic, at least for certain types of women.

"Sam Hod, you old Stick in the Mud!" he cried joyously at beholding the editor and his voice was soft as satin and as smooth as oil. His mouth was somewhat large for the rest of his face, I noted, but its firmness gave way to a dazzling smile that showed two rows of heavy white teeth and counteracted the ruthlessness of his eyes.

I was introduced; the door was closed. Rance Hepburn, war correspondent, explorer, author, man of the world, stood with his oaken legs wide apart and offered us

cigarettes.
"I know you already," he declared with an easy push at my shoulder I could not possibly resent. "Some of your Vermont stories in the American magazines, as I've found them in foreign countries, have often made me so homesick there's been many a night I've bawled like a kid."

Within the ensuing half-hour I felt as though I'd known Rance Hepburn all my life. His acknowledgment of my bucolic literary efforts had nothing to do with it whatever. I could easily accept that this magnetic fellow had been married four

times.

 $A^{
m ND}$ yet as we visited, and later when the trio of us descended to the dining-room together, I began to detect something discordant in the symphony of this prodigal's spectacular character. What was it? I couldn't say at once. Yet I knew it distressed me.

After a time I believed I had it. It was restlessness. I don't mean lack of poise exactly. I mean that under the surface of his sophistication, charm of manner and world vision, hid a discontent like a knotted muscle. The man was dissatisfied with everything, groping for something which ever eluded him.

I studied him as the evening wore on and we talked: about his travels, his adventures, his books, about Vermont, Paris, local people living or dead, changes in the town and valley, all the hundred and one homely items men will discuss together at such a reunion. And along about ten o'clock I flattered myself I knew the secret of his spiritual restlessness completely. You've grasped it already, I know. For all his marital experiences, colorful and hectic as they must have been, there was no woman in this prodigy's life. And when we finally broke up and I walked homeward rather silently with Sam, I began seriously to wonder if there had ever been a woman in his

life-or rather, a real woman deep in his

The man's hunger for love, maudlin as it may appear on this printed page, resembled a ganglion, a cancer, within him that was inexorably eating him to a spiritual husk. It had been responsible for those jaw creases like saber scars; it had caused that expression about his mouth as of physical suffering. I began to ask myself if his presence in Paris might in any way be connected with this hunger, this groping, this tragic discontent.

And from that moment onward, I worried.

SUCH then, was the fellow with whom I was dining two evenings later when though somehow it makes me wince to set it down, Eva May Walters came into that Whitney House dining-room with red-headed Tommy Lyon.

That means little or nothing to the lay reader in fields afar, perhaps. And yet, if you had ever lived up here in Paris, Vt., and known its people as I have come to know them from my position as one of the proprietors of its daily newspaper, you would recognize quickly enough why the memory of the girl's entry makes me wince. For Eva May Walters was emphatically everything in God's big world which Rancill F. Hepburn decidedly was not.

In her day, her mother—Molly Bushnell had been one of the valley's prettiest girls. Even at present, in late middle life, I doubt if there is a woman within a hundred-mile radius of Paris so wistfully charming. Back in 1900, Molly Bushnell married "Big Jack" Kendall-and the man had been killed on the night of their wedding. One of the horses drawing the cab that was to take them to the station was struck by a handful of stinging rice in the head. It bolted. The bride was hurt so badly herself that she couldn't attend the funeral and for five years thereafter all Paris weddings were conducted with the utmost decorum.

Yet instead of crazing the little woman, it mellowed her. Two years later she accepted Nat Walters, locomotive engineer on the Central Vermont. One baby daughter, this same Eva May, was born to them and five or six years of reasonable happiness followed. Then one awful winter's night Nat's train jumped a switch while traveling forty miles hour down below Hastings Crossing. We had one of the worst wrecks our section of country has known in a generation. Apparently that finished Molly with matri-She opened a little millinery shop in the Price Block next to the Olympic movie-and prospered. She was a sweet, pleasant-faced, round-bosomed woman with tender, wistful eyes and rich, chestnut hairand her life was devoted to raising her girl.

You can grasp, I think, what such a daughter of such a mother must have been. Eva May was all of that and more. And here she was in the Whitney House on the evening of her twentieth birthday, brought thither in honor of the two-penny anniversary by the local boy who loved her. And the poignant drama, old as the everlasting hills, two men and one woman, was on. Yes it was! Rance Hepburn, sitting across the corner of the table from me, was so placed that he could not help but note the two in the meal which ensued. And I watched the three. And of the four of us, I aver

that I beheld most of all.

Rance looked at Tommy Lyon's companion casually at first; I know because I saw the very first glance with which he ever favored her. But gradually as the meal progressed and he sensed the little romance being played at the table across by the sun-



"Tommy! Oh—there you are! I've hunted all your eyes pop right out of your head—Did

set window, his interest grew. Finally his eyes could not come away from Tommy's sweetheart. His stare became that of a savage animal, scrutinizing its prey, marking it down for quarry. Don't get me wrong. There was nothing licentious in Hepburn's appraisal. He wouldn't have harmed a hair of Eva May's golden head even if he were given opportunity. But as he studied her, that awful febrility became an agony within him and stood out lividly on his hawkish

"I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme grows. . . ." I heard him quote absently. And yet not so absently, either. "What's that?" I said sharply. "Nothing, nothing! Who's that girl—across from that red-headed goop by the window?"

window?"

I told him.

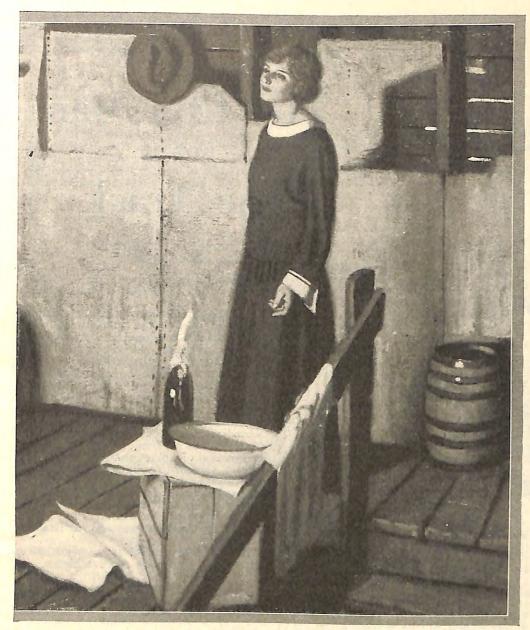
"I'd like to marry that girl," he said quietly. "And maybe I will!" His tone was much more ominous than if he had bellowed it; he was the type who would have stood at one side on the Day of Judgment and remarked simply: "Great show, isn't it?"
"You'll have to travel some," said I,

banteringly, hoping at first he were fooling. "She's already engaged to Tommy. They're going to marry as soon as Tommy can find someone with capital to back him in a garage of his own."
"She's going to marry that yokel?"

"Yokel! I glanced across at Tommy. I had to admit that the term was rather appropriate. His wiry red hair defied a comb; there were freckled blotches all over his forehead and the back of his sunburned neck; his eyes were as blue as a veranda ceiling; he had dressed for the occasion with the painful laboriousness of the automobile mechanic that he was; his hands were still grimy and his nails were broken.

I noted other things. I beheld the trouble he was having with big wrists, cuffs, his feet—both wound around the front legs of his chair. He smeared a huge slice of bread with butter and then bit a circular quarter out of one corner; mouth filled with it, he used the remainder to gesticulate some passing point he was apparently making with the girl, about his prospects. Yes, he had all the ear-marks of the yokel. And yet Tommy was of that sturdy, conscientious, get-ahead sort who took himself and his future seriously, who was pathetically ambitious, who gives ballast and stamina to modern American life generation by generation—and who loved the girl across from him as he loved his life . . . or the cars he repaired daily for thirty dollars each Saturday noon.

The girl gave us no attention whatever. Her eyes were shining for Tommy as he



over for you. I've got something that'll make he know that voice or was he dreaming?

pressed his points. Once when he became too vociferous with the bread I overheard her say tenderly, diplomatically: "Break it, Tommy. Eat it in smaller pieces as I do." Then she took the remainder of the slice from him and did it for him while he flushed. But a moment later he was deep in his plans again. And Rance saw it all, hot eyed.

I might lay myself open to a charge of recording banalities if I tarried long over a description of Molly Bushnell's daughter. She was one of those sweet, lithesome, golden-toned girls which make young men see visions and old men dream dreams. If I were searching for poetical metaphor, I might easily compare her to a sprig of dewwashed apple blossoms on a silver morning in May. But the girl had a soft, fresh, girlish innocence about her that was poignant.

HER light hair, pulled in light wavy pompadour from one side of her face, held a gleam of bronze in its virginal depths and then curved away to a knot at her neck. Her eyes were gray and fine, like her mother's. Her nose turned slightly upward -just enough to give an interest to her face without imparting sauciness; there were dimples in her warm, tinted cheeks and she had the pinkest gums and whitest

teeth of any girl I have ever met. She had a delectable little mannerism of opening her eyes very wide as she listened to what Tommy was telling her, and occasionally she whetted already shining lips afresh with a tongue like a small red dart. She wore a delicate organdie frock this night, gathered in a pucker at throat and elbows, yet disclosing an artery that throbbed faintly in the creamy flawlessness of that throat. I think that artery maddened Rance as much as anything about the girl's whole individuality.

I felt with a pang of dismay that I knew what was passing in the mind of this jaded local son who had wandered in from the ends of the earth. How he wanted that girl's soft body, all that she represented in her provincial purity, her ignorance of the world's seething-white summits or its deep, foul sewers! He wanted such eager, roundeyed chastity as that interested in himself! And how easy for him to take her away from this yokel—how dastardly easy! Every trick and art ever invented to be utilized in swaying a woman's emotions, he knew. He had sharpened his weapons for the stabbing of a feminine heart on flinty-hard princess, duchess, marchioness and countess, on Lucretia and Cyprian, on Diana and Delilah from St. Petersburg to Adelaide. intentionally, perhaps. I never thought Hepburn a philanderer with women. But he knew the world. Without being a fop,

he knew how to say the proper thing, do the proper courtesy, ingratiate himself by the sheer preponderance of his magnetism. Bronzed like an Arab, knowing both Orient and Occident as he knew his pocket, wealthy, famous, sure of himself and position as any prince regent-set down suddenly in a grubby little New England hill-town he was Romance Incarnate. And he knew this also. That to steal such a pure, undefiled, decent, decorous little girl away from a thirty-dollar a week mechanic would be easier than "taking candy away from a baby." It took the banality from the metaphor and made it a hideously cruel fact. I laid

my hand on my new friend's wrist.
"Don't do it, Hepburn," I begged.
"Why not?" The frown which he turned on me was hostile and sharp. "I've got the right, haven't I? All's fair in war or love."
"Only this wouldn't be either war or

love. It would be desecration."
"Oh—would it?"

"Positively. I don't contest that you're able to do it. I won't say you wouldn't have the technical right. But that sort of thing over there at that table is one of the most

precious of life's—"
"Blaa!" retorted Hepburn. "Don't be maudlin."

"I'm not maudlin," I responded with heat. "But those two kids, pretty well matched, are living in Eden. Don't let yourself be the serpent in that Eden. It's

a foul thing to contemplate."

"I'd like to know why? Suppose she marries him? What will he do to her? Put her in a dinky little house, struggle with her to pay for a lot of cheap furniture, load her down with the worry to pay bills, take that beautiful flush off her face and replace it with care, lines of mother-pain-"

A ND yet they'd be happy, Hepburn. They've the right to that."

"That's a matter of opinion. Would a girl like that be any less happy if a man who understood women lifted her out of all this mediocrity, gave her fine clothes, jewels, the opportunity to see the world and mingle with its upper strata, loved her with an understanding based on all that she isn't?"

"Much more happy down a score of years, Hepburn."
"I must say I don't see it."

All this time he was watching the girl, every little movement of face and body, every coy little mannerism, the wide-opened eyes as the yokel talked, the way she wrinkled her nose at him or patted his great beety hand-nothing escaped this traveler from Far Spaces. And as he watched, that hunger for her grew plainer and deeper on

his features.
"Where are you going?" I cried suddenly. He had tossed down his napkin and started

to rise.
"Over to get acquainted," he responded

had to watch him do it.

He did it. Leave it to him. The girl raised startled eyes as he approached their table, bent a moment above it and later swung a third chair over. The way he managed it was inimitable and eliminated the titanic audacity of it. In a handful of minutes he had his forearms along the table's third edge and was talking with the pair as though they had known one another always, although I noted in bitter amusement the increasi g sullenness of Tommy's reactions and responses.

Poor Tommy! Never did his hair look so red as in contrast to the patent-leather grooming of this intruder. Never was his

Continued on page 53)



AAVO NURMI of Finland, the world's greatest long-distance runner, is appearing in the Millrose Indoor Games in Madison Square Garden this winter, and will probably compete in several other indoor championship meets.

Those who have witnessed the great Finn in action will not miss his running on this side of the water, while those who have never watched Nurmi have a rare treat in store for them. Because Paavo is the superathlete of modern times, the greatest running machine the world has ever seen, possibly the greatest that the earth will ever produce. That is a sweeping statement, but when Nurmi's records are remembered and his latent powers calculated, it is soon realized that nothing short of a human freak will ever beat his time.

It may be that people will be disappointed in the American appearance of Nurmi. It is possible that he will not win all his indoor competitions. For this particular kind of running game will be new to him. He has never raced on boards before, and he will have traveled a long way, which is always a severe handicap. Nurmi has two factors in his favor. First, he is coming long enough ahead of time to train here and, he hopes, to be at his best when he runs his first race; secondly, he is accustomed to racing in tennis shoes, so that the absence of spikes, a requirement of board running, will not handicap him.

His two most important opponents will be Joie Ray of the Illinois Athletic Club and Willie Ritola of the Finnish-American A. C. Outdoors this pair would stand no chance at any distance from a half mile to ten miles against him. But on the boards it may be

Ray is the greatest distance star America has ever produced indoors. He is a past

master in the art of taking the curves, often unbanked and sharp, in the armories, and in Madison Square, and he is well accustomed to the inside air, and other indoor condi-tions which sometimes weigh heavily upon the outdoor competitor. The moment Ray steps on the boards he is filled with confidence, and it is seldom misplaced. He is at home, and will be making a last stand to defend his titles, and with all this to spur him on is liable to prove a dangerous man for Nurmi, if the latter is not himself.

Willie Ritola, who without doubt is the second greatest runner of modern times, over the longer distances, is perfectly at home indoors. Ritola has been back in New York training for some time and has not forgotten what Ray did to Guillemot of France, when the latter came over after his Olympic victory of 1920 to race in the Garden. Ritola believes he may be able to turn defeat into victory in the same manner.
However, all this is said with an "if."

Nurmi must be handicapped for these men, or any man, to have a chance against him. For when he is "right" he is in a class by Consider, for a moment, his himself.

Olympic achievements:

In 1920, at Antwerp, Paavo Nurmi won two first places, the 10,000 meter race and the 3,000 meter team race and he took second honors in the 5,000 meters to Guillemot of France. Then in 1924, Nurmi came back to capture the 1,500 meters, and the 5,000 meters, both in the same afternoon, and to win the 3,000 meter team race and the 10,000 meter cross-country team event. This gave him four Olympic victories in one meeting, a new record, and six victories and a second place in two Olympics, also a new mark for future athletes to strive for. And in each of the distances he ran, he either bettered the Olympic or the world's

By Charles W. Paddock

America's Fastest Sprinter

Drawings by J. Henry

record for his event, proving to the doubting ones his super-ability. Yet the fame of Nurmi does not depend entirely upon his Olympic victories, glorious as they have been. For he is a record-holder, a time annihilator, more than he is a competitor.

His time for the 2,000 meters is 5 min. 28 3/5 seconds; for the 3,000 meters, 8 min. 28 2/5 seconds; for the 3 miles, 14 min. 8 2/5 seconds; for the 5,000 meters, 14 min. 35 4/5 seconds; for six miles, 29 min. 41 2/5 seconds; for the 10,000 meters, 30 min. 40 1/5 seconds, and many of these marks he has since broken, though they have not as yet been officially recognized. Among these can be counted the 1,500 meters, which he broke by several seconds, running in tennis shoes in the Olympic Games, in order to save his feet for the 5,000 meters to be run later the same day.

But even these achievements which, to the close follower of track athletics, are records almost unbelievable, pale before his mile record of 4 min. 10 2/5 seconds which has been duly recorded. Since the establishment of that mark he has run the establishment of that mark he has run the distance in his native country, in close to 4 min. and 6 seconds. When it is remembered that the greatest milers the world ever produced spent their athletic lives trying to equal the 4 min. 12 2/5 second mark of Norman Taber of America, some realization of Nurmi's ability is understood. And his limit in speed for this distance has not yet been reached. Always conservative in the estimate of his own ability, Nurmi

admits that he can do better.

Though sportsmen had heard of Nurmi before he came to the Paris Olympics, and knew of his records in the Antwerp Games and his new records made in Finland and Sweden, they were skeptical—until he commenced to run. Then there could be no question. But still no one fully realized the power of the man until the 10,000 meter cross-country race, over the baking pavements of Paris, on the hottest day the city knew all summer. Under the broiling sun, men fainted and became delirious. And when the going was the hottest, Willie Ritola tried to wrest first place from Nurmi, way out in the wilds beyond Colombes, where few could see. For Ritola had waited for such an opportunity and he had saved himself, where Nurmi had been running hard, and Willie fought his heart out to take the measure of the mighty Paavo. But the latter attended only to the pace he had set himself, such a gruelling pace that even Ritola was forced to break his stride beneath it, and fall back. So that at last Nurmi came through the stadium gates, circled the track and finished, still not greatly fatigued, still breathing easily. And he sat down and changed his shoes, and then started to walk from the field, and not until then did the second figure come wearily through the gates, and that was Ritola. Afterward when Ritola and Johnson of America had finished and a few more had tried to stagger across the finish line, and had fallen unconscious, beneath the strain, people commenced to appreciate the greatness of Paavo Nurmi, the most marvelous running machine of the ages. And this description of the super-ability of the man has no doubt whetted your curiosity to know how he does it, and the real reason for his unparalleled success.

There is no question but that Paavo Nurmi has made a thorough study of distance running and of himself, and then has worked out a "system" to suit his own individual style. He possessed great natural ability, even beyond the strength and stamina of his countrymen. He also had a fight-ing heart, and the will to win. He proved all this when he came down to Antwerp, unheralded and unsung in the Olympics of '20 and there proved the sensation of the meet, the highest point winner. But Nurmi was just a great athlete then, and not a

super-man.

To-day he no more resembles the Nurmi of '20 than a three-year old resembles a veteran horse of the track. He has improved in every way, retaining all his youthful spirit, and adding to it the cunning and the skill with which age so often endows the

There is a reason for his tremendous stamina. When Nurmi or Stenroos or any of the other Finns want to go to work in the mornings, they walk or run, and when they go home in the evenings, they have to walk or run. And their ancestors did the same. It is a heritage of health which has been preserved for them, this walking and this running, and a nation of athletes is the result, where every man has marvelous muscles in his legs, and where the physical power of the individual averages high.

Nurmi is a paperhanger in Helsingfors, Finland. He is considered to be the best paperhanger there, a man who attends strictly to business, is always cool and deliberate in his work, with a great deal of patience and an enormous amount of determination. These same qualities he displays in his running. He is not inclined to any marked degree of sociability. He seems almost grouchy at times, he is so quiet and so serious. He is happiest when working or running, and to him running is work. It may be his recreation, but he goes about it so energetically that it ceases to be a pastime and becomes real labor.

WHEN he made up his mind some years Nurmi marked out the distance that lies between his home and his place of work. He drove stakes at the quarter mile marks and for certain metric lengths. Then he timed for certain metric lengths. himself between these points, and watched with skillful eye his improvement. He learned to run a lap in the time that he wished, and he became a past-master in pace. He did something that any boy in any country could do. He ran a lap in a certain length of time. Anybody can do that. The time may vary somewhat, to be sure, but some time can be recorded. Then he trained himself to run two laps in the same proportionate speed, and afterwards he could go lap upon lap in the same speed

time he had formerly set for a single circuit of the track.

After which Nurmi did some careful figuring. He looked up the old Olympic records, in all the races that he wanted to He calculated the ability of his greatest opponents, and he figured that probably none of them could equal those world records. But Nurmi was taking no chances. He calculated that in the longer races, his opponents could run a minute faster than the time recorded in the books. Then he set himself the task of running still faster than that, and he tabulated the time he would have to run each lap in order that the total should be under what his best competitors could equal. Then he forgot all about his competition from that time forth.

IN ORDER to insure accuracy in his judgment of pace, he had a watch specially constructed, with large numbers, so that he could see the time he was making as he ended each lap, and he learned to run a lap within a fifth of a second of the mark he wished to set. He labored not weeks but years upon this system, until he had practically revolutionized distance running. For he would run his first lap at just about the same speed as the last, and he would finish, not exhausted but ready to go right out and start over again. The old theory of distance running, still practiced in the United States, holds that a man to have run his best race, should finish completely exhausted, having given everything. This means that the final eighth of a mile becomes a fighting sprint, in which all the

excess power is burned up.
Paavo Nurmi, with his shuffling stride,
where his foot is barely lifted from the
ground, and his heel hits the track so soon after the ball of his foot, as to seem to be striking first, and with his utter disregard for his competitors, or what they may

happen to be doing, soon became the center of interest in the Olympics. And when people Olympics. noticed him looking at his watch at the end of each lap, and adapting himself to what it said, and not to his field, they laughed, and waited with humorous anticipa-tion for each lap to end, that they might see the Finn regard his watch again. And he did not fail them, though he certainly did not do it for their amusement. When the last lap of each race

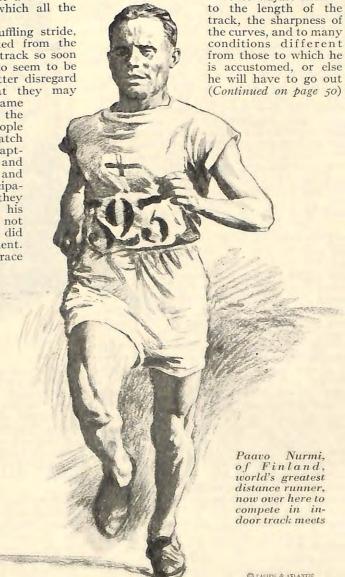
rolled around, however, and Nurmi was finishing with ease far ahead, the humor of the situation was forced to take a back seat. For Nurmi always won. His system seemed infallible.

Paavo Nurmi proved that he has everything. is possessed of a sturdy physique, with a big chest, strong shoulders and arms, a small waist, well-proportioned legs, neither large nor small for his height, which is about 5 feet 8 inches, and his weight, which is around 150 pounds. In addition he had his system.

But it would have been interesting indeed, if a competitor with just as much natural ability as Nurmi, and his equal in every way had taken the field. Suppose such an athlete should have started that final lap well ahead of Nurmi. What would the Finn have done? He would have discovered that his system of pace was wrong. He would have found that he had not allowed enough for the speed of his opponent. Yet, it would have been too late for him to change his system. He would have been dependent upon the pace he had trained for, and he would have undoubtedly been unable to change within a few moments, from a running machine to a fighting competitor, who ran only to win. It is scarcely possible to conceive of Nurmi being able to do that. For the record-breaker, the phenom, the super-athlete—the man who has measured his running by his own ability and compared it with records, rather than with the strength of individuals, such a man can not at once relinquish his system and become a great competitor. When his calculations miscarry, he is through for the time being, until he can either figure out a new system, which will be superior, or else drive himself into being a fighting organism rather than a smooth running machine, capable of so much and no more.

What would have happened to Nurmi, if he had been behind some super-athlete with a fighting heart on the last lap of any of his Olympic races? I believe he would have been beaten.

Now when Nurmi takes the boards in our indoor season, he will have to adjust himself





Touring by Seaplane

By Elon Jessup

A portion of the city of Miami, Florida as seen through an aerial camera

"I NEVER knew such a business for tearful good-byes," laughed one of the mechanics remaining behind. "A guy can't even hop off on a ten-minute flight without everybody shaking his arm off as though they never expected to see him

I recalled the mechanic's words a few moments later as I sat huddled in a forward cockpit of the seaplane *Morro Castle*, a thousand feet above the ice-crusted shoreline of Raritan Bay, headed for Sandy II all the Naw Joysey seasons and then in Hook, the New Jersey seacoast, and then in turn, warm Southern seas. I also remem-bered the ominous tone with which numerous well-meaning friends had remarked:
"I do hope that nothing will happen."

But when you're once in the air, you can't step out. You have to make the best of it, whether you like it or not. Fortunately, you get your "air legs" in a surprisingly short time and then begin to feel very much

The ominous wish that "nothing will happen" is, however, fairly typical of the usual attitude toward air travel in general. An airplane flight is supposed to be a big adventure, a risky undertaking in which

adventure, a risky undertaking in which one's chances of meeting an untimely end are well above the average. And if you don't get killed, you're supposed at least to be scared within an inch of your life.

Just how much truth there was in these suppositions, I was in a fair way to find out. We had hopped off from Keyport, New Jersey, and were covering the first leg of a three-thousand-mile flight down the Atlantic Coast to Cuba and Porto Rico. Which was asking a good deal of a commercial passenger asking a good deal of a commercial passenger carrying plane loaded with five men and half a truckful of baggage. Only one other commercial plane in this country had ever

commercial plane in this country had ever before traveled a longer distance.

Things could happen. It remained to be seen just what would happen. The mechanism of an airplane can get out of kilter in air touring just as that of your motor car can go back on you in land touring. In fact it is logical to assume the chances of mechanical troubles in the air are greater than chanical troubles in the air are greater than with a motor car. For the construction of an airplane is of necessity comparatively light.

As an example, compare the motor of the



Taking on gas in a Porto Rican lagoon

Morro Castle with that of an average motor car. We are being driven through air by a high compression, twelve cylinder Liberty motor having four hundred horse power. Its weight is nine hundred pounds. In marked contrast to this, the average motor car engine has about thirty horse power and weighs approximately twelve hundred pounds. You wonder how the light, powerful little Liberty can ever stand the wracking

At the same time it is comforting to one's peace of mind before stepping into an air-plane to be disillusionized regarding some of the fallacies that are commonly held in regard to air travel. I suppose the chief of these is the by no means uncommon belief that when an airplane becomes disabled in the skies it immediately takes a downward

Zimmerman, pilot, and Walton, me-chanic, in their amidships cockpit of the "Morro Castle." Note the windshields

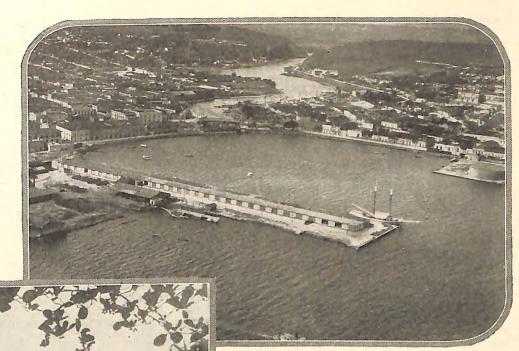
path to death and destruction. As a matter of fact, only under very exceptional circummajority of cases, you're as safe when the engine quits as you are when it is hitting on all twelve cylinders.

Suppose, for example, that the engine of the plane in which I am riding should suddenly go dead. The driving power would be gone and we could not remain for a great time in the air. But we couldn't crash down a thousand feet to destruction. Not by a long thousand feet to destruction. Not by a long shot. We would glide gradually downward and land safely on the waters of Raritan Bay at whatever spot the pilot has picked as the most suitable for landing. If we were traveling in a land plane, of course, we'd make for an open field. A necessary landing of this sort is known as a "forced landing." The landing margin for gliding down without power varies somewhat but in the case

out power varies somewhat, but in the case of the Morro Castle it is at the ratio of about six to one. In other words, flying as we are at an altitude of one thousand feet, we can travel in a diagonal line for a distance of six thousand feet before there arises any actual necessity for touching water. In some respects the higher you fly, the safer you are. Thus, if you are up two thousand feet, you

have a safety margin of twelve thousand feet in case of a forced landing

Hence the reason why a land plane never ventures very far from land and a seaplane seldom ventures beyond gliding distance of water. So long as a tolerably safe landing spot is not too far away and you have confidence in the pilot, you don't worry much about the condition of the motor. Of course, if your pilot is partial to "stunt" flying or there are no safe landing spots within reasonHow It Feels to Skim Along Our Eastern Coast in A Flying Boat



A view of the harbor at Matanzas, Cuba, showing the long wharf where freighters are laden with cargoes of sugar

The ship is here being hauled out on a beach prior to having its hull scraped

able distance, that is another matter. Maybe you do worry a bit then.

A huge grey gnat, its body thirty-three feet long, its outstretched upper wings sixtyfeet long, its outstretched upper wings sixty-five feet from tip to tip—that is the flying boat *Morro Castle* buzzing between blue sky and green water in its southward flight. More than three tons of weight hanging in mid-air with the ease of a floating feather. Amidships in the craft under the growling motor sit Cy Zimmerman, the pilot, and Walton, the mechanic, side by side. Zimmerman has been flying constantly since the year 1916 and he's still at it. That is comforting.

Behind their necks is a brown dimly distinguishable disk that is the whizzing propeller; flying men speak of it as the "prop." The prop is capable of revolving at the rate of sixteen hundred and fifty revolutions to a of sixteen hundred and fifty revolutions to a minute, which represents a speed of about one hundred miles an hour. We aren't traveling that fast, however. Only about seventy-five. That's ordinary cruising speed. The careful pilot saves wear and tear on his motor by throttling down as much as he can without too much loss of speed. Curiously enough, the prop is his only speedometer. Its revolutions indicate the speed

Forward looking aircraft men declare that within twenty-five or thirty years most types of airplanes now in use will be regarded as quaint curiosities of an early era; much the same curiosities that the first motor cars are to us to-day. The science of corporation for all its progress is still year. aeronautics for all its progress is still very much in the experimental stages. But I believe that in the meantime you will hear a good deal about the particular type of

The author boarding ship in Porto Rico

airplane in which I have the good fortune

The distinguishing feature of the Morro Castle is its hull. This is an all-metal affair, an aluminum alloy known as "duralumin." The hulls of other seaplanes are wood. This is the first all-metal flying boat to be built in America and it's frankly an experiment. Railroad trains and ocean-going ships came to metal. Why not airplanes? That remains to be seen.

We three passengers, seated like a trio of baseball fans in the bleachers, occupy a forward cockpit in the hull, only our heads protruding above deck level. arrayed in sheaths of warm clothing, goggles and helmets. The magazine artist's specifications of how you should look when you go up in an airplane are pretty well founded on fact; especially so in winter. One thing is certain; the air is a good many degrees colder up above than it is close to land and the wind is a whole lot sharper. You can't wear too much clothing. Three parts of your anatomy deserve special attention, these being your feet, head and the small of your back. The sharp wind gets your head your back. and a funny little cyclone of cold air in the cockpit hits the feet and then makes for the small of your back.

Parallel to our seat, forward in the "nose" of the plane, is a third cockpit, designed to hold three more passengers, but which at the present moment is occupied by baggage. The term "nose" is seaplane nomenclature for "bow." You rarely hear "bow" and "stern" used as in connection with ordinary boats: "nose" and "tail" are more usual and as regards a flying boat, really more expressive.

THE pile of baggage in the forward cockpit is topped by a brown suitcase tagged with a paper sticker which indicates that the owner has stopped at a hotel in Altoona, Pa. This sticker comes directly under my eyes and I presently find myself regarding it with a good deal of intentness. No, I'm not scared. But I'm free to admit that I am not suite at home cases to the am not quite at home as yet in the new kind of air which we have just nosed into. We're getting a few bumps that we haven't felt before. There comes an occasional suggestion of a sinking feeling such as you get in a fast elevator.

The reason for this is that we have left smooth air and are now flying through rough smooth air and are now flying through rough air. There are rough air waves just as there are rough water waves. Furthermore, an increasing wind strikes us a-beam. That makes for difficult going. The most favorable flying condition for an airplane is with the wind. The next most favorable is against the wind. The worst of all is a beam wind for in this case the pilot must use conwind, for in this case the pilot must use constant vigilance to prevent the craft from being swept sidewise off her course.

Our course is straight down the New Jer-

sey coast line, but curiously enough the nose of the Morro Castle points in the general direction of Europe. This is the pilot's method of preventing too much side-slipping. We travel down the Jersey coast line crabfashion, holding our course by flying concertedly with and against the wind. A weird situation.

The strength of the wind increases. Guarding my face against it is a small glass windshield, a pocket edition of the sort you have on your motor car. Upon poking my head out at one side of the shield I experience a tremendous wind pressure; the creepy sense of a heavy cold iron bar being pressed against my forehead. Presently I feel a sharp pin-prick and then another. Only after a moment of surprised wonder do I realize that these are rain drops. But you never get touched by rain in an airplane so long as you keep your head behind the wind shield. Your speed prevents that. The rain flashes past you in flattened streaks, not on you.

WE THREE passengers rubbing elbows exchange knowing glances but make no attempt at talk. The growling of the motor together with the buzzing of the prop and the whistling of the wind through the wires is a combination of noises that represents a good deal of racket. You soon come not to mind that but you never become very talkative. Conversation in an airplane is always very much at a premium. If you care to hold your mouth within a quarter of an inch of your neighbor's ear and yell at the top of your lungs you may be heard but it's hardly worth the effort.

I once knew a chap, very much in love who had several times asked a girl to marry him and as frequently been refused. Then he had the happy thought of taking her on an airplane ride, planning to propose when they were high in the air. He figured that she would be in such a receptive mood that what with the thrill and all, she couldn't refuse this time. But the plan didn't work as well as he had expected. He hadn't known about the noise. He yelled at the top of his lungs, but the girl couldn't hear a word.

Conversation in an airplane is largely carried on in the form of sign language. Thus, when the man at my right presently points to the huge white capped rollers of the Atlantic below us, frowns and shakes his head, I gather that the idea which he wishes to get over is about as follows:

"I hope to thunder we don't have to make a forced landing in that sea."

The Jersey beach towns, a thousand feet below our thin pathway, mount so fast each upon the other that it's hard to say just where one stops and the next begins. view a long stretch of curling white surf, geometrical rows of red and green roofs, grey and black streets and straggly brown marshes. Yet we feel no sense of great speed. That's a curious part of flying high; sense of speed is almost wholly absent. If you look upward to the blue sky you hardly think yourself moving at all. Even when you look downward you seem to be moving hardly at more than a snail's pace.

But when you are close to land or waterthat's wholly different. A fast train, motor car or motor boat, each gives you a sense of tremendous speed because there are other objects close by with which comparisons are possible. In an airplane you know this only when you fly low. And fly low, we

Like a toboggan skimming down a long snow-covered hill we dropped in a sloping line from a thousand feet, almost to the ruffled waters of Barnegat Bay, seemed on the point of diving head-on into the Bay when the craft suddenly straightened out to horizontal again, and flying six feet above the water's surface, boomed the length of Barnegat. Brown water bordered by browner marshes became the partially distinguishable blurrs that green meadows are when you travel on the Twentieth Century Limited. You now know that you are really moving. An extraordinary contrast in sense of speed after the higher altitude and pleasing by way of variety.

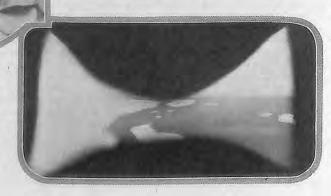
Half way down the narrow protected stretch of Barnegat Bay we make our first stop. I become conscious that the nose of the plane is pointed ever so slightly down-ward and the rumbling of the motor has ceased. In wordsof airmen, the pilot has "cut the gun." That is, he has throttled down the engine and we are coasting through air in the same manner that you coast to your stopping place after shutting off the engine of your motor car. There is one notable difference, however; we're traveling at a speed of more than fifty miles an hour.

The drop from air to water is so very

gradual that we hardly know the moment when the craft's bottom first meets water. The sudden smacking jounce for which we are prepared does not come. Presently the nose cuts water, dashes of spray stream back on either side, gradually our speed diminishes and a few moments later we are idly drifting. Walton the mechanic strides forward over our heads and heaves overboard the anchor. Zimmerman from the rear explains:

"No harm done. Some of the wires need a little tightening."

Above you see the baggage being stowed away before the start. At right a snapshot of the Florida coast line, showing what the wind does to the bellows of any ordinary camera



Walton climbs out on a lower wing and for fifteen minutes brandishes wrench and pliers; with an amiable smile returns to the nose and hauls aboard the anchor, cranks the motor and drops into his seat as the craft gets under way.

It's rather an easy gait, this first stage in the take-off of a seaplane from water to air; about that of a medium-powered motor boat. If you've never been in an airplane before it is your introduction to flying and something of a temporary anti-climax to the thrill which you may have thought that flying represented. One might almost as well be riding in a ferry boat. There is no indication whatever of the tremendous power that is held in reserve.

THE aircraft term for traveling on the water in a seaplane is "taxying. you have taxied leisurely across the water for perhaps half a mile and are beginning to wonder why something more exciting doesn't happen, it suddenly does happen. The pilot "gives her the gun." In other words he opens the throttle wide. The tremendous reserve power of the motor instantly jumps to work and the seaplane becomes one of these record-breaking motor boats that travels with the bow and half the hull out of water. In about thirty seconds from the time that the extra power has been applied you realize that you have left the water completely. By fast stages the craft mounts in an oblique line to higher altitudes.

How do you feel when you get up there? In tolerably smooth air you experience a quiet, soothing exhilaration comparable in some respects to being stretched out in a steamer chair when the ocean is extraordinarily smooth. You float idly in space without jounce or jar and mid-air impresses you as being a perfectly normal retreat in which to spend a quiet afternoon. Most people before going up in an airplane expect to get dizzy and some wonder if they won't want to jump out. As a matter of fact, one feels considerably more secure than one ordinarily does when on the top of a high building or at the edge of a steep precipice. The familiar dizziness and desire to jump under such conditions are quite absent when you are in an airplane.

Both rough air with its occasional bumps and the sharp leaning "banking" of a plane during a circular descent somewhat alter These two sensations are the closest approaches to thrills that you get in the course of ordinary air travel. Maybe there's a wee Lit of a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach during the first two or three times you experience these. But you presently get over that.

Hovering high above the deserted boardwalk of Atlantic City we found plenty of rough air. Also, increasing indications of a really wicked gale. I was not surprised to see the nose of the Morro Castle head for the protection of Great Egg Inlet and presently after a steep banking descent slow down amid a bath of spray in the harbor of Ocean

City.

"It's the last good landing place for a long way down the coast," explained Zimmerman. "There's a buster of a storm coming and we'd better spend the night here.'

That's one advantage of air travel. You can make for port when you see trouble coming. A steamer far out at sea isn't as fortunately situated as an airplane hugging the coast.

Two anchors splash overboard from the nose of the plane and two small boys and a white setter dog in a home-made duck boat come alongside and take on our baggage. (Continued on page 58)



The Chicken That Was Picked

HENRY sat on the whitewashed stone doorstep of his newspaper office. The roof and walls were charred fragments on the ground, and the doorstep the only thing left to sit upon. A gentle breeze rippled his blue linen shirt and stirred the thick brown hair that fell, in two stray locks, over his high forehead. His bony knees, in brown trousers, came up past his chin as he reached between them and plucked a blade of new succulent grass, which he inserted in his good-humored mouth. At the sound of a footstep, his fine dark eyes turned lazily to the left.

Brick sidewalks—lumpy and uneven over the swelling roots of shade trees—bordered the hot white road that wound for a block and a half between ancient wooden dwellings before it bent to the right and disappeared. The main street of the Virginia mountain village was deserted except for a little yellow-haired girl, in a pink blouse and tan skirt, who was sweeping the sidewalk in front of Asa Hamilton's house; and a small white man, dressed in black, who was shuffling in Henry's direction. The man stopped in the shade of the locust tree before Henry's doorstep and took off an enormous black hat

hat. "Was comin' by Miss Margie's an' she

By Robert McBlair

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

ast me to bring you this here." He gave Henry a blue envelope, then tugged at the long black mustache that endowed his aquiline face and weak blue eyes with an expression at once mournful and desperate.

expression at once mournful and desperate.

"Reckon that's the insurance money for your fire, ain't it?" he inquired.

"Part of it." A moving fleck of sunlight

"Part of it." A moving fleck of sunlight played over Henry's tanned freckled face and came to a momentary rest on the bridge of his straight nose. "A thousand dollars, Zeb."

"A thousand dollars!" drawled Zeb almost inaudibly, as if trying to grasp such immensity. Then he added aloud, but to himself "An' I got to have two hundred when my case comes up Sad'd'y, or go to jail."

my case comes up Sad'd'y, or go to jail."
"What is it this time, Zeb?"
"Oh," sighed Zeb softly, "bootlegging.
Bootlegging. No defense. It'll be two hundred dollars or sixty days."
Henry's brown was your tondor "The

Henry's brown eyes were tender. "I'm sorry, Zeb. If you can't raise the money any other way before Saturday, come by to see me. Trouble is, doggone it, though, I need every cent to rebuild with."

Zeb put on his gargantuan black hat and had taken two steps up the street when he stopped and stood in thought for a moment. Then he turned, and avoiding Henry's eye, shuffled at an accelerated pace along the way that he had come. But something else had diverted Henry's attention.

A GIRL had appeared on the wistaria-covered porch that ran the full width of the large faded green house across the street. Henry surreptitiously removed the grass blade from his mouth. She came down the steps and—deliberately rising on one toe while kicking the other out before her—progressed along the graveled walk. The sun gleamed on her black hair, drawn smoothly close to her shapely head. Henry watched her with fascinated attention. She wore a black-knitted sweater with white edges, a white skirt, black stockings and low-heeled black-and-white shoes. She turned to her right and strolled down the street, apparently unconscious of Henry's existence. Then she looked over her shoulder and waved her hand.

Henry started, and waved his hand vigorously in return. But she was proceeding nonchalantly on her way. She went in the combination post-office and drug store, then came out and crossed the street to Miss Margie's insurance office, where she once

more disappeared.

She was Priscilla Brandon, the daughter of Major Brandon, of the U. S. Army, retired, and Henry had never put his feelings about her into words. Possibly one reason for his hesitation had been that just as his newspaper business had begun to be profit-able, his establishment had burned down. And Henry had been dependent upon his own earnings ever since his father-a circuit judge-had died and left him an orphan at the age of twelve.

Priscilla Brandon almost at once emerged from Miss Margie's insurance office. Henry looked quickly away, but he could hear the scuff of her shoe soles as she kicked nearer along the pavement. He felt his face reddening. He tried to stop it, but only flushed the

"HENRY, Miss Margie tells me you have received the first check for your insurance.

Henry's tall loose frame suddenly rose upright. He leaned to preserve his balance against the doorjamb, realized too late that the doorjamb was no longer there,

waved his arms rather wildly, tripped over the doorstep and fell backwards. "Reckon I must have fallen," he apolo-

gized as he got up—very red.
"Reckon you must have," agreed Priscilla, looking up at him with amused black-rimmed green eyes. Her slightly prominent white teeth gleamed between red thin lips. Then she looked down her straight little nose and plucked at her white sweater collar. want you to promise me something, Henry. You know how you like to speculate. I want you to promise me not to spend a cent of your insurance money for anything except rebuilding."
"I'll promise you anything, Priscilla."

Priscilla stared at the whitewashed unburned rear room of Henry's newspaper plant, where Henry lived, bit her red lower lip thoughtfully, whirled on one heel and went scuffing indolently across the street. "Don't forget!" she called over her slim

square shoulder.
"Unkhuh!" Henry watched her boyish figure till it was lost within the Brandon's big front door. Then he resumed his seat on the houseless doorstep, and was dreamily unaware of the approach of the melancholy Zeb, until that gentleman coughed and

"Henry, you know the contest for pit games is goin' to be decided Friday night?

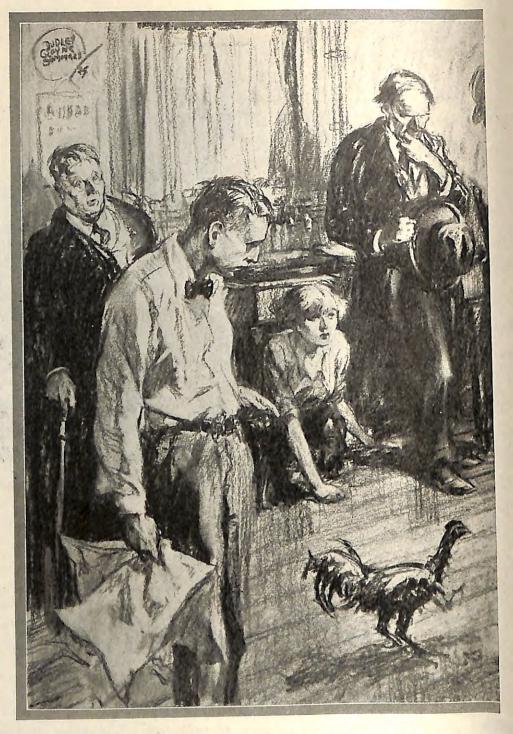
"It's already been decided, hasn't it, Zeb? You see, the committee picks out the best and the next best chicken and those two are the only ones that the judges are allowed to pass on. That's the rule. And the committee picked out Asa Hamilton's Red Knight and Black Prince as the two best in the county. And Ped Knight is the better of those two."

"That's right," agreed Zeb. His weak blue eyes were fastened upon the check in

blue eyes were fastened upon the check in

Henry's shirt pocket.

"'Twas Asa Hamilton's scheme," continued Henry, "and it sure worked well for him. Fifty cocks entered, at twenty dollars fee for each, that puts one thousand dollars in the pool. Seven-tenths of that goes to purchase the best cock-\$700 he gets for Red Knight. The other three hundred is bet on Red Knight by the pool, and the winnings distributed among the entrants." Henry laughed softly. "Well, I'm not kicking. I had my chance. But my fool chicken strangled himself trying to get through the wire netting when the place burned up."



"It's Red Knight I want to talk to you 'bout," murmured Zeb. "You see, Asa Hamilton's got a note due to-morrow." Zeb cleared his throat. "He 'lows he'll sell Red Knight to-day for five hundred, cash."

"But, he can wait till Friday and get seven, Zeb!"

"He cain't wait," said Zeb softly. "It's one of them notes he owes Major Brandon. I reckon you know what folks is sayin', Henry-Major Brandon 'lows as how Asa Hamilton mis-managed his estate when the Major was in Europe, an' the feelin' betwixt 'em ain't none too good." Zeb spat ruminatively. "Some says as that's why Asa Hamilton is a-goin' to marry Miss Priscilla-so he won't never have to settle up." Zeb's watery eye was caught by the check in Henry's pocket. "He'll give me fifty if I sell the chicken, Henry. I'm tryin to work my way out of goin' to jail, Henry."

Henry shook back the hair from his high forehead. "Zeb," he asked with a frown, "do you know how it is for someone to lack confidence in your judgment?"

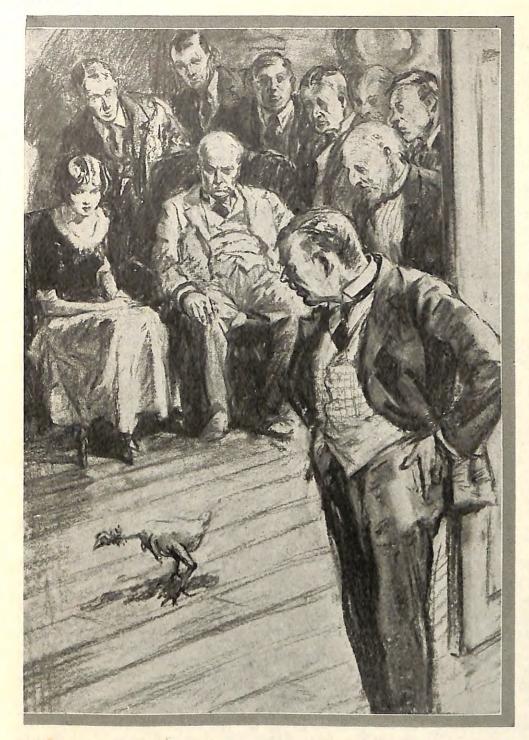
"Well," Zeb drawled, "my old woman.
"But he stopped, because Henry had unexpectedly risen to his full lanky height. "Zeb," Henry said, "I reckon it won't do

any harm to go down and look at that chicken, anyhow."

As they approached the two wire pens in Asa Hamilton's backyard, that pallid gentleman-his stocky powerful figure clad in a pearl gray suit and yellow waistcoat— emerged from his back door. He was followed by the queer mite of a girl with frizzy yellow hair.

Henry recognized the little girl as a niece of Hamilton's housekeeper, who had been brought down from New York to help around the house while her aunt was in the hospital. She wore a transparent pink blouse, a brief tan skirt, black shoes with high red heels, and black fishnet stockings. She could hardly be fourteen years old, and Henry winced at the smear of rouge over her fresh, young mouth.

Hamilton turned on the child. "Go back!" he commanded. "I'll want lunch



in twenty minutes." As he turned away he took out his watch and marked the time. She had stopped still at his sharpness. Seeing Henry's kindly glance upon her, she made a face at Hamilton's back, whirled

"THAT girl is worse than incompetent," Hamilton growled. "Yesterday she boiled corn with the husks on!"

and ran into the house.

He seemed to feel that the chicken transaction already had been arranged. There was little conversation. After a few moments of silent thought, Henry impulsively made out a check, and with the wiry protesting chicken under his arm returned along the sun-dappled street to his own backyard.
Zeb had lingered with Hamilton, awaiting

his fifty-dollar commission. But Asa Hamilton merely pulled at his heavy lower lip in thought. The rim of his black derby threw his square pale face in shadow, and to Zeb there was something chilling about his heavy jowl and cold gray eyes.
"Zeb," rumbled Hamilton at length,

"do you think Henry would bet five hundred dollars that Red Knight will

Zeb was startled. "Well," he drawled softly, "I reckon he's a mighty big fool if he wouldn't."

wouldn't."

"I owe you fifty dollars commission," said Hamilton, his eyes on the ground. "If I put fifty with that for you, and we bet Henry five hundred, and win, then you'd be in possession of two hundred dollars Friday night, wouldn't you?"

"Reckon I would," agreed Zeb, almost inaudibly. "But—but don't you figger Red Knight is the best?"

"Zeb" said Asa Hamilton sonorously. "a

"Zeb," said Asa Hamilton sonorously, "a chicken is a perishable commodity. example, I saw a bucket of green paint yesterday, standing on top of Henry's pen. It is possible that this may accidentally overturn and spoil the cock's appearance. Hamilton's boring gray eyes held Zeb transfixed. "Do you want me to place that bet for you Zeb?" bet for you, Zeb?

Zeb was unable to look away. His very

Black Prince—scion of fighters— staggered drunken and naked into the kitchen. There he stood, plucked clean to his yellow skin, his bare wings hanging down like arms, his nubbin of a tail sticking up. The room was too astonished for sound

insides seemed to curl up in an excited chill. He liked Henry. He didn't care for the flavor of this bet. But Hamilton was his attorney in the bootlegging case. In addition to the bet, Hamilton stood to make seven hundred dollars, by selling Black Prince to the pool, if Red Knight were eliminated; and Hamilton was an ill man to cross. Zeb didn't want to go to jail.

"I am going fishing Friday afternoon," Hamilton was saying, "and take Henry with me. Do you want me to place that bet for you while we are gone?"

Zeb's Adam's apple jumped up and down as he swellowed.

as he swallowed.

"Sounds like it would be a pretty good bet, Mr. Hamilton," he answered faintly.

"I'll do it, Zeb," said Hamilton, "to help you out." He looked at his watch and went quickly into the house.

THAT afternoon, the next day, and the next, Henry fed Red Knight exact quantities of cracked corn and fresh raw meat. The rooster's green-black radiance, touched with red on wings and tail, cast a reflection back upon himself. It illuminated his capacity as a business man. His brown suit newly pressed, a Panama hat on the back of his head, Henry felt at peace with the world as he sat in the checkered sunshine on his doorless doorstep on Friday after-

noon.
"Well, Henry, what do you say we go fishing?" It was Asa Hamilton, his gray eyes wrinkled in a mirthless smile.

Henry hesitated, a puzzled frown between his fine dark eyes. He didn't like to leave Red Knight on the afternoon of the judging. No good reason why he shouldn't, but he just didn't like to.

"Come on," commanded Hamilton. "I've got rods and bait in my machine right now. It will give us a chance to talk over some

business.

Even Asa Hamilton-well known as a brainy, if tricky, lawyer—had come to recognize him as a business man. Henry rose to his lanky height. They strolled to-gether down the lumpy brick sidewalk to where Hamilton's red roadster stood in front of his house.

The little city girl was pulling weeds in Hamilton's front yard. She started as she looked up and saw Hamilton so near. Her thin pointed face paled, bringing out the spots of rouge over the high cheek bones. The pink transparent blouse revealed the thinness of her shoulders. Her yellowish hair was bobbed in a nondescript puff around her head. Henry felt a queer pain about his heart, to see her childishness thus daubed and dressed in finery.

"Luella," Hamilton commanded sharply. "I want you to fix a chicken for to-morrow's dinner, and I want it fixed right."

"Mist' Hamilton," she quavered in a

nasal treble, "I never . . ."

"No excuses!" Hamilton snapped.
Luella swallowed, and looked at him like a little frightened rabbit. Hamilton turned away and climbed into his automobile at the curb.

"I read in a New York newspaper," he (Continued on page 50)

The Sporting Angle

Reflections on Football, Fighters and Our National Game

By W. O. McGeehan

THE football season of 1924 brought many upsets of the dope, as the experts would say. These upsets are becoming less and less an occasion for astonishment in the modern game of football. They have begun to consider them in the light of "form reversals" as they do on the racetrack.

There were so-called upsets in all sections in 1924, some of them startling from the point of view of the expert. Toward the end of the season Grantland Rice, one of the closest students of football, began to get some heavy mail from indignant old grads, demanding to know how he got that way and importuning him to furnish the evidence upon which he figured this college to be two touchdowns better than that college when the score was 18 to o in favor of the college picked to lose.

Mr. Knute Rockne, the coach of Notre Dame, tries to explain. He says, "Why are there so many upsets in the dope? Football is different from other games. It is not a question of mechanics. Form, players and plays are only a certain per cent. The game demands, more than any other, enthusiasm and inspired mental attitude.

"A team in an ordinary frame of mind will do only ordinary things. In the proper emotional stage a team will do extraordinary things. To reach this state a team must have a motive that has extraordinary appeal

It would seem that the record of the Notre Dame team of 1924 would qualify Mr. Rockne to tell us just why there were so many "upsets in the dope." But he does not seem to have done it. I maintain that all college football teams play with an inspired mental attitude. The Harvard inspired mental attitude. The Harvard team that was beaten by Yale in 1924 had the same mental attitude toward Yale that was held by Harvard teams in the past. The University of California team that was tied by Stanford was holding all through that game the same inspired mental attitude that said, "Beat Stanford" as the California team that did beat Stanford held last year.

I would not like to argue against an authority such as Mr. Rockne, but my theory is that quite a good deal is left to chance in the new game, certainly much more than was left to chance in the old

Which Is Best—East or West?

A NOTHER question that survives the football season of 1924 is, "Which section produces the greatest football players and the greatest football team?" This to me always seems about as idle as the question sometimes asked, "Which

section produces the best troops?"

There have been years when small colleges have produced teams for which they claimed the mythical intercollegiate championship, but the claims were only claims. This year the claim might be made for Notre Dame, which seemed to have about the most widely flung schedule and which passed through its season without a de-

Notre Dame's achievement may be due to an exceptional gathering of material or

it may be due entirely to the coaching. Then again it might be because of both, exceptional material and exceptional coaching. There will be no dispute from any section to the statement that Knute Rockne is an exceptional coach and that innovations he has contributed to modern football have helped to make it a game of speed and brains as well as a game of brawn and stamina.

I would always be disposed to give the coaching of a football team its full share of credit. The late Percy Haughton produced great teams for Harvard for a number of years. Tad Jones has produced two years in succession great teams for Yale. At any rate they were teams great enough to go through their seasons without defeat, which seems to be the objective of football

Mr. Rockne has produced great teams at Notre Dame. The team he built up in 1924 seems to be about the greatest. In my opinion Mr. Rockne is about the greatest of the coaches of to-day on the basis of what his teams have shown in the matter of fundamentals, in organization and in precision of attack. This can not be altogether a matter of material any more than it can be that the material at Harvard this year is so much inferior to the material of other

You can get many an idle argument over this sport of football. The question that troubled Yale old grads after the recent victory over Harvard seemed to be, "Is the team of 1924 a greater team than the Yale team of 1923?" It seemed to cause no little acrimony.

Impossible Arguments

THE task which Mr. Walter Camp has set for himself year after year is far from a grateful one. I refer to the picking of an All-American Team.

You never can convince Yale men for instance that "Red" Grange would have hit the blue line as hard or as successfully as he hit lines in the West. You can not convince fans of the Middle West that Pond or Kline could have hit the lines of the western conference teams as they hit the Harvard line. Also the far West has candidates for an All-American team and objections valid enough from a sectional point of view to any appointees from the other sections. Then do not forget, too, that the South has some football teams and some football players.

These claims and counter-claims always remind me of the arguments that follow the question, "How would a fight between Joe Gans at his best and Benny Leonard come out?" Or the other question even more frequently raised, "Could Jack Dempsey at his best beat John L. Sullivan?" The answers to these questions would de-pend upon the ages of the persons asked.

When Princeton overwhelmed Harvard at Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, it looked like one of the greatest teams that the "Big Three" had produced for years. But that same team a week later was fought to a

finish and beaten by Yale.

There never will be any real basis for the settlement of football arguments. I will

take the affirmative side in only one football argument and that is the one to the effect that the new game is a far better one than the old game. But somewhere there are old grads who will want to dispute this to the last breath.

I can support my contention by pointing to the fact that in the old days the All-American Team was confined to the East. Now it must have representatives from all sections. The teams seem to be getting something near to even all over in the matter of material and coaching. It has become a real game no longer regarded with derision or suspicion by the general public.

Change for Change's Sake

FOOTBALL, of course, has remained a hard game, but it no longer takes the toll in life and limb that used to call for the annual newspaper crusade against it. There are those who are for further innovations in the game, but I am convinced that it has become about as standardized as it could be. It must always remain a game that calls for stamina and courage.

for stamina and courage.

I am thinking of a few of the suggestions for further tinkering with the American intercollegiate game. One of these is to provide against any game resulting in a tie score. The proposal is that at the conclusion of a game ending in a tie score each team should be given three tries at goal.

I can not see the sense of this. If two

I can not see the sense of this. If two teams fight to a tie in a game of intercollegiate football the score should remain a There is no issue at stake that requires a decision. It is a case of two colleges pitting the best that they have against each other and if the struggle goes through four periods to a tie that satisfies the old grads and the undergrads. Usually it satisfies the neutral spectators, if they are to be taken into consideration at all, for some of the most melodramatic games I ever have seen have been football games played to a tie.

One football authority advocates the prohibition of the touchdown from a fumble. He feels that it is unfair to have the mistake of one fumble that permits an alert player to seize upon a loose ball and run through a broken field with it for six points. His notion is that the side recovering the fumble should be given the ball but at the point where the ball was recovered.

The fumble in football is the unforgivable. To minimize the possible penalty, the touchdown made by an alert opponent, would be like making a rule in baseball to

the effect that no deciding run should be permitted to score on an error. In baseball the fielders are not supposed to make errors. In football the players are not supposed to fumble. There is no valid reason why either game should be changed in this regard.

One might as well advocate a rule in boxing to the effect that a boxer who swings and is crossed to the jaw, inadvertently, should not be counted out.

The Fall of the House of Firpo

As the year of 1924 passes the situation so far as pugilism is concerned remains unchanged and with no particular prospect (Continued on page 58)



Elsie Janis Tour MISS JANIS is so good that her large and faithful following is bound to ensure success whether she travels over the two-a-day circuit, holds forth alone on the concert stage, or tarries long enough in one spot to be "starred." Just now vaudeville is keeping her very busy and there is a stage whisper that she may soon be the central attraction of a musical comedy, but at the present writing her manager coyly maintains a mysterious silence as to future plans—E. R. B.



One of the things slated to be on the boards these many moons is "Lady Be Good," which has a wonderfully well trained chorus. Fred and Adele Astaire (above), with their inimitable dancing, carry off the lion's share of the honors, though a good word must be said for Walter Catlett and a long and excellent cast



A rather dreary comedy by Ferenc Molnar entitled "Carnival" is supporting Elsie Ferguson in Boston. It is a combination of psychological sex drama and un-American comedy which has probably suffered much from translation. Miss Ferguson makes the most of an ungrateful rôle and has good company

Two old frienas vho will be with us again within a fortnight—Madame Karacanova and M. Gordodetsky in "Le Rendezvous d'Amour," an episode of the new Chauve Souris. These popular Russian vaudevillians are returning with the promise of all manner of new tricks in their capacious bag



Florenz Ames as a bibulous poet, Wilda Bennett, and Lecta Corder in "Madame Pompadour," a musical play by Herrs Schanzer and Welisch, which has breezed triumphantly across the continent during the past two or three years. Miss Bennett is a tuneful and piquant Pompadour and the piece is handsomely mounted

Captions by Esther R. Bien

In a year that has scored an unprecedented number of theatrical disasters, one of the notable personal successes has been made by Lillian Foster (above) in "Conscience." That this sometimes somber but generally interesting psychological study by Don Mullally continues to enjoy a modest popularity bespeaks a goodly number of theatre-goers who do not shun "serious" plays

WIDE

"Dixie to Broadway" represents the latest pnase of the all-darky revue. It is the Mecca of those suffering from aggravated cases of jazzomania who do not mind swallowing a large dose of vulgarity along with some really remarkable dancing and clever clowning. Florence Mills, the star, and Alma Smith are shown here





Part III

HEN Audrey Blair, having succeeded in making a wax impression of the third jade medallion, the one set in the brooch owned by Sylvia Valentine, the show girl, attempted to make her escape from the latter's apartment, her first thought had been to flee by way of the front door. When, finding that avenue of escape blocked by the presence in the hallway outside of persons pounding on its mahogany panels, she had turned to the bathroom in the rear, the fire-escape, the last person in the world she expected to find barring her way was Mr. Dudley Rives. As she saw his head and shoulders appear in the window, saw his wide and comprehending smile, she stood for a moment speechless. With the apartment house attendants, summoned by the colored maid, at one point of egress, a dangerous crook at the other, her chances of escape seemed extremely slim. The maid Cecilia, she found herself reflecting even in that moment of confusion, had evidently climbed down the fire-escape from the bath-room where she, Audrey, had foolishly locked her, re-entered the building by way of the apartment below, and given the alarm. But how had Mr. Rives managed to appear so suddenly and inopportunely upon the scene? She had given him no hint as to who had been the purchaser of the third jade medallion, or of the fact that that purchaser, Mr. Ralph Unger, had presented the jade to his friend Miss Valentine. Yet here the energetic Mr. Rives was, climbing into the apartment, in spite of the furious tattoo which the persons in the front hall were beating upon the bolted

When he had finally thrust his lean figure through the narrow window, Mr. Rives stood

up and listened.
"Somebody trying to break in?" he

inquired pleasantly. "Yes," Audrey Audrey replied, not knowing

what else to say.
"Did you get the jade?"
"No." She shook her he "No." She shook her head.
"Where is it?"

"In a leather jewel box, in Miss Valentine's trunk. There." She pointed.

Mr. Rives swung rapidly through the

bedroom door.
"Beat it," he said. "Down the fire escape. You'll get clear all right—they he said. "Down the fire

haven't had time to call the police—yet."
"And you?" Audrey asked, to her astonishment. What difference after all did it make to her whether Mr. Rives got away or not-a man who, but an hour before, had probably ransacked her own apartment in order to steal the piece of jade she had hidden there, just as he would ransack Miss Valentine's now.

'Oh-don't worry about me. I'll be all right. No time to lose, though. They'll have that door down before a great while, if they keep on like that. I wonder they don't open it with a pass-key."

The Road to Fortune

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

"They can't," Audrey whispered. "I bolted it."

Good! Now you just hurry along and beat it for home. You'll find the ladder at the bottom of the fire escape lowered. I let it down myself on my way up, thinking it might come in handy. It's dark, so I guess there won't anybody see you." Without further parley he crossed the bedroom and raised the lid of Miss Valentine's trunk.

Audrey waited no longer. With the wax impression of the piece of jade in her pocket, she had what she had come for. Swinging easily over the sill of the bathroom window to the fire-escape she began a rapid

descent of its iron steps.

PERSONS in the rear windows of a building on the next street saw her, shouted to her, but Audrey paid no attention to them. Her one and only desire was to reach the darkness of the area-way below before a policeman made his appearance, to drag her off to the nearest station. There was no sound beneath her to indicate anyone's presence; the area-way was dark and silent. Even the windows of the bathrooms which she passed in her descent were unlighted. At this hour, she reflected, most of the tenants would be at dinner.

Although the time consumed in the descent seemed endless, Audrey realized afterwards that it had taken her but a few seconds—four, she thought, at the most.
When she finally stood in the narrow rear
court of the building she began to wonder how she was going to make her way to the

sidewalk. The difficulty was solved for her in an unexpected manner. A window on the ground floor, quite close to her, suddenly flamed with light; by means of the illumination thus afforded Audrey saw a gate in the high wall immediately at her rear. To her delight, she discovered when she tried the gate that it was unlocked. Slipping noiselessly through she found herself in a narrow alleyway leading to the side streef. A tradesman's entrance, perhaps, she concluded, as she sped over its concrete surface toward the slot of light which marked its end. A few moments later she was walking rapidly down Columbus Avenue.

It was ten minutes or more before she had the courage to summon a cab, and when the chauffeur inquired her destination she told him to drive to the old Breevort House. It would be safer, she thought, to go there first-she would buy an evening paper, idle away a few moments in the ladies' dressing room, and then stroll over to her apartment.

She had barely reached it, and begun a more careful rearrangement of her wrecked and scattered belongings, when the doorbell rang. Could it be the police, she wondered? Scarcely, after the precau-

tions she had taken to cover her retreat. And yet, as she pressed the button which released the catch of her front door, her

fingers trembled.
When, a few moments later, she threw open the door of her apartment, she was almost relieved to find that her caller was the indefatigable Mr. Dudley Rives.
"Well," he said, stepping into the room

and closing the door carefully after him, "You got here all right, I see."

Then, as his glance took in the disordered condition of the place, "What's happened here? Looks as though somebody had been staging a prohibition raid.

Audrey's eyes darkened. She had thought Mr. Rives himself guilty of this wanton

destruction of her belongings.
"Somebody came in here while I was away this afternoon, and searched the place from top to bottom. I guess they were looking for that piece of jade." Her eyes fixed themselves on Mr. Rives accusingly, but he was too taken aback by her words to notice it.

"Did they get it?" he snapped.

"No." Audrey's eyes fell. Mr. Rives' manner was not that of one overcome by guilt. On the contrary, he seemed furious. 'Some of that fat-head Morton's work,'

he muttered, staring angrily about the room.

Where is that jade piece now?"
"I've got it," Audrey said evasively. was quite within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Rives' anger was but a piece of clever acting—that he hoped, by gaining her confidence now, to accomplish what he had failed to accomplish earlier in the afternoon.

'HAT'S all right then," he replied. But hold on to it. In fact, if I were you, I'd put it in a safe deposit box the first

thing tomorrow morning."

Audrey felt easier. She began to realize that she might possibly have misjudged Mr. Rives; it was not disagreeable to her, this feeling, because, in spite of her suspicions she found herself liking him more and more with each successive meeting.
"Won't you sit down?" she said.

Mr. Rives thanked her, slid his long frame into a chair, paying no attention to the

stuffing which was oozing from it.

"Here's the one I went
after to-night," he said, and with a laugh took Miss Valentine's brooch from his pocket and placed it in Audrey's hand.

"But - how did you escape?" she whispered, not without a look of admiration.

"Oh-I managed it all right. Easy enough when you know how. I'll tell you about it, some other time. Right now I thought you

might like to know what the inscription on

that thing means."
"Do you know?" Audrey asked.

"Yes. I stopped for a moment on my





lions are lying around loose that you are any too safe. It would never do to have anything happen to you, you know.

minute to read the inscription. It means, The Gateway of Flowers. Audrey was forced to smile. "The Lotus Bud—The Willow Tree—The Gateway of Flowers." Nothing there to suggest a secret message, although, of course the thing might be written in cipher.

a scholar from the Ce-

lestial Kingdom.

Didn't take him a

Mr. Rives made no comment. His mind, apparently, was fixed on more serious matters. "Look here, Miss Blair," he said, "I don't want to tell you your business, but if I were in your place, I'd go after the rest of those jade pieces without losing another minute. I guess you and I are not the only ones who would like to get hold of them. At least it would seem so, after what happened here to-day. And—well—to put it bluntly, I don't think, while these medal-

The concern in his voice caused Audrey to glance up in surprise. It seemed rather absurd, for a man of Mr. Rives' profession to be worried about her and her safety, and yet, he was a man, no matter what else he might be—a handsome, vital, attractive man, at the sound of whose voice she somehow experienced a definite thrill. And he had stood by her—assisted her to escape from Miss Valentine's apartment. Still, she could not shake off her early suspicions, could not bring herself to believe his story, that he was working in the interests of the police. The thing was absurd on the face of it. A detective would not have crept into Miss Valentine's apartment by way of the fire-escape, to steal the jade brooch, nor would a detective, after her unlawful en-trance, her attack upon the colored maid, have assisted her to escape. She had heard, in the past, of crooks, even the most desperate ones, falling in love; they were not different from other men in that respect. Well, she might find the man interesting. even attractive, in a certain masculine way but that did not mean that she was obliged to trust him, to confide in him whenever she made an attempt to secure one of the remaining pieces of jade.

Mr. Rives, who had been staring at her with a peculiar and rather unfathomable smile, suddenly glanced at his watch,

"I've got to run along, now," he said. "Will you be in, about six o'clock to-morrow?'

"Why, I think so," Audrey told him. "I may call you up, around then, and see what your plans are for the evening. Possibly I may be able to give you some

Audrey smiled. By his own confession he did not know the name of the purchasers, the location of the three remaining jades. Without her he was helpless.

"You said you were going to tele-phone at six to-day," she remarked dryly.
"I did, but no one answered."

"NO ONE was here, but poor old Stetson, and he was tied hand and foot in the bathtub."
"I wish I'd known about that," Mr.

Rives said with sudden asperity, thrusting out his hand. "Good night. I'll ring you up about six to-morrow.'

Audrey closed and bolted the door after him. Then she threw herself on the couch and drifted off into a long waking dream, during the course of which the tall figure of Mr. Dudley Rives appeared and re-appeared with the most amazing frequency.

XIII

Mr. Rives, after leaving Audrey Blair's apartment, went in search of Mr. Samuel Morton, and it took him nearly three hours to find him.

At his usual haunts—the restaurant on Forty-sixth Street where he dined, the Seventh Avenue saloon in the back room of which he was wont to play a nightly game of pinochle, the billiard parlor at which he sometimes foregathered with his cronies of the race track, the pool rooms, the prize ring—he had been seen but briefly. At the last named place, a "dip" of Spike's acquaintance informed him that Morton was in process of accumulating a magnificent "jag." The information was sufficient for the knowing Mr. Rives: it told him two things-one, that Morton had money, the other that he was almost certainly to be found in a bootlegging establishment on Thirty-first Street, the proprietor of which, an ex-bartender, was a friend of Mr. Morton's of many years standing. Thither Mr. Rives proceeded at once, with all the speed of a yellow taxicab.

His chain of reasoning had been correct. Mr. Morton, slumped behind a table in one corner of the dingy little room, a glass of liquor before him, the usual ragged cigar in his mouth, had reached that stage of inebriation at which a man may be referred to as "plastered." He was still several stages short of complete ossification, although he was approaching it rapidly. Mr. Rives

took the seat across from him, lit a cigarette. "Look here, you dumbbell!" he growled. "What's the idea of your crashing into that Blair girl's apartment this afternoon and putting the place on the bum? Trying to

put over a little job on the side, eh? Well—you listen to me. Try anything like that again and I'll take those jades to a place where I can get a *real* price for them, see? Headquarters. And I don't mean maybe either. Is that clear?"

Mr. Morton gazed across the table with

bleary eyes.

"What's eatin' you?" he demanded. "I ain't been trying to put anything over on you. And if I was, I don't see what kick you got coming."

"YOU don't, eh? Well, then, I'll put you wise. In the first place, you lay off that girl, or I'll break your damned neck—see. And in the second, if you think you're going to get one of those jades and then hold out on me when I deliver the other five, you've got another think coming. Get me?"
"Stuck on the jane, are you? Well—

well! There's one born every minute.'

For a moment, from the way the skin tightened over the knuckles of Mr. Rives' suddenly closed right hand one might have thought that he was about to knock Mr. Morton for the customary row of beer mugs, but apparently he thought better of it. When he spoke again his voice was almost silky in its softness.
"Never mind about that. What I'm

telling you is, if you don't lay off that girl, I'll take my story to Headquarters, sure as my name's Spike Rives. That would make things quite some uncomfortable for vour friend Pete, wouldn't it? And maybe for some others, too. So you better behave yourself, bo, or you'll wake up some rainy morning where you belong-up the river.

The force of his words penetrated even the dense fog of Mr. Morton's laboriously acquired "jag." He scowled unpleasantly. "Aw-I ain't gonna bother the jane none,

"Sure you're not. That's what I'm telling you. Now for a little business. I got another of those jades to-night." He exhibited the brooch, with its circle of rubies. "And I'm pretty sure to have the

Five thousand, grand. cash money, before I turn the things over to you-see! I'll let you know the exact time and place, but it looks to me as though I'd be able to put the deal through before Sunday

Mr. Morton chewed industriously on his

cigar.
"Can't be any too soon for me," he rumbled. The bit of jade he had expected to secure that afternoon had eluded him, but the prospect of a cool thousand by Sunday was not at all bad. He called loudly for another drink.

"Have one, why don't you?" he asked.
"Pre-war stuff."

That's what they all say," replied Rives rising. "I don't take any chances with it myself. So long." He turned and went swiftly out. Mr. Morton swallowed his whiskey with a shudder.

"The poor fish," he muttered, "letting a skirt make a monkey out of him." With which rather mixed bit of metaphor he tried unsuccessfully to apply a lighted match to the elusive end of his cigar.

XIV

The list of purchasers of the jade medallions, given Audrey by the keeper of the antique shop, Mr. Sternberg, cited two of the medallions as having been sold to a Mrs. Philip La Rue, living in the more or less exclusive section of upper Park Avenue. And a notation on the antique dealer's list showed that the two pieces of jade so purchased had been mounted as earrings, by means of small suspending clasps of gold. So much Audrey knew; reference to the telephone directory showed Mr. Philip La Rue to be a wholesale dealer in paper, with an office on Canal Street near Broadway. A rich man, no doubt, she surmised, as without communicating her plans even to Stetson, she took a cab uptown for the purpose of calling on Mrs. La Rue.

SHE was received by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman, who did not suggest to Audrey in the least the sort of person who would go about with jade bangles the size of half-dollars suspended from her ears.

nature of her business, "but. I am interested in antiques, and particularly in old bits of jade, and I have learned that you recently purchased two engraved jade medallions and had them mounted as earrings.'

Mrs. La Rue nodded. "Yes," she admitted. "I did. But how you know it I can't imagine.'

"Why-it's simple enough. Mr. Sternberg, who sold them to you, told me. You see, I hoped I might be able to buy them."

Mrs. La Rue shook her head.

"I hardly think you could," she said, smiling a little. "I gave them to my daughter, Olga, as a present, on her eighteenth birthday, and she's tremendously fond of them. You see, she is very dark, almost Spanish in type, although why she should be I can't imagine, as all my people are light; but she thinks they look very wicked and vampish, so of course she wears them on all occasions. Girls are so different nowadays," she concluded with a sigh. "Then, if I can't buy them," Audrey said

quickly, "possibly your daughter might be willing to let me make wax impressions of

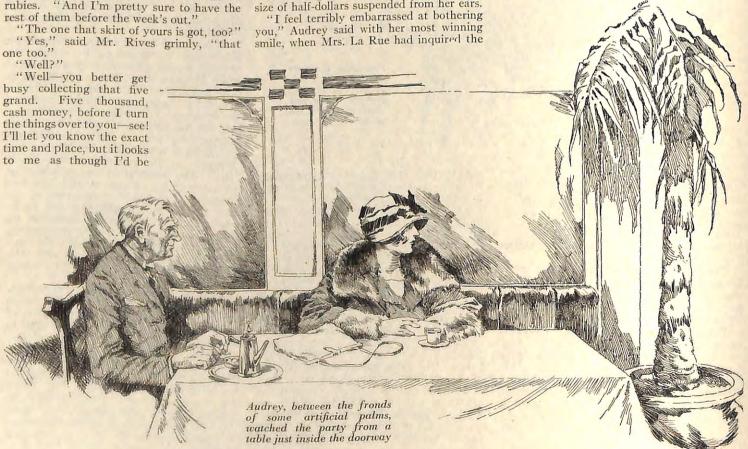
the lettering on them.'

"Why should you wish to do that?" Mrs. La Rue asked with a slight frown. "One of the joys of possessing such things is to feel that they are unique—that no one else has anything just like them. I'm sure that if my daughter thought you were

going to duplicate her earrings—"
"No," Audrey interrupted. "I'm not.
The truth of the matter is, Mrs. La Rue, those pieces of jade your daughter has, along with four other and similar pieces, were once set in the form of a bracelet belonging to my grandfather. By an unfortunate train of circumstances it was broken up—sold.

My hope is to have a new bracelet made,—to remember him by."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs.
La Rue, her expression brightening. "I can see your position, of course. But my



daughter is very self-willed-very independent. Whether you will be able to persuade her to allow copies of her medallions to be

"At least I can ask her," Audrey said eagerly. "Is she at home?"
"No. Unfortunately, she is not. At present she is a member of a house party, at Mrs. Herbert Patterson's place, at Rye."

"Oh!" Audrey gave a sigh of disap-

Still pointment over the enforced delay. Rye was not a great distance off. She

rose.
"I think I'll go out there and see her,"

she said.
"Very well." Mrs. La Rue's manner was not encouraging. "But you may be disappointed. My daughter is, I am sorry to say, a very peculiar girl—a good girl in every way, but—headstrong."
"It won't hurt to try," Audrey said, and

AT FIRST she thought of making the trip up the Sound by train, but the heat of the day, the greater freedom of action she could secure, made her decide to use her car. A taxi ride of fifteen minutes brought her to the garage where it was kept, and five minutes later she was headed for the Boston Post Road.

The drive consumed considerably over an hour, so that it was close to five o'clock when she finally swept into the little town. Where Mrs. Herbert Patterson lived she had, of course, no idea, but it seemed probable that she could find out from one of the local stores, and this surmise proved correct. The proprietor of a vegetable and meat market gave her the desired information and she presently found herself entering the grounds of a large and rather pretentious mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, surrounded by shade trees and lawns.

The butler who opened the door ushered her into a small reception room off the main hall and disappeared, after volunteering the information that he thought Miss La Rue had just come in from playing tennis. In a very few moments a rather exquisite girl, dark and languorous, appeared in the doorway. She wore a sport suit, and carried a tennis racket in her hand.

a pert and rather indifferent stare. is it?" "Well?" she said, regarding Audrey with

The opening was not hopeful, and when Audrey had completed her explanations, made her request, the annoyed expression in Miss La Rue's eyes was even less so.
"Well. I like your nerve!" she stormed.

"Positively priceless! I don't care to be wearing duplicates of anybody's jewelry, thank you. Sorry.'

Audrey went into the hall, her cheeks flaming. It was one thing for the girl to refuse her request, but quite another to in-

sult her while doing so.

"I'll let you have a look at them, though, old dear," Miss La Rue went on as Audrey opened the front door. "Just to show you I'm a good sport I'll wear them to-night. There's a bunch of us going over to the Red Arrow Inn, after dinner, to dance. Why not stick around and get an eye-full?" she giggled insufferably as Audrey closed the

What was to be done now, Audrey wondered as she turned down the smooth, bluestone drive? She might go to the Red Arrow Inn, of course, but what good would it do her. Some definite plan would have to be worked out—that was evident. And she would need help-someone to assist her upon whose fidelity and discretion she could absolutely depend. Stetson, of course. He would go through perdition for her. Even now, she knew, he would be waiting on the doorstep of her apartment, faithful to an appointment she had made and could not keep. And there was another appointment, too—Mr. Rives was to telephone her at six. Well-she could not be there, that

was all there was to that. A glance at the clock on the dashboard told her that it would be seven at least, before she could reach the apartment.

XV

Although it was not yet midnight, the floor of the Red Arrow Inn was more than comfortably filled with dancers. Practically all the "ringside" tables in the large room were occupied, and many of those in the two adjoining rooms as well. At one of the most prominent places in the former sat a party of six, laughing and talking over a supper of broiled lobsters. They were all very young, three girls, three men who were really little more than boys, and all had plainly been drinking.

A UDREY watched the party from a table just inside the doorway of one of the smaller rooms. She was at least twenty feet distant, but between the fronds of some artificial palms that flanked the doorway she was able, without herself being seen, to obtain an excellent view of Miss Olga La Rue looking the picture of a Hollywood vamp in a scant evening gown of purple and burntorange. The girl's rather lovely throat and shoulders were bare, and above them hung the two jade medallions, flashing a dusky green in the subdued lights of the room. Apparently Miss La Rue had quite forgotten her interview with Audrey, although she had kept her promise to exhibit the jades. Her entire attention was given to the small, blond young man who occupied the seat beside her, and who to judge by the two huge silver flasks he produced from time to time from his hip pockets, was the official "cellar" of the party.

Audrey glanced across the table at Stetson and smiled. The old man seemed excruciatingly uncomfortable, in his enforced position as her escort. Her grandfather's butler for over twenty years, he could not bring himself to regard his present duties as consistent with either Audrey's





HREE weeks ago I spent a night with my friend, Eustace Bentwood, in Larchmont. Bentwood is bookish. He wears horn-rimmed headlights and collects first editions. Not being able to afford rarities he buys contemporary authors. He has a first edition of The Sheik, for instance, and an unbroken set of the Tarzan I became his friend when I gave him a basket of books that I had intended for the Salvation Army.

"They may be rare some day," he said.
"I hope so," was my fervent reply.
His house is full of this sort of truck.

showed me a thousand volumes after dinner. It was boring, but he finally pulled out one that interested me, a loose-leaf portfolio bearing the title, "My Cook Book, by Eustace Bentwood."

"Vou haven't gere in the bearing the cook by the c

"You haven't gone in for this sort of thing?" I asked.
"What?" said Eustace.

"Recipes . . . tasty egg-dishes for home luncheons?"

"O Lord, no. This is a new sort of cook book," he explained. "It is really the whole history of my married life, seen from the kitchen angle. It contains portraits of every cook Mildred and I have had since we moved out here. The first thing I do when a new cook arrives is to take her out there by the garage and shoot her portrait. Its amazing how they add up. We've had

forty-six in the last eight years and they're all in there. Take a look; they're quite amusing.

I turned the leaves. On the first page was the simple but ominous quotation, "Here to-day and gone to-morrow." The pictures followed. My host commented as I looked.

"There is Nora. She was number One, our first cook. I can't help feeling a little sentimental about Nora. One's first cook She stayed and we were so young. nearly six months, out of pity, I think.
Mildred was so inexperienced. It was
during Nora's stay, I remember, that
Mildred called up the fish-man and told him

isn't that a fine, craggy name? And look, what a hulk she was! She was a magnificent creature but too heavy for light work. I asked her to bring up some wood one day and she came up from the cellar with about a quarter of a cord of logs in her arms and threw them onto the living-room floor. That tall clock out in the hall hasn't run right since. So we had to let Karen go. Thank the Lord she went willingly.

"That one with her hand across her face is Annie. Annie objected to having her picture taken. I found out why, after she had left with Mildred's fur coat and our limited supply of jewelry. There is a much better picture of Annie at police headquarters.

"I've worked out a few interesting statistics which you'll find at the back, but don't bother to read them. A cook's average stay with us has been ten weeks. Her average age is sixty-one, older than a maid, if you have one, and younger than a general.
Then I've added a sort of guest book arrangement, as you see, with spaces for the names, date of arrival, date of departure, remarks, and so on. Of course it hasn't been possible to put down all the remarks

It was a novel volume and held me spellbound for the rest of the evening. I have not seen Eustace since then until yesterday.

"Any new pages in the cook book?" I asked.

His face darkened and paled.

"One," he said solemnly, "and frankly, old man, I'm worried sick. Mildred is doing the cooking just at present and I'm afraid its a sign she's going to leave me. All the others have. But what can I do? She insists that while the children are away at camp we ought to economize.

"Why don't you give her every night out," I suggested, "and go out with her yourself."

I firmly believe I have saved the Bentwoods from shipwreck.

Peter Bowers Pays His Tithe

By Helen Christine Bennett

Illustrated by J. St. Amand

Giving makes us bigger only so long as it leaves us with a pleasant glow of generosity, unmarred by the nagging regret that we have surrendered more than a fair share of our precious worldly goods. Yet all of us have felt the difficulty of determining our just quota. Peter Bowers, the hero of this story, discovers an interesting solution that makes giving just one more spur to ambition

N THE last Saturday in October Peter Bowers was watering his front lawn. Peter watered scientifically. The science consisted in adjusting the hose nozzle on a home-made support of wires so that it would spray satisfactorily for at least ten minutes. Peter sat on one of the porch steps, and puffed at a stubby pipe. Peter was playing that it was summer.

Down the street came a lanky boy. Stopping opposite Peter he gave him a sharp glance and sank back into the shadow of the hedge that divided the Bowers' house from his own. Peter saw the reason. The lanky boy was putting on his shoes and stockings.

boy was putting on his shoes and stockings.
He, too, had been playing summer.

"Nice day," said Peter.

"Bully day," affirmed the boy.

"Been swimming?" hazarded Peter.

The boy looked up. He was a sandy-haired boy with light blue eyes and plenty of freckles. He sized up Peter, grinning, as man to man. "Naw," he replied, "just runnin' barefoot a bit. Mother thinks it's too late" too late.

Peter descended from his porch, adjusted the nozzle and mounted again.

The boy had shoes and stockings on now, but he did not move. He seemed lost in

but he did not move. He seemed lost in thought. Finally he spoke.

"Tomorrow's Sunday."

"Yes," said Peter. He felt there was something coming, so he said no more.

"She gave me a dime," said the boy.

"And she said she hoped I'd remember tomorrow was Sunday. That means she thinks I ought to put it in at Sunday School.

Now I can't see it. I wouldn't mind putting Now I can't see it. I wouldn't mind putting part of it in, y'understand, but all of it—I just can't see it."

Peter took his pipe from his mouth and looked at the boy with sympathy.

"Well," he said, "I—"

"It isn't as if I wasn't willing," the boy went on oblivious to Peter's interruption.

"I am. But I can't see giving it all "I am. But I can't see giving it all every time she gives me one. Them Bible fellows didn't: they gave a tithe, they did, and a tithe is ten per cent. Now, I'm willing to give a cent, or even two, but this givin' it all," again he lapsed into silence.

Peter puffed to hide a smile. Ingenious boy this, with his tithe. Still he felt sorry for the little bogger. After all ten per cent

for the little beggar. After all ten per cent. was a fair proposition; if everyone gave ten per cent—suddenly Peter Bowers straight-

ened up and took the pipe out of his mouth. "I think you're absolutely right," he said with conviction.

The boy nodded. "Ye-ah," he assented, as one who expected understanding. "But she won't. Well, so long." He rose and

He rose and swung down to the sidewalk.

The hose sprayed on unnoticed. Peter's pipe had gone out. His good-humored young face with its keen, blue eyes was set, and his mouth held in a firm line.

"Good gracious, Petey," exclaimed a

delicious voice from the doorway. "Come in this minute. It's not summer, you know.

Peter Bowers rose and regarded his wife. She was a tall, slim girl, with a delicate prettiness made up of soft, curly hair, and the rounded curves of health and of youth. She came towards Peter with an assumed

petulance that became her.
"Stop thinking insurance," she com-

Peter started. "I wasn't thinking business, honest, Squidge," he said, "not this time."

"Well, it's dinner time, if we're going to the first show," she replied. "Come on."

Peter turned off the hose. He was rather quiet during dinner. It is doubtful if he saw much of the first show. His imagination was busily engaged on pictures of its own, distracting pictures, focussing the attention. 'If everyone gave that-

"It wasn't a very good picture, was it?" asked his wife as they walked homeward.
"Oh, about as usual," replied Peter.

AFTER the first show Mrs. Bowers played and sang. Peter, lounging in the wing chair that had been one of their most acceptable wedding gifts, loved to listen. But tonight he didn't hear. Even his favorite "Ashes of Dreams" failed to elicit applause. When Mrs. Bowers turned around her petulance was real.

"Peter Bowers," she said, "you don't know what I am singing."

"I don't, Squidge dear," he said with enitence. Mrs. Bowers came towards him penitence. waving a threatening fist, the threat vanishing in a collapse on his knee.
"Now tell me what it's all about," she

commanded. Peter winced.

"Oh, I just got thinking," he said.
"About what?" his wife prompted.

"Well, the kid next door was on the lawn putting on his shoes and stockings when I was watering," began Peter. "Somebody had given him a dime and wanted him to give it all to Sunday School. He had it figured out that it ought to be a tenth, a tithe, you know, like they did in Bible times. And I just got to figuring how it would be if everyone did that, gave a tenth, you know—and it kind of stuck."

Mrs. Bowers raised herself from the chair

and moved away from Peter.

I was just figuring it out," went on Peter, speaking now from that imagination which had been working all evening, "what we would do if we did it, you know, where it would go, and all that." He halted.

His wife was looking at him tenderly and whimsically.

"You want to," she accused.
"Well, I didn't intend to say anything,"
defended Peter. "You know I get an idea sometimes and it just seems to stick-

Ray Bowers knew. She also knew what Peter did not, that it was these odd ideas that popped into his head and held him captive, that made one of the reasons she

loved him.

"I guess it's just a fool notion of mine,"
he apologized. "But it just seemed as if I couldn't get away from what it might be if

He stopped. Mrs. Bowers, stealing a furtive look at him, became very sober. "Suppose," she said, "we both think it

They thought it over that night, and all next day. Peter thought it over all through the morning sermon. He stared at the carpet at his feet as he thought. It was a shabby carpet and there was a big hole right between his toes that focussed Peter's

Squidge thought it over, wincing a little as she relinquished several little hopes she had cherished, but knowing all along what the result would be. By mutual consent they had put off the declared conclusion until a week should pass. On Saturday night they came home from the first show and

they came home from the first show and stood facing each other.

"Well?" asked Peter.

"You mean you'll do it?" asked Peter incredulously. But he believed even as he asked, and when Squidge got her breath they settled down to consider ways and means. settled down to consider ways and means.
"Now, Peter," said Squidge, "I just know if we put that money in with our own

money we will forget and then feel sorry we haven't so much. You know what I mean."

Peter nodded assent.

"So I am going to put the money in cash in the safe deposit box, and when we want any, I'll go and get it. You can give it to me when the people pay in cash, and then it will never seem as if it was ours at all."

THAT'S a great idea, Squidge," affirmed Peter. "I'll start you out now. I got it figured up already in case, you knowpaused, grinning shamefacedly, but Squidge did not seem to notice.
"It was four hundred this month," she

said, "wasn't it, after that auto trip came off? And ten per cent's forty."

Peter took out his wallet, counted out forty dollars, and passed it over. "Now what are we going to do with it?"

he demanded.
"Keep it," said Squidge promptly. "We

want to give it for a real use, Peter.

On the next Sunday the Bowers again attended church service. Peter occupied the seat he had held the Sunday before, and as before, found his attention focussed upon the hole in the carpet.

The pastor's mellow tones began, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills." Peter had always liked that psalm. He did not look at the hole until the close of the session, when a trustee of the church made a brief announce-

"The attention of the members is called to the fact that the church dues will not attend to repairs and replacements. I have not time to enumerate all the needs, but I need hardly call attention to more than the church carpet to show you how much funds are wanted. For this purpose a subscription will be taken at the close of the service. All church members are asked to remain after the benediction is pronounced.

Involuntarily Squidge looked at Peter. He was staring down, and her eyes followed his. They found the hole in the carpet. It seemed an awfully big hole-for a church. A portion of the congregation rose and filed out. The trustee mounted to the pulpit Peter and Squidge recognized platform. him as Mr. Lemuel Sanders, a lawyer

prominent in city affairs.

NOW, fellow members," he said cheerfully, "there is no use pretending about this carpet. As a church carpet it is a lost hope, and we don't want that kind of hope here. I'm using the carpet as an instance; it is just one of our needs. I'll begin and run through the ranks-Mr. Carter, will you mention the sum you desire to subscribe?

Mr. Carter was a stout, florid man in the row behind Peter and Squidge. He started a little, recovered, and said gruffly:

"Ten dollars."

"Thank you. Next, Mr. Hand?"
"Ten dollars."

Squidge counted. Peter's turn would come in three more. She looked again at the hole in the carpet, and a great longing swelled her breast. If only Peter—she looked again at Peter. Peter had folded his arms across his chest and seemed lost in thought.

The trustee went on. It was Peter's turn.

"Next," said the trustee pleasantly. Squidge drew a quick breath. Peter

spoke. "Forty dollars," he said distinctly. The trustee smiled with warmth.

"Your name?" he suggested.
"Peter Bowers."

Squidge breathed hard. He had done it. The members of the congregation nearby looked at Peter. Peter was unconscious of their scrutiny. He hadn't quite intended to say forty; he had wondered if Squidge would think it right to put it all in one place. But that hole—he had spoken without thinking; it had come out of itself. He followed the amounts given. A number of men subscribed fifty dollars, a dozen or so seventy-five, four or five a hundred. Peter felt quite humble by comparison.

The trustee was at the door shaking hands with everyone as they went out.
"New members?" he asked Peter and

'We've been here a year," said Peter,

"and we've been members six months."
"Glad to have you," the trustee assured

"That gift of Bowers certainly put pep into the subscription," he said to the treasurer when the church was empty. "Young fellow. Know anything about him?"

"No," said Fitzpatrick thoughtfully. "They come pretty regularly."

"Wonder what business he's in," mused the lawyer. "Odd amount, forty."

Outside in the sunshine Squidge was squeezing Peter's arm.

"I was praying you'd give it all, Petey," the said. "The carpet is so shabby, and she said. that hole."

"It was the hole made me do it," said Peter.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Peter Bowers called at the Montland Bank. "I'm Mrs. Bowers," she said to its President. "I brought the money for the church

Mr. Fitzpatrick pushed a chair forward.

"Certainly, Mrs. Bow-ers," he said. "I will be only too glad to accept the money. Do sit down.

Squidge sat down. She took from her bag four ten dollar bills, and handed them to the President.

Thank you," he smiled. "I understand that you Mrs. Bowers. I hope that the bank has been treating you well." have your account here,

"Oh yes," said Squidge, rising and flushing. She said good-bye rather hastily.

The President looked after her a moment, then pressed a button.

"Bring me Bowers' ac-count, Peter Bowers," he ordered.

A good deal of money had passed through the Bowers' account, insurance miums mostly, presumably, since most of it had been promptly drawn out. cheques had been drawn that week.

"She paid in cash," mused the President, "and forty dollars is a larger contribution than the amount of business shown here justifies."

November was a dull month. The fund netted thirty-two dollars and fifty cents.

"Do you want to do anything special with it?" asked Squidge.

CHRISTMAS," returned Peter. "We'd better use it for that."
"I was thinking," said Squidge, "I'd like

to send it back home, to the Old Ladies.

Peter knew that she referred to Davidsville, ten miles away. As boy and girl they had grown up to their teens there; Peter had a vivid recollection of Squidge when she seemed all legs, and the gracious curves of the present could not have been foretold.

Peter had been motherless since babyhood and the death of his father, when Peter was fourteen, had resulted in a hurried leaving of school. Squidge's family had moved out of the state three years later. It was the memory of those boy and girl days together that made Davidsville "home" to both.

"Are those old ladies still out there?" asked Peter. "Remeraber the fat one who

used to give me lemon sticks?"
"Mrs. Cox," prompted Squidge. "She was the fussy one who dyed her hair. Petey, let's give the money to them, for Christmas. I'm sure they don't have turkey these days; it's so high."

"Fodder must be pretty poor these days," agreed Peter. "I'm for it. Send it to the matron; no, better send it to Mr. Durant, at

the bank; he's trustee.

At breakfast on the morning of December thirteenth the matron of the Old Ladies' Home at Davidsville drummed on the side

of her cup with a teaspoon for silence.
"Ladies," she announced, "it gives me pleasure to tell you that Mr. Durant 'phoned in last night to say that Mr. Peter Bowers, a young man who used to live here, has sent a



substantial gift, to be used for turkeys at Christmas dinner."

"She says we're going to have turkey this Christmas," shouted a short, fat woman with white hair, to her tall, spare neighbor.

"Hey?

"Turkey for Christmas."
"Bout time," commented the thin woman. "How's it happenin'?" "Present, from Mr. Bowers, Peter Bow-

ers," shrilled the fat woman.

"Peter Bowers," mused the thin one.

"Knew his father. I'd relish some turkey right well."

By afternoon several of the old ladies had decided to write to their friends about the

treat.
"I'm going to write to Miss Ella," announced a very old lady who walked with the aid of a cane; "it'll remind her it's Christmas," she continued significantly. At once several other old ladies demanded writing materials.

"You call her Miss Ella yet," chided the Matron as she brought paper to the lame lady.

"I was nurse to her mother, and her, retorted Mrs. Lowry, "and they was both Ellas. Expect me to learn new tricks now?

On the morning of December fifteenth Mrs. Ella Fitzpatrick bent over her mail with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Something nice has happened," she said to her husband, who was drinking his coffee behind the shelter of the propped up morning

paper.
"Yes," he replied vaguely. "Maggie Lowry writes that they are to have turkeys for Christmas dinner," "Isn't that fine? I must get up something nice for her right away."
"Very nice." assented her husband.

"She says it is a gift from a Mr. Bowers, a Mr. Peter Bowers, who lives here, but who used to live-



again. His wife waited patiently. "What is it?" she asked at last.

"He's the young fellow that gave the forty dollars for the church fund, the one we didn't any of us know," replied Mr. Fitzpatrick. "Just last month, too."

"H'm, it doesn't say how much he sent

"Must be quite a sum though to buy turkeys and trimmings for all that crowd. "In your bank?"

"GOT an account there. They paid the forty in cash. It isn't a big account, not big enough to warrant things like these.

"What business is he in?"

"Insurance, fire insurance."
Mrs. Fitzpatrick reflected. "I think I have seen him. They must be well off to do things like these."

"Must be," assented her husband. "When

I call up Durant next I'll sound him a little." He found it necessary to telephone the

Davidsville bank that morning.

"By the way, Durant," he said to the President. "Do you know Peter Bowers?"

of the three men who started this bank. He was in the feed and fer-

tilizer business. Died about fifteen years ago and the boy went away to school. Fine boy. Why, just last week that boy sent me an order for Christmas turkeys for the Old Ladies' Home here. Those old ladies are as happy as kids over it."

"Nice thing to do," commented Mr. Fitzpatrick. "I suppose young Bowers has property in the town."

"Yes," assented Durant briefly. "He has some property some hank shares too.

has some property, some bank shares, too. Say, what are you driving at, Fitzpatrick?"
"Nothing," affirmed the President of the Montland National. "I was just considering—considering doing some business with Mr. Bowers.

"Well, you won't make a mistake doing business with that boy," said Durant. "He's smart as a steel trap, and honest, too."
"Thank you," said Fitzpatrick. He put

up the receiver, feeling that he, as a banker, had somehow overlooked one of the town's most promising young citizens. Here was a propertied young man, coming to Montland, working here a year, unnoticed. Back in Davidsville, Durant swung about in his easy

chair grinning.
"Property," he chuckled. "Well, those shacks over near the river are property, and Peter has two bank shares left. And Peter is all right.'

Three days before Christmas Peter journeyed into the country. As he walked to the railway station on his way homeward a big, black touring car slowed up beside

"Hello, Peter," called Mr. Durant. "I want to see you. Fitzpatrick of the Montland National called me up and asked me no end of questions about you. He said he was considering doing some business with you. Good man, Peter, better look him up."
"Thanks awfully," said Peter. "I'll get

at him right away."
Peter Bowers called at the Montland National at ten thirty the next morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Bowers," said the President with extreme affability, "what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Durant of the Davidsville bank advised me to call," said Peter.

"H'm, why yes," said Fitzpatrick. He wished he had cautioned Durant. He hadn't a thing—he thought rapidly. There was the Eggleston estate to be renewed in **Tanuary**

"I hadn't intended doing anything before Christmas," he said. "But there is an estate—and as long as you are here—I'll just give you the details. Mr. Sanders is one of the trustees with me."

When Peter left, Fitzpatrick telephoned

"But Manville and Fisher have always handled that," protested Sanders.

"WELL, they don't live here," defended the President. "And anyhow, I want to find out more about this young fellow.

Peter was glorying in his job. The Eggleston estate, now being administered on behalf of minors, consisted of the family residence, a small manufacturing plant, and several houses. Peter went over them thoroughly.

On December twenty-seventh Mr. Lemuel

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Sanders, in response to an urgent telephone message, joined Mr. Peter Bowers and Mr. Henry Fitzpatrick at the Montland Bank.

"I have given you a report on conditions as they are," said Peter. "But if the trustees saw fit to make a few changes, and to request a little different system of operation from the manufacturer upon the renewal of the lease, the fire risk would be less and the insurance rates considerably lower. Now

that waste on the second floor—" Peter was launched well, and he continued at length. The President and Mr. Sanders looked askance at each other as Peter dilated on sprinklers, water and sand buckets, waste removal, and regular inspection.
"No man wants a fire," asserted Peter, "and the manufacturer would welcome these things, I am sure. In fact he asked me to come back and estimate on insurance for his product. know what rate you are paying, but I

feel certain we could lower it. "H'm," reflected Fitzpatrick. "You say Weed asked you to return?

"I'm going out to look over the stock tomorrow," affirmed Peter. "Well, Mr. Bowers," said Sanders, "I think Mr. Fitzpatrick and I will also go out and see Mr. Weed. If the changes you suggest are possible, I, for one, will be glad to save the estate the expense you have indicated."

"Quite so," agreed the President.

Peter rose.

"Say, Sanders," he added, as the door closed after Peter, "looks as if you and I were a pair of bad trustees.

"If it is as he says we certainly have an alibi with Manville and Fisher," said Mr. Sanders. "Let's get out and look the place

On December thirtieth Peter Bowers came into the house fairly bursting with news.

"Squidge!" he called as soon as discrete door was shut behind him. "Hello, Squidge!" "Here," replied Mrs. Bowers, running with her hair flying. "You're

way early, Peter.

Peter caught her elbows and held her

away from him. "Squidge," he said. "They gave me that Eggleston estate, but that isn't all. Sanders and Fitzpatrick seem to be trustees for a lot of things, things that they intimated might be paying too high rates, just as this place was. They're going to give me a chance at them. Squidge, as they run out. That means a lot, I can tell you."

"Oh, Peter," said Squidge, "it's glorious! And we'll have a lot of money for the fund this month, won't we?

"Eh?" said Peter. "Oh, yes, what are we going to do with it all, Squidge?"

Mrs. Bowers sat herself on the arm of a. chair and meditated.

"It doesn't seem as if we just ought to give it this way and that without thinking,

does it?" she replied.
"Well," said Peter, "we might give more to some things. Take the Red Cross. always feel kind of cheap handing it a dollar,

because I know what it did in the war. Then there's the library here; you can be a sustaining member for ten dollars instead of just a member for one. I like the sound of being a sustaining member. Squidge, sounds prosperous."

Mrs. Bowers ran her fingers

through her hair.

"I must go up and finish dressing," she said. "Let's do that, Peter, let's

take the Fund this month and things in a little bigger way."

January was a prosperous month for Peter Bowers. Sanders and Fitz-patrick tried him out twice in matters "in which they had an interest, and in both cases he had been able, not only to lessen rates, but to actually reduce fire risk to a degree that delighted him.

"It isn't only that I'm an insur-ance man," he said apologetically to Sanders, as they sat in that gentleman's office, "but you know nothing can replace a loss Nearly by fire. always someone is hurt if nothing

worse, and business is disturbed and everything upset, and just now the world needs all the goods we can give it."

"You've got a civic sense, young man," accused Sanders. He paused, balanced a paper knife, and then asked abruptly:

Do you and Mrs. Bowers find it lonely

"Oh, no," said Peter. "You see, I was away in service a year or so, and then as soon after as we could we were married, and we've only been here a year, and we've been

pretty contented," he finished, a dull red creeping up into his cheeks. Sanders liked him the better for the flush.

"Mrs. Sanders is not very active socially," he said. "But I am going to see that she

meets Mrs. Bowers.'

Peter mumb'ed his thanks. He knew Squidge wasn't lonesome though, he wasn't. He was quite surprised at Squidge's enthusiasm when a week later she met him at the door with the news that Mrs. Sanders had called.

called.

"In a big limousine, with a man running it," she said joyously. "And she was dressed, oh just spiffy, Petey, and she is lovely, just lovely. She asked me to tea there next week. Oh, Petey, aren't you glad I have some nice clothes?"

"I am," said Peter. "You take a taxi there when you go, Squidge."

"No, Peter," said Squidge. "I don't think so, not in the daytime. Mrs. Sanders

"No, Peter," said Squidge. "I don't think so, not in the daytime. Mrs. Sanders knows we haven't a car, and it would look like showing off. It's only five blocks, and I will walk.

She walked, and the crisp air of winter touched her delicate cheeks and made them glow above her brown furs. As she stood in the doorway of the drawing room several women turned and approved her.

Mrs. Sanders hastened forward.

"And from then I had just a lovely time," nuidge said to Peter that evening. "I Squidge said to Peter that evening. hadn't been to a tea for ever so long, Peter. Everyone was so kind. And I wasn't the only one that walked."

"It's the end of the month, Squidge. If

"It's the end of the month, Squidge. It business keeps up like this we won't need to think of taxis."

"Never mind that car, Peter," said Squidge. "I don't care. How much?"

"Sixty dollars for the fund," boasted

Peter.

"Six hundred dollars?" Squidge was

almost incredulous. It isn't a cloudburst, either," said Peter. "There's more of the same kind coming. Found anything to do with the fund money?

"No," said his wife. "Let's wait."

THEY waited. It was fully a month later when Peter, rousing himself one night from deep meditation over an empty

pipe, inquired:

"Say, Squidge, don't children crippled with infantile paralysis ever get over it?"

"Why, sometimes," replied his wife.

"There was a little girl next where we lived in Watertown who was lame and they sent her to a sanitarium and she came home cured. Why?'

"I was renewing some insurance on Donnelley's house today," said Peter. Donnelley's foreman at Patterson's. Place seemed all run down. His wife has been sick, had to have an operation, and while we were there the boy came out, pretty lame, infantile paralysis, Donnelley said. Bright little chap—I suppose they haven't enough. Squidge!" Peter sat erect. "Why can't we

With the spiritual rapport which makes it possible for wives to understand husbands, Squidge had followed.

"I wonder," she said with doubt. "It would take the fund a good many months,

and, Peter, they might not let us."
"Well, what do we care?" argued Peter. "We don't know what to do with the money. That's something worth while. And as to letting us—well, if I can sell insurance 1

ought to be alle to tall, a man into getting his son well."

"But maybe it can't be done. It isn't fair to raise false hopes, Peter."

(Continued on page 66)

Elephants and Automobiles

Jostle Each Other in the Absorbing New Books About India and Some of Her Neighbors

By Claire Wallace Flynn

N VIEW of the recent publication of so many unusual and important volumes of Eastern background-novels, travel, adventure, philosophy, and so on—it would seem that both publishers and authors had been taking fresh heed of those words of Rudyard Kipling: "—it is good for every man to see some little of the great Indian Empire."

"Some little" is the most anyone can see or understand even though he lives in the land of the Maharajas and travels regularly from the Straits Settlement to the Himalayas and back. India and the nearby countries are not only on the other side of our world, but on the other side of our minds and the other side of our hearts. A knowledge of them is not to be found from maps, travelogues, or commerce reports, or from globe-trotter acquaintance with Anglo-Indian hotels, native bazaars, quick rides through teeming streets, guide-explained

temples and palaces.

The real India lies around these things, hidden from the casual eye; mysterious yet simple, restless yet apathetic, ancient yet laughably modern at once. It takes a sympathetic visitor to trace the design of so great a tapestry and find its meaning. And, since for the greater number of us, our knowledge of India must come through the medium of books, it is with keen gratitude that we discover this group of new volumes, so honestly and gorgeously written that, unconsciously, though of many shapes, they fit into the general scheme—subject with subject, line and color with other line and color, until, like a completely solved picture puzzle, India lies more clear before our eyes than she ever did before.

Here are human beings like ourselves, the material of their lives twin material of our own. Even their unfathomable religions, twisted this way and that by the centuries, startle us often with their familiar words. It is as though coming upon a dark, bottom-less and stagnant pool in some fabled forest we saw the fair reflection of our own Western

eyes.
Take for instance,

"My Brother's Face" By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

HERE is a searching record after truth by a young Brahmin who for years was a student, writer and lecturer here in America, and also in England. There can be no doubt of this man's sincerity and of his ability as a writer. We have met him before in his "Caste and Outcast," and "Kari the Elephant." In this new book of his, however, he gives us more of India than we have ever dreamed of.

His return from America to his Bengali home in search of some message of peace and wisdom to bring back to us again, resulted in his drawing a beautiful picture of high-caste Indian life, and of allowing us to see political and national problems through

native eyes.

The account of his brother's life from childhood until he joined the great movement for Indian independence under Gandhi, is warm and clear with spicy sweetness and austerity.

What could be more beautiful than the image of the little boy in his great bed in the Calcutta house, his mother sitting beside him repeating over and over verses from the holy book, the Gita, until the words found their way somehow into the sleepy head.

Books Mentioned This Month

My Brother's Face, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. (E. P. Dutton & Com-pany, New York)

A Passage To India, by E. M. Forster. (Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York)

Man Ealer, by Henry M. Rideout. (Duffield & Company, New York)

Angkor The Magnificent, by Helen Churchill Candee. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York)

Among The Brahmins and Pariahs, by J. H. Sauter, translated by Bernard Miall. (Boni and Liveright, New

Om—The Secret of Albor Valley, by Talbot Mundy. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis)

"Who sees God in other beings, treating them as he treats himself, that man God

Not so new to us, that, nor unknown to the ancient Hebrews.

And then that delightful experience, when the lad went with his father on a mission to the Rajah. They rode a huge old elephant and traveled so deeply into the jungle that branches brushed them wildly on all sides. When they emerged at last onto a clearer road, the child in relief let go his hold on the clear that the child in relief let go his hold on the elephant's back. Suddenly the animal lurched and down went the little chap, rolling under the very belly of the beast.

For a moment drama impended. Tragedy in the shape of a huge, black mass reared above him. Eyes closed in terror, then something soft and long pulled him out, hoisted him up into the sky and, after a trumpet song of victory, he was placed on the old ivory tusks from where the hero scrambled up over the elephant's head onto his former seat.

Great! And all his calm but probably grateful father said was:

'Sit tight and behave thyself!"

Elephants or bicycles, Bengal or Rhode Island—life is pretty much just life.

The book, with its brilliant reflections of India by a Westernized Hindu, is beyond all a flaming record of what the Soul of India is struggling for, or having found what it believes is a philosophy, how it enters into the lives of the people.

As Mukerji sees it in "My Brother's Face" the revolt of India against Western domination and against Western industrialism and ideas should not necessarily bring about an irreconcilable quarrel with the

Disentangling, often with pain, what be-

longs to him as part of his native inheritance and what has been imposed on him by his Western contacts and his British rulers, this writer gives us a new knowledge of the hearts of his people.

Before Mukerji left India, Tagore the poet, entertained him at his college, a place of learning patterned much after Cornell University. At their parting, Tagore said

"Come back to us laden with the spiritual wealth of the west. Our soul needs their soul, as they need ours. Humanity is one at the core—East and West are but alternate beats of the same heart. . . ."

"A Passage to India" By E. M. Forster

HERE is in Mr. Forster's art a compre-THERE is in ivir. Poisier a are a complete hension of character, of motive, of those forces that stir or inhibit us, that is not only amazing but absolutely audacious.

His pen is as a knife slipped adroitly under the skin. The words he uses to disclose what the knife finds are pointed with accuracy. We can't imagine Mr. Forster ever dashing madly to a Thesaurus in search of the right adjective or adverb. He knows exactly which ones to use in describing the complicated feelings of his characters.

All of which means that as a writer E. M.

Forster knows his job superbly.

India is the scene of this splendid novel. India of today. Orientalism scratched by Western science, torn by rude officialdom, misunderstood by Western ethics and scorned by Western manners. This book is no treatise but a scorching novel of personal nometions that the scorching novel of personal contractions that the scorching novel of personal contractions the score of th emotions through which are reflected the eternal antagonisms of the Oriental to the Anglo-Saxon.

"A Passage to India" is a romance of race. It is the enthralling story of an English girl. Adela, who goes out to India with Ronny's mother to satisfy herself as to the wisdom of marrying Ronny. Around Adela events flow with unending conse-

quences.

To give the girl a glimpse of real India, a picnic is arranged to be held in the Marabar Caves, labyrinthine places full of mystery. A young Indian doctor, Aziz, is her host. It is there that the acid is flung into the tale. A sudden disappearance, darkness, bewilder-ment, panic! Adela plunges out of the Caves believing that she has been insulted by the Oriental.

The basest interpretation is put upon the case. Aziz is thrown into prison. Adela, ill and hysterical, breaks her engagement with Ronny. The whole government circle, British and Indian alike, takes violent sides, and through this cleavage of the once peaceful "post," the unmixable qualities of the two races come to grips.

In and out of the pages of this amazingly good piece of work moves the fine friendship of Fielding, Principal of the little Government College, for the Indian doctor. It is they who speak the last impetuous words of the book. These two were riding one after-noon, slashing their way through trees and

(Continued on page 63)



H-e-y-y R-u-u-b-e!

When This Circus Yell Rang Out, Things Began to Happen

THE last time I paid a visit to the Big Show, Cap Ricardo, the lion tamer, beckoned with great import and led me far around the menagerie sidewalling. "Did you hear about the Claptrap Show?" he asked heavily. "They had a clem last

"No!" said I, while my eyes bulged. "Clem" is circus slang for a fight. Cap

warmed to his subject.

warmed to his subject.

"You don't tell 'em no different," he announced. "A regular clem—with the big top guys swingin' tent stakes and everything." Whereupon he moved closer and cupped a hand at the side of his mouth. "I've got it pretty straight that they had some lucky boys along."

"No?" I questioned excitedly. This was news! That there should be "lucky boys," the synonym for gamblers or "grifters"

the synonym for gamblers, or "grifters," or con men, traveling with a circus! course it was just a rumor-but it was sufficient to set us chattering and gossiping like two washwomen over the back fence. Lucky boys! Of all things—in the circulation business! Again and again we agreed that it was a shame that the Claptrap Show it was a shame that the Claptrap Show to be a share to be shown to be show again we agreed that it was a disgrace that there should have been a clem at all. mourned, and shook our heads and felt terrible about it-like one feels when someone he knows has been sent to the penitentiary. Yet there had been times in the lives of both of us when we would have By Courtney Ryley Cooper Illustrated by Albert Levering

heard the news of a "clem" or "Hey Rube" without even a shrug of the shoulders. They were almost a daily occurrence then.

There are those, of course, who say that the circus never changes. That it is the same as it has always been and that it will ever remain as it began. Those are the folks who know nothing about the circus— for there have been more changes in the great American amusement institution than in almost any other form of business. The performance has changed, even though you may not believe it. The clowns have changed, from buffoons to living cartoonists, caricaturing the foibles of human life. The methods of presentation have changed, of costuming and the handling of crowds. But those have been developments rather than departures. The one radical change, the one overturning in the circus business, which has changed it from an unpopular to an almost beloved thing, is that of morals!

Were I to go back into circus history for twenty years or so, I doubt if I could remember more than a very few tented aggregations that were absolutely clean, from front door to back. Those were the days when the public didn't amount to much, either to the circus, the railroad, the sewing machine agent or the grocer who put sand in his sugar simply because he could get

away with it, and the trail of the honest show was one of the fiercest sort of opposition from the then stronger shows which thrived on "grift" and thievery. To-day, conditions are reversed. Just as there is no longer sand in sugar, there is no more grift in any circus that aspires to be more than a mere "gypsy camp." That's why Cap and I gossiped. We could both remember the days when there wasn't any fun in the circus business unless you got a black eye or a stoved-in head a couple of times a week!

That was the time when the circus hated the "towner" and the "towner" hated the circus. When one of the perquisites of any male member of the circus organization was a grand, ever-present desire to fight, and in fighting, to wield any weapon which came his way. A time when deaths were not infrequent, when more than one circus "buried 'em in the ring-banks" and called it a day, and when the circus trains often left town with the bullets crashing through the windows of the sleepers, revolvers spitting their yellow flashes from beneath the wagons on the flat-cars and the women and children prone in the aisles that they might escape danger of death.

The cause of it all naturally was "grift." "Grift," in case you don't understand, is the old-time circus parlance for stealing in any form, from that of the accomplished gentlemen who invited you to guess under which shell the little pea was hidden, to the expertness of the "inspector" who met you



in the connection between the menagerie and the big tent, announced that he was checking up on his ticket sellers, asked to count the change you had just received for a twenty-dollar bill, did so, handed it back to you with the announcement that it was quite all right, then departed, leaving you to discover an hour or so later that he had relieved you of from five to ten dollars during his "inspection." The old time show didn't count itself a circus unless it carried these adjuncts. That was looked upon as the main source of revenue-the circus itself was merely a blind to allow the other operations to proceed to their best advantage. That's what caused the trouble.

I remember rather vividly, for instance, my first circus. I had gone broke with a repertory company at Griswold, Iowa, and with a fellow sufferer had somehow covered the distance to Lancaster, Missouri, with the hope of finding a job with a small tentshow. As we walked from town to the

grounds, my companion halted.

"Here," he said as he dragged our combined store of coins from his pocket, "crook your palm—that's it—so's you can hold these two nickels when you turn your hand over. Get the idea? Now, s'pose you're selling song books, an' somebody gives you a dollar. Count out the change, don't you? All right, count it right into your own palm, so's the sucker can see you. Get the idea? Then crook your hand, the way I taught you and turn over the change into his palm. He's seen it counted—he won't go over it again, and whatever's been crooked in that palm is profit."

"But," I protested innocently, "I thought you said you'd get me on as a clown.'

My companion laughed.
"Sure, you'll clown," he answered.
"But if I ain't mistaken you'll sell tickets, shill for the tattooed man, stall around the side show in case anybody wants to make change, peddle songbooks, popcorn, peanuts and what not-and cut the strawberry shortcake on everything."

"The strawberry shortcake?" "Yeh. Circus for shortchangin'."

My companion was right. My job included everything he had mentioned, and a few more incidentals, such as always having my eye on a convenient tent-stake in case of a fight and being a member of our fixer's jury.

EVERY circus carries a "fixer," even to this day. But the job of the present personage is a far different one from that of the past. Nowadays, the fixer is a bland man with legal knowledge, who shows the cunning town schemer the error of his ways when he tries to "shake down" the circus for alleged trespassing, looks after the granting of the licenses and other tasks of that nature. All that is left is his name; he is in truth the show's attorney, there to take care of any differences which may arise, and to adjust them satisfactorily to all concerned. The old time fixer was an entirely different person.

The show was crooked. Nobody knew that better than he and the men with whom he dealt—who, in the main, were city and county officials. The fixer himself was one of a fraternity composed of the fixers for all the shows, who passed on information to one another as to what officials were "right" and what were "wrong," which would allow the "stores" or gambling joints to operate, merely out of a spirit of good fellowship and which must be plainly and frankly bribed. Every official of the towns where the show visited was catalogued, and strangely enough there were few towns where those officials were "wrong.

The magistrate and chief of police and

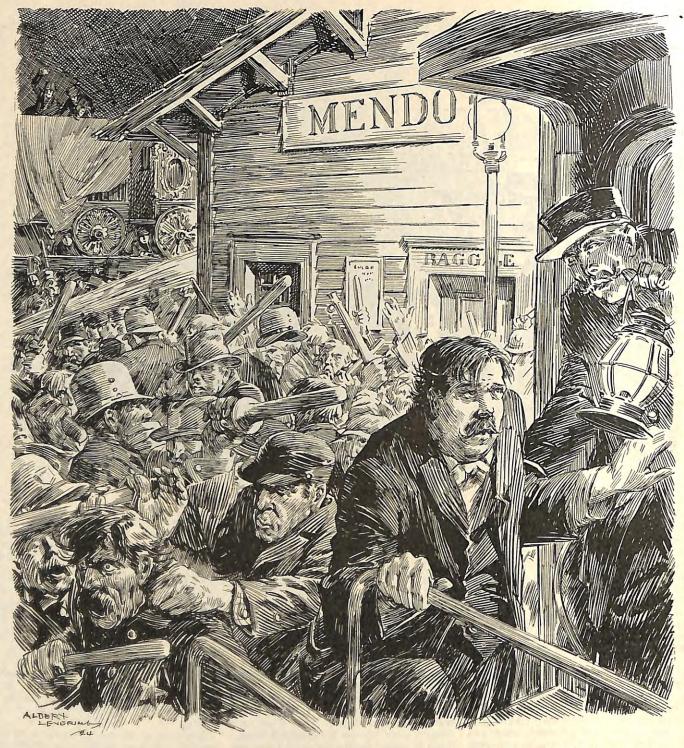
sheriff often got out of town for the day, or became so busy with other things that they simply didn't have time to go to the circus. The officers which were on duty were either bribed or had their orders from above. The result was a saturnalia of thievery, under the forms of gambling, or the picking of pockets or shortchanging which began as soon as the parade reached the lot and ended only when the circus loaded up for the night or the party broke up in a fight. And kids, like myself, were taught that it was quite all right, that these people who came to the show were our deadly enemies; they hated us and we hated them. All is fair in war, and the circus of a score of years ago was a thing of almost constant warfare.

Not that it was sought. It came without seeking. As long as the circus could steal happily and pleasantly, it did so. Like our fixer's jury, for instance. He was a suave man, that fixer, and he never asked the judge or the chief of police to get out of town. Not on your life. He wanted to see justice done, and when the squeal of the fleeced became too loud, he led him around the circus lot, sympathizing with him,

suddenly to stop and point.
"There!" he would exclaim excitedly, "isn't that your man—isn't that the man who stole your money?"

Well, the fleeced gentleman wasn't sure. If it was, the thief certainly must have changed his clothes, because the other man

was well-dressed, and—.
"Of course! That's his game! Brother—" and here the fixer would become confidential and show his star, "I'm not merely an employe of this circus. I'm Mr. Jinks, the detective. I've been on that fellow's trail for months. That's his game all right-to steal and then change his clothes so that he'll look like a workingman. Brother,



I'm glad you made this complaint. It brings matters to a head. Here you!" and he would stride forward toward the innocent canvasman, "you're under arrest!

By this time, under the influence of suggestion, the complainant was sure that the right man had been arrested. They would go to court. Of course, since the circus had to leave town that day and the famous detective was one of the main witnesses, the trial must be held at once. Then a "lawyer" would arrive—an assistant fixer who never appeared except at a time like this. He would ask the judge for a trial by jury. The judge-since it relieved him of all responsibility-would decide that was exactly right. And we, who had flooded to the courtroom, not mentioning the fact that we were with the circus also, would be picked for that body of twelve good men and true. That always used to please me, when the "attorney" for the defense would address us as "gentlemen of the jury." I was fifteen.

The gentleman who had come to get married. decided his bride to be would have to wait

The trial would go on-in all its farcical seriousness. The fleeced gentleman would give his evidence. Also the famous detective. The district attorney would rant and storm. The judge would deliver his instructions. Then we would file out of the courtroom, file back again and announce:

"Not guilty!"

And a fight would be avoided. Had not the course of justice been followed to its extremity?

But many shows in those days did not have diplomatic fixers. Nor did they care about them. They knew how to fight, and they fought—with anything upon which they could lay their hands. A year or so ago, I happened to be visiting a circus and sat talking in the horse tents with an ancient teamster. For half an hour the conversation ran on quite evenly—then suddenly the old man looked up, a queer glint in his eye. "What town is this?" he asked.

I told him. He glanced about once more, rubbed a hand across a suddenly wet

"Thought so," he said. "Thought I remembered it. The horse tents were pitched right where they are now." Then hurriedly, "Let's get out of here."

We did so, and in the sunlight, he ex-

plained.

Just happened to remember," he said, "I was here with the old Ben show in 1904. The grift ran pretty hard that day and along toward night we had a Hey Rube. You know, a clem. They buried a towner under the horse tents-just about where we were sitting."

Which has a different sound to-day from what it did twenty or thirty years ago. Then it carried something of the same reaction as that of burying an enemy upon the field of battle-someone had fallen in the fray, that was all, and the circus went grimly upon its way.

With the result that in circus history, there is town after town with its story of disaster. There is the incident of Columbia, Missouri, where the college students, after an all-afternoon fight with the Martin Downs show, twenty years ago, gleefully ran the circus wagons to the bank of a river and dumped them in. There is the historic clem at Mendota," where, in revenge for a fight, two years before, a circus went into the town deliberately armed for warfare, acted meekly and peaceably until loading time came, and then, with its every man set for action, started in to "clean up" the town. It just about succeeded. When the fire department came along to quell the rioters with streams of water, circus men either cut the hose or took it away from its rightful owners and turned it upon the town. A boss canvasman, noted for his fighting ability, took on a squad of eight policemen, whipped three of them single-handed and then, when the rest turned for temporary cover, locked them in the railroad station. All about the train runs, men armed with tent stakes patroled the tracks, hit anyone they saw and asked questions afterward. And just when the carnage was at its height, a passenger train rolled in.

THERE was no railroad agent. He had taken flight long before. There was no way of even getting into the station—a cordon of circus men was busily holding there the five prisoners of the boss canvasman. The conductor and the engineer held a hurried conference and decided to take a chance on reaching the next town, without orders. Also a white-faced, bulbous gentleman who had alighted cheerily from the train, walked fifty feet, missed a swipe from a tent stake, dodged a coupling pin or two and been punched on the jaw by someone who neither

knew nor cared at whom he was aiming.
"She'll—she'll just have to wait!" was the bulbous man's announcement as he

climbed back on the train.
"For what?" asked the frightened conductor. The man looked up.

"I-I came here to get married," he explained. But when the train pulled out, he was still on it.

For the circus fight of the old days was a thoroughgoing affair. It had to be. It came when "towner" patience—all circus patrons in those days were "towners" or "rubes" or "thistle-chins" or "hicks" or "suckers"—had reached the ultimate end. The circus looked upon them as legitimate prey and they looked upon the circus as a venomous thing come to disrupt their happiness—which it usually did. The result was that the day usually started with personalities, and all too often ended in broken heads, with the town and the show vieing with each other to see which could invent the most diabolical means of disturbing the human constitution. To Jacksonville, Texas. for a long time went the championship belt.

Eight persons had been killed in a fight which began, as they always began in those days, over a gambling game on a small circus. A Texas gentleman had striven for some two hours to find out under which shell the little pea was hidden. At his elbow had been a chance acquaintance, of course, who had shown him several times when the three-shell dealer had turned to cough, that the little pea was under the middle shell. The Texas gentleman had bet heavily, only to discover that when the dealer raised the shell the elusive little pea had mysteriously disappeared. About the time that he had lost his last cent, he gained a vague idea that perhaps there was something crooked about the game, and made a remark to that

effect. Whereupon the circus annexed to him what was known as a "trailer," one of the crew of "fixers," whose duty it was to stay with him until he was "rounded" and the "squawk" smoothed.

But the Texas gentleman seemed to be

square on all sides. He wouldn't and couldn't be "rounded." After an hour or so of argument, the Texas gentleman lost his patience and took out several thousand dollars' worth of satisfaction upon the trailer's chin, whereupon the trailer added a bit of repartee in the shape of a brick which he swung at the Texas gentleman's head and the fight was on.

Immediately the "clem cry" of the circus: "Hey-y-y-y R-u-ube," sounded about the show lot. Tent stakes traveled into brawny hands, then swung in wide circles as the enemy, springing into activity as if by command, rushed to the attack. was usual with the old-time fights, all the troubles, all the hatreds and smouldering animosities crystallized in an instant, and two things began to fight for life-the town

and the circus.

It was the performer who suffered most during the old days of circus "clems." For the performer has always been honest; a simple, really God-fearing folk, caring for nothing except the act in the ring and a steady attempt toward perfection, if not in himself, in his children. Except in rare cases, such as that of a boy who had been taken by the circus merely for his appearance of innocence and given a job in the performance as a blind for the true activities which were foisted upon him, the dressing tent was as free from the stain of graft as though it. were not with the circus. thieves were outsiders, for which the management and the management alone was responsible; the performers neither had any part in their machinations, nor did they reap any of the gains. Their only portion was to suffer the results, to be taunted by the audience, reviled by children on the street and credited or discredited by the populace with the blame for the show's shortcomings. That was their reward for their work—that and the necessity carrying the brunt of the fight when the "hey rube" came. For, while the women reached the cars as best they could, the men swooped forward to battle, that the workmen might be free to bend their efforts toward getting the show loaded and out of town.

So it was with the "clem at Jackson-ville." With cordons of performers, armed with stakes and revolvers, fighting off the



mob, the wagons, one by one, made their way to the train. That is, some of them did. Others found a resting-place in gulleys, where, with oil poured upon their contents, they lighted the scene for the fighting as night came on, and the battle continued.

Heads were broken, likewise arms and legs. Men died, with the heaviest end of the casualties, as usual, borne by the town, for the circus of the old days knew every trick of fighting and was organized for it. Then suddenly the battle lulled. town's warriors had disappeared and the circus rolled down its sleeves with the satisfaction of having won another clem. The train pulled out. All was serene for three miles; then suddenly the engineer noticed a red glow in the distance, the real import of which was hidden by a sharp up-grade.

A wise engineer was he. An engineer who had hauled the trains of fighting circuses before—and that red glow presaged danger. Slowly and ever more slowly he made the grade, then, balanced at the top, he halted.

"Send for the manager!" he called as the first trainman appeared. The order was obeyed. The engineer pointed:

"You've got a clear track on the back trail," he announced. "And you're going back!"

"Back? But we've got to show-"

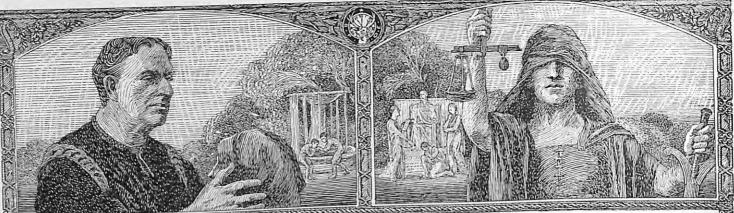
"YOU'RE going back," said the engineer. "See those pails?" He pointed to discarded buckets, faintly outlined in the gleam of the headlight. "Full of grease once. it's all on the tracks now. Understand? These tracks are greased for two miles down and at the end of it-

He pointed again, toward the red glow. It was a burning trestle at the end of the greased down grade. That circus went back to roar through Jacksonville, travel a hundred miles to another railroad, and then through every art known to the circus fixer, arrange transportation to its next town over a different road. And when it sped away, an engineer was richer by several hundred dollars. It had been his caution which had saved the lives of the whole show!

But for the one or two times that a town invented diabolical ideas, the old-time circus did it twenty times, over. Texas, in the old days, was a rough State on circuses. There the fee system thrived, and with it various constables, sheriffs, judges and what not. Fixers would come cheerfully into the State, bribe or cajole their officials, send word back to their show that "everything was jake" and then, on the day of the circus, awaken to find everybody arrested for anything from vagrancy to insulting the flag, with a sliding scale of prices fixed for their release. The result was that cir-cuses went into Texas with blood in their eye and black-jacks in their hip-pockets, the principal diversion of the day being to lure "tin can police" as special deputies were called, out behind the big top, soak them mournfully over the head with anything that happened to be handy, and send them back to their comrades to attempt to tell how it happened. After that, if there wasn't a fight it was because something more momentous happened, like a tornado or a cloud-burst. It was usually the fight.

More than that, the towns remembered, and primed for the circus almost as enthusiastically as the circus primed for them. Orange, Texas, was one of these places, and as a token of esteem one year, some of the citizens burnt a few wagons and then put a barricade across a railroad track in an attempt to wreck the circus train. The show didn't even remonstrate. It merely

(Continued on page 71)



Decoration by Israel Doskow

EDITORIAL

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

AS THE Order enters upon this new year of its life it is most gratifying to record that it does so under the most propitious conditions. Never before in its history, perhaps, has there existed throughout the Order a better spirit of enthusiastic cooperation, nor a keener desire to advance to loftier heights of fraternal and benevolent accomplishment.

Certainly the membership has never before had better cause to be proud of the Order and the splendid position it occupies in the esteem of the whole Country. It is growing in numbers; its subordinate lodges are prosperous; its works of charity and social welfare are becoming daily more outstanding as worthy achievements; there are no dissensions to mar the perfect accord of brother-hood; and the future is rosy with promise of continued prosperity and harmonious accord.

With this spirit of just pride of accomplishment and of sincere determination to avail of every presented opportunity for service, the Order of Elks faces forward and looks upward, with a confident assurance that the coming year will prove the most successful of all its history.

Reminding the individual members that this result depends wholly upon the loyalty and enthusiasm with which they discharge the fraternal obligations which they have assumed, and that happiness depends upon a consciousness of duty faithfully performed and upon a conscientious purpose to continue faithful in its further performance, THE ELKS MAGAZINE greets every loyal Elk with a cheery and deeply significant—"Happy New Year."

PUBLIC RITUALS OF THE ORDER

AT THE Grand Lodge session in Boston the Committee on Social and Community Welfare was "vested with authority to revise and rewrite, wherever necessary, all of the Public Rituals of the Order." And the Committee was directed to make report to the session to be held at Portland next July.

This action was taken as the wiser method of dealing with a number of amendments presented at Boston, looking to specific alterations in designated ceremonials. It was apparent that

there exists a well-defined sentiment in favor of a revision of some of our public rituals; but it was deemed advisable to give the matter more careful consideration than was possible during the busy days of the Grand Lodge Session.

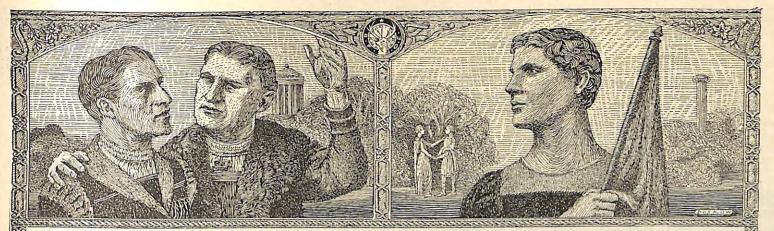
The Committee, recognizing the importance of the task assigned to it, has issued an appeal to the members of the Order for suggestions as to such alterations as might be deemed desirable. And it is earnestly hoped that the appeal will arouse an interest that will assure to the Committee the assistance of deliberate suggestions reflecting the best thought of the Order.

Ritualistic ceremonials are generally the result of years of growth and evolution. And from time to time, as they are tested in public use, changes are indicated as wise to secure more appropriate conformity to changed conditions and circumstances. But it is also true that when once adopted as suitable and appropriate, they should not be changed merely for the sake of novelty, or to meet the ideas of a few individuals. There is a charm and an impressiveness about established ceremonials that attach to them merely from long

While, therefore, it is urged upon those members who are equipped for such service, that they give some study to the subject in order that they may give the Committee the benefit of well-considered suggestions, it is hoped, as of course it is anticipated, that the Committee will formulate its report with a just appreciation of the great value of a reasonable permanence and stability, in both substance and wording, of the Public Rituals of the Order. Alterations should not be made unless really necessary, or at least clearly wise, as a definite forward step in the approximation of that standard of beauty and appropriateness which is naturally desired by every member of the Order.

THE NEW DIGEST OF OPINIONS AND DECISIONS

THE Digest of Opinions and Decisions rendered by the Judiciary Committee, the Grand Forum and the Grand Lodge, which has been brought currently to date by the present Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and printed in a handy volume for distribution to the Subordinate



Lodges, is a work of unusual excellence as it is one of real value.

It is only the uninformed who imagine that the members of the Judiciary Committee and of the Grand Forum are appointed merely as the recipients of an empty honor, and that they are required to perform but perfunctory and insignificant service in their respective offices. They do not realize the great number of questions of real moment that are constantly arising throughout the Order, affecting the rights and privileges and duties of individual members and Subordinate Lodges alike, and which must be finally determined by competent authority.

Those questions frequently involve not only the interpretation of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order but also the laws of the United States and of the several States. The number of such questions submitted for legal opinions and judicial determination has so multiplied in recent years, that the officials referred to are called upon to give a very considerable portion of their time to the performance of their respective duties.

Questions relating to residence and domicile, fraternal conduct, individual and Lodge liability, auxiliary organizations, commercialism, membership and dimits, dues, elections, and Lodge property, are but a few of the many which are daily presented, with attendant diversity of facts, which call for careful consideration and disposition. It is obvious that all these may, and frequently do, involve decisions of the greatest importance to individual members, to the Subordinate Lodges, and to the whole Order.

The Digest is a gratifying evidence of the loyalty and devotion and marked ability with which the Order has been served throughout its history by its legal and judicial officers. It is significant of the appeal which our great fraternity makes to men of higher character and lofty attainments, that it is able to command their service without compensation, except such as inheres in the satisfaction that comes from worthy effort in a worthy cause.

BROTHERLY LOVE

IN A recent issue of a daily paper of one of our larger cities, there appeared an account of a local happening which involved an exemplification of the Brotherly Love of Elkhood that will bring a thrill of pride to members of the Order. A traveler passing through the city, and alone,

fell beneath a moving train and was so severely injured that it was necessary to amputate his leg. He was taken to the hospital while unconscious and the operation was performed. But the patient was so exhausted from the excessive hemorrhage that blood transfusion was decided upon as the only means of saving his life.

He was a stranger in the city, unknown to any of the hospital staff. But he was an Elk and his membership card had been found in his pocket.

The surgeon knew something of the Order of Elks. He telephoned to the local Elks Lodge, explained the circumstances, and asked if there was any member there who would volunteer to give the blood required to save the brother's life. There were only two Elks in the Club House available at the time; and both of them promptly volunteered and hurried to the hospital.

After a test of each had been made, one was selected as a suitable donor and in a few moments his life-preserving blood was flowing into the veins of his brother Elk whom he had never seen before, but toward whom he recognized his obligation of Brotherly Love, which he willingly displayed by this splendid act of self-sacrifice.

It would add nothing to the purpose of this comment to repeat here the name of this loyal Elk; nor would he desire to have the incident thus exploited. But it does serve to prove that the obligations assumed at our altars are not meaningless words, but are solemn and significant vows which create a tie that binds the members of our Order into one great fraternity of real brothers.

The incident related is one of the few which occasionally find their way into the news columns and become known to the public. But every day, all over our country, Elks are exemplifying the cardinal virtue of Brotherly Love in countless acts of devotion and sacrifice of which the world never hears. And if these be less spectacular in their appeal, because less widely heralded and involving less physical danger, they are none the less effective in cementing more firmly the fraternal bond which exists between brother Elks.

It is pleasing to record here an appreciation of the splendid act of fraternal loyalty and devotion that was displayed in the incident recounted. It is likewise gratifying to pay tribute to the thousands of faithful Elks, throughout the Order, who eagerly avail themselves of every appropriate opportunity to prove their fidelity to the obligation of Brotherly Love.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

High Lights of a Nine Thousand-Mile Journey Recently Made by Hon. John G. Price

TRAVEL over 9,000 miles through widely differing sections of the country and yet to be met in every place with the same enthusiasm and consideration, was the stirring experience of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price on his recent Western Not only was Mr. Price, by virtue of his high office, a recipient of great respect and attention, but he was welcomed with lavish Western hospitality wherever he went. Everywhere special entertainment added to the pleasure of his trip, especially for Mrs. Price and little Dick, their fouryear-old boy, both of whom accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler. The main o' jective of the journey was Portland, Ore., and the completion of arrangements there for the coming Grand Lodge Convention July 13-16.

The first stop of the trip was made at Paris, Ill., where the Grand Exalted Ruler was enthusiastically greeted by members of Paris, Ill., Lodge No. 812. A feature of his visit to the Lodge was the initiation of a large class of candidates. This class, known as the "John G. Price Class," added over 130 new members to the roster of the Lodge, thereby increasing the membership by one-

The next stop on the itinerary was St. Louis, Mo., where the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained by the membership of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9, and where he had the pleasure of meeting Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, with whom he spent an enjoyable part of the day. From there the party journeyed westward to Kansas City, Mo., where the Lodge of that city had prepared a banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit.

From there the party went to Pueblo, Colo., where they were greeted by the members of Pueblo Lodge No. 90. A meeting, which was preceded by a banque to the Crand Frederick Pulsar was partial. meeting, which was preceded by a banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was participated in by representatives from various surrounding Lodges. At this point Mr. Price was joined by William R. Patterson, of Grandey President of the Colored State of Greeley, President of the Colorado State Elks Association. A special trip throughout the State had been arranged by Joseph H. Loor, Secretary of the Colorado State Elks Association, and George W. Bruce, Past Exalted Ruler of Montrose, Colo., Lodge No. 1053. The first stop was made at Salida, where the members of the local Lodge served the travelers with an early morning breakfast. Arriving eight hours later at Montrose, they were taken by members of Montrose Lodge No. 1053, by automobile to Ouray, Colo., Lodge No. 492. During the Grand Exalted Ruler's two-days' stay at Ouray, he was entertained by various committees and shown all the scenic beauties of the region. The visit culminated in a banquet at the Home of Ouray Lodge, in which members of various Lodges throughout that section participated, many of whom traveled several hundred miles by railroad, automobile and horseback to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. The banquet was attended by leading citizens of the western slope of Colorado who familiarized the Grand Exalted Ruler with the idea of establishing a sanitarium and a game sanctuary in this region. Mr. Price was much impressed with the possibilities

of the beauties and physical resources of the section and was generous in his praise of the idea. The development of the region along these lines was recognized by Mr. Price as offering a real opportunity for the expression of public spirit, wholly separate and apart from any private or commercial aspect of the question. Returning to Montrose the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest at a banquet given by the Chamber of Com-merce in which various fraternal organizations of the city joined.

Leaving Montrose the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Canon City, Colo., stopping at Delta and Grand Junction, where he was enthusiastically received by members

of the Lodges of these cities.

Leaving Canon City after a hearty welcome at the Home of Canon City Lodge No. 610, the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled by automobile to Colorado Springs, stopping off at Florence Lodge No. 611, where he was the guest of honor at a luncheon. A banquet was given Mr. Price by Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309, that evening, and the next morning he entrained for Denver.
A most enthusiastic reception awaited the Grand Exalted Ruler there, and he was splendidly entertained by the members of Denver Lodge No. 17. In his address before the members, the Grand Exalted Ruler expressed his approval of the noble welfare work that is being done by Denver Lodge. He was particularly impressed with the part played by the Lodge in the mainte-nance of the Craig Colony, which is one of the outstanding hospitals for tubercular patients in the country. The splendid suite of nine hospital rooms maintained by the Lodge at St. Anthony's Hospital elicited unstinted approval from the Grand Exalted Ruler. While in Denver Mr. Price visited Lookout Mountain, where the grave of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who was a member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39, is located.

In passing through Greeley, Colo., on his way to Ogden, Utah, Mr. Price was greeted by a large number of members of the local Lodge headed by William R. Patterson, who had left the Grand Exalted Ruler's party the day before. Ogden Lodge No. 719 welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler with its characteristic hospitality and provided a special entertainment in his honor. One of the outstanding features of the meeting of the members was the initiation of a large class of candidates.

Traveling by automobile from Ogden, Mr. Price went to the Home of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85, which he had dedicated a year ago. Paul V. Kelly, Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City Lodge, Governor Maybe of Utah and many other distinguished citizens of the State greeted him here.

The journey to San Francisco from Salt Lake City was marked with demonstrations by Lodges situated along the line of travel. Throughout the journey westward, large delegations who had learned of the coming of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were present to extend greetings. Huge baskets of flowers and armfuls of roses were given to Mrs. Price, together with many boxes of fruit.

Members of San Francisco Lodge No. 3

and adjoining Lodges, headed by Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott and Raymond Benjamin, and A. L. Fourtner, Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, welcomed Mr. Price on his arrival at the Coast. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled down the Peninsula, visiting various Lodges in that section and lunching with the members of San Mateo Lodge No. 1112. That evening a large banquet was given Mr. Price at the Palace Hotel and a special meeting was held later in the Home of the San Francisco Lodge. In addition to an address by the Grand Exalted Ruler, speeches were made by Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Abbott. On the following day Past Exalted Ruler James M. Shanley of Oakland Lodge No. 171 arranged a special trip to the Bay Lodges which had not participated in the banquet of the night before. A thoroughly enjoyable day ended with a banquet at the Home of Alameda Lodge No. 1015, after which a program in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented at the Berkeley High School Auditorium. Addresses were made on this occasion by Mr. Benjamin and Mr. Price, and splendid music was furnished by the Boys' band, which is under Elk patronage.

While in San Francisco the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the magnificent new Home which is being erected by San Francisco Lodge. He was impressed by the beauties and comforts which the new building will embody, making it a wonderful addition to the many handsome edifices of the city.

From San Francisco the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Portland, Ore., where he was joined by John Halpin, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary, the latter accompanying Mr. Price throughout the rest of the trip. These Grand Lodge officers consulted with the members of the Elks 1925 Grand Lodge Convention Commission and approved the plans outlined for the great meeting in Portland July 13 to 16. The Grand Lodge officers were thoroughly satisfied after a view and inspection of the satisfied after a view and inspection of the new Home of Portland Lodge that it possesses every facility necessary for the enter-tainment of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was loud in his praise of the great interest being manifested in the convention by the members of Portland Lodge No. 142 and the citizens of the community. There is no question in Mr. Price's mind but that the meeting in July will be a very large and splendid one.

During his stay in Portland, Mr. Price and his associate Grand Lodge officers were lavishly entertained by the members of Portland Lodge. Its Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Riesch; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Barnett H. Goldstein; George Baker, Mayor of the City; Julius L. Meier; Eric V. Hauser, and other members of the entertainment committee left nothing undone to honor the distinguished visitors. Portland Mr. Price and the other Grand Lodge officers were present at a meeting which followed the mid-winter session of the Oregon State Elks Association presided over by Ben S. Fisher, President of the Association.

(Continued on page 64)

The New Home of

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

DEDICATION of the magnificent new Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, took place Sunday, November 30. The services were conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, assisted by Grand Lodge Officers and Past Exalted Rulers of New York South East. The ceremonies took place in the

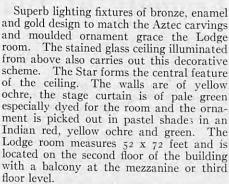
Lodge room and included addresses by Eugene E. Navin, Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1 and President of the Board of Aldermen, City of New York; Hon. James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association; and Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary. Many other distinguished members of the Order were present including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning who granted the dispensation for the institu-

tion of Queens Borough Lodge in 1903.

Joseph J. Mackey, Commander of the American Legion, presented the Lodge with an American flag and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge. The music included organ selections rendered by Clayton J. Heermance, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, on the beautiful instrument which was donated to the Home by Henry Dietz, selections by the Glee Club of the New York Police Department, and solos by Mrs. John W. Anderson and William H. Bonner. Upon the completion of the program the guests were invited to inspect the building and a buffet supper was served in the dining room on the main floor.

The inspection tour revealed to the guests many extraordinary features which bid fair to make this Home one of the best known as well as the finest of the many Lodges in the east. The great Lodge room in which the exercises were held was the center of attraction due to its unusual decorative features.

THE Building Committee desired this room to be distinctly American in treatment. Reviewing the history of this continent the designers hit upon the idea of adopting the decorative art of the Aztecs who are said to have achieved the highest degree of civilization and certainly the highest degree of artistic culture of all the aboriginal races in America. After exhaustive studies in various museums not only of the characteristic forms and modelings but also of the colors used by the Aztecs, the architects developed a decorative scheme for the entire Lodge room including walls, stage, balcony and ceiling that is surpassed by no other room of its kind in the country.



In the basement of the main building there are six bowling alleys, a grill room, game room, barber shop and locker rooms. The first floor contains on the left and right hand respectively, of the lobby, a ladies' reception room and a lounge. Beyond it is the main foyer measuring 22 x 47 feet. The main dining room 42 x 72 is beyond the foyer, and has a private dining room at one side. The kitchen is in the rear wing.

The ladies' reception room is decorated in the Renaissance style, with panelled wainscot, parquetry floors, panelled plaster walls, and a beamed and decorated plaster ceiling. A handsome fireplace and mantle of Caen stone are the principal features of the room. The lighting fixtures are of bronze and gold.

The lounge is similar in size and arrangement, but the treatment is more masculine in style. The foyer is panelled in wood, and has a heavily beamed and decorated ceiling. The entrance lobby is of marble throughout.

In addition to the Lodge room, the second floor contains anterooms, a board room and offices. There is also a billiard room panelled in quartered oak with carved pilasters and capitals. The hall between the Lodge room and the billiard room is similarly treated. On the first two floors all doors are carved and all windows are of leaded glass with stained glass decorative panels.

On the fourth floor there are twenty-two single and six double living rooms with connecting baths.

The gymnasium wing contains a swimming pool 75 x 20 feet, a well equipped gymnasium 37 x 71 feet, a steam room, showers

and locker room. The Lodge plans to open the gymnasium building for free use to the children of the neighborhood during the summer months, thus contributing to the welfare of that section and giving enjoyment to the youngsters.

Over \$750,000 was spent by the Lodge for its new Home and its equipment. There are really two separate buildings connected by an enclosed passage; the main building of four stories containing the Lodge room, dining rooms, social and game rooms, and sleeping quarters and a one-story gymnasium building containing the swimming pool, gymnasium and lockers.

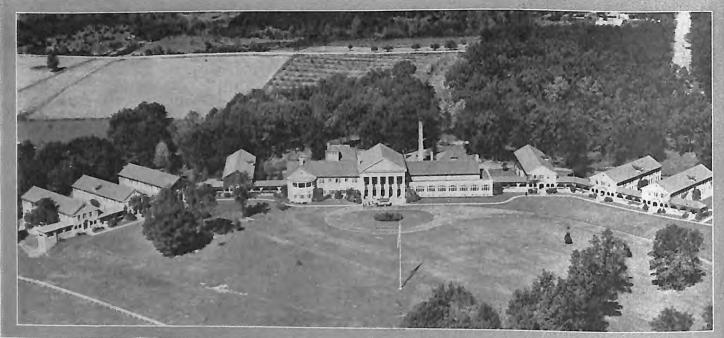
The buildings are of formal design, in the Renaissance manner, and present a dignified and impressive appearance. Dominating the broad flight of steps leading to the main entrance is a fine bronze elk, life size, set upon a granite base. The main building has a granite base, limestone trim and grey textured brick walls. The gymnasium is of semi-permanent construction, for it will eventually be replaced by a replica of the main building to double the capacity of the present Lodge. The main building measures 75 x 116 feet and has a kitchen wing at the rear 22 x 60 feet and a front terrace 15½ x 70 feet. The gymnasium building is 70½ x 102 feet.

THE buildings were designed by The Ballinger Company, architects and engineers of New York and Philadelphia. Construction was handled by McEntee & Sperling, building contractors of New York City.

James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Building Committee, was commended at the

James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Building Committee, was commended at the dedication exercises for his untiring efforts in guiding the development of the new building. It was through his efforts that the funds were successfully raised and he has since been intimately connected with every detail. Among the many members of the various committees in charge of the work was John H. Bull who was also supervisor of the building for the architects and was, therefore, intimately concerned with the structure and its equipment.

On Monday following the dedication of the new Home, a large banquet and ball (Continued on page 69)



Aerial photograph of Elks National Home. C BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Tragedy at Bedford

N THE 11th day of November, Armistice Day, the whole Order was shocked and saddened by news of the death of a number of the Brothers resident at the National Home, in circumstances which were truly tragic.

On the day before, shortly after luncheon, twenty or more of the residents became seriously ill, exhibiting symptoms of acute poisoning. It was evident that something poisoning. It was evident that something which had been served at the meal was the basis of the trouble and an immediate investigation indicated that a quantity of cider which had been served as a special treat was the most likely cause.

A chemical analysis of the cider was made at once and revealed an appalling percentage of arsenic. And upon a complete investiga-tion of all the facts it was disclosed that one of the containers, a wooden keg, in which the beverage had been delivered to the Home, and from which it was served, had originally contained a liquid spray, of deadly poisonous character, for spraying fruit trees.

The country merchant who had made the cider and put it in the keg did not know of its previous use, as the keg had been left at his store by a farmer who stated he was going to use it as a receptacle for some vinegar. Of course there was nothing in the circumstances to arouse any suspicion of danger in the mind of the Steward of the Home, who purchased the cider.

Obviously no criticism could justly attach to anyone except, perhaps, the person who originally used the spray and permitted the container to get out of his possession for an unknown use.

Unhappily, during Monday afternoon, only a few hours after luncheon, three of the patients died. That night and the following day six others passed away. On the third day one more succumbed and another on the fourth. December 1 brought one more fatality, making the tragic total twelve.

Needless to say, every possible effort was exerted to relieve the suffering and to avert the death of the stricken Brothers. Special-

ists were rushed to the Home from Lynchburg and Roanoke; experienced nurses were secured, and every agency of modern science was employed. But for the efficiency and good judgment displayed in dealing with the exigent situation, the number of fatalities would doubtless have been much larger.

Grand Trustee, Robert A. Scott, the Home Member of the Board, and Brother Louis Boismenue, the Secretary, were on hand at the earliest possible moment to assist and sustain the Home authorities in their trying ordeal, and to make an official investigation to ascertain if any possible blame could be attached to any person connected with the Home management.

It is gratifying to know that they found no cause for criticism of any of the officials or employees of the Home and had only words of commendation for the manner in which the distressing situation was handled.

Those who died as a result of the poisoning

(Continued on page 62)

Official Opinion Affecting Elks Lodge Homes

THE accompanying letter, to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of The Elks Magazine, from Chairman John F. Malley of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, affects all Elks Lodge Homes in which there are billiard rooms and bowling alleys.

Dear Brother Fanning:

In response to your request for an official opinion relative to the liability of sub-ordinate Lodges and Elks Clubs maintained thereby for federal occupational taxes as proprietors of bowling alleys and billiard rooms, I submit the following:

Opinion

The Revenue Act of 1924 provides-

"Sec. 701. On and after July 1, 1924, there shall be levied, collected and paid annually the following special taxes—
"(5) Proprietors of bowling alleys and

billiard rooms shall pay \$10 for each alley

or table. Every building or place where bowls are thrown or where games of billiards or pool are played, shall be regarded as a bowling alley or a billiard room, respectively, unless no charge is made for the use of the alleys or tables."

Therefore, if the Lodge or the Club maintained thereby makes no charge for the use of its bowling alleys or its billiard or pool tables, it is exempt from the occupational taxes imposed by the Section above quoted. The Revenue Act of 1924 differs materially from the Revenue Act of 1921 which provided that

"Proprietors of bowling alleys and billiard rooms shall pay \$10 for each alley or table. Every building or place where bowls are thrown or where games of billiards or pool are played, except in private homes, shall be regarded as a bowling alley or a billiard room, respec-

The former Act imposed a tax of \$10 on every table and on every alley, except those in private dwelling houses, and the question of a charge for the use of the table or alley was immaterial. The present Act grants exemption from tax to everyone, unless a charge is made for the use of the alleys or tables. The new law went into effect July 1,

If a Lodge which is exempt under the foregoing rule has paid an occupational tax as proprietor of a bowling alley or billiard room for the six months period beginning July 1, 1924, application for refund should be made upon blanks which may be obtained from the Collector of Internal Revenue of the District in which the Lodge is located.

Fraternally yours

(Signed) JOHN F. MALLEY, Chairman Committee on Judiciary

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of the Lodges Throughout the Order

Rollowing the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and other Grand Lodge officers to Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, where they approved the plans made for the coming Grand Lodge Convention to be held in that city next July, the work of preparing for the great event has begun in earnest. Lodges throughout California and the Northwest are giving assurances of large and colorful representations. The California and the Northwest are giving assurances of large and colorful representations. The 35-piece band of Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 which has won the championship in the California State Elks Association contests for two years past, is coming to take part in the convention. The famous Purple Patrol of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge No. 1415, and 250 members of that Lodge will come on a private train. Officers and members of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge No. 1108, in common with a score vate train. Officers and members of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge No. 1108, in common with a score of other Lodges on the coast are making special plans for participation in the convention. Every Lodge in Washington and Oregon will also be on hand to give the members of Portland Lodge a helping hand in the great task before them. Not only is this interest running high on the Coast and in the Northwest but throughout the Coast and in the Northwest, but throughout the entire country the watchword has become "On to Portland" and everywhere Lodges are now engaging transportation and arranging for housing facilities for the great meeting.

57th Anniversary of Birth of the Order To be Celebrated February 14

The banquet celebrating the 57th anniversary of the birth of the Order will be given by New York Lodge No. 1, on February 14, at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price will be the guest of honor, and a host of other Grand Lodge officers are expected to be present. Hon. Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City and Past Exalted Ruler of the Mother Lodge, is Chairman of the Committee in charge of the arrangements.

Monrovia, Calif., Lodge Shows Growth and Prosperity

Monrovia, Calif., Lodge No. 1427 reports that it is enjoying prosperity and a steady growth in membership. Though little over three years old it already has close to 500 members, has fully paid for the property on which it is erecting a new Home, and plays an active role in the charities of its community. One of its principal welfare works is the maintenance of a sanatarium in the city for the poor and invalid. the city for the poor and invalid.

The Lodge recently mourned the death of William Baird, one of its Trustees. Mr. Baird made the Lodge a beneficiary of his will, leaving a substantial sum toward its Building Fund.

Lowell, Mass., Lodge Dedicates

Members of Lowell, Mass., Lodge No. 87 are now occupying their handsome new Home which was formally dedicated a short time ago. It is one of the most complete and handsome Homes in the East, and embodies every modern



E. P. Thompson of Manila, P. I., Lodge and The Elks Magazine which he received at Bardamit, B. E. Africa, six days by runner from Nairobi

convenience. Architectually, the building is ex-tremely attractive. It rises three stories above the street and has two imposing entrances. In the basement is the red-tiled rathskeller with its decorations of elks' heads, antlers and the Lodge's trophies. The kitchen and restaurant are also located on this level as are the lockerrooms and showers. On the first floor are found the banquet hall, pool and billiard rooms and the main lounge with its big fireplace and comfortable chairs. A pleasant library tastefully furnished, committee and writing-rooms complete this floor. Except for an office room for the Board of Trustees, special rest-rooms for the members, and the anteroom, the entire second floor is devoted to the Lodge room. Especially designed by the architect to meet the ritualistic requirements of the Order, this room has an the street and has two imposing entrances.

designed by the architect to meet the ritualistic requirements of the Order, this room has an impressive and beautiful simplicity. Balconies line it on either side and a rotunda adds much to its charm and dignity.

The membership of Lowell Lodge, now close to 1500, has steadily increased since the institution of the Lodge on April 10, 1888. It comprises men representative of the best that can be found in the professional, educational, business, social and political life of the city. The Lodge has always taken a lively interest in the affairs of its community and now that its new Home is a reality it plans to extend the scope of these activities.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Awards College Scholarship

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3 recently awarded its second scholarship of a full four-year university course. The committee in charge of to make its choice from three candidates nominated by the principals of three high schools. As each of the candidates was an exceptional youth with a fine scholastic record behind him, the task of the committee was extremely difficult. the task of the committee was extremely difficult. It finally selected a boy whose school achievements were near perfection, and whose home surroundings were such that but for the aid of the Lodge he would not have been able to attend college, his father being tubercular and unable to work, and his mother being the sole support of the family. The committee decided not to make public the name of the successful candidate so that he can enter the university on the same footing as any other young man. footing as any other young man.

Lebanon, Pa., Lodge Holding Novel Series of Entertainments

The Entertainment Committee of Lebanon. Pa., Lodge No. 631 has arranged an interesting series of monthly stag dinners, smokers and vaudeville for the winter season. The entire membership of the Lodge has been divided into five groups, as follows: clerks and mechancis; contractors and farmers; professional and retired members; merchants and manufacturers, and suburban members. It is the duty of each of these groups to provide the dinner and entertainment for the rest of the members on the night assigned to it. A few of these meetings have al-ready been held and were enthusiastically enjoyed by the membership.

Home Lodge Gives Dinner in Honor Of District Deputy Gard

District Deputy Gard

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Marion F. Gard was recently the honor guest at a dinner given by his fellow members of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge No. 312. Many distinguished members of the Order were present including Lloyd R. Maxwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, who acted as toastmaster; James Murtagh and Henry Louis, both Past Presidents of the Iowa State Elks Association; James O'Brien, present Secretary of the Association; Judge James W. Willett and F. E. Northup. More than 250 were present at the dinner which was served by the wives of Marshalltown Lodge members. At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. Gard was presented with a gold watch by the members as a testimonial of the high regard in which he is held.

Knights of Columbus Give Elk's Head to Rahway, N. J., Lodge

Head to Rahway, N. J., Lodge

The Rahway Chapter of Knights of Columbus recently presented Rahway, N. J., Lodge No. 1075 with a handsome elk's head. The gift was made as an expression of appreciation for the courtesy extended to them by the Elks in allowing the use of their Home during the Knights' great war drive, when they were temporarily without headquarters, due to a fire. The presentation was made by Past Grand Knight R. J. Sauer and Exalted Ruler William F. Weber accepted the gift on behalf of the Lodge.

Following the presentation an excellent dinner was served to the guests, and an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music was provided.

Murray Hulbert Elected President of Amateur Athletic Union

Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Com-munity Welfare, was recently elected President of the Amateur Athletic Union (A. A. U.). Mr. Hulbert has always taken an active interest in

all sports and is well-known throughout the country and the Order for his work in the establishment of public playgrounds for children. lishment of public playgrounds for children. Mr. Hulbert, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, served as a member of the American Olympic Committee. He was present in this capacity at the Olympic Games held last year in Paris. The Amateur Athletic Union of which Mr. Hulbert is now President is the national governing body in a dozen different branches of sports, and the organization under whose sanction many Flys Lodges are conducting whose sanction many Elks Lodges are conducting athletic activities

Pennsylvania State Elks Association To Help Crippled Children

As a result of a me ting of the officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association held recently at Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge No. 191 where it was decided to take definite steps to help the the was declared to take definite steps to help the crippled children of the State, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123 w s instructed to take up the question of drafting a bill to meet the conditions. The committee accordingly went to Harrisburg where it conferred with representatives of the public charities and welfare organizations of the State. The meeting was largely attended by representative of State Hospitals, orthopedic doctors and experts on children' diseases. It was agreed that the next General Assembly should be petitioned to pass legislation favorable to crippled children. To do this, the present school code must be materially amended and close to \$2,000,000 appropriated for the construction of special hospitals and schools for the cripples. The Elks of Pennsylvania are planning to take a generous and active part in all this work question of drafting a bill to meet the conditions. to take a generous and active part in all this work and to push the campaign vigorously. It is estimated that there are nearly 50,000 crippled children in the State needing special schooling and care.

Order of Antlers Now in Four Cities

Four separate organizations of the Order of Antlers are now in existence in various parts of the country. These organizations, sponsored by various Elk Lodges, are for boys between the ages of 16 and 21 years. The young men in each case are allowed the use of the Lodge's Home for a regular mee ing place and are governed by a special constitution and by-laws. These organizations in existence are: San Francisco, Calif., No. 1; Santa Rosa, Calif., No. 2; Long Beach, Calif., No. 3, and Rogers, Ark., No. 4. The question of sponsoring a similar organization is being considered by the members of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge No. 966; Logan, W. Va., Lodge No. 1301; Caruthersville, Mo., Lodge No. 1233; Ranger, Texas, L. dge No. 1373; Susanville, Calif., Lodg. No. 1487; Eureka, Calif., Lodge No. 652; Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge No. 1247; Alhambra, Calif., Lodge No. 30, and San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge No. 836. It is quite likely that defini e steps will be taken shortly in this direction by these Lodges. Four separate organizations of the Order of

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge Opens School for Crippled Children

School for Crippled Children

The members of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155 recently conducted a large stag picnic at their Country Club for the benefit of their Crippled Children's School. The event was well attended and was the means of raising a considerable sum for this worthy charity. The Crippled Children's School, which has been opened only a short time, provides these unfortunate youngsters with all the privileges accorded other children. Every crippled child in the city that is unable to attend the public schools is welcomed by the Lodge at its school. The children are started in the rudimentary subjects and their education is slowly and carefully built up by competent instructors provided by the Fort Wayne School Board. In this way the school provides for the instruction of crippled children while they are convalescing and also gives them proper care and medical attention. A competent nurse is always on duty and the buildings, equipped with everything for the youngsters' health and comfort, are in charge of experienced janitors and matrons.



Beautiful bronze tablet to the memory of Peatity at oronze tablet to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach recently dedicated by the Mother Lodge. The ceremony is described on page 47

Dr. M. R. Lohman, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, is to be commended for his excellent work in organizing this laudable project.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Gives Glass Case for Elk Group in Museum

San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168 recently took San Diego, Canr., Lodge No. 108 recently took part in the celebration attending the fiftieth anni-versary of the San Diego Society of Natural History by donating and dedicating a glass case History by donating and dedicating a glass case for a habitat group of elk placed in the Museum. The group mounted is said to be one of the finest of its kind in the West, if not in the whole country. It comprises four animals, a buck, cow, and a granting. In his presentation address try. It comprises four animals, a buck, cow, calf and a yearling. In his presentation address before the officers of the Society, Russell H. Gunnis, Exalted Ruler of San Diego Lodge, reviewed the history of the Order briefly and pointed out the characteristics of the animals from which it was named and which its members seek to emulate. In accepting the gift Joseph from which it was named and which its members seek to emulate. In accepting the gift Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., President of the Society, thanked the members for their generosity and praised their unselfish and faithful work in the community. The guest of honor at the celebration was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown, who was in San Diego at the time, recovering from a long and severe illness.

Building Plan of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Approved

The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees have approved the plans of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23 for the erection of a six-story building 71 x 226 feet, adjoining its present home, at a cost of approximately \$800,000. A swimming-pool, steam-room and six bowling alleys will be located in the basement, six stores on the first floor, billiard room and grill room on the main floor, executive offices and auditorium with gallery on the third floor. and griff from off the main hoor, executive onces and auditorium with gallery on the third floor, Lodge room on the fourth floor, and dormitory on the fifth and sixth floors with eighty livingrooms and baths.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensation for New Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has granted a dispensation for the institution of the following new Lodge:

Brattleboro, Vermont, Lodge No. 1499.

"Iowa Special" to Carry Large Representation to Portland Convention

Plans are being worked out for the Elks of the Plans are being worked out for the EIRS of the State of Iowa to make the trip to the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Ore., on a special train. This "Iowa Special" will leave St. Paul, Minn., on July 6, stopping at Winnipeg, Buffalo Park, Wainright, Edmonton, Jasper Park and Vancouver. A full day for fishing, hunting, golfing and mountain climbing will be allowed the travelers at Jasper Park and another full day at Vancouver. The "Iowa Special" will be parked con eniently for occupancy at Portland during the convention for use of the travelers if they desire it. Homeward bound, the train will follow the Columbia River, stopping at the more important points of interest. Great enthusiasm is being displayed by the Iowa Lodges in the trip and arrangements are being perfected among them for a large representation at the conven-

Productive Meetings Are Held by Board of Officers in This Lodge

A meeting is held twice a month by the Board of Officers of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357. The general welfare of the Lodge is discussed in much the same fashion as a Board of Directors discusses the policy and development of a big corporation. There is this distinction, however, between the two. In the case of the Board of Officers of the Lodge, the doors of the meetingroom are always open and criticisms are invited from the entire membership of the Lodge. But from the entire membership of the Lodge. But these must be of a constructive sort and not of the "axe to grind" variety. The idea is working out excellently and should prove of great value to the Lodge in approaching its problems and in furthering a cooperative spirit throughout its membership.

Children Are Cared for by Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge

Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge No. 784 continues to do excellent work among the crippled children of its community. It has placed many boys and girls in the Home for Crippled Children at Newark, N. J., and seen that proper treatment has been given them. Besides looking out for the youngsters in this way it has, in many cases, provided special care for them after they have left the Home, helping their families and furnishing additional funds for crutches, shoes, and other necessary articles

other necessary articles.

Perth Amboy Lodge is remodeling and building additions to its Home which will cost close to \$50,000 when completed and give the members one of the best equipped buildings in the State.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Lodges Meet

The annual meeting of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Indiana, the Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Lodges, was recently held at Indianapolis. Plans of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Portland, Ore., were discussed and interesting pictures of that city were shown to the gathering. Following an inspection of the handsome new Home, which is being built by Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, at Meridan and St. Clair Streets, a luncheon was served in the Claypool Hotel. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lowell Neff presided at this luncheon, introducing Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning of Indianapolis Lodge as the principal speaker. Other speakers included Lloyd R. Maxwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and Garnet Fleming, President of the Indiana State Elks Association. Resolutions were adopted expressing sorrow for the members of adopted expressing sorrow for the members of the Order who lost their lives recently as a result of the tragedy at the National Home in Bedford,

Va.

The committee in charge of arrangements for the meeting consisted of the following District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers: Joseph L. Clarke, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13; Harry K. Kramer, of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge No. 432; Harry Lowenthal, of Evansville, Ind., Lodge No. 116, and Lowell Neff, of Logansport, Ind., Lodge No. 66.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Breaks Ground for New Home

Ground-breaking ceremonies for the new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99 at Sixth and Park View Streets, were recently conducted before a gathering of 2000 members. The exercises were opened by those assembled singing "America" accompanied by the band of Los Angeles Lodge. Following the invocation by the Chaplain, Esteemed Leading Knight Fred E. Pierce presided in the absence of Exalted Ruler George M. Breslin who was absent on Ruler George M. Breslin who was absent on account of the death of his wife. Past Exalted Ruler John G. Mott, Master of Ceremonies, introduced the Hon. Paul J. McCormick, United States District Judge, who was the principal speaker of the evening. In closing his highly interesting address on "Fraternalism and Its Relation to the Constitution," he complimented the Order on its principles which, he said, were not only the hope and assignation of all two Ellic not only the hope and aspiration of all true Elks, but also the sentiments of all true Americans. Another speaker on the program was Edgar F.
Davis, President of the California State Elks
Association. Six surviving charter members of
Los Angeles Lodge were the honor guests of the Los Angeles Lodge were the honor guests of the evening. The musical numbers of the exercises were beautifully rendered by the Lodge's Band and its Glee Club. One piece, "The Builders," sung as a solo by Mr. Harry Girard, brought forth rounds of applause.

The first shovelful of earth was lifted by a giant steam-shovel which will continue its work with the excavation is completed.

until the excavation is completed.

The new Home of Los Angeles Lodge will be a most unusually beautiful building, equaling in style and equipment any structure now standing or being erected in the Order.

Sixth Annual Charity Minstrels Of Pekin, Ill., Lodge

Pekin, Ill., Lodge No. 1271 will stage its sixth annual Elks' Minstrel Show on January 26–28 at the Union Mission Auditorium. The show will be put on under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler Roy S. Preston of the Lodge and the entire proceeds are to be used for charity.

Reconstructed Home of New Orleans, La., Lodge Recently Dedicated

The dedication of the reconstructed Home of New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 was recently conducted with impressive exercises. The original building was erected six years ago, but two years ago a fire destroyed the auditorium and grill. This portion has now been reconstructed and many other improvements and additions made, costing in all close to \$300,000. As a result of these changes New Orleans Lodge now has one of the largest auditoriums in the city with a wonderful dancing floor, also adaptable for use as a gymnasium. It has a large stage with dressing-rooms and all theatrical equipment, big enough for the showing of almost any production. New furnishings have been installed throughout the entire building and every convenience provided for the members.

Oroville, Calif., Lodge Shows Growth and Energy

Though Oroville, Calif., Lodge No. 1484 was instituted only a short time ago, it now has over 200 members. At the present rate of growth, the Lodge expects to have close to 300 at its first anniversary on May 3, 1925, and 500 on its second anniversary in 1926. Besides being active in many fields of community endeavor, the Lodge has a Building Committee which is working on plans for a 3- or 4-story Home to be erected in the near future.

State Social and Community Welfare Committee Meets at No. 1

The Social and Community Welfare Commit-The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the New York State Elks Association recently held a meeting in the Lodge room of New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1. Close to 100 representatives of various Lodges in the State were present at the meeting, which was also attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Hon. Murray Hulbert, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and Joseph G. Buch, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations who made an interesting address on the progress of the work being done by New Jersey Lodges among crippled children. The meeting, which was presided over by Frank L. Armstrong, Chairman of the State Committee, was most inspiring and should be productive of far-reaching

Dedication of Magnificent Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge on February 1

Plans for the dedication of the beautiful new Plans for the dedication of the beautiful new million dollar Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21, on Sunday, February 1, have been perfected. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and a score of other Grand Lodge officers will be present on the occasion, as will numerous representatives from Lodges in New Jersey and New York. The program of celebration will begin on Saturday, Language as with a public possible of the program of the program of the program of the program of the public possible of the program of the program of the public possible of the program of the public possible of the program of the program of the public possible of the program of the program of the public possible of the program of the begin on Saturday, January 31, with a public inspection of the building. On Sunday, February 1, the building will be opened for the inspection of members of the Order. The dedicatory of members of the Order. The dedicatory ceremony at 4 P. M. will be followed by the dedication banquet at 6:30. On Monday, February 2, there will be a reception at the Home to the ladies from 2 P. M. to 10 P. M.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

The handsome new Home of Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387 was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gillhaus of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge No. 658. Many distinguished members of the Order were present and large delegations from numerous other Lodges were on hand to congratulate Passaic Lodge on its achievement. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning was the Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning was the principal speaker on a program which carried the names of many other prominent members including William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1.

Noble Spirit Dominates Work Of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216 continues to do noble welfare work for the children of its community. Among other activities in this field, the Lodge is helping to raise funds for the building of the provided for the control of t building of a hospital for crippled children. A series of entertainments has been planned in



Handsome bronze elk, a gift to Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, from C. Fred Johnson, which was dedicated recently. It stands at the entrance to the Home

cooperation with other organizations of the city and a considerable sum is expected to be realized in this way. San Antonio Lodge has also contributed generously to the \$250,000 community fund uted generously to the \$250,000 community fund for the construction of a new and adequate Protestant Orphans' Home. In addition to the individual contributions and work of many members, the Lodge itself subscribed \$1400 to the good cause. When the appeal to help this charity was made at a recent meeting of the members not a dissenting voice was raised in the big gathering. Jews and Catholics vied with Protestants in urging the contribution and then, by action of the membership, the Lodge voted a by action of the membership, the Lodge voted a sum considerably in excess of what had been first suggested!

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge Celebrates First Anniversary

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge No. 1474 recently celebrated its first anniversary, rounding out a year of substantial progress and prosperity. Starting with a membership of 107, the Lodge has grown rapidly and its roster bears the names of the best citizens in its jurisdiction. A feature of the evening's celebration was the splendid man-ner in which the officers of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge No. 559 exemplified the ritual in initiating a class of candidates. On hand to take part in the festivities and to congratulate Pittsburg Lodge on its first birthday were many distinguished members of the order including James M. Shanley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. C. Hopkins and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Hubert N. Rowell and Hiram E. Jacobs. A telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott expressing his regret at not being able to attend, was read.

New Home of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge Ready in Early Spring

Work is going ahead rapidly on the new Home which Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge No. 896 is erecting on the corner of Eighth and Main Streets. The foundation was completed some time ago and construction has been started on the main build-ing, so that with favorable weather conditions the members of Lewiston Lodge should occupy their new Home early in the spring.

Madison, S. Dak., Lodge Buys New Home

Madison, S. Dak., Lodge No. 1442 recently purchased the Huntimer Building in the business district of the city, the second floor of which will be fitted up as its permanent quarters. The first floor of the structure is rented now to various businesses and these will continue to occupy that part of the building. The basement will be altered to make a large dining-room. The sum of \$35,000 was paid for the structure and work on remodeling the building will be started shortly.

Madison Lodge has at present a membership close to 500, which is steadily increasing.

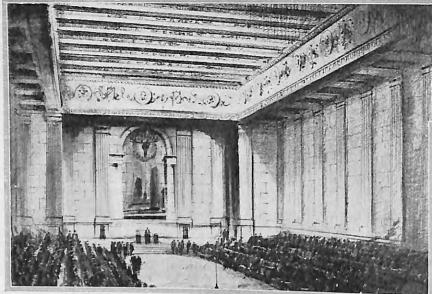
Grand Exalted Ruler to Visit Many Eastern Lodges

The present plans of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price call for a visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22, on January 31. On February 1 he will be in Newark, N. J., for the dedication of the new Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21, following which he will take a four-day trip visiting Lodges in New Jersey. Completing this, he will travel through New York State for a week, and will attend the Annual Banquet of New York Lodge No. 1, on February 14, commemorating the 57th anniversary of the birth of the Order. He will be present at the banque of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10, on February 16, and will spend a week visiting New England Lodges.

Junior Elks Fund Maintained By Hanford, Calif., Lodge

The Junior Elks Fund which is maintained by Hanford, Calif., Lodge No. 1259 embodies an idea that might be adopted by many other Lodges. It is the custom of this Lodge to issue a warrant for \$10.00 to be placed in a savings account for each new arrival in the home of its members. As a result of this thoughtful and generous practice there are now quite a few

Home Los Angeles Lodge Is Building



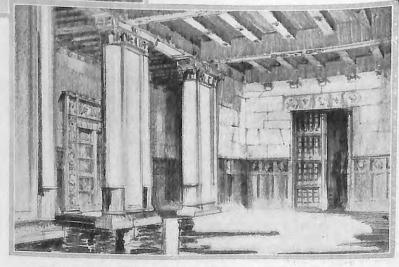
The Lodge room will be the epitome of dignity. Beautiful simplicity has been the chief aim of its designers

These drawings by the architect of the new Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99 give a vivid conception of how this edifice, costing over a million dollars, will look when completed on the site at Sixth and Park View Streets



Ground was recently broken for this new Home with appropriate ceremonies which are described in the "Under the Spreading Antlers" department of this issue of The Elks Magazine. At left is a perspective of the finished building





A characteristic glimpse of the interior. At left, the entrance

"juniors" with money in the bank. That this custom is praiseworthy and reflects credit on the Lodge is evidenced by the expression of the fathers concerned who have voiced their intention of adding to the funds so started.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge Gives Banquet In Honor of Its Secretary

Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4 recently gave a testimonial dinner to Gustave W. Nothdurft who has been the Lodge's secretary for the past 12 years. Several hundred members were present to be now Mr. Nothland ent to honor Mr. Nothdurft and the speakers of the evening expressed the feeling of the entire Lodge in their praise of his loyal and conscientious service. As a token of this esteem Mr. Nothdurft was presented at the close of the dinner with a handsome radio set.

No. 1 Dedicates Tablet In Memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and a number of other Grand Lodge officers were present at the dedication by New York Lodge No. 1 of the beautiful bronze tablet which it has placed in its Home in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach who was a member of that Lodge. The ceremonies opened with the announcement by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur V. announcement by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur V. Dearden, Chairman of the Leach Memorial Committee, that the tablet was ready for dedication. Following this the ritualistic service was conducted by the Exalted Ruler and officers of No. 1. There was a brief address by Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, and a vocal selection by Walter Byron, who was accompanied by Jesse M. Winne on the organ. At the completion of the beautiful ritual element and inspiring addresses were made by At the completion of the beautiful ritual eloquent and inspiring addresses were made by Mr. Price, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association, all of whom had known and admired "Eddie" Leach.

"Eddie" Leach.
Many other members of the Order were present at the services, including Hon. Murray Hulbert. Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Hugh C. Harris, John E. Dearden, James T. Hallinan and Thomas F. Brogan; Amon W. Foote, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association and Charles E. Osgood of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10. Many representatives from Lodges about the city were also present.

Lodges about the city were also present.

The tablet in memory of Mr. Leach was executed by Frederick R. Triebel, a member of No. 1, who was warmly complimented for the beauty of his achievement.

"Chanters" of San Diego, Calif., Lodge Successful Organization

San Diego, Calif., Lodge No 168 has always been fortunate in having among its members many who possess decided musical ability and who gladly devote their talent and time towards making the Lodge sessions attractive to all the membership. The most prominent of these mus-ical units is the Elk Chanters with a membership of 28 who meet regularly every week for practice and who have attained a very high degree of proficiency since their organization in 1918 under the present director, William D. Deeble.

It is quite natural that their reputation has

spread all over the Pacific Coast and that they have frequently been called upon to sing, not only at many Lodges in California and Arizona, but also in many prominent churches of San Diego and vicinity. At the two-week musical festival held at Balboa Park last May they were invited to furnish the entire program for one evening to an audience of several thousand peo-ple, evoking great enthusiasm and high praise

THE Order mourns, with the whole nation, the death of Mrs. Warren G. Harding—not only because she was the widow of the country's 29th President, but also because she was the widow of an Elk, a member whose loyalty to the principles of the Order set a lasting example to men of all nations.

for their work. At the recent presentation of "A Night in Bohemia" produced for the Christmas charity fund, the Chanters formed the male chorus and by their splendid work did much to make the production the record-breaking success which it proved to be. The Lodge also has an efficient orchestra of 15 members who meet regularly for practice and who furnish orchestral music for all Lodge meetings.

Wayward Boys to be Helped By Oregon Lodges

Salem, Ore., Lodge No. 336 has been doing excellent work among the wayward boys who are confined in the State Training Schools. Not only has the Lodge played the role of big brother to the youngsters, but it has been generous in furnishing entertainment for them at regular in-tervals. Other Lodges in the State are contem-plating similar work, and much good is expected to result from a systematic and organized effort to help and direct these wayward youngsters.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Large Class for Mother Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Clark of New York Southeast, accompanied by the officers of his Lodge, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842, recently visited New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1. Before a gathering which filled the spacious Lodge room of New York Lodge to capacity, the officers of Mount Vernon Lodge occupied the chairs and initiated a large class of candidates for No. 1. Among the a large class of candidates for No. 1. Among the many prominent candidates of the class were Eddie Cantor and Lowell Sherman, both wellknown stars of the stage, and Scudder Middleton of the editorial staff of The Elks Magazine. Mr. Cantor was initiated into Mount Vernon Lodge and Mr. Sherman into New York Lodge. Following his initiation Mr. Cantor was presented with

several gifts, one coming from Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21 as an appreciation of his work in helping the Lodge raise several thousand dollars for its Christmas Fund. After the meeting the officers of Mount Vernon Lodge and the members who accompanied them to New York City were guests of the Mother Lodge at a large banquet given at the home in their honor.

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Buys Summer Playground

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge No. 274 recently voted to purchase a tract of land situated just south of its Lake Harbor property which it plans to convert into a summer home. There are Go acres in the tract with 1500 feet frontage on Lake Michigan. It is heavily wooded and easily reached by automobile. The land will make an ideal summer playground for the members and their families when all the improvements have been made. Suggestions for building a club house, cottages, children's playgrounds, tennis courts, etc., are being considered by the membership.

President Farley Guest of Honor At Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge

"Walton Night" held recently at the Home of Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge No. 1312 was one of the most enjoyable and one of the best attended functions of the year. James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association, was the guest of honor and many other distinguished members of the Order were present. Following a banquet, a class of candidates was initiated by the officers of Binghamton, N. Y. Lodge No. 852. Mr. Farley then addressed the meeting, outlining the work that the Association is doing especially in behalf of crippled children, and complimenting the part Oneonta Lodge is playing in Social and Community Welfare activities. Close to 500 were in attendance and good fellowship prevailed throughout the entire evening.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Completes Organization of Boy Scout Troop

With a charter from National Headquarters authorizing it to meet, the Boy Scout Troop of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge No. 672 is now a concrete fact. The troop is officially recognized as Troop No. 31. Purple and white have been adopted as troop colors and neckerchiefs composed of these colors are worn by the Scouts on all occasions. The Scouts are taking a thorough interest in scout work and enjoying particularly the drill instructions given them at each of their meetings by the Lodge's Crown Patrol Drill Team. Captain Cook, of the Drill Team, has offered a cup to be awarded to the most efficient Scout in the troop, the basis of consideration being all-around behavior, number of tests passed, appearance at the nightly inspections, attendance, etc.

Annual Tournament of Elks Bowling Association Opens March 28

Toledo, Ohio, is to be the scene of the event and indications are that all entry records will be broken. The tournament will be rolled on Hagerty's Interurban Alleys beginning Saturday, Hagerty's Interurban Alleys beginning Saturday, March 28, and continue over a space of three weeks, possibly more, dependent upon the number of entries. Every Lodge in the country is invited to send at least one representative team to the tournament. The entry fee is \$3.50 per man in each event; five-men, two-men and individual in addition to \$1.50 per team associate. individual, in addition to \$1.50 per team associa-tion dues. Diamond medals will be awarded



the winners in each event and one for the allevents champion, also cash prizes.

For further information regarding the tournament, dates, etc., write Jack Hagerty, care of the Interurban Bowling Parlors, Toledo, Ohio, or John M. A. Galen, 2579 Fairview Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge Lays Corner-stone of New Home

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge No. 290 recently laid the corner-stone for the new Home which it is building at Park Avenue and Mulberry Street. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Marion Gard of Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge No. 312, performed the ceremony, and James G. Clark, President of the Iowa State Elks Association, Walter Bass, Exasted Ruler of the Lodge, and other officers of the Lodge took part in the exercises. The band of Cedar Falls, Iowa, led the march of the members from their present Home to the site of the new building. The principal address of the day was delivered by Senator Joseph R. Frailey, Past Exalted Ruler of Fort Madison, Iowa, Lodge No. 374 and Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

Members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Alameda, Calif., Lodge No. 1015 have been doing excellent work not only in the city but also in the charitable institutions of the East Bay. During recent months the committee has been called upon by a number of individuals, and also by the Social Service Board of the city of Alameda, to provide wearing apparel for close to 100 adults and children. It has supplied the Del Valle Hospital at Livermore with 80 pounds of tooth paste for the little children of that institution and it has also sent them candy from time to time. In order to continue its work of distributing clothes to the needy during the coming months the Committee plans to hold a fashion show for the women—something never conducted in the city before. The price of admission will be a bundle of clothing. By this method the Lodge hopes to receive enough garments to make a wider distribution than ever before among the poor.

Peabody, Mass., Lodge Organizes Troop of Boy Scouts

Peabody, Mass., Lodge No. 1409, through its Committee on Social and Community Welfare, has organized a Boy Scout Troop with a membership of 32 and a waiting list of 10 others seeking to join. The Lodge allows the Troop the use of its Home every Wednesday night, and has offered several prizes for the Scouts making the best showing in their work.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Sells Old Home at Handsome Profit

The Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge No. 613 which it has owned and occupied for the last 22 years, was recently sold. It brought the handsome figure of \$150,000, an increase over the original purchase price of \$112,000. With surplus in its treasury the Lodge is going ahead rapidly with the building of its new Home which it is estimated will cost in the neighborhood of \$260,000. The actual plans of the new structure have already been considered by the Building Committee and work on its erection will begin shortly.

Automobile Club Valuable Asset To Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11 has an Automobile Club to which practically every member who has a car now belongs. Besides being a successful social organization for the pleasure of its members, the Club is of great service to the Lodge in its welfare work, playing a generous part in many of its activities. It has furnished transportation on many occasions for wounded soldiers and has taken them on outings and trips of various kinds. During the past summer the Club assisted the Lodge in entertaining visiting delegations from other Lodges that stopped off in Pittsburgh on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention.

Camden, N. J., Lodge Opens Dental Clinic for Cripples

Each month's report of the Lodge's Crippled Kiddies' Committee shows what wonderful work is being accomplished by Camden, N. J., Lodge No. 293 in the care of children in Camden and vicinity. A new phase of this work was recently started. Through the generosity of Dr. S. F. Ludlow, a Dental Clinic has been established in the Home of Camden Lodge where all the crippled children will be given free dental service. Members of the Lodge who are dentists have offered to give their services without charge.

New Lodge at Lake Forest, Ill., Recently Instituted

Lake Forest, Ill., Lodge No. 1498 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Fletcher, who was assisted by the officers of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge No. 1295. The officers of the new Lodge are: Exalted Ruler, Walter A. Jones; Secretary, William H. Siegel.

Salinas, Calif., Lodge Has A Conscience Fund

Salinas, Calif., Lodge No. 614 adopted an interesting idea recently by establishing what it calls its "Conscience Fund." All members who are late in paying their dues are given the privilege of easing their consciences by voluntarily assessing themselves for the delinquency. The sums so paid above the dues are turned over to the Conscience Fund to be used for whatever purpose the Lodge sees fit.

Stage is Set for Minstrel Show Of New Haven, Conn., Lodge

The stage is all set for the minstrel show which will be produced by New Haven, Conn., Lodge No. 25 on the night of January 6 at the Shubert Theatre. This will be the first show of its kind staged by the Lodge for a number of years, and the special plans and preparations for its production give indications that it will surpass in all respects the famous minstrel shows for which New Haven Lodge was famous in the past.

Members Should Be On Guard Against These Two Men

Members are hereby warned of Charles Groth who poses as a member of the Order and who is using a card numbered 1676 of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664, which he stole from its rightful owner, J. S. McFarland. Groth has already victimized a number of Lodges by using this card successfully to cash forced checks.

ful owner, J. S. McFarland. Groth has already victimized a number of Lodges by using this card successfully to cash forged checks.

William A. Reid, holding membership card No. 2343 in Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge No. 906 up to April 1, 1925, has been expelled from the Order for cashing worthless checks. His card should be taken up if presented and O. Klausen, Secretary of the Santa Monica Lodge, should be notified by wire.

Beckley, W. Va., Lodge Holds Festive Frolic

Representatives from many surrounding communities and neighboring Lodges took part recently in the big Frolic held under the auspices of Beckley, W. Va., Lodge No. 1452. The whole city was decorated in honor of the event and business houses vied with one another in making attractive displays. The Frolic started off with a large parade in the afternoon. This was followed in the evening by a banquet and a masquerade ball. A feature of the day's festivities was the initiation of a large class of candidates. The Frolic was one of the most successful and best ever held in that part of the State.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Discusses Charity Work

A meeting of Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Chairmen of Social and Community Welfare Committees of Massachusetts Lodges was recently held at the Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10. The charitable work of the Lodges in the Massachusetts State Elks Association was discussed and plans for coordinating their further activities were formulated. State-

ments were rendered by representatives from Lodges in Leominister, New Bedford, Lynn, Pittsfield and Northampton dealing with their charity work. The report of Leominster Lodge No. 1237 showed a per capita expenditure of \$\text{St2.36}\$, the highest in the State. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson was the presiding officer at the meeting and many other distinguished members of the Order, including John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Dr. William D. McFee, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, took part in the session.

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge Wins Armistice Day Cup

In the Armistice Day parade held in San Luis Obispo on November 11, San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge No. 322 entered a beautifully decorated automobile and carried off first prize against a large field of competitors. The prize, a handsome silver cup, awarded by the American Legion, now takes its place among several such trophies recently won by the Lodge.

Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge Backs Basketball Team

Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge No. 362, which has always made a special effort to sponsor various athletic teams in all the different branches of sport for the benefit of the young people of the city, recently sponsored a basketball team. The best material of the city was selected in the organization of the team which has been entered in the Falls Cities Federation and which is now one of the strongest contenders for the championship of that league. The best equipment and coaching obtainable, together with the proper practice floor, have been given the team. Last fall Jeffersonville Lodge sponsored a football team. This was done at a time when lack of the proper backing threatened to eliminate a very popular sport in Jeffersonville. The eleven was financed, advertised, coached and supported by the Lodge in a manner that brought it great success.

Veterans of Three Wars Guests Of Albany, Ore., Lodge

Veterans of the Civil War, Spanish-American War and the World War were recently guests of Albany, Ore., Lodge No. 359, where an evening of feasting and entertainment was staged in their honor. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. A. Young of Albany Lodge, and George E. Sanders, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, joined a great gathering of members in welcoming the warriors. An excellent banquet, interesting addresses, much music and athletic matches of various kinds made up a thoroughly delightful evening.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge Plays Part In Potato Day Celebration

Stockton, Calif., Lodge No. 218 took an active part in the Potato Day celebration staged recently in that city in recognition of America's winning the world's record yield of potatoes. The enormous total of 57,752.75 pounds of Burbank potatoes from one surveyed acre was the record achieved by Frederick H. Rindge on his San Joaquin delta tract. Stockton Lodge helped to raise the "Celebration Fund" of \$30,000 and participated in the great parade which was a feature of the event. Luther Burbank, F. W. Richardson, Governor of California, and over 500 prominent citizens of the State joined in the festivities.

Rockville, Conn., Lodge Observes Sixth Anniversary in New Home

Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359 celebrated its sixth anniversary recently in its new Home. The Home was formally opened on that evening with a program befitting the occasion. Located in the best residential section, it is one of the show places of the city. It is situated on a lot 175 x 225 feet. A granite wall surrounds the lot, enclosing grounds that are made unusually attractive, by costly shrubbery of 25 years growth, consisting of linden, blue spruce and purple beech. Stepping from the veranda of the Home, which is 100 feet long by 15 feet wide, one (Continued on page 68)

From "Canterbury Pilgrims" to "The Sidewalks of New York"

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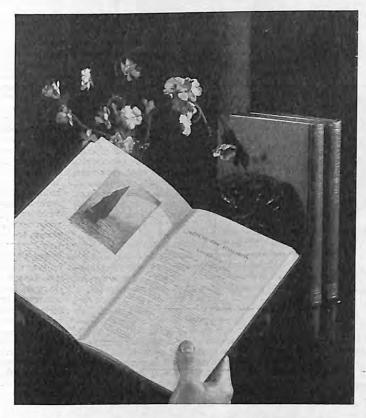
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The Iron Man of the Track

(Continued from page 13)

and match his fighting strength as well as his running ability against the best we have, and gradually wear them down. I am inclined to believe that he will choose the latter course, because it would be too difficult to adjust himself to the varying conditions of our different indoor tracks. Nurmi's time will not be as good if he adopts this kind of a system, but he will no

doubt be far more sure of winning.

This "non-competitive" system of Nurmi's was paralleled by Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, in this year's National Amateur Golf tournament. In previous years, Jones has come within an accord winning only to be heaten by an opponent ace of winning, only to be beaten by an opponent who was a better "match" player than he. It has for some time been conceded that no one can touch be a conceded that no one It has for some time been conceded that no one can touch Jones in medal play when he is on top of his form. This year, he decided to make the most of his ability to turn in low cards playing against par. And so, instead of consciously competing against his opponents, wondering and worrying about what they were doing, he set himself the task of playing against the course record. With his mind free from everything except his own score in relation to par, he won the clusive Amateur title with little par, he won the elusive Amateur title with little

IN TEN years of sprinting, I have tried both I was first a competitor, with no thought of breaking records, but with the principal intention of beating my man. I was usually successful in winning, but I never smashed a single record. Then I concentrated upon increasing the length of my stride, upon the finish and the start, and in short upon developing a system that I could adhere to, and which would break records. And this "system" did not take into account the competition of my appropriate. I trained myself to run a race in a opponents. I trained myself to run a race in a opponents. I trained myself to run a race in a certain length of time, and I was generally able to do it. But when some of my opponents commenced to run faster than the record, or the time I had calculated upon running, they won. My pursuit of records had robbed me of my competitive qualities

competitive qualities.

At the last Olympic Games I was a noncompetitive runner. And I did not win. In fact, in the hundred meters, I was fortunate to fact, in the hundred meters, I was fortunate to reach the finals. So I forgot about the records, and the system which had proven good in obtaining them. I set out to be a competitor again, as I had been in the Olympics of 1920, when I had won. I came back to the National Championships. I lost some races, getting into shape. But I was running against my man and not against time. And I was able to fight through in the Nationals and to win in time that was as good as I had ever made. But the time was an accident. I had thought nothing about making it.

And so it seems to me it is with Paavo Nurmi.
To-day he is a record-breaker, the greatest distance runner the world has ever seen. For merly he was a competitor, and in order to win all his races indoors I believe he will have to become a competitor again, for he will not be able to judge all the different indoor tracks, as he is able to outdoors where they are usually he is able to outdoors where they are usually laid out in standard distances. But his greatest fame will no doubt always come from his "non-competitive system."

For in the back of Nurmi's mind is the For in the back of Nurmi's mind is the ambition some day to run the mile in the unheard-of time of four minutes. A few years ago such an achievement would have been ranked as impossible. To-day with Nurmi and his new system of pace, it is not only possible but even probable. Already Nurmi has come within six seconds of this mark, while no other runner in the history of the world ever came within twelve seconds of it, either as an amateur or a professional.

came within twelve seconds of it, either as an amateur or a professional.

Norman Taber of America, July 16, 1916, ran the distance in 4 min. 12 3-5 seconds. Taber was fortunate in competing at a time when there were many great milers, John Paul Jones, Abe Kiviat, Mel Sheppard and many others. Spurred on by competition, trained by the greatest coaches, and possessing splendid physical requisites, he could do no better than 4:12:3 and that was considered marvelous, and easily and that was considered marvelous, and easily withstood the onslaughts of succeeding milers, until the arrival of Nurmi. Joie Ray, at his best, ran two seconds slower than this and yet he has proven the most consistent mile-runner America has yet produced. W. L. George, an amateur of England who afterwards turned professional, made 4 min. 123/4 seconds, and that stands to-day as the professional mark, and for many years has been considered unbeatable.

Yet there is a runner in the world who not Yet there is a runner in the world who not only can break that mark but believes he can run better than 12 seconds faster! And in doing it, Nurmi states that he would train to run each lap in sixty seconds! When these former records were established the athletes saved for the final 220 yards when they sprinted with all they had in reserve. But Nurmi would calculate on finishing easily. calculate on finishing easily.

However, it is very plain that as a competitor he would never be able to do this. Because there would be no one else to run with him, and spur him on. He must beat the record, not the

IN THE Olympic Games of 1928 Paavo Nurmi will no doubt be just as successful as in '20 and in '24. He keeps himself in splendid condition, and is always in training. He loves running, which in itself is a great asset to the successful cinderpath star. It is not punishment for him to carry on. It is a serious pleasure that he thoroughly enjoys.

His competition indoors in America will be a novel experience for him and though he will be handicapped by inexperience on the boards, by

handicapped by inexperience on the boards, by his long trip and by the strange running conditions, he will no doubt give a great account of himself. But whether he does or not he will stand forth as the running marvel of modern times, the only man who ever lived that stood a chance of running a mile in four minutes. chance of running a mile in four minutes. And if he does accomplish that feat, his name will be immortal for the athletic ages.

His efforts have been appreciated by his countrymen and to-day a statue is being erected in Helsingfors, a memorial to his marvelous success in the last Olympic Games. For Nurmi, like the Greek heroes of old, in the ancient Olympics, devoted himself to his country, trained and sacrificed for Finland, and now receives from the land of his nativity the laurel wreath, in token of victory. wreath, in token of victory.

The Chicken That Was Picked

(Continued from page 19)

remarked to Henry, who, disturbed and uncomfortable, had climbed in beside him, that "they sent a reporter out the other day to find a boy sent a reporter out the other day to find a poy in New York who hadn't seen a cow. The reporter came to a lot where twenty-nine boys were playing baseball. Out of that twenty-nine, only one had ever seen a cow! This little city fool is just like that. You should see the mess she makes in a kitchen."

"Mayba she'll leave." suggested Henry softly.

"Maybe she'll learn," suggested Henry softly.
"She'd better."
They drove down the undulating dirt road to where straight sycamores and drooping willows clustered greenly along the red clay banks of the river. Henry liked to fish. He could dream dreams while drifting in a flatbottomed boat upon the yellow eddying water.

bottomed boat upon the yellow eddying water. But today he was brought sharply out of his mood by Asa Hamilton's question.

"Will you bet me five hundred that your chicken wins tonight?"

"Why, you know Red Knight is a better cock than Black Prince, Mr. Hamilton!"

"That's all right," answered Hamilton, looking at Henry steadily with his cold gray eyes.

"There are five judges, and no man can tell what a group of five men will decide. It's just like a jury. Besides, I have a hunch." He took a check book out of his pocket, held it on his knee, and wrote out a check with a gold fountain

"Come, now, if I'm willing to take the ce, you ought to be. You are not chance, you ought to be. afraid?"

"Afraid?" There was som

There was something irritating about that overbearing demeanor—or was it the infuriating thing that Zeb had quoted as Hamilton's intentions toward Priscilla Brandon? "Write down the terms of the bet," said Henry, with an edge on his soft voice. "I'll make out a check and we'll find a stakeholder when we get to shore." He turned back to his fishing. But the glassy surface of the river seemed to reflect an alert, vivid face, with reproachful black-rimmed green eyes.

Meanwhile little Luella had dragged her

Meanwhile, little Luella had dragged her high red heels listlessly into the house when Henry and Hamilton had 'eft her. A cold fear clutched at the pit of her stomach. She thought of the unfamiliar task before her and became homesick for the bustle and roar of became homesick for the bustle and roar of Third Avenue in New York. In this quiet rillage, where slow-moving, slow-talking people regarded you curiously, were strange and terrible things. Horses, with large white eyeballs, huge yellow teeth and iron feet; cows with hypnotic brown eyes, terrific voices, and pointed crooked horns; and chickens that raised their heads high and made queer, shrill, insinuating noises when you approached. you approached.

And now Mist' Hamilton wanted her to fix one of these strange, terrible chickens for dinner. She went gooseflesh all over. The only chickens she had ever known had been the white-fleshed ones that hung by their feet in meat market windows, a ruff of feathers about their necks. But hers was a courageous little soul. She went slowly but resolutely through the house and into the backyard.

Up to her strutted a fearful buff-colored

the house and into the backyard.

Up to her strutted a fearful buff-colored rooster with a long tail, sharp spurs, and a red comb that drooped rakishly over one eye. Around the yard plump hens scratched and picked—making caaing noises, or clucking to one another in a thin secret language. She felt sure that whatever chicken she killed would be the wrong one. Then she happened to notice a large glossy black chicken in a wire pen against the whitewashed board fence. Evidently Mist' Hamilton had selected the chicken to be fixed, had caught it, and had left her to do the rest. left her to do the rest.

Beech-Nut

Chewing Gum

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Lime Lemon Orange

SHE approached the cage. The chicken within had beautiful black tail feathers and knobby spurs, but practically no comb at all. He was very proud looking, strong, sleek and glossy. It seemed a pity to eat him. As she came near he put his head on one side and made a high, resentful sound in his

Luella removed the small piece of wood that latched the door, stooped and stepped inside. The chicken lowered its head, ruffed its neck feathers, and suddenly flew up at her. She screamed and beat him down with her hands. He ran around, recovered his pose, and ruffed his neck at her again. Luella, almost petrified with fright, rushed at him in self-defense. He ducked, but she backed him up against the He ducked, but she backed him up against the board fence and clasped him in her arms. He beat at her with a free wing, pecked her arm with his beak, and scratched her with his strong sharp claws. The blood of battle rose in Luella at this viciousness. She punched him on the head, threw him down, and sat on him, getting a firm hold on his neck with her scratched and dirty hands.

The air was full of flying dust and feathers, and both combatants were breathing heavily. Luella considered what to do next. She hesitated to let him up while she searched for a stick—she had an unpleasant picture of

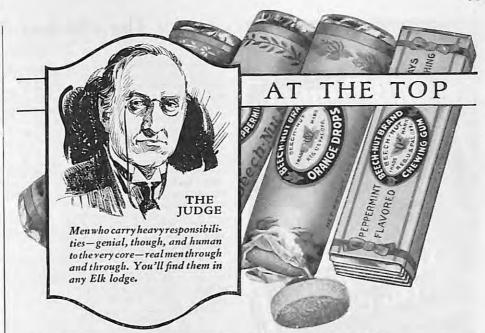
a stick—she had an unpleasant picture of herself undefended to his spurs while she crawled out through the gate. She tried bouncing up and down on him, but it seemed

to make him mad, so she stopped.

Then she had a brilliant idea. That morning Mist' Hamilton had painlessly got rid of five tiny kittens by putting them in a bucket with a sponge soaked in chloroform.

Not without considerable combative manoeuvering, Luella managed finally to get the chicken into the kitchen, pour a liberal amount of chloroform over the sponge in the bucket.

of chloroform over the sponge in the bucket and hold the chicken's face against it. At first he kicked furiously; but presently he grew (Continued on page 52)



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The Chicken That Was Picked

(Continued from page 51)

languid, and at length gave what sounded like a contented sigh, and relaxed. Her sheer pink blouse was torn, her yellowish puff of hair was full of feathers and bits of straw, and her arms were scratched and bleeding-but she had won.

Luella lifted the chicken to the table and then found that his feathers didn't want to come out. She went to the garage and found a pair of pliers she had seen Mist' Hamilton use on his motor, and after this her work proceeded more rapidly. She had got the game cock's back pretty well cleared, and had begun on his beautiful curving tail, when a fearful and thrilling thing occurred.

The dead chicken sneezed, as if he had caught cold from his back being exposed, and then twisted his head and looked her in the face with a drugged and resentful eye.

Luella was so taken aback that she screamed. Then in her excitement she dashed the whole bottle of chloroform over the rooster's head. It had the desired effect. He sneezed twice, drew a yellow eyelid over his brown eye, lowered his beak and relaxed.

LUELLA was glad that the chloroform had made the rooster insensible to the pain of the plucking that had occurred before he at length had died. She felt sorry for him, because he had deed. She left sorry for him, because he had been so brave, and the final plucks at his feathers were performed through a mist of tears. At last he was naked. She washed him thoroughly with soap and warm water at the sink, dried him nicely on a tea towel, and put him into the bottom part of the white refriger him into the bottom part of the white refrig-erator where she closed the door against

Henry and Hamilton decided upon Major Brandon, chairman of the judging committee, as stakeholder. The sun was setting as they drove up to the faded green house. The portly Major Brandon, in a white linen suit, met them at the open door. His clean-shaven face was habitually red and his right eyelid drooped upon an empty socket that derived from the war with Spain. He accepted the responsibility of stakeholder with what was intended for a low and graceful bow. Supper was just then announced, and regardless of what may have been the Major's feelings toward one of Henry and Hamilton decided upon Major have been the Major's feelings toward one of his guests, he was conscious of the sacred obligations of hospitality. "Gentlemen," he insisted, "you must stay

Henry didn't want to stay. Priscilla would be there, and he was afraid the conversation would veer around to chickens. But before he could think of an excuse, they were drifting toward the dining-room, where Priscilla presided at the foot of the shining mahogany table.

table.

"Henry bought Red Knight from me,"
Hamilton was booming before ten minutes had
elapsed. "And I bet him five hundred dollars
that Black Prince would win to-night. It's a
sporting chance. And if I lose—Henry had
such hard luck with his fire—I'll feel that I'm
helping a young fellow out."

Priscilla's vivid face became a frozen mask.
Henry had never been more miserable.

Henry had never been more miserable.

After all, he had broken his word. The meal

After all, he had broken his word. The meal dragged interminably, and when it was done it was time for the judges to meet at Asa Hamilton's. Priscilla avoided speaking to Henry when he left to get Red Knight from his pen across the street.

Stars were beginning to pop out in the paleblue evening sky. Henry took off his Panama and worriedly brushed a lock of brown hair from his high forehead. He would clear two hundred dollars by selling Red Knight to the pool, and five hundred additional from his bet with Hamilton. But no amount of money could make up for Priscilla's coldness.

His lanky frame traveled dejectedly past the whitewashed room behind the charred foundation. The thing to do was to go ahead and make

whitewashed foom behind the charred founda-tion. The thing to do was to go ahead and make this money. Priscilla would see then he had made a judicious investment. Success answers all criticism. He rested a hand upon the top of Red Knight's pen, and encountered something sticky and wet. He noticed for the first time the smell of turpentine in the air. He lifted his hand into the light

Henry dropped to his knees and looked through the wire netting into Red Knight's pen. Even in the dusk he could see what had hap-pened. The once beautiful cock was drenched in sticky paint. His tail feathers were heavy with it, his neck feathers were matted into lumps, and wide smears ran over his wings.

Henry sank back with his hands braced behind him and his large soft brown eyes staring up to the sky. Across the street he heard Priscilla's voice. The treble footsteps of Asa Hamilton and Major Brandon and Priscilla diminished as

they went up the street.
Even if Hamilton's Black Prince should, by the wildest mischance, be dead, the judges would bring in another—and any cock could win over Red Knight and All Signature and S Red Knight now. Henry's money was gone. His dreams—were only dreams. He turned over on his face and dug his long fingers into

It was quite dark when Henry got an old newspaper from his room to protect his clothes, wrapped the protesting Red Knight in it, and walked slowly up the street. There was a light in the rear of Hamilton's house, and he could see men's figures through the curtains. He turned into the lane, went up the back porch steps, and stepped into the dazzling light of the kitchen. kitchen.

Major Brandon, his face very red against his white suit, was jammed into a large arm-chair at the far end of the room. The slim Priscilla—Henry hadn't counted on this—was scated next to him, vivid in her black sweater with white edges, her black hair smooth and shining. Zeb, to him, vivid in her black sweater with white edges, her black hair smooth and shining. Zeb, wide black hat in hand, pulled at his mournful moustaches where he leaned lugubriously against the sink. The four other judges were seated in chairs and there were a dozen spectators against the walls. Luella's pink blouse and tan skirt were visible beneath the sink, where she sat and munched on a sandwich her small blue eyes and munched on a sandwich, her small blue eyes

agog.
"Well, Henry," boomed Hamilton from his seat upon the pine table, "you have kept us waiting son."

"Gentlemen," drawled Henry softly, his fine brown eyes fastened appealingly upon Priscilla, "I reckon I'm out of this." His lean tanned face

brown eyes fastened appealingly upon Phase
"I reckon I'm out of this." His lean tanned face
was pale. He knelt and unwrapped the paper
from the Red Knight—revealing a ridiculous
travesty of pit game beauty. "Somehow," said
Henry, "my chicken has been ruined."
After a moment of silence, Asa Hamilton led
the roar of laughter. There was something so
funny about Henry's depression; and the game
cock—soppingly green, and stuck from comb to
bedraggled tail with strips of clinging paper—
completed the despondent picture. Major
Brandon, however, was serious. And Priscilla's vivid face was pale and unsmiling.

"It's a pity we can't rule this cock out, and
bring in another one." Major Brandon's single
eye rather glowered at Asa Hamilton. "But so
long as hele alive we've got to decide between

"It's a pity we can't rule this cock out, and bring in another one." Major Brandon's single eye rather glowered at Asa Hamilton. "But so long as he's alive, we've got to decide between him and Black Prince. Where is Black Prince? As trustees for the pool, we've got to see what we're paying seven hundred dollars for."

"I'll get him," said Hamilton, and went out the back door. Henry moved over to Zeb.

"Zeb," he murmured, "I want to give Red Knight to you. He still can fight, you know. And I reckon you ought to be able to sell him for enough to pay your fine."

From Priscilla, nearby, came a little gasp. Zeb looked slowly up into Henry's kind brown eyes. His mouth beneath his drooping moustaches opened as if with surprise, and a curious expression—almost of awe—came over his aquiline face. He blinked, swallowed with difficulty, and lowered his head. At that moment Asa Hamilton burst into the room.

"Black Prince's gone!" he shouted, his square face a mottled white. "Luella!" he cried, spying her beneath the sink, "where is the chicken that was in that wire pen?"

"In there," she said, calm in the consciousness of duty well-performed.

"In where?" demanded Hamilton.

"In the 'frigerator," said Luella.

Hamilton was followed by all eyes as he crossed the room and opened the bottom door of the refrigerator.

Black Prince's nude body rolled unexpectedly

the refrigerator.

Black Prince's nude body rolled unexpectedly

out upon the floor. For a moment there was not a sound in the room. With Black Prince dead, some strange and at present unknown rooster must be be regelt in the property of t

must be brought in to win the prize.

Then a thrilling, an impossible thing occurred.
For the Black Prince—scion of a long line of fighters—was groggy but still in the ring. He lifted his pointed head, with its tuft of black feathers about the ears, struggled gamely to his feet, and staggered—drunken and naked—into the kitchen. There he stood, plucked clean to his yellow skin, his bare wings hanging down like his yellow skin, his bare wings hanging down like arms, his nubbin of a tail sticking up. He swayed uncertainly from side to side and blinked dazed eyes at the glare.

room was too astonished for sound.

THE room was too astonished for sound. Major Brandon, smiling with pleasure, was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "these two cocks come before us in a very remarkable condition. They are both here, however, and both alive. So under the rules we must choose the better. As to that point," he continued above a ripple of merriment, "we can hardly be of two minds!" He dived into the inside pocket of his linen coat, drew forth and opened an envelope. Then bowing formally, he presented Henry with the two \$500 checks and with \$700 in crisp green bills.

After a moment of bewilderment, Henry placed the newspaper-wrapped Red Knight at Major Brandon's feet. Then he glanced at Hamilton's cruel mouth—looked for a moment into Priscilla's black-rimmed green eyeswent over and took the trembling Luella by the hand. "You come with us," he told her. "Miss Priscilla will take good care of you. Will you like that?"

"I'll say I will!" answered Luella, clinging to him.

him.

Priscilla took Luella's other hand. From the

door Henry beckoned to Zeb. who joined them as they reached the darkness of the sidewalk.

"Here's the two hundred you need, Zeb."
Henry put the bills into Zeb's hands. "Good luck to you!"

Zeb's face was invisible becauted.

Zeb's face was invisible beneath his enormous hat. He made a faint noise in his throat. Suddenly he pressed the two bills back into Henry's palm and shuffled rapidly away down

the street.
"I hope I didn't offend him!" Henry mur-

"Henry," cried Priscilla, "you are the most guileless person I ever saw! Zeb dumped that bucket of paint over your chicken. I saw him—that's why I went to the meeting."

"Gee!" Henry ejaculated and became lost in

thought.
"And I can guess who put him up to it,"

added Priscilla. They crossed to the Brandon's house where they parked Luella in the pantry beside a plate

of cake and jam.
"Priscilla," Henry ventured after they had drifted out to the swinging bench on the wistariacovered porch, "I—I am sorry I broke my word."
"You are certainly untrustworthy, Henry,"
she retorted sharply. "Besides—the idea of

offering Zeb all that money! You ought to have

a guardian. a guardian."
"I reckon you're right," Henry conceded.
"Priscilla, would I be speculatin' if I asked you
to—what I mean, honey—would you . .?"
"Oh, Henry," she cried impulsively, "I can't
be mad with you!" She suddenly buried her
face against his sleeve.

Strangely, there seemed no further need for

Strangely, there seemed no further need for words. No one could see that her head was upon his shoulder, his cheek upon her hair. Darkness and silence and the faint fragrance of wistaria folded them in to the heart of the summer night.

Wild Thyme

(Continued from page 11)

suit more coarse or ill-fitting, his wrists bigger, his hands more clumsy. From time to time I caught snatches of the conversation and gathered that Rance had accomplished his introduction with the excuse that he was interested in starting a new garage in Paris owing to some in starting a new garage in Paris owing to some trivial altercation with Will Pease, Tommy's present employer, where the prodigal had that day stored his magnificent roadster.

Well, that was the way it started. This debonair fellow who had known battle lines, deserts, dangerous oceans, wild peoples, had journeyed up here into sleepy New England to pluck a little sprig of wild thyme—or apple blossoms, dew-washed, if you prefer—growing on the mountain bank that was our tawdry manufacturing town of Paris.

I blamed him for his rapine and yet I didn't.

I blamed him for his rapine and yet I didn't. It wasn't altogether strange that bored, wearied and scorched by deadly-bosomed women who

It wasn't altogether strange that bored, wearied and scorched by deadly-bosomed women who had dwelled in the world's flaming highlights, his heart and fancy had turned backward to the type of simple, modest, virtuous girl that was synonymous with the ruggedness, honesty and sincerity of his boyhood background. And yet . . . There was Tommy!

The dearest thing in his life was being stolen from beneath his very grasp and he could not fight because he had no weapons sufficiently effective. Tommy's name wasn't in "Who's Who in America?" He didn't have two million dollars. He couldn't talk of Paris, Capetown, Singapore, Tokio as most Vermont folk talk of Barre, Montpelier, Bennington, Springfield. And as for his physical assets, the poor chap couldn't even comb his hair. And yet when he had given Eva May her seventy-five dollar diamond, no monarch had ever bestowed an empire on a Sheba with more joyous self-elation. Paris, Vt., learned what was going on. It knew that Rance Hepburn's path of least resistance was through the little milliner, Molly Walters. Rance began calling at the store shamelessly, taking the mother riding in his stupendous motor, the like of which was rarely seen in Vermont. And Eva May wouldn't have been human—and a woman—not to be susceptible to the sudden influences pressing upon her. Molly wasn't mercenary. Her small

bonnet shop had prospered; she had sent her daughter through grammar school and high school and the girl had held her own socially with the best the village offered. And yet . . . well, a woman fighting the world is a woman fighting the world. The struggle cannot help but leave its scars. And leaning on a man's strength and affluence is her constitutional inclination. inclination.

Like a poor little frightened bird, Eva May viewed this disruption in her pinken Eden at first and then grew increasingly torn and be-wildered. She loved Tommy—or had always supposed she did. Still, Tommy was Tommy. He couldn't even persuade anyone that he was capable of making money in an establishment of his own. And a certain measure of compassion is due Mrs. Walters if her little thrush-like of his own. And a certain measure of compassion is due Mrs. Walters if her little thrush-like mother-heart wanted her only child to know and have the best life offered. I think she cried a lot over it clandestinely, and especially after those distressing times when Tommy came into her store to try and hold his prestige only to discover that Rance Hepburn had been there and prevailed upon her daughter to go volplaning with him over Vermont's fragrant hills and ing with him over Vermont's fragrant hills and luxuriant valleys in that stupendous car its owner had brought from abroad.

I UNDERTOOK to speak to him about it one evening when I had turned into the cluttered garage yard to have a bolt tightened on my own machine. He sat down on my running-board, his greasy overalls leaving a blotch, and wiped his hands with some cotton waste.

"I wisht you could tell me how I could help it," he said raggedly, his eyes averted. "Just sweepin' Eva and her Ma off their feet, he is, . . . with all his ballroom tricks. What chance have I got?" And when he raised his face I saw the China-blue eyes were brimming with honest tears.

honest tears.

"He ought to be shot! . . . run out of town on a rail," I excoriated.

"No. He's playin' fair enough. Only he's got trainin' and equipment that I just haven't. He was in here yesterday. He asked me not to mind what he was doin', if I could. And he said he'd really back me in the best garage there (Continued on page 54)

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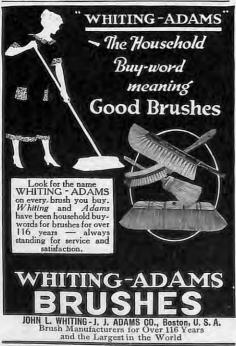
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Wild Thyme

(Continued from page 53)

is in the State. But . . . that would never . . . satisfy me . . . for the loss . . . of Eva May."

"Well, Tommy you're a dead-game sport.

I'll say that much for you," I consoled him.

"People are saying some caustic things about Eva and her mother for standing for it."

"They shouldn't!" he defended promptly.

"They oughta give Eva the chance to decide with which one of us she'd really be happiest."

"You mean that, Tommy?"

"I want Eva to be happy—even if it's with somebody else."

And that was his philosophy and his rosary.

And that was his philosophy and his rosary. It went no further.

JUNE slipped away with Rance still living at the Whitney House and idling away his days through the town-or at the Français Millinery. He gave it out that he was taking a well-earned vacation after which he thought he'd slip out to China and see how his friend Chi was coming along with his politics; he said it as the rest of us talk of going to Albany or New York. Then suddenly July had gone and Eva May was going about with a frightened 'droop to her pretty shoulders and her mother appeared almost as distraught as the daughter. We noticed that both women were avoiding Tommy when they met him now; the red-headed mechanic was no longer going deliberately into the hat shop to ask for his girl. We wondered if Eva May had sent back his ring.

And then, the sixteenth of August—Bennington Battle Day in Vermont—the climax came. We had known there would be a climax. Rance was growing restive over his confinement in the grubby little place. Far Spaces were calling him again; he wanted to be away. Sam Hod's wife gave us first indication of anything concrete coming. She declared she had gone into along with his politics; he said it as the rest of us

concrete coming. She declared she had gone into the millinery that previous noontime, to find the front of the shop deserted but voices sounding in the rear—tense, persuasive, pleading. Mrs. Hod couldn't stay and eavesdrop on any such tragedy as the affair was now becoming to those of us in town who were "in the know." But the voice had been Rance's and he had been begging the girl he professed to have searched the world the girl he professed to have searched the world to find, to elope with him, go along out to the Orient with him—but first motoring across America, seeing it first.

What must it have meant to the Walters, mother and daughter, to have such prospects offered, such vistas of heart's-ease opened, for while Molly wouldn't go with them, of course, she would be with them in spirit and the consciousness that after all her tiny struggle for her fatherless girl, her daughter had arrived on Life's Hilltops at last

fatheriess girl, her daughter had arrived on Life's Hilltops at last.

"Wild Thyme!" mused Sam, when I had told him of Rance's exclamation that day at the table on first seeing the girl. "You know the rest of that quotation, don't you, Bill?"

"It's from 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' isn't it?"

Sam prided himself on his knowledge of Shakespeare. He had an uncanny memory. On a fishing trip with him once, he had recited Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" to me one morning in its entirety, while scraping his face with a safety razor. "Yes," he responded. And he respected: repeated:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine: There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight:

And there the snake throws her enamelled skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in. . . "

"Darned appropriate," said I when he had finished. "Only the snake in this instance isn't a 'her,' it's a 'he.'"

Sam suddenly grew combative. "Bill—I'll lay you ten to one that Eva May Walters turns him down!"

"You mean in favor of Tommy?"
"Exactly."

"I'll take that bet. I'd cheerfully pay if I lose for the realization that Tommy Lyon has his Eden restored."

And now comes the queer part of the whole episode to us; the phase of the drama which I suppose my learned friends would term "the psychological angle."

During those ten weeks that Rance Hepburn spent among us, he had kept his bizarre foreign roadster at the Paris Garage and it had fallen to Tommy Lyon's lot to care for it. Do you get it? A prince charming comes to steal a lady faire and the lady's lover finds it his lot to play the rôle of stable boy and care for the very steed on which pillager and quarry will later make

their flight.

Which also brings out a phase of Tommy's Which also brings out a phase of Tommy's character and discloses the stamina of the lad Eva May was discarding, in a manner that no other circumstance could accomplish. For despite the fact that the elegant machine was his hated rival's "bus" . . . Tommy did not cleanse the mud from its canary surfaces with a gritty cloth and ruin its polish; he did not slam it revengefully with a hammer or wrench at it in gritty cloth and ruin its polish; he did not siam it revengefully with a hammer or wrench at it in sullen spleen when called to tighten its bolts or otherwise make repairs. And when he had to start its engine and alter its position in the main garage, he treated it as a lover of horseflesh might handle a sensitive Arab. There's a serminate in Tanana in the state of t mon in Tommy's attitude toward that fateful roadster somewhere, although at times it eludes me. I can't determine whether the boy was a hero or a fool.

AT ANY rate, on the morning of Bennington Battle Day, about half-past nine, Rance Hepburn stalked into the greasy, odorous place and summoned Tommy aside. Rance was fully decked out in his most flamboyant auto togs, but it was the expression on his face that told Tom the worst—that the man was leaving town—that he was not going alone. He had won and he knew he had won. And . . . so did

Tommy.

"Son," he said—Rance—"I'm leaving town for good just after lunch. Been here long enough. Going to make a cross-country trip, store the car in San Francisco and go on out to

"Well, what if you are?" demanded Tom with pain in his voice and suffering in his eyes.

pain in his voice and suffering in his eyes.

"Want you to tune up the bus and make certain she's got plenty of gas and oil. I noticed coming in from Hebron last evening that the oil gauge was almost down to the bottom. And I wish you'd look at the steering-gear, too. Seemed to me it worked somewhat loosely yesterday. Couldn't have anything happen to bearings or steering-gear this trip, you know. My own neck I don't care so much about, but there's some one. . . ."

My own neck I don't care so much about, but there's some one. . . ."

"Cut it out!" ordered young Tom hoarsely.

"I'll fix your bus but that's no reason why you gotta rub it in."

"You're a square sport, Lyon," the older man acknowledged, suddenly sobered. "I've made you a bit of a mess, haven't I? Would you believe it if I told you I were sorry?"

"Yes, I'd believe you. Which side of the steering-gear was loosest?"

"Lyon—don't make me feel like a cad. I haven't really wanted to steal your girl. But . . . say, let me pay you for caring for the car

as well as you have since I've been here."

"Pay Will Pease," ordered Tommy, dragging a floor-truck out noisily and preparing to swing under the big yellow roadster on his back with his kit of tools.

Hepburn bit his lip, so one or two spectators told me afterward. He was somewhat pale as he walked from the garage. But his gravity left him by the time he reached the hotel again, for I saw him there. He went up the stairs to finish his packing, three at a time. In the upper hall-

his packing, three at a time. In the upper hall-way we heard him whistling.

And back in the garage, Tommy "went over the bus." He was crying some of the time, Doc Johnson said—big, clumsy, red-headed Tommy Lyon was crying, though he did not realize anyone knew. Now and then he smeared a greasy jumper-sleeve across his face as though to wipe gritty dust from his eyes. But he fooled no one, least of all canny old Dr. Johnson. The Doctor was waiting patiently to have his klaxon fixed and when a call came suddenly for him to attend on some sick person across town,

he asked Tom to leave the yellow roadster and Which being the more urgent

iob at the moment, Tommy did.

Half-past nine passed, ten o'clock, ten-thirty. Blake Whipple drove into the garage yard with a load of his folks about the time Tom had the Doctor's horn working again; Blake was off for an all-day trip to Barre and his suction pump was faulty. Tommy fixed that and then Jim Bludsoe wanted him to look over his dilapidated Ford and find out why two of the cylinders wouldn't fire. And the overworked boy, with black tragedy at his heart, passed from car to car, until noontime came.

Meanwhile Rance was ready to travel. Four of his huge valises were down in the lobby where Pat Whitney was making out his bill. No one had seen Eva May Walters that morning. Ladies who went into the millinery shop found no one to wait on them and around eleven o'clock it was suddenly locked and the shades drawn. "Just as if them Walters was holding a funeral instead of a weddin' trip," said old Joe Fodder, who had noted the circumstance. "Well, maybe it is a funeral. Guess it's a funeral for Tommy, anyhow. If I was that kid, I'd at least have the anyhow. If I was that kid, I'd at least have the satisfaction o' givin' that sarpent a good beatin' up before he quit the place."

"And spoil Eva May's departure?" we suggested. "Ten to one Tommy's thinking of that, you know."

"Apple sauce!" cried the old man, shuffling

Then a while later the one o'clock whistles blew and Tom Lyon came back from his lunch.

"Where's that yellow bus o' Hepburn's gone?" he demanded blankly, entering the garage. He had eaten no lunch. He had tried the thing the food had been scheen in his to eat it, but the food had been ashes in his mouth.
"Hepburn come and got it durin' noon-hour,"

Pease responded.

Tommy stood rigid a moment. "he cried hoarsely, his face stone-white. "What's the matter with you?"

"I clean forgot to put in the oil!"

A loud, brassy laugh greeted this pronouncement. Pease knew something of the prevailing tragedy. "Oh—you did? Well, you should worry! 'Fore I'd be such a fool as you, I'd drained out every ounce o' gas and oil, unscrewed all his grease-cups and sawed his steerin' rod half through. That's the way I'd treat him . . . if I was you!"

But Tommy suddenly sprang into motion.
"Hey! . . . where you goin'?" roared Pease.
"To see if they've left the hotel yet. I gotta bring that bus back and fill it with oil!" And Tommy was gone from the yard.

With a leap of his heart, he saw the damnable with a leap of his heart, he saw the damnable machine in front of the Francais Millinery next to the movie house, two blocks up Main Street. It was empty, though Rance's bags were aboard. The red-hea ded lad looked around for its driver. He was probably inside. Tom tried the curtained door. It was locked. He kicked at its base.

And Rance came out.
"What do you want?" he demanded, startled.
Perhaps, after all, the boy had returned to wreak his vengeance.
"I wanner take your bus back to the garage.

"I wanner take your bus back to the garage. I forgot to fix up your oil."

Hepburn stared blankly. "You what?"

"I forgot to look after your oil. I was called away before my job was done. You couldn't go twenty miles with your oil as low as it is: you'd burn out every darned bearin' you got."

A silence followed. Rance had come out on the walk. He began looking Tom Lyon over queerly. "I've heard of professional ethics," he said slowly at last. "But none quite so professional as this. You chasing after me . . . to . . . when. . ."

to . . . when. . ."

"I ain't thinkin' o' you so much—gettin' stuck," the boy retorted. "I'm thinkin' o' your bus."

"What do you mean?" "Cars is sort of alive to me, I guess. Some-w. . I hate . . . to see 'em abused."
"Abused!"

"Abused!"
"You wouldn't suffer so much if you got out in the country and found yourself stuck. No!
... it's your car would suffer. And if you're pullin' out on a long stretch, I wanner see the car's comfortable for what it's gotta stand ..."
"Well of all the —! And you're such a good

mechanic as this—and a sport beside—and can't get anyone to back you in a—! Lord in Heaven!"

"If you don't mind, I'll drive the bus back and bring it around in a minute."

"Sure. All right. Go ahead. But hurry.

We're late enough getting started as it is. And

be held up to any painful publicity . . ."

But Tommy had slipped in under the roadster's wheel and the whining of the starter
drowned out Rance's voice. A moment later he had cut a great arc on the pavement and was purring down West Main Street toward the

WELL, he saw the car had plenty of gas and oil—in a sort of glassy-eyed daze. But he did oil—in a sort of glassy-eyed daze. But he did not drive it back in front of the millinery. He could not. Probably thought he must run into Eva May and have to bid her good-bye. And he couldn't do that. Whatever else he might have done, he couldn't do that. He got Will Pease to do it and then watched till the big reads to do it and then watched till the big roadster dipped down the gutter incline and passed around behind the incoming Wickford trolley. Then the car gone . . . out of his life . . . bearing the girl he loved out of his world, . . . the boy ignored the bellowed requests for his immediate services in the outer ward. He turned and displayed the strips to the yard. He turned and climbed the stairs to the second floor of the garage off in a corner of which he had a couch, his trunk, some of his pitiful personal belongings.

And he wept in earnest. Wept with no one to

see or know.

Follow Eva May Walters in the eye of his mind just then, he could not. Visualizing her happiness . . . the scenes and experiences opening ahead for her, the power and the glory of it all, was something beyond him. Face in his elbow down on the couch, he sobbed and sobbed, not in weakness but in strength. For no one knew what strength he had summoned to bear him through this blackest summer of his life to

Two o'clock came. He heard his name called frantically below-stairs, but he did not respond. What cared he if he never worked again, if he

never fixed or drove another car? His chalice of grief was full to the brim . . .

And yet after a time came the patter of light footsteps on the stairs. Edna the office girl, probably, demanding to know what ailed him: if he were sick, if he proposed to work the rest of that holiday with all those transients fuming down in the yard. So he did not look up, did not move, did not want it known that he was over in that darkened corner.

Yet somebody owning those footsteps found him, regardless. A little anxious voice cut through the semi-shadow. "Tommy! Where

are you, Tommy?'

The boy stopped his grief. His body stiffened and began prickling all over. A little shiver of gooseflesh went down his spine. Did he know

gooseless well down his spine. Did he know that voice or was he dreaming?

"Tommy! Oh—there you are! I've hunted all over for you, Tommy. I've got something that'll make your eyes pop right out of your

Tommy's eyes were popping out of his head—
to see Eva May there before him, never looking daintier, never appearing prettier.

"You didn't go, Eva May? You changed your mind?"

"Oh, Tommy, how many times did I try to tell you Rance Hepburn made no difference.

Why he's old enough to be projected and in the project of th

Why, he's old enough to be my father!"

"But all the same, he—"

"And look what he sent you!" Dropping beside her redhead, Eva May held up a long slip of crinkled paper. "Money—don't you understand? Capital! A check! What's the matter with you?" matter with you? "He's—gone?"

"Yes, and the last thing he did was to write you this, because you're such a good mechanic.
Read it! It scares me, it's so big—FIFTEEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS!"
Thomas regarded it dully. "But you kept

"Mother thought the village might talk-

after her other two ventures. So she asked me to keep her secret by acting as if—"
"Her secret!" Thomas came bolt upright.
"Sure. Tommy. She's left me to run the (Continued on page 56)



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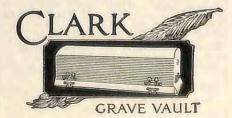
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Wild Thyme

(Continued from page 55)

store till she gets back from her wedding trip: then you and I'll be married. She's eloped with Rance Hepburn. They went perfectly crazy over each other the very first day they met!"

Tommy's world skidded back straight. He got up. And he strutted. "Well, why shouldn't

your Ma be crazy about him? Ain't he the greatest feller ever kept his bus in this garage? Ain't he shot a lion?" And Eva May's redhead continued to strut as though he thought seriously of going out and shooting a few lions

The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 27)

For a long time Audrey watched the party of which Miss La Rue was a member, rather re-joicing in the fact that the three men, at least, were slowly but quite surely becoming topheavy Dancing in their condition in that overheated room, would, she felt convinced, soon bore them; it did not surprise her when at half-past twelve the blond young man called rather loudly for

Audrey signalled to Stetson and they both rose, their own bill for an uneaten supper already paid. In a few moments they were seated in Audrey's car.

"You are quite sure, are you, Stetson?" she asked, as they proceeded slowly towards the main road, "that you drained all the gasoline from the tank of the car Miss La Rue is driving?"

"Yes, miss. Every drop of it, miss."
"And the vacuum tank as well?"

"And the vacuum tank as went"

"All but a cupful, miss, just as you told me."

"Nobody saw you, I hope."

"Not at all likely, miss. It was too dark.

And the man who looks after the cars was over at the other side of the parking space, talking to a couple of chauffeurs. I waited, miss, until he was out of the way."

"Good. Here they come." She and Stetson watched eagerly as the two machines swept by them—one a large touring car containing four

them—one, a large touring car, containing four of the supper party; the other a roadster in which sat Miss La Rue, with the blond young man of the oversized pocket flacks on her right. Both the oversized pocket-flasks on her right. Both were singing gaily as they turned down the road leading in the direction of Rye. Audrey in-

leading in the direction of Rye. Audrey increased the speed of her car.

"They'll be singing a different tune, in a few minutes," she said with a grim smile. "Have you got your revolver ready, Stetson?"

"Y—yes, miss," the old man chattered, "but I'm glad it isn't loaded, miss. I'm no coward, Miss Audrey. I wouldn't mind going to the electric chair for your sake. But when it comes to firing on—on somebody else—"

"Nonsense, Stetson. You know I don't want you to do any firing. Just look determined, and speak in a hard voice. And don't forget to show that silver buckle I pinned beneath your coat. Just for an instant,—they'll never your coat. Just for an instant,—they'll never know the difference in the dark. Ah!—hear that? They're in trouble already." She stepped heavily on the accelerator.

WHEN they drew up alongside the other car, its occupants were engaged in a heated wrangle concerning the presence or absence of gas in its vitals. Miss La Rue was asserting, with sarcastic pointedness, that only a dumbbell would start out with an empty tank. The blond young man was maintaining, in a manner equally positive, that he had himself supervised the introduction of ten perfectly good gallons of gasoline into the machine, late that very afternoon. Audrey and her companion listened in silence.

Presently the rather exasperated and be-

fuddled young man turned in his seat.
"Hey, there," he said. "Help us out with a couple of gallons of gas, will you? We're sunk.

sunk."

Audrey made no reply, quite confident that in the darkness Miss La Rue would not recognize her. Stetson, however, who had by now descended to the road, went up to the stalled machine, stopped alongside it.

"Hands up!" he shouted in a sepulchral voice, at the same time dragging an imposing looking army revolver from his pocket.

The blond young man's hands rose without delay. "Hell!" he muttered. "A stick-up!" Miss La Rue, however, was more cool.

"Why all the artillery?" she inquired insolently.

Stetson swept aside his coat for a brief moment, revealing a flash of silver.

"Federal agents!" he croaked, prodding the young man in the side with unnecessary violence. Out with them flasks!"

Like a person in an unbelievable dream the

Like a person in an unbelievable dream the man complied, extending the two flat silver bottles over the side of the car.

"Empty them, you poor fish!" Miss La Rue exclaimed, seizing one of the flasks. Stetson, with his sole free hand, grasped the other.

"Shake it!" Audrey called to him sharply. Under the impulse of Stetson's jogging hand the flask gave forth a series of pleasant gurgles.

"You're pinched! And your car's pinched!" Stetson called out, remembering the words Audrey had taught him.

"Ain't that hell!" the young man exclaimed; then at a whisper from Miss La Rue his courage seemed to revive.

"Look here, old man," he whispered, beckoning to Stetson. "Can't this thing be fixed?"

As per orders, Stetson turned to Audrey.
"You'll have to ask the chief," he said, waving

his pistol toward the car.

THE occupants of the stalled machine glanced at Audrey, trying to make out her features, but in the darkness they were only a confused

but in the darkness tney were only a confused blur.

"You mean you want to bribe us—officers of the law?" she asked in a stern voice.

"Oh—piffle—why not? It's been done often enough," snapped Miss La Rue. "How much money have you got with you, Bert?" she went on, turning to the young man beside her. "I'm flat."

"I paid the supper check," he groaned. "All I have left is twenty-eight bucks."

"And your car is worth four thousand," laughed Audrey, who had recognized its make.

"And your car is worth four thousand, laughed Audrey, who had recognized its make.
"I've got an old seal ring here worth a hundred, I guess," the young man went on. "And those flasks."

"They're gone already," Audrey remarked—
"as evidence."

"as evidence."
"I have a fairly decent ring," Miss La Rue observed, savagely. "A sapphire, with some brilliants around it."

"Is that all?" asked Audrey quickly. "Any

bracelets, earrings-

"A couple of jade medallions." Miss La Rue indicated her ears. "Not worth anything,

"A couple of jade medallions." Miss La Rue indicated her ears. "Not worth anything, though,—a hundred and fifty, maybe; a present from my mother."

"Put all the stuff in a handkerchief, quick," Audrey snapped, "and let me look at it." Her keen ears had detected the distant throbbing of a motor—it meant possible interference—the one thing she feared. "Bring it over here," she called to Stetson, seeing the handkerchief was ready. In her hands she held two disks of modelling wax.

It took but an instant to make the impressions, Stetson meanwhile keeping their two prisoners covered with his revolver. Then Audrey knotted the corners of the handkerchief about its contents and tossed it into the road at Stetson's feet.

"Here," she said. "Give the stuff back to them. I don't want to take anybody's family heirlooms. Come along, Stetson. We'll let them go, this time. They're pretty young. Maybe it will be a lesson to them."

The two in the car sat with open mouths, unable to believe their good fortune.

"You mean we're—let off?" the blond young.

The two in the car sat with open mouths, unable to believe their good fortune.

"You mean we're—let off?" the blond young man asked rapturously, opening the handkerchief.

"Yes. And here's the—evidence!" she tossed the flask Stetson had just handed her into the other car. The throb, throb of the approaching

(Continued on page 58)



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The Road to Fortune

(Continued from page 56)

car showed that it was now close upon them, just around a wooded curve to the right, Audrey thought. However, she did not fear its approach now; she had what she had come for, and her controlled the controlled to the c and her erstwhile prisoners were not at all likely to raise any alarm after their sudden and miraculous escape. She started her engine.

ulous escape. She started her engine.

"Say," Miss La Rue laughed, "why not be real sports and give us enough gas to get home with. We can't sit here all night."

"Sorry," Audrey laughed, "but we've got to hurry. Here's a car coming now. Perhaps they will help you out."

The machine of which she spoke was indeed coming, and at a tremendous pace, occupying the entire center of the road. Its headlights almost blinded Audrey, as she waited for the onmost blinded Audrey, as she waited for the onrushing car to pass. But, to her surprise, it did not pass; on the contrary, with a screeching of brakes, it stopped directly in front of them, and even while it was slowing up, a man sprang from the front seat into the road. Audrey saw

his figure, a black silhouette against the glare of the headlights behind him; saw, too, that he carried a revolver in each hand.

For an instant he peered at the occupants of the two cars before him as though to make sure

"Stick 'em up!" he commanded sharply.
"All of you! And make it snappy!"
Audrey raised her hands. There was nothing Audrey raised her hands. There was nothing else to do. Stetson, beside her, had already obeyed the sharp command. In the other car Miss La Rue sat with her arms, like those of her companion, extended skyward. In her lap lay the open handkerchief containing the two jade medallions. With a groan Audrey realized that a third was lying loosely in her own purse, along with the two wax impressions she had just made

"Hell's bells!" Miss La Rue exclaimed, with a high nervous laugh, "and to think that I've been looking for a thrill!"

(To be continued)

Touring by Seaplane

When making fast a flying boat you do not use a stern line as with an ordinary boat. The entire holding power is centered in the nose. The craft must be allowed to swing free in a circle.

Later in the hotel lobby a resident approaches us and inquires:

Where's your plane anchored?" "Off the yacht club.

"You stand a darned good chance of losing her," is the comment. "Last summer a flying boat anchored in that same spot before a bad storm and after they sorted out the remains, all

that was left was the engine."

But she held, held through a rip snorting northeaster that raged all night, wrecked a dozen ships up and down the coast. By the middle of the next morning the storm had abated and we were up in the air once more abated and we were up in the air once more headed south.

The green sea below us is in the amiable quiet mood that follows a crashing storm, for which fact we are duly thankful. I am so glad that our pathway hovers above the coast line during the greater part of our trip. A half dozen times I have traveled by steamer the length of the Atlantic Coast and as often I have wondered far out at sea just what this illustive coast line of our out at sea just what this illustive coast line of our search of the coast line of the Atlantic Coast and as often I have wondered far out at sea just what this illusive coast line of ours really looked alike. Now I am learning for the first time. There is a fascinating sense of discovery in hanging your head over the side of the plane and viewing almost every inch of this long-minding inaccessible border-line of your country.

plane and viewing almost every inch of this long-winding, inaccessible border-line of your country. New Jersey has been left far behind and so, too, the scraggly inlets, curling white surf and mottled small islands of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. We've passed into North Carolina and are beauing down the largeth of Currituely and Virginia. We've passed into North Carolina and are booming down the length of Currituck Sound, hitting merrily on all twelve and making life uneasy for more ducks than I ever believed existed. Twice we catch up with huge flocks flying in our own direction dead-ahead. I hold my breath expecting a crash. But the duck is a wily bird. Rarely is one hit by an airplane. In the nick of time it flanks off to one side, a disorganized bundle of legs and feathers. disorganized bundle of legs and feathers.

IN EARLY afternoon we reach the Southern tip of Currituck Sound, veer around a green-clad tip of historic Roanoke Island, swoop above the white-painted, mud-puddled village of Manteo

white-painted, mud-puddled village of Manteo and drop to the quiet waters of its bay. We have to take on gas and we decide to spend the night. A smiling darky deposits our baggage upon the colonial porch of a hotel aptly named the "Tranquil House."

The sun is shining, there is a balmy softness and warmth to the air, a huge green tree bursting with fulness is alive with the pleasant twittering of birds, a ragged darky is sprawled asleep between the white columns of the general store's porch. We are in the southland. It has taken us only three hours from the chill and bleakness of a New Jersey winter to get there. You travel far and fast when you go by airplane. far and fast when you go by airplane.

Another interesting point of comparison. In traveling down the straggly Atlantic coast line

from New Jersey to Florida you are constantly impressed with the marked inaccessibility of by far the largest proportion of this stretch. Other far the largest proportion of this stretch. than airplane, a small boat is practically the only available form of transportation. Thus, it takes you six hours by power boat to go from the town of Manteo, N. C., to the nearest port on the North Carolina mainland. Which is just twice as long as it had taken us to whizz down the coast lines of five states.

Daytona, Florida, is to be our next all-night stop. That means six hundred miles of flying in one day. But there come two short stops in between. After we have been traveling down the Carolina and Georgia coasts for five straight hours without a break we quite welcome the opportunity to stretch legs and arms. We're glad to see the nose of the Morro Castle heading downward to the waters of a winding inlet downward to the waters of a winding inlet just south of the Savannah River. Long dis-tance airplane travel is without doubt something of a strain, but a ten-minute stop has a remarkable capacity for resting you. And then you're quite as keen for the plane to start as you were to

quite as keen for the plane to state have it stop.

"See how the gas is holding out," directs
Zimmerman after the landing.

Walton clambers to the top of the wings and
pokes a stick into the dark recesses of first one
and then the other of two fifty-gallon gasoline
table located on the top wing above the motor. tanks located on the top wing above the motor. An airplane has an inordinate appetite for gas. The Morro Castle consumes a gallon to three or four miles of travel. Even this amount is considerably less than some airplanes use. In the hull is a seventy-gallon reserve supply which can be pumped up in case the gravity feed tanks run low.

"Plenty to take us to Fernandina, Cap,"

calls down Walton

Narrow winding inlets of the sort from which we would presently take off are something of a hazard to a pilot. A flying boat demands a reasonably long straight-away for its take-off from water to air. It has to be traveling at a speed of about fifty miles an hour before it can be a speed of about fifty miles and the straight and the straight are straight to the straight and the straight and the straight are straight as the straight and the straight and the straight are straight as the straight and the straight are straight as the st nose into the air and even then the rise is gradual. Hence the danger of smashing head-on into a bank at the end of a short straight-away.

The Morro Castle taxies leisurely to the far end of a bend like a race-horse going to its post, wheels slowly around and then suddenly "gets the gun." We whizz and splash through brown and white water headed dead-on for a dark mud bank a few hundred yards beyond. I don't see how we can possibly miss it and I draw in my

breath.

She's making fifty miles an hour and can not be stopped now. We're due either to hit the bank or fly safely above it. Gradually she leaves water, nose pointed upward and a moment later we flash above the edge of the bank, a safe margin in between. That's one advantage of flying with a pilot who knows his business.

Eighty miles further south finds us in Florida, filling the gas tanks from the end of a Fernandina.

filling the gas tanks from the end of a Fernandina

dock and consuming ham sandwiches. Twenty miles more brings us to the mouth of the St. Johns River and the straightest length of coast line on our Eastern seaboard. A straight line that seldom deviates; that is the Florida coast. At four-fifteen in the afternoon we circle above the palm-shaded roofs of Daytona and presently our anchor is heaved overboard in the waters

That's a pretty fair day's flight.

An all-day flight of this sort in smooth air almost devoid of jounce, jar or sway gives a passenger opportunity to pass fair judgment upon how he likes this kind of travel. And unless I'm greatly mistalen, you'll wote it a most agree. now he likes this kind of travel. And unless I in greatly mistaken, you'll vote it a most agreeable ride. If of a motoring turn, you may make comparisons. Certainly a mighty smooth, unobstructed highway up in the air. Nothing to run into, no traffic cops, no dust, no blind corners, no flat tires and neither miry ruts nor steen embankments.

steep embankments.

Whirling down the long Atlantic Coast line that day at a speed of eighty miles an hour, a thousand feet in the air, I felt considerably more secure than I have when negotiating a Rocky Mountain road hairpin-turn in a motor car or driving muddy prairie roads; and the air route was a lot easier riding. From time to time I was a lot easier riding. From time to time I jotted down a note and not once did the pencil point dive below the little blue straight lines of the notebook. Which is more than can be said

the notebook. Which is more than can be said for the steadiness of most motor car and railroad travel. The air route when smooth is perhaps the smoothest, most jounceless ride in existence. And even when rough, it isn't so very rough. My fellow passenger, Hamilton, serves as a further indication of this fact and rather contradicts the popular belief that unless you are strapped down like a crazy person in a straight-jacket, you're sure to fall out. Hamilton is a vigorous exponent of the new profession of aerial photography. He has with him in the plane a huge piece of photographic artillery having the general appearance of a mortar gun and weighing not less than sixty pounds. Naturally, both hands are pretty well occupied when he holds this weighty camera in position to take a picture.

Colored Colore

The first time I saw Hamilton get into action I felt certain that we should lose him. Seeing a view below that hit his fancy, he jumped up on the seat, his knees on a level with my head, dragged the camera after him, sat on the deck of the plane, both hands firmly grasping the heavy swinging camera, circled this into position and shot his picture. Our altitude was about a thousand feet. I felt mighty anxious until he was down on his haunches again in the seat beside me. The second time he got into action I didn't worry quite as much for his selection and the second time he got into action I didn't worry quite as much for his selection and the second time he got into action I didn't worry quite as much for his selection. I didn't worry quite as much for his safety and after about the fifth time I had watched him I began easing up above seat level to snap a picture myself. That's the way it goes.

I ASKED Hamilton once why he chose to lug around such an intolerably cumbersome camera and he said that it was the only way of camera and he said that it was the only way of being sure to get good pictures. And I soon discovered that pictures taken in the air with an ordinary folding camera are something of a hit or miss affair in which the misses are likely to predominate. The outstanding handicap is the wind. The force of this is tremendous and ordinarily it blows the bellows of the camera inward so that only a small portion of the film is exposed; the finished print isn't very satisfactory. By slipping a cardboard frame around the bellows you have better luck.

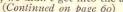
Long-distance travel by airplane in its present

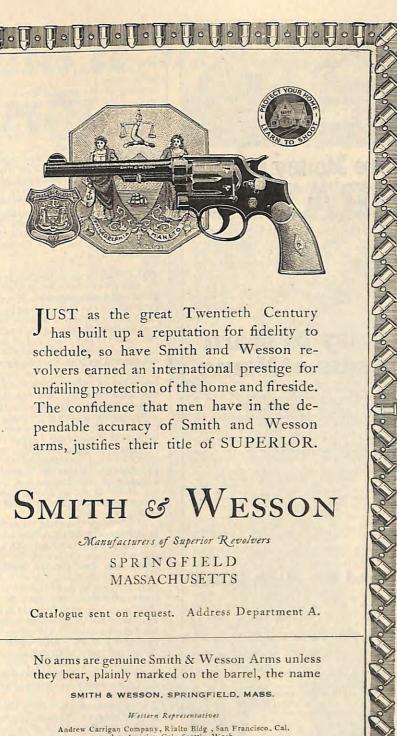
the bellows you have better luck.

Long-distance travel by airplane in its present stage of development is still a bit uncertain so far as strict adherence to schedule is concerned. An airplane is subject to the same ills as a motor car, especially so when it happens to be a new type of plane on its first long test flight. Our departure from Daytona proved that.

We had thought to leave Daytona on the morning following our arrival and an interested cluster of winter tourists supplied with a great deal

morning following our arrival and an interested cluster of winter tourists supplied with a great deal of time and not very much occupation lined the yacht club pier to see us off. We slipped past an uneven line of waving hands whose wielders probably wondered presently why we were such an unconscionably long time in leaving the water. Certainly I wondered why myself. Never before had the Morro Castle been so loath to take to air. In fact, we didn't get into the air at all. (Continued on page 60)





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Touring by Seaplane (Continued from page 59)

We had taxied down river for perhaps two miles when I suddenly became aware of a hot stinging trickle creeping down the back of my neck. My head spun backward and upward. Concertedly, those of my fellow passengers did likewise. Two feet behind us, the huge black radiator was spurting hot water in a dozen different directions at once.

When the radiator exhaust pipe of your motor car becomes clogged so that steam has no ordinary channel of escape you may know from costly experience that it seeks other channels. In other words, the radiator bursts. That is what had happened to the radiator of the *Morro* Castle. A pressure relief valve had refused to function although the warmth of the day and subsequent overheating of the engine were contributing factors.

OF COURSE we had to turn back but it is significant of the utility of a scaplane that we did so under our own power. Even though you're and so tinder our own power. Even though you re-crippled you can make port so long as there is a navigable waterway available and the motor continues to function. After taxying in leisurely fashion to the pier which we had just left, Walton set to work detaching the radiator and some one else hunted up a radiator repair shop.

They'd never tackled an airplane radiator before but all radiators looked alike to them and they did a good job. An interesting sidelight on air travel is the availability for airplanes of the comprehensive service system that has developed in this country (all over the world, in fact) for the benefit of motor car and power boat owners. There is a common belief that an airplane requires a certain specified high grade of gasoline and that unless it gets this it won't function. As a matter of fact, the gas and oil that makes the *Morro Castle* go is whatever the nearest filling station has to offer. And some of it is mighty poor stuff.

At ten-thirty that night the radiator was back At ten-thirty that might the radiator was back in place and at the same time next morning we were successfully in the air with a thirty-second getaway. Daytona, Miami, Key West and then Cuba. Key West would be the half-way post in our three-thousand-mile jaunt. The air route from Daytona to Key West we found to be one warranted to keep your eyes popping wide open.

Although you can't hear much of anything in an airplane but the steady growling of the motor, you can see a whole lot. When my elbow rubbing passenger held his mouth within a half inch of my ear and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Gosh, what color!" I couldn't hear a word, and gesticulated accordingly. But when he scrawled the brief message on a piece of paper I nodded enthusiastic assent.

That was headed down the Florida coast line, midway between Palm Beach and Miami. The altimeter on the dash-board in front of our eyes said that we were eight hundred feet in the air. Below a narrow grey ribbon of sand bordered to seaward by white curling surf backed by the to seaward by white curing surt backed by the richest of deep blues streaked here and there by the brightest of emerald greens; to landward by dark-green waving palms, lighter green citrus groves speckled with orange and yellow spots, flower gardens of white and scarlet and gleaming inland waterways and lakes of silver. "Gosh, And the further court what color," was right. And the further south

we went the better it became.

Maybe you have viewed the distinctive rich coloring of Southern seas but I venture to say you've never really seen it unless you have traveled by airplane. High altitude gives you a different, far more comprehensive perspective of its beauty than you can get either from land or the deck of a steamer. The difference might be compared in some respects to that of listening to a single musical instrument as against hearing a large symphony orchestra.

Yet this comparison is not wholly correct for you also grasp interesting detail. Sometimes we hovered above the dank depths of weird dark jungles, again we viewed huge fish swimming lazily in the transparent depths of the clearest waters I have ever seen; several times we saw huge sharks. Swarms of red-headed buzzards now and again dotted the air. Similarly, flocks of ducks and funny-looking pelicans, both singly and in flocks. Later, along the Cuban coast we raced white egrets and flocks of gorgeous orange colored flamingoes. There are no flamingoes left in Florida. They were all shot off to become women's hats. But they have a Miami hotel named after them.

While buzzing southward from Palm Beach we viewed an interesting example of the modern capacity for getting from where you are to some place else. Nicely parallel, far below us lay four straight lines of travel; the sea for big ships, a straight black highway for motor cars, a threadstraight black highway for motor cars, a thread-like smooth inland waterway for small boats and railroad tracks for trains. By way of additional variety we ourselves were following a fifth avenue of travel, one that isn't over-crowded and which at the present stage of its development perhaps isn't as practicable as it might be. But it's one that will loom big in importance in years to come. A long distance importance in years to come. A long distance air ride seasoned with a slight sprinkling of vision gives you a mighty optimistic outlook.

Close range observation of the pilot's duties during a flight offers an illuminating picture of the human element in air travel. It makes you realize to how great an extent the comfort and safety of flying are dependent upon an experienced, level-headed pilot. During the one hundred-and-fifty-mile leg of our journey, from Miami to Key West, I rode in the mechanic's seat heside Zimpagement and use thereby imseat beside Zimmerman and was thereby impressed with the extraordinary coordination of head work, hand work and foot work that the piloting of an airplane represents.

The pilot has two fundamental duties to perform when flying. One of these consists of keeping constant check upon the running gear of the plane and the other is the actual operation of the plane by means of various controls. On the dash-board in front of his eyes are nine different instruments, most of these having the general appearance of black-faced clocks. The pilot must keep constant tab upon the various stories that these indicators tell. That's a busier job than watching the indicators on the dash-board of a motor car.

At the same time he must fly the boat, study his charts, read the compass and keep an eye peeled for natural conditions that are conducive to rough air. Sometimes in rough air he concertedly guides the craft in three directions at once. For a fact. One control keeps the craft from swaying, another sends it up or down and a third to the right or left. He may operate these in unison. Which means unified action with feet, hands and arms.

THEY say of Zimmerman that "he always flies his boat, he never lets the boat fly him." The difference is the gulf between careful flying and what is termed "sloppy" flying. Once you have come to appreciate this difference you are inclined to make preliminary inquiry regarding inclined to make preliminary inquiry regarding the experience and methods of the pilot with whom you go up in the air. Also, you don't take very seriously thereafter the predictions that before long every flivver owner will also operate an airplane.

operate an airplane.

I'd go anywhere in the air with Zimmerman.
Why? Because he has been through all stages of flying, thoroughly knows his business and has learned the value of caution. Our jump across open sea from Key West to Cuba served as an example of that fact. We spent three days in Key West waiting for a heavy northeast gale to slink away and the hundred-mile span of open sea to quit its pounding. Probably we could have crossed safely in spite of the gale, but there was no particular necessity for taking the

chance, so why take it?

A few years ago Zimmerman piloted another flying boat across that open stretch, came down half way between Key West and Cuba with a crippled engine, drifted around helplessly for its beautiful to the company of the compan eight hours in a sea so rough that it became im-possible to tinker with the engine and eventually

was picked up by a passing steamer. That's where experience comes in. He knew the .isk.

There are four very real risks connected with flying. One of these is a worthless airplane. Another is night flying. A third is the pilot who doesn't know his business and even if he does, chooses to go in for "stunt" flying. The fourth (Continued on page 62)

How I Found a Short-Cut to Popularity

When they called me a back number something within me rebelled. My pride, perhaps. Then it dawned upon me! At first I didn't believe that anyone could become popular quickly. And yet -here's what happened.

NEVER was much of a step! I learned how dancer. But when our club gave a dance, I couldn't very well stay away. Besides—how could I ever learn to dance if I didn't get some experience?

I discovered, though, that no one wanted to dance with me. The boys knew I was a poor dancer and they warned the girls to keep away from me. "Jim?" I heard one of the boys sav. "Oh, Jim's all right, but he doesn't know a waltz from a foxtrot." The girls laughed. It made me want to chuck it all and never go to another dance again.

But something within me rebelled. My pride, perhaps. "Show them you can do it!" it whispered. "Show them you can dance as well as they!"
But how? I asked myself. I really couldn't dance. I had no confidence in myself. I certainly couldn't go to a dancing school, and I couldn't afford a private teacher. What could I do?

Suddenly I had an idea. Yes, I'd do it! I'd astound them! I'd become the best dancer of them all!

That evening I wrote to Arthur Murray, world-famous dancing master. I knew that he charged \$10.00 a lesson in his studio, but I knew also that he had five lessons in dancing that he offered free. I asked him to send these five lessons to me.

When they came, I followed the simple directions and diagrams, practising before a mir- trot, how to have poise and conror. Before I knew it, I had fidence. Send for them to-day-

to follow, how to lead, how to be perfectly at ease and have poise of manner in the ballroom. It was wonderful! one evening I learned to

And then I astounded everyone! I went to a dance (no one expected me to accept the invitation) and I deliberately asked the best dancer there to be my partner. It was a fox-trot. We began to dance and others stopped to watch us. They expected me to be the goat againbut they were disappointed.

We danced that fox - trot perfectly together. We did all the latest steps like professionals. I was absolutely at ease, never felt so comfortable and poised before. It was wonderful! They'll never

laugh at my dancing again.

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 a partner. These lessons teach you how to lead and follow, how to waltz and foxmastered a fascinating fox-trot they are yours to keep without

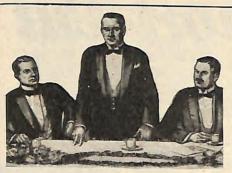
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Touring by Seaplane

(Continued from page 60)

is the "forced" landing. Speaking from the standpoint of a passenger, you can always play safe on the first three counts. Our flight in the Morro Castle was an example of this. And you can play safe on the fourth during most reasonably short flights. But rarely absolutely so on a long-distance flight.

The forced landing is the thousandth chance which all flying men dread. As a rule it is of infrequent occurrence. So long as a plane is kept in tolerably good condition, a pilot may sometimes fly for a year or more without having one. On the other hand, a forced landing may

come at any minute.

Thus, we had flown nearly three thousand miles in the Morro Castle and were following the coast of Porto Rico, hardly fifty miles from our destination when we had our one and only forced landing. The gasoline feed pipe became tem-porarily clogged and the motor quit. We landed upon a fairly quiet sea and five minutes later were in the air again. Even so, we got our bumps when taking off. But we were glad that it hadn't happened in the rough, open seas which we had crossed after leaving the Santo Domingo coast; for, back there we might have had our troubles in getting up into the air again. Getting up a take-off speed of about fifty miles an hour in a high sea is a whopping big job. In fact, if the sea is very high, it's just about impossible.

The danger from a forced landing is present and negligible so long as there is a safe landing and negligible so long as there is a safe landing and negligible. Our flight The danger from a forced landing is practically down the Florida coast line was quite devoid of risk, for the reason that smooth inland waterways were almost always within easy gliding distance, in case of trouble. This accessibility to protected waters is characteristic of a great part of our Eastern seaboard and almost the entire north coast of Cuba. And this represents an ideal flying condition. Even though the bursting radiator incident had occurred in the air we would have had no difficulty in making a safe landing.

The forced landing in open sea is where the

had no difficulty in making a safe landing.

The forced landing in open sea is where the element of chance comes in. When you're following the coast line you don't give much thought to this because you figure that if you do come down and the motor remains completely at at husiness, the plane will probably be swent. out of business, the plane will probably be swept ashore and you'll scramble safely out. But when you're crossing wide stretches of open sea such as we did from Key West to Cuba, from Cuba to Haiti and from Santo Domingo to Porto Rico-that's different.

Rico—that's different.

If the water is smooth during these wide open stretches you don't worry much. But if it is very rough you are a bit uneasy. And with some manner of reason, too. For in case of a forced landing you never know what will happen. Zimmerman's former experience between Key West and Cuba is what happened in one case. He was lucky. He might have drifted around for several days.

The chance of a forced landing is, as I have said, a long chance. You have big odds in your favor that it won't happen. And more efficient airplane construction is increasing these odds. The great amount of reserve power behind the motor of the *Morro Castle* is a case in point. During ordinary cruising, the propeller revolves at the rate of thirteen hundred and fifty revolu-tions to the minute. Yet at any time by opening his throttle wide the pilot musters three hundred extra revolutions. Which will comfortably take care of a missing cylinder.

Zimmerman remarked one day as we neared

"I've got a wife and two kids I'm crazy about and they're dependent upon me. Does it stand to reason that I'd be taking this trip if I thought I was going to get killed?"

I was free to admit that it didn't stand to

I was free to admit that it didn't stand to reason.

"The trouble with most people is," he continued, "they don't stop to figure out the difference between the safe, straight-ahead honest-to-goodness type of flyin, we're doing and the dangerous daredevil stuff that is pulled off at county fairs. Almost every 'stunt' flier gets killed sooner or later if he keeps at it. And whenever one of these chaps does get killed the whole flying game gets a black eye that sets progress in aeronautics back about ten years. People lose confidence. They don't stop to ask how he got killed."

A situation occurring about a week before in a Cuban coast city not far from Havana seemed

Cuban coast city not far from Havana seemed to accord with Zimmerman's sentiments. We had remained in this city several days, the Morro Castle taking passengers on ten-minute flights above the town for five dollars apiece, a sideissue indulged in to pay for gasoline and similar expenses of our cruise. This phase of flying is termed "beach hopping."

On the first day business was poor. Lots of interest but few takers. The plane looked safe but they weren't convinced. Presently they became convinced and fairly mobbed the boat to get aboard. In one day Zimmerman made more than twenty flights and carried more than one

hundred passengers.

On that same day a French flier of wide reputation was looping and doing similar spectacular stunts, above Havana, sixty miles away. A Cuban flier attempting to follow the Frenchman's example crashed to earth and was killed. News of this came to us in Matanzas that evening. Also to the rest of Matanzas. The following day, the *Morro Castle* didn't do much business. Made only one flight. Those little "beach hopping" expeditions of the *Morro Castle* were practically 100 per cent safe. Yet it would be difficult to convince the people of Matanzas of that fact. convince the people of Matanzas of that fact.

convince the people of Matanzas of that fact.

"Whenever I hear of an airplane accident," says Zimmerman, "I'm not satisfied until I learn the reason for it. There's always a reason. Accidents aren't mysteries any more. They're the results of definite causes that can be prevented. I once took off the roof of a house and darned near got bumped off for my pains. But there was a reason for it. I was flying in a heavy fog and I had no business flying in the fog. Another time I dove to the bottom of Lake Worth and wrecked the boat. Again, a good reason. I was flying at night.

I was flying at night.

"It's the same way with all these airplane accidents you hear about. Most of them are the result of stunt flying. In other cases the pilot either takes chances or runs out of information or pilots a no-good plane or maybe likes his booze

too well. You can always find a reason."

Zimmerman should know. He has flown more than three hundred thousand miles during the past nine years. And he's still at it.

The Tragedy at Bedford

(Continued from page 42)

Chester Tucker, Lima, Ohio. Chester Tucker, Lima, Ohio
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C. W. Baker, Auburn, N. Y.
Wm. C. Clarkson, New Haven, Conn. No. 195 No. 1051 No. 71 No. 142 No. No. No. 47 No. 878 No. No. 474 No. 25 Wm. C. Clarkson, New Haven, Conn. No. Hundreds of telegrams and telephone mes-

sages were received at the Home, offering aid and expressing sympathy, showing how deeply touched were the hearts of the members all over the country. And the tragic event was the subject of tender references in hundreds of the Annual Memorial Services which were recently Annual Memorial Services which were recently observed throughout the Order. Because of the catastrophe, Grand Exalted Ruler Price went to Bedford on Memorial Sunday and delivered the Oration at the very impressive services held by the National Home Lodge, which were also attended by the Grand Secretary and the members of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Elephants and Automobiles

(Continued from page 33)

clouds of butterflies, the old, deep hatred against Great Britain mounting, wildly, as they talked, to Aziz' brain.

"Down with the English anyhow. That's "Down with the English anyhow. That's certain. Clear out, you fellows, double quick, I say. We hate one another, but we hate you most. If I don't make you go, Ahmed will, Karim will, if it's fifty-five hundred years we shall get rid of you—and then," he rode against him furiously—"and then," he conducted helf kinging him "then," he conducted helf kinging him then the helf kinging him then the helf kinging him then the helf kinging him the him the helf kinging him the helf king cluded, half kissing him, "you and I shall

"Why can't we be friends now?" said the other, holding him affectionately. "It's what I want. It's what you want."

And so, for all his dazzling insight into the contending civilizations, Mr. Forster rests the question of Anglo-Indian friendship upon the knees of the gods.

"Man Eater" By Henry M. Rideout

CONCERNED neither with race psychology nor with imperialistic problems, "Man Eater" is what its name might really lead one to expect-simply a tale of adventure on the Indian frontier.

A romantic story, decidedly, for it boasts two heroines, each brave and endearing. One is an American girl, the other a Hindu, and both are worthy of the love so rightly given them by the young English officer who is saved by one and who in turn rescues the other from a tragic fate.

Part of the story is based on the actual capture Part of the story is based on the actual capture and deliverance of a young white woman from the Afridis a year and a half ago. The incident was reported in the newspapers, and Mr. Rideout has seen dramatic possibilities in the occurrence. Filling out the scenes with good characterization and plenty of action, he has wrought the whole into a spirited little book which is a pleasure to read and a duty to recom-

The author's style is brisk, his sense of suspense and his appreciation of color are both keen and restrained. Indeed, we feel that with all this good material at hand, almost any other writer would have been tempted into giving us a yarn twice as long—but it would not have been half as thrilling.

"Angkor the Magnificent" By Helen Churchill Candee

A DELIGHTFUL travel book about the wonder city of ancient Cambodia.

Hidden away in the jungles of Indo-China, the ruins of the great and beautiful city of Angkor lay for centuries. Here, amongst the most dense of tropic growth and overgrowth, was a pearl-like group of palaces, temples, towers, courts, terraces, gateways and multitudes of other buildings, which still show the remains of an architecture and of an art both unbelievably explended.

And not a soul to tell the story of this city st for over six hundred years. Its impenelost for over six hundred years. Its impene-trable seclusion which once obviously guarded it, finally destroyed it.

Then, one day, a French explorer came upon its wonders after months of meeting nothing more resplendent than flimsy bamboo native huts. The jungle yielded to France her secret, and France, seeing the marvel of it, managed by some political juggling to swing this particular little scrap of Siam to the French Protectorate.

That was in 1907. Visitors go more and more to Angkor now, but none seems to have made see

to Angkor now, but none seems to have made so sympathetic a study of the mysterious city as Mrs. Candee in this admirable book. Without a written record left to help, there has been reconstructed from the carvings on the stones of structed from the carvings on the stones of Angkor Vat a radiant picture of life in this beautiful place. This life of delicacy and gorgeousness was being lived off there in Cambodia while Europe was groping in the darkness of the Middle Ages. Then what happened? Nobody knows. Obviously, the people were conquered—but that story is lost in the jungle. Where once resplendent potentates watched (Continued on page 64)

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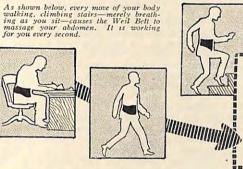
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Elephants and Automobiles

(Continued from page 63)

dainty dancing girls sway among the carved arches of a palace, tigers came and made their homes, and in the tattered remnants of temples and towers, monkey families settled and lived for generations.

The book is generous to a fault with illustrations, rare photographs which capture the imagination, and lead the delighted reader on from page to page.

"Om—The Secret of Ahbor Valley" By Talbot Mundy

HERE indeed is a yarn, sensational and thrilling and mysterious enough to be exactly the right sort of thing with which to close our talk on Indian books. How did Mr. Mundy come to think it all up? We wonder! Behold a lovely young girl, English, an orphan, with a strange family story hack of her. Helf of

with a strange family story back of her. Half of the time she is under the care of Miss Hannah Sanburn, a splendid American woman in charge Sanduri, a splendid American woman in charge of a mission high in the mountains along the Indian frontier. Here Elsa learns to play divinely and to be a most charming person. The other half of her time is spent in a Lama Monastery, where she becomes an acolyte to an old Lama priest. No stranger life could be imagined for a perfectly nice, modern young person! She is, indeed, one of the deepest mysteries of India. And all the time that she is growing up in this astounding fashion, her uncle, who doesn't even know that she is alive, is wandering up and down India, searching, with a strange bit of jade, as his only clue, for his lost sister, Elsa's

That's enough for a start. You had better try the thing for yourself. It is very good melodrama.

"Among the Brahmins and Pariahs" By J. H. Sauter

THIS book, translated from the German by Bernard Miall, is a collection of the many experiences of the author who lived in India as a native. He was enabled to witness much that no casual white visitor ever saw, because through a "holy ceremony" he became blood brother to a young Brahmin whose friendship had glorified the earlier part of his visit to India. Once brothers, all the intimate and hidden life of the Hindu became Sauter's to explore, to share and to tell an interested world about.

This is no dreary personal record of likes or dislikes, but a little troop of gripping and vivid

adventures. They march along at a startling pace, capturing the reader at the very outset.

Read the touching romance of the old nun that Sauter met by the roadside. She was once Sita-Bhai, the little Brahmin girl who became a white Sahib's wife. Read how their son, the lovely half-English lad, became a religious zealot and finally ran off to a Hindu convent to spend his life in meditation. His mother had became a nun and went about doing good and searching every place she could for a glimpse of the boy she had lost.

Then, if you are a courageous and hearty person, follow the account of the man who was buried alive. Just in time to save him from the prowling jackals, Sauter dug him up, but alas! the wretched fellow, once having dwelt with the dead could payarmers abide with the living. dead could nevermore abide with the living.
That was the law! So they put him in a hut beyond the village limits and sent his wife to

him. And there they lived until one died and the other went mad. And that's that!
All of Sauter's tales, thank heaven, are not so terrible. Indeed, through most of them, music and beauty and gentleness wing their way. As an addition to Indian travel and adventure books, it is worth grabiness. books, it is worth making a good place for in the library. We recommend it.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

(Continued from page 40)

Leaving behind him in Portland a host of friends and pleasant memories, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Tacoma, Wash. Arriving in Tacoma, Mr. Price drove by automobile to Puyallup Lodge No. 1450, where a luncheon was given in his honor by the Lodge and the Chamber of Commerce. The party returned to Tacoma in time to be present at the banquet given at the Tacoma Hotel by Tacoma Lodge No. 174. The next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by a group of distinguished citizens who came from Seattle to escort him to that city. Exalted Ruler Theodore A. Johnson of Seattle Lodge No. 92, Walter F. Meier, President of the Washington State Elks Association, E. J. Brown, Mayor of the city of Seattle, and a large number of members of the Lodge, made up the escort. Arriving in Seattle the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by Exalted Rulers of Lodges throughout the State who had gathered to tender him a reception. Following a luncheon at the Home of Seattle Lodge. Mr. Price, by personal invitation additional contents of the lodge. Leaving behind him in Portland a host of who had gathered to tender him a reception. Following a luncheon at the Home of Seattle Lodge, Mr. Price, by personal invitation, addressed the Blind Veterans of the World War. Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827, was visited later in the afternoon, and in the evening a banquet was given at the Home of Seattle Lodge, which was attended by over 400 members. On the two following days, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Everett Lodge No. 479 and Bellingham Lodge No. 194. Mr. Price's presence at Bellingham Lodge was unique in the fact that it was the first time that this Lodge had ever received a visit from a Grand Exalted Ruler. Large number of members, including J. E. Drummey, Chairman of the Reception Committee of Seattle Lodge, Charles D. Davis, Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge, and Dana T.

Robinson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington Southwest, accompanied Mr. Price on his northern trip to these two Lodges. On this trip Mr. Price also visited Vancouver, Wash., Lodge No. 823, where he dedicated the new addition to its Home.

During Mr. Price's stay in Seattle he visited the Boys' Club which is conducted under the auspices of the Lodge. The boys were addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler and there was also a talk made by little Dick, his son.

Leaving Seattle, the party began its homeward journey. The first stop was made at Helena.

journey. The first stop was made at Helena, Montana, Lodge No. 193, where the Grand Exalted Ruler participated in a conference of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the various Lodges of the State and the officers of the Montana State Elks Association. The meeting was held in the Home of Helena Lodge and was a most enthusiastic and profitable one. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet held in the Placer Hotel.

From Helena the party went to Livingston where a splendid welcome awaited the visitors. A banquet was given in its honor and Mr. Price

was presented with a beautiful oil painting.
Billings, Montana, Lodge No. 394 was next
visited. The Grand Exalted Ruler was royally entertained here and was much impressed by the entertained here and was much impressed by the generous and hearty reception given him by the members. In the address which Mr. Price made, he called attention to the wonderful work which Billings Lodge and surrounding Lodges might do in connection with the city's Orthopedic Hospital and Training School.

Lincoln, Neb., Lodge No. 80 was next to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. Governor Charles

Bryan of Nebraska, a member of Lincoln Lodge, and Mayor F. C. Zehrung, who was the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, extended a warm

welcome.

Exalted Ruler Herbert W. Johnson and his associate officers, together with the Reception Committee of which Gould Dietz was Chairman, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler on his arrival at Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 30. The visitors were elaborately and lavishly entertained throughout their stay in the city. A special radio program had been arranged in advance and was heard by Mr. Price and his party. Following a banquet held in the new Home of Omaha Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Mr. Price pronounced the ceremony one of the finest he had ever seen. had ever seen

From Omaha the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party went to Danville, Ill., where they were welcomed by the members of Danville Lodge welcomed by the members of Danville Lodge No. 332. One of the outstanding features of the reception was a banquet at which Uncle Joe Cannon, former speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, and a member of Danville Lodge, was present. During the afternoon of that day Mr. Price made a special visit to Mr. Cannon at his home, where he talked at length with this wonderful old man, who is now in his 80th year.

with this wonderful old man, who is not soft year.

The return from Danville, Ill., to Columbus, Ohio, the home of Mr. Price, was made by way of Chicago. Here another great reception was given to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the form of a banquet in the beautiful Home of Chicago Lodge No. 4, by Past Exalted Ruler William J. Sinek and the officers of the Lodge.

The Sporting Angle (Continued from page 20)

as to any marked changes. The remote prosas to any marked changes. The remote prospect as to the passing of the heavyweight championship title to some alien land was removed by the removal of Señor Luis Angel Firpo as a contender. Señor Firpo was the ambitious Argentino who knocked our Mr. Dempsey out of the ring and who came within a few seconds of being heavyweight champion.

This would have caused considerable agitation. Señor Firpo probably would have retired with the mantle that once graced the shoulders of the late John L. Sullivan to South America and subsequently would have said to patriotic

and subsequently would have said to patriotic young Americans seeking to recover the said

mantle, "Come and get it." But Señor Firpo did not quite wrest the mantle from the shoulders

It is fairly well settled that the heavyweight crown never will go to Latin-America in posses-sion of Señor Firpo and that the Shipping Board son of Senor Firpo and that the Shipping Board never will have to carry argosies of cauliflower ears to Buenos Ayres. As a logical contender Señor Firpo has been eliminated twice, once by Harry Wills, the somber but husky stevedore. Subsequently he was eliminated by Charles Weinert, a heavyweight who had been blood in the diseased ward warm warr or Manager Manager and Manager placed in the discard several years ago. Mr. Dempsey no longer is menaced by any invader.

One Señor Antonio Fuente, a Mexican, has been mentioned as a possible menace but Señor Fuente has yet to demonstrate that he is anything like the menace that the Wild Bull of the Pampas once was. Gentlemen ambitious to manage the next heavyweight champion are experimenting with football players. This is not a bad notion. It would not be at all surprising if the prospective conqueror of Dempsey should turn out to be a college graduate and an All-American Back.

The financial reward should be arousing the ambition of some college man with the physical

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Peter Bowers Pays His Tithe

(Continued from page 32)

"That's so," agreed Peter. "Hold on, though, maybe the doctor can tell. Who's the best children's doctor in this town, Squidge?"
"Doctor Evans has the children mostly. But

Peter, you don't know that they had him. Where are you going?"

For Peter was in the hall fumbling with his

coat.
"Going to see Doctor Evans," he retorted.
Eleven o'clock struck before Squidge, curled up in a big armchair, heard Peter's step on the

porch. He came in buoyant.

"Still up!" he exclaimed. "Evans was out, so I waited. They have him, Squidge. And he says the boy has a good chance. He told Donnelley so, only Donnelley said it was an impossibility, no money. Evans offered to do his part for nothing, and Donnelley just snarled at him. And there would be the hospital bills, anyhow. He'll try it, Squidge, if I can talk over Donnelley."

Mrs. Bowers' mouth hardened and her face set. "You've got to do it, Peter," she said.
And Peter did do it, although, as he told

Squidge later, he was dripping wet all over when he got through.

"When I told Donnelley I wanted to pay for the boy I thought he'd thrash me, Squidge," he said. "He's such a big fellow, I tell you I was said. plumb scared.

"Guess I can take care of my own boy,' he

jerked.
"'That's just what you can't, Donnelley,' I said. 'You can't borrow on the house now; you

haven't clear title; you haven't cash, you said so. And the doctor says every month counts. Now let me in on this.'
"'What d'ye take me for, a beggar asking for charity?' he snarled.

"I take you for a plumb fool, Donnelley,' I retorted. 'Lord, man, don't be such a hog. I haven't any boy to do anything for.'"
"W-what?" interrupted Squidge. "Why, Peter!"

"Well, he didn't know we'd been married only a year," said Peter. "And it worked. He looked at me in an odd way, and then said:

at me in an odd way, and then said:

"'So you ain't,' and then he got human. We
made a deal. He will pay fifty right now; he
has that, and I am to pay the rest and let him
pay me back. So that's fixed." Peter leaned
back and puffed at his pipe with satisfaction.

"Maybe," he added after deep thought, "if
I'd fight as hard as I did with Donnelley I'd get
more insurance."

more insurance.

The new fighting spirit told. At the end of

March, Peter said to his wife:
"Say, honey, I'm getting some business I'm kind of suspicious of."

Mrs. Bowers paused in the act of removing

"Suspicious of?" she asked. "How?"

"Put on the dessert and I'll tell you," said eter. "I am getting some small houses," he Peter. went on, when she had obeyed, "that I never went out after. The men drift into the office and ask me to come round and estimate for insurance. I asked one of them how he heard of me, and he said one of the men at the plant told him. He works at Pattersons', Squidge, and Donnelley works there; Donnelley's a high man in the union."

Mrs. Bowers was thoughtful.
"Well, Peter," she said, "honestly, it's not "No," said Peter, "I suppose it isn't. How's the boy?"

"He's bright as a lark," said his wife. "And they have every hope of a complete recovery.

But we may have to mortgage the fund. There won't be any left when the next bill for Robert

"Who cares?" asked Peter. "We'll catch up." It was mid-June before they did catch up.
"He's almost well, Peter," said Mrs. Bowers,

"walking only a little bit lame now."
"I'm going to see him myself," declared
Peter. He went to the hospital and returned home radiant.

He's a peach of a little chap," he said, "says he's glad he won't be lame any more, because now he can fight the red-headed boy 'round the corner."

"Peter!" protested his wife.

"That's the kind of a boy for me," said Peter.

"Fighting spirit counts. You don't know how I fight 'em every day, Squidge. And say, what do you think? Donnelley was there, and says he's been promoted and is going to get more money. His wife is better too he says: workmoney. His wife is better, too, he says; worrying over the boy kept her down."
"She's looking like a different woman," agreed Squidge. "I think she gains every week."

DURING the third week in June the citizens of Montland held a drive for a community house to be placed in the center of a newly-made play-ground park. Peter and Squidge attended a mass meeting planned to stir up interest.

"This is one enterprising city," he said as they walked homeward. "They are planning to combine a lot of things there, branch library, swimming pool out-of-doors, covered music pavilion, dance floor; it'll cost quite a lot to insure all that. By George, why shouldn't I? I'll do it."

Even Squidge's loving understanding failed

"Do what, Petey?" she asked.

"Give 'em the insurance for the first year. That'll be my contribution."

So when Miss Sophia Frank, daughter of the senior partner of Frank & Burton, manufacturers of machine parts, arrived at Peter Bowers' office,

he wrote in gravely:

"Insurance on the community house and pavilion, dance floor, swimming pool and library, etc., for the first year."

Miss Frank giggled. "Oh, what fun!" she said. "Mr. Bowers, I thank you."

Miss Frank called attention to Peter's contribution at the other offices which she visited.

bution at the other offices which she visited. When the lists were turned in, she mentioned it to her superior officer, Mrs. James E. Patterson, wife of the great manufacturer of ever-wear auto

tires.
"Isn't it funny?" demanded Miss Frank. "I

am just dying to tell father."
"It is an odd contribution," agreed Mrs.
Patterson. "Bowers—I don't think I know

him."
"Smart chap," commented her husband when she repeated the story of the unusual contribu-

"Why?" she enquired, "what is smart about

that?"
"You wait and see," advised her husband.
"Bowers will get more advertising out of that insurance contribution than any man who will give three times the amount."

On the last Saturday afternoon in June, Peter Bowers was watering his lawn. When a lady came up the walk, Peter removed his pipe from his mouth and his long legs from dangling over

"Mr. Bowers?" she questioned.

"The same," said Peter. "Won't you come in?"

"I'm Miss Fosdick," she replied, "of the Montland Courier. I'd rather sit here on the Montland Courier. I'd rather sit here on the porch, if you don't mind."

She sat on a porch step and Peter, rather

She sat on a porch step and Peter, rather awkwardly, resumed his seat.

"You know your contribution to the community house," she said, "assumed that the house would be built, and all the other features. Why did you assume all that, Mr. Bowers?"

"Because that's the kind of town this is," said Peter promptly. "I came here about a year and a half ago because I picked out Montland as one of the most progressive towns in the state. And I guessed right. Take a project like this. How many cities this size would undertake—excuse me, Miss Fosdick, I must move the hose." move the hose.

Peter moved the hose and returned to the step and his topic; Squidge had come quietly from the house, where she had been listening through the living-room window, and met Miss Fosdick. Peter talked on and on. He smoked now as he talked, and Miss Fosdick, unnoticed, began making a few notes in a small book. After a time Peter's flow of words ran out. Miss Fosdick rose.

"Vou've given us one of the most institute of th and his topic; Squidge had come quietly from

'You've given us one of the most inspiring

and interesting interviews," she said. "It will come out tomorrow.

Peter's eyes bulged. "What!" he said.
"Mr. Bowers," said Miss Fosdick, "I promise
you I won't print a word you wouldn't want
printed. We need this interview to stimulate the collection for the community house.

The Sunday number of the Montland Courier contained a two-column interview with Peter Bowers that made Peter blush and Squidge glow with pride.

IT, OR something, did a lot of good. In another week the Community House and all its additions were assured to the city of Montland. Coincidentally other things happened. Robert Donnelley, walking as straight as any child, came home, and Peter closed a deal for insurance on Frank & Burton's plant that swelled the total for June to seven hundred dollars.

"Well, there's promise there, Squidge," said Peter when the grand sum was confided. "He has some other interests he is going to let me know about."

Peter found out about the other interests in July. The fund was still mortgaged to the Donnelley bills, although Donnelley was paying off.

"Mrs. Donnelley says they can pay twenty from now on," Squidge informed Peter. "She says Donnelley is doing so well now. Pattersons must be a large place, Peter."

"It's a million-dollar plant and they're going to build a new part in the fall," said Peter. "Squidge, if I ever got the Patterson insurance, we'd be on the road to success headed so hard nothing short of a cyclone could stop us."

By late August Donnelley had paid off so much of the bills for Robert that the fund re-

much of the bills for Robert that the fund reported fifty dollars.

"We can look about again, Squidge," said Peter. They were sitting on the porch enjoying the comparative cool of the evening.

"All right," agreed his wife.

The dusk deepened. Peter left his chair, and

joined Squidge in the hammock. This is sometimes done even after almost two years of mar-ried life. There was little conversation, but an occasional muffled laugh. Then up the walk occasional muffled laugh. toward the house came a tall spare figure. It

halted at the porch steps.
"Anybody home?" the voice was shrill, and
quavered a bit on the high note. Squidge was

out of the hammock in an instant.
"Why, Mr. Coulter," she said. "Come right

The old man mounted the steps stiffly, greeted

Peter, and fanned himself with his felt hat.
"Hot day," he said. "Minds me of that last day at Gettysburg. Whew! That was a hot one, hot in two ways. I just stopped to see if you wanted some eggs," he went on. "We've set more than we can use now, and you keeping." got more than we can use now, and you keepin' no chickens."
"I'd be glad of some," said Mrs. Bowers; "I

could use a dozen almost any time. How are

you all at home these warm days?"
"Pretty well," replied the old man. "David, he's over Pennsylvany on a business trip, so Hattie and the children's there alone. I kind of hankered to go with David, but it didn't seem as if I could." He hesitated, and then sensing a remeable tig audience, he went on:

as II I could. The nestiated, and then sensing a sympathetic audience, he went on:
"I ain't been there since the battle, you know, and it jest seems as if I wanted to go to Gettysburg once, jest once, to see it again. I've planned it time after time, but something always comes up. it seems. Come down and see Hattie, Mrs. Bowers She can't go much, you know, account of the children. Hattie likes company. Well, I'll be goin', and I'll bring the eggs over in the mornin'."
"I'll walk down with you and get them," said

Peter stayed quite a time. When he returned he was smoking furiously, and he was not talkative. It was long after they had gone to bed that he spoke suddenly in the darkness.

"Squidge?"

"It isn't exactly what the fund is for, but it seems as if we might stretch a point, don't you think?"

"I do Potor"

I do, Peter." "Tdo, Peter."

"That large family, of course they can't spare the money; it would cost more than fifty dollars, Squidge, but August's going to be a whale of a month, and he ought to go while it's warm."

"But they mustn't know, Peter. We must get it to him some way they will never guess."

"I'll get Joe Davis to send it from New York," id Peter. "Joe's a lawyer and he can say an said Peter. old comrade who prefers to be unknown has sent it. Squidge, I went over a building that's worth five hundred thousand to-day. If I get it, August will be some month.'

He got the building, and as a result the month of August netted nine hundred dollars. Squidge and Peter regarded the total with awe.

They heard a week later that Mr. Job Coulter had received an unexpected gift from an old comrade which would enable him to visit Gettys-

It was Hattie Evans who told Squidge, and the tears stood in the daughter's eyes as she spoke.
"Every year," she said, "father has planned

to go. And something always happened, and he always gave us the money he had saved, so willingly. And we have such a big family, and David is so young; it just seemed as if we never could get ahead. Father is just crazy with He says he is sure Jim Perkins sent it. Mr. Perkins is a very rich man now, but was as poor as father when they fought side by side."
"Wasn't it nice of him?" said Squidge. "I do hope your father enjoys every minute of it."

The old soldier wasted no time. He was off a week after he received the cheque. Meanwhile every citizen of Montland who knew the Coulters had heard of the wonderful trip. The Montland Courier published an article running over Mr. Coulter's service to his country and telling of his proposed visiting of the battlefield. Quite a crowd of people went to the station to see him off, among them a delegation from the American Legion, who sent off the old man with cheers and wavings of the flag. Unmarked among the throng stood Peter and Squidge Bowers.

On the third Saturday in September Peter was engaged in removing the hose to a new spot, when a tall spare figure, clad in blue uniform,

rushed up the walk.
"Fire!" gasped the old soldier, "fire! Mr.
Bowers!"

Peter dropped the hose. "Where?" he asked. "Pattersons'. I knowed you'd want to know right away, so I come up. I'll go with you."
Pattersons' was on the other side of Montland on the edge of the river. A screen of dense smoke

rolling in great billows over the entire plant made it impossible to guess the extent of the damage, but a man in the crowd of watchers enlightened them.

"There's only two buildings gone," he said to eter. "They got the rest in time to save Peter. them."

On Sunday curious citizens in Montland went over to see the ruins. Other manufacturers rolled up in their cars to condole with Mr. Patterson, who stayed at his office all day. Among them was Mr. Frank, senior partner of Frank

"Bad luck, Mr. Patterson." said Frank to the great manufacturer. "But I suppose you were well covered."

Mr. Patterson waved an impatient hand

"That's what everybody says," he replied.
"But, Frank, nobody is ever well covered. It is going to be months before we are in good working order again, and we're loaded with work now. No insurance ever makes up for a fire loss when

a factory is working."

"That's what Bowers was telling me a couple of months ago," said Frank. "I never had a fire, and I hadn't thought much about it. Always kept covered, of course. But Bowers went about my place and showed me a lot of things I could do to make risk less. He even organized the workmen into an inspection corps. I didn't think they'd like it, but they do, Patterson. How'd your place catch fire?'

"Spontaneous combustion in some oil waste," replied Patterson; "workman threw it into a closet, closet burst into flames, lot of cloth in

that room, just went up.

"That's just what that inspection prevents," said Frank. "We put all our waste in cans now, outside, covered cans, and get rid of it every day. Why don't you let Bowers look your place over, Patterson?"

Patterson? He leaned back and lighted a cigar. Patterson

"That young Bowers seems to have lots of friends," he said.
So it happened that on Monday morning,

thirty-five minutes after the receipt of a tele-phone message from Mr. Frank, Peter Bowers (Continued on page 68)

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Peter Bowers Pays His Tithe

(Continued from page 67)

presented himself at the office of Mr. James E. Patterson, President of Pattersons' Ever-Wear Tire Works, and sent in his card.
"Mr. Patterson will see you at once," said the

young woman who took it in.

Peter followed her into a small office, in which the entire furnishings consisted of a desk and two chairs, in one of which, the one back of the

desk, Patterson sat.
"Good-morning," said Peter.
"Morning," said Patterson, "suppose Frank

sent you?"
"'Phoned this morning," said Peter.
The manufacturer nodded. "I notice you didn't let the grass grow under your feet. Well, go over the plant. Simmons, the manager, will take you. Look it over, tell me what you think of all of it, what's right and what's wrong. I'm not promising anything, but there'll be no renewals of the present insurance, and you've got a chance. When you've got it all in hand, write out a report and give it to Simmons.'
"All right," said Peter.

Mr. Patterson pressed a button. A boy appeared.
"Take this gentleman to Mr. Simmons,"
directed Mr. Patterson.

It took Peter two days to go over the Patterson plant as thoroughly as he wanted. It took two days more to outline and sketch certain changes and additions and to outline an inspection plan. When it was all done he sent it to Simmons.

On Saturday morning he found on the top of his pile of mail a 'phone message from Patterson. It said:

"Come up." Peter went.
A little over an hour later, Peter Bowers, very pale, came up the walk that hed to his house.

Mrs. Bowers met him at the door.
"You got him," she said. "Oh, Peter."
"It's worth nearly a million," babbled Peter. "And he says I'm the best insurance man he ever

"But that isn't what bowled me over, no "But that isn't what bowled me over, no sir-ee! It was Fitzpatrick. When I came out of Patterson's office I met Fitzpatrick. And of course I told him. He laughed and slapped me on the back.

"'Well, we knew well enough you were no small man ever since you started them going with that fund for the church carpet,' he said.

He said a lot more, and I began to think about all this year. It started with Sanders and Fitzpatrick, you know, right after that forty dollars. And I followed it up and it looks as if the fund,

And I followed it up and it looks as if the fund, our fund—"
"Peter!" his wife interrupted. "I was out yesterday with Mrs. Fitzpatrick. We went to the Old Ladies' Home. Mrs. Fitzpatrick wanted to take her old nurse, Maggie Lowry, for a drive. And after we got back Mrs. Fitzpatrick said it was Maggie's letter about the turkeys that first made them interested in us, and that was why Mr. Fitzpatrick telephoned Mr. Durant to find out all about us. Oh, Peter."

Peter had slumped into his chair. His usually care-free, happy face was troubled.

care-free, happy face was troubled.
"And I know Donnelley's sent me a lot of business; and Frank sent for me because of the community house; he said so—oh, it's all fund, Squidge, there's no getting out of it."

They sat for several minutes in stricken silence. Squidge did not like the way Peter looked, as if something hard had hit him, just

wind of all gone. She tried to speak, but stopped a little forlornly. What was there to say?

"You see—" could that flat, tired voice be Peter's?—"I got the notion all along that I was doing it. And now it seems—" his voice trailed

off into silence.

Squidge looked at him in anxiety. What was this doing to Peter, her Peter? She half rose, and then from without came a shrill, thin, cracked whistle, and she stood erect. Nearer it came, breaking on a high note, but resuming with undaunted cheer:

"John Brown's body lies amouldering in his grave, John Brown's body lies amouldering in his grave. But his soul is marching on. Glory, glory, ballelujah!"

"Peter," called Squidge, "listen." Peter raised dull eyes. Without the whistle was receding, but still shrill and clear:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!"

"Peter," she said, "it's Mr. Coulter. And Peter, you know nothing ever did come of that.'

PETER sat up. "Nothing," he agreed, with a note of wonder in his tone. "That's one clear count, sure. Here, Squidge, don't worry. It's all right. Only I thought I'd been doing such a lot, kind of young Napoleon, getting a bit too chesty, I guess." He pulled his wife down to her favorite place on his knee, but her brow was still anyious

still anxious.
"You're not going to give up the fund, Peter?"

Peter's mouth twisted into a wry smile, which

melted into a broad grin.

"Give up the fund," he replied. "I guess you don't understand yet, young woman, how thoroughly that fund has got me. Why, Squidge, I couldn't give up the fund if I wanted to. Not that I do want to; I'd be an ingrate if I did. Oh no, my dear, the fund will go on and on, and your Peter will retire to that little back seat where he belongs, and get his chest measurement down. And hereafter in casting up accounts I'll down. And nereatter in casting up accounts in credit the fund with its due share. Peter Bowers and Fund, Inc. Hey, Squidge?" He pinched her cheek. Her brow cleared, but she felt the need of a confession of her own.
"I didn't like the fund at first," she admitted.

"I didn't like the fund at first," she admitted.

"It was your idea, you know, and I just came in. But I do like it now, Peter. It seems to make us so much bigger folks; somehow we have a part in so much—outside of ourselves."

"It's meant a good deal," said Peter, "besides the money. And it'll mean more next year because there will be more to do with. Peter Bowers and Fund will show 'em."

"It's like being in a partnership, Peter." Squidge hesitated. "Only I don't know who the partner is—unless it's the Lord."

"Well, I wouldn't go as far as that," retorted Peter. "But when I look back and see how all those things came my way—well, all I've got to say is, that if you're right, Squidge, the Lord makes a blamed good partner."

"Peter!"

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

enters the front door into a spacious hall 25 x 15 feet. Opening off the hall in the front are two beautiful parlors. One is finished in ivory and the beautiful pariors. One is inlisted in ivory and the other in solid mahogany. These rooms like all the rooms in the Home, including the hallway, have parquet floors of quartered oak. There are decorated ceilings in all the rooms. The draperies are all imported from St. Gaul, Switzerland. In the rear of the hall are the dining-room and library, each room about 20 x 20. There are imported open fireplaces and costly combination chandeliers in these rooms, as in every room in the house. In the library there are shelves of quartered oak around the side walls for the 600 choice volumes which went with the sale of the house. The dining-room contains a built-in

sideboard and a safe 9 x 3. The secretary's room in the rear of the library is finished entirely in mahogany. In the rear of the diningroom are located the kitchen, butler's pantry, pantry and laundry, with every modern equip-ment. On the second floor of the Home are five large living-rooms and beautifully tiled baths. On the top floor of the house is a most attractive hall about 50 x 25 feet, which is being used tem-

The house has a large cellar which is to be converted soon into a rathskeller and billiard room. In the rear of the property is a large frame building used by the former owner as a garage and stable. There is room enough to house 20 cars in this building, which is approxi-

mately 90 x 60 feet. It is hoped eventually to convert this building into a Lodge room, for

which it is admirably adapted.

The estimated value of the property at the present time is close to \$400,000. The members are proud of their new Home and hope to make it Rockville's civic center.

News of the Order From Far and Near

A joint meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries for Michigan, East and West, was held recently at the Home of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain and Grand Treasurer John K. Burch and many other distinguished members of the Order were present.

Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge mourns the loss of one of its most loyal and active members, John H. Ichter, who was a Past Exalted Ruler of the

Keokuk, Iowa, Lodge is spending \$20,000 in remodeling its Home. The Lodge is showing a fine growth in membership, recently initiating a class of 100 candidates.

Philipsburg, Pa., Lodge is making plans for the dedication of its new \$30,000 Home which it will occupy early in the year.

Plans are going forward for the Elks Bazar to be given by Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, February

Eureka, Calif., Lodge has organized its drill team and made extensive plans for its activity during the coming months.

A testimonial banquet was recently given by Knoxville, Pa., Lodge to its members who are ex-service men.

The Glee Club of Stockton, Calif., Lodge recently gave its first local concert in the High School Auditorium before a large and enthusiastic audience.

Muncie, Ind., Lodge has remodeled the basement of its Home to provide the members with a large dining-room in that part of the building.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge has become a member of the Northwest District Pennsylvania Elks Association. As a part of its extensive welfare program, Meadville Lodge recently contributed a substantial sum to the Public Library Building Fund of its city.

Artistic and financial success attended the musical comedy recently staged by Olympia, Wash., Lodge at the Capitol Theatre for the benefit of its charity fund.

Norfolk, Va., Lodge recently celebrated its 19th anniversary with a banquet which was attended by nearly 500 members of the Order.

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge recently supplied clothing to nearly 100 poor children so that they might attend school properly dressed.

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge recently managed a charity baseball game in which Walter Johnson, Babe Ruth and many other popular baseball players took part. A large sum was realized by the event.

As this issue of The Elks Magazine goes to press, the membership of Detroit, Mich., Lodge is 6733, placing it among the first five Lodges in the Order.

The mid-winter meeting of the Washington State Elks Association will be held some time in January at Seattle. Matters connected with the coming Grand Lodge Convention in Portland and other questions will be discussed.

Renovo, Pa., Lodge recently laid the corner-stone of its new Home.

Moscow, Ida., Lodge is offering a prize among its membership for the best original song or chant to be used by the Lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore., next July.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge has organized an Elks Male Chorus of close to 100 voices.

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge recently celebrated its 23rd anniversary. A special meeting, dancing and supper were features on the program.

Norristown, Pa., Lodge has begun work on a new auditorium to be erected in the rear of its Home.

The handsome new lounge room in the Home of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge was recently opened to the members.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge recently contributed a considerable sum to the local Community Chest.

Close to 300 members of Portland, Ore., Lodge, accompanied by their 40-piece band, were recently guests of Albany, Ore., Lodge at a banquet, and the initiation of a class of candidates.

The large auditorium in the Home of Lorain, Ohio, Lodge is the scene of many dances this season, one being held there every Thursday and Saturday evening throughout the season.

W. L. Blundell, a member of Gary, Ind., Lodge, now living in British India, is not too far away to remember the charities of his Lodge. A letter received from him recently enclosed a check and also expressed his appreciation of THE ELKS MAGAZINE which keeps him in touch with America no matter how far away he goes

C. G. Chase, Past Exalted Ruler of Butler, Pa., Lodge, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Pennsylvania Northwest, was recently appointed Postmaster of Butler, Pa.

The officers of Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge, accompanied by a delegation of members, were recently guests of Omaha, Neb., Lodge. The visiting officers initiated a class of candidates for their host.

The officers of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge will enter the State Ritualistic Contests this year.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge has completed taking its census of crippled children in its jurisdiction and is manifesting a keen interest in this part of the welfare program recently adopted by the Washington State Elks Associa-

The officers of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, accompanied by their drill team, recently were guests of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge where they initiated a class of candidates.

The Elks' Association of Pennsylvania South West District, met recently at Monongahela Lodge and transacted important business in connection with the banquet to be tendered by it to Grand Exalted Ruler Price, in February.

The Boy Scout Troup organized by Louisville, Ky., Lodge is making an excellent showing.

A big event in the social life of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge is its annual minstrel show. This year it will be given January 19-21, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge has had a number of excellent phonograph records made by its band.

Through the courtesy of the Stanley Company, moving-pictures showing the work being done at the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, which is owned and operated by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, were recently shown in the picture houses of the city.

Nearly 200 newsboys were guests at the big indoor circus recently staged by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge.

New Home of Queens Borough Lodge

(Continued from page 41)

were given in the Hotel Commodore at New York City in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and in celebration of the completion of the building. It was one of the most brilliant functions of the year and was attended by over 1000 members and their ladies. Mr. Hallinan was the Toastmaster and introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who spoke with praise of the great accomplishment of Queens Borough Lodge. Other prominent speakers who voiced their appreciation of the Lodge were Past

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge, Eugene E. Navin, and Hon Maurice Connolly, President of the Borough of Queens. A most President of the Borough of Queens. A most delightful musical program was rendered by the New York Chapter Knights of Columbus Glee Club under the direction of Frank T. Maloney. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the lights in the great banquet hall were dimmed and Charles Edward Osgood of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 delivered his beautiful Eleven O'Clock Toast.



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Next Month Public Utilities

Bucket Shops

(Continued from December)

By Stephen Jessup

HE old-fashioned bucketer, then, bought no stock but pocketed his customers' money, and nine times out of ten he kept it. In the case of a protracted bull market he would have to pay out a good deal of money in the way of profits to customers, but this money was usually replaced by the new customers who poured in owing to the publicity caused by the apparent easy wealth being obtained. If the pressure of paying out profits became too great; that is, if the supply of new victims fell off, the bucketer would simply fail. As he had no assets and no honorable, generation-old reputation to uphold, that was the end of him. Like the lady in the popular song, he just moved away. HE old-fashioned bucketer, then, bought

on film. Like the lady in the popular song, he just moved away.

The kind of bucketing of customers' orders above described naturally came into disrepute as the public became educated, and the more the public became educated, the more the business fell off. Then came the modern and more refined method refined method.

The modern bucket shop so closely resembles a real brokerage house that it is difficult to detect the difference at first. The modern bucketer is, to all intents and purposes, a real broker. Frequently he is the member of an exchange. He maintains an office or offices with tickers news services and all the property of the property o exchange. He maintains an onice or onices with tickers, news services, and all the up-to-date paraphernalia that distinguishes the best of brokerage firms. He actually executes the customer's order. He reports the time of the execution and gives, or can give, the name of the broker from whom he bought the stock.

cution and gives, or can give, the name of the broker from whom he bought the stock. In short, the buying transaction is quite legitimate and quite as valid and effective as if executed by a real broker. The customer cannot have any complaint about the execution of his order; it is attended to with first-class care and promptness. But the modern bucketer does not complete the transaction in the same way as the real, honest broker. Instead of carrying the stock by putting it with other stocks in a bank loan, and having it at all times within reach and "under control," he sells it or an equivalent amount of the same stock, almost immediately after buying the same stock, almost immediately after buying it. He thus recoups the money involved, includ-ing his customer's margin. He retains that margin precisely as the old-fashioned bucketer margin precisely as the old-fashioned bucketer did, and in the same way his profit lies in the stock declining to the point where the customer's margin is wiped out, or, if he furnishes more, that is finally wiped out also.

This explains why, in the many cases of bucket shop failures during the past two years, when receivers were appointed it was found that little it any of the stock supposed to be carried was

receivers were appointed it was found that little if any of the stock supposed to be carried was actually available; that the stock bought outright for customers was not in the office, and that the stock supposed to be carried was not under the control of the bucketer by being in one or more bank loans.

The above remarks apply primarily to stock the stock of the bucketer was not under the control of the bucketer by being in one or more bank loans.

The above remarks apply primarily to stocks bought on margin. In cases where the customer paid in full and therefore bought his stock outpaid in full and therefore bought his stock out-right, the bucketer's hope was that the customer would delay calling for his stock (and he would assist the delay often by putting a customer off with a variety of excuses) until such a time when the price had declined, whereupon he would buy it and deliver it to the customer, hav-ing made a profit consisting of the difference between the customer's purchase price and his

between the customer's purchase price and his own purchase price.

A variation from the margin business is the so-called "partial payment" plan. Many people having either experienced or heard about the danger of buying stocks on margin, and not having the funds to buy stocks outright, and wishing to acquire them at what seems a favorable price level, are attracted by the idea of buying them in installments, much as they would

able price level, are attracted by the idea of buying them in installments, much as they would buy a house or an automobile or furniture on the familiar installment plan.

If the broker were honest there would be nothing objectionable in this plan. The plan is simple. The customer pays his initial deposit and agrees to pay an additional sum each month. He receives any dividends declared on the stock. He is charged interest on his debit balance,

which is gradually reduced by his monthly payments, and when the last monthly payment is made he is entitled to receive the stock.

But when operated by the bucket shop the plan is in reality only another method of margin trading. The bucketer buys the stock in the proper manner as before, and proceeds to sell an equivalent amount against it, as before. In other words, he takes a position on the opposite other words, he takes a position on the opposite side of the market against his customer, and his customer's loss is his gain. Here is the great wrong committed. The bucketer, instead of acting as a broker and having his customer's welfare at heart, is secretly injuring him. There is no telling to what extent advances in stocks have been frustrated by the weight of selling on the part of bucket shops.

The fact that the broker is not actually carrying the stock explains why, in the case of failure, the partial payment purchasers find themselves

The fact that the broker is not actually carrying the stock explains why, in the case of failure, the partial payment purchasers find themselves in the same boat as the margin traders, and, for that matter, as some of the outright purchasers. The outright purchasers, like the man whose story prompted this article, had paid for their stock and were entitled to it. But it would not be there. The partial-payment, and many of the margin, purchasers would be willing to tender their debit balances and take up their stock, but it would not be there. They all suffer from the same evil; the broker-bucketer, not really carrying the stock, cannot produce it.

Another evil, which has led to indictments in many cases, is the matter of interest charged on customers' debit balances. In the case of the honest broker, whose carrying of stock for customers is financed through his bank, he is charged by the bank the call rate of interest, which fluctuates from 2% to 6% and may be said to average around 4%, and he charges his customers a little more, either 5% or 6%. This margin of profit is well known and goes toward paying his overhead expense. But in the case of the bucketer, there is no such bank loan and hence the interest he charges his customers is interest on an indebtedness that does not exist, a purely mythical debit balance. Theoretically he has provided money to complete exist, a purely mythical debit balance. Theoretically he has provided money to complete the purchase of stock. Actually he has done nothing of the kind. Hence the interest charge is sheer additional larceny.

ONE of the largest bucket shops, which failed in 1023 for millions of dollars, had the most up-to-date of accounting systems as well as an almost perfect information service for its customers. It bought stocks openly in its own name on the floor of the Exchange, and sold them surreptitiously at once for its own account. It ostensibly financed the purchases by collateral loans made to a "finance corporation" organized by itself, with capital supplied by itself, and operated by its own dummies. The partners of the firm drew out of the "finance corporation" large sums of money obtained from the sale of stocks theoretically carried on the firm's books for customers. These partners were indicted recently, but at this writing have not been brought to trial.

Most of the more flagrant bucket shops failed

brought to trial.

Most of the more flagrant bucket shops failed in 1922 and 1023, but it is impossible to say how many are still operating. The best way to avoid such a concern is to deal only with a long-established, reputable firm, either a member of one of the leading exchanges or a house of high reputation such as those whose offerings are advertised in the columns of this magazine. Beware of any concern that offers to carry securities on a very small margin; that urges you to buy an unseasoned stock which is obviously a rank speculation; that paints too glowingly the to buy an unseasoned stock which is obviously a rank speculation; that paints too glowingly the partial payment plan; that tries to make you commit yourself too heavily for your resources; that hesitates about delivering a security for which you have paid in full promptly; that is anxious to have you "trade out" your good securities for some which it is pushing itself. These signs are not necessarily positive proof of bucketing, but they should act as a red light and put you on your guard, and cause you to reconsider dealing with the concern bearing them. Above all things, never act in a hurry or under pressure, whether face to face or on the telephone or by mail. The matter of investing your money is important enough to justify and require care and investigation. A good broker or bond house is integrated as in the case of the care of the or bond house is interested primarily in giving customers the best of service and seeing them make satisfactory investments and grow into larger customers; and therefore thinks more of the customer's welfare than of personal profit. This is perhaps the greatest difference easily perceived between the spurious and the real. The former is concerned only with its own selfish profit. Any rich man will tell you that it is harder to keep money than to make it.

Investment Literature

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., 803 Miller Building, Miami, Florida, have issued a booklet, "The Ideal Investment," which will be sent free on request.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital"—a new 32-page booklet, profusely illustrated with views of Washington, D. C., telling about 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital. For the free copies write to The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

Adlanta, Ga., have issued a booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," which will be sent free on request.

The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Ine Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send on request the following booklets: "Your Money—Its Safe Investment; Are you losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds; Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages; Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail."

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company of Chicago, Illinois, have recently published a booklet dealing with the advantages of their First Mortgage Bonds. Send for Investors' Guide.

Arnold & Company, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send a copy of their interesting booklet, describing Arnold's Certificates, on request.

Please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE when writing.

H-e-y-y R-u-u-b-e!

(Continued from page 37)

booked the town for the next year, sailed happily in, preserved a meek and lowly mien and then when the big top was crowded with nearly every citizen of the small town, there

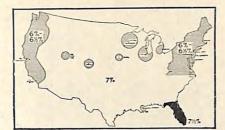
and then when the big top was crowded with nearly every citizen of the small town, there was an announcement:

"Now, all you folks upon them seats, you'll notice perhaps that there's some horses in this big top. Perhaps you ain't paid much attention to 'em, but this circus desires to announce that they're strong an' husky an' that they're hitched to the seat jacks that hold up them seats you're sittin' on. The minute any trouble starts in this big tent, them horses will start pullin' and the whole mess an' caboodle o' you'll be dumped to the ground. If you don't know what that means an' want t' find out—just start something. We're only playin' one show here to-day, movin' out after th' matinee an' we intend t' have that show respectable. No fightin', no quarrelin' and no throwin' at performers. Th' minute that starts, we start them horses."

It was one of the most peaceable crowds of that turbulent time. Those were the days of unsafe seats—circus seats can be erected with perfect safety upon a ballroom floor now—and everyone knew what it meant to have the grand-stand fall, with its attendant tangling of human forms, the crushing out of lives and the breaking of arms and legs. Most of the audience.

forms, the crushing out of lives and the breaking of arms and legs. Most of the audience, which had crowded into the big tent with no other idea than the heckling of performers and the causing of trouble generally, sat transfixed with fear. A few, gaining their senses, started to leave, only to be sent back to their places by

the ushers.
"The minute there's a rush off them seats
(Continued on page 72)



People with money to invest this January can make sure of having peace of mind and a good rate of interest all through 1925, if they will be guided by the little map above. It shows that in Florida, high-grade first mortgage bonds pay $7\frac{1}{2}\%_c$, compared with $6\%_c$ and $6\frac{1}{2}\%_c$ in other parts of the country.

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H-e-y-y R-u-u-b-e!

(Continued from page 71)

we'll jerk out the jacks," came their threat, and the deserters went shivering back to their perches.

The show went on in its entirety, every available piece of paraphernalia being rushed to the train as soon as possible. Then with the end of the races, a horde of workmen, their labors done, moved into the big tent, each armed with a tent stake.

Take it quiet an' go home!" was their command—and the crowd went, while the circus moved on, another score settled.

For in those days, circuses and towns carried their grudges from year to year. A genuine circus man of that time could look at a route list and name the towns, months beforehand,

"Better ditch Bingsport," he would say.
"It's a tough baby. The Gregg Show got in bad there two years ago and they're layin' for any outfit that comes their way."

In those days the grifters used to work in the side-show, now only an annex to the big show where "those str-r-range people" are exhibited,

but then little more than a crooked gambling hall.

And there the owner held forth. That was his bread and butter—that was where his heart and his pocketbook and his fears were. Nor could you find him by name. He never answered to his real cognomen on the circus lot. He was Joe Hepp, or Jim Wise, or Pete Wright, or some other recognized "moniker" as it was called, known only to the persons of the circus. He could be reached by no one else, and he appeared in an executive capacity only when there was urgent need, or when some town appeared sufficiently gullible to allow him to play one of his various tricks by which he could get something for nothing.

I REMEMBER one of those very well. It was the favorite with Mr. Joe Hepp of my first circus. We rarely paid for potatoes. Instead, an agent would make a contract with a farmer for a wagon load of produce, they would appear on the circus grounds, and orders given to dump them into a wagon closely shrouded with canvas, except where an opening had been made at one end. Everything would be lovely, until the unloading was over. Then the farmer would ask for his pay.

Nobody seemed to know who should pay him. From one person to another would the poor man be shunted, only to be sent somewhere else on a seemingly endless journey which would consume hours. Sometimes he would wear out, and leave the circus grounds, hoping to come back later and find the man who would pay him—only to meet with denials that he ever had delivered the produce. But he usually was more persistent and it was here that Mr. Joe Hepp's big joke would come in. Mr. Joe Hepp would arrive on the scene. He would listen to the farmer's plaint. Then at last a light would

come into his eyes, as of infinite understanding.
"And you think you're going to get away with that?" he would ask. "Nobody ordered those potatoes—just because we're a traveling circus and there don't seem to be much head or tail to things around here, you think you're going to palm off on us the potatoes you can't sell to somebody else. Well, it won't work. Take back your old potatoes. We don't want 'em.'

Whereupon, he would turn his back upon the farmer, leaving that befuddled personage to stand in bewilderment. Somebody had ordered those potatoes—yet here was the owner, who said he didn't want 'em. There naturally was only one thing to do, to take them back, and as there seemed to be no one to help him, he would climb the wagon to take off that canvas that he might better see how to remove his produce. Usually one look was enough. That shrouded vehicle was full of lions—walking on his potatoes and daring him to come in and take them out!

After that, one of three things happened.

The farmer either left the circus in free possession of those Murphys, or sold them for whatever the circus cared to pay for them, or went out and got his gang and came back to start a fight. In any case, he was unfortunate, for the circuses of those days looked for fights, loved fights and knew how to fight to win.

For the old circuses had a motto-that they must whip the towner by any means possible, and this led to varied inventions. Not so long ago, I stood watching a big show tear down for the night. There, of course, was the usual crowd standing about in the light of the arcs, and as crowds will do, knotted in tight groups. The boss canvasman, a veteran of other days, stood for a moment, hands in his hip-pockets, staring reminiscently Then he turned and grinned.

"Wouldn't that have been duck soup in the old days?" he asked as he nodded toward the throng. "If something had gone wrong during the day and we wanted to square up?"

It would have been more than that—it would have been duck soup with garnishments. For in the old days, when there had been trouble and the crowds were foolish enough to knot up, the circus found itself in a seventh heaven of delight. It simply spread the word quietly, and its fighters took positions of vantage. Then four fighters took positions of vantage. Then four men began to move innocently about, dragging a rope, some two hundred feet long, the other end of which was secured to an iron stake, driven deep in the ground. Here and there they went, paying no attention to the jibes of the crowd, or the murmurings of the threatened attack, as the throng awaited the voice of some man who would act as leader. Here and there, until the whole crowd had been centered, and then, equally as innocently, twenty men more moved slowly toward the first four. They caught the rope, and tightened it slightly. Then the boss came on the scene, glanced at his preparations, and cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Hey-y-y-y-y-y Ru-u-u-u-u-be!" he shouted and with that the twenty men leaped into activity. The rope writhed like some venomous snake, raised from the ground, caught the first of the groups and tumbled them over, to tighten farther and knock still more people from their feet, and finally to change the threatening crowd from a thing of danger to an impotent, struggling mass, striving to regain its feet. And while the crowd did this, the fighters of the circus moved in with fists and clubs and attended to the carnage.

This gentle little trick, however, was done only when there had been extreme bitterness between a town and a circus and in revenge for a fight, perhaps years before. The usual circus worked on a principle of defense, with the fight arriving about five minutes before the need of that defense happened along, and changing its tactics often enough so that the towner did not know exactly what to expect. When the enemy learned the rope trick, an enterprising fighting organization which passed as a circus trained six horses to run abreast and used these for scattering crowds until a towner hamstrung all horse. Then it trained Empress, a six-toni elephant, to charge upon command, swinging a big top quarterpole carelessly in its trunk as it did so. That bumped off quite a few and the circus felt real satisfied.

While all this was going on with the majority of circuses in the country, a few struggling organizations were trying out the proposition of playing fair. They carried no graft, they paid all their bills—which other circuses did not—they allowed no one to shortchange, or indulge in the thousand and one petty forms of thievery which flourished on the other shows, and the time came when people began to watch for these shows, as the ones at which they really could spend an enjoyable day without losing anything, from pocketbooks to a happy existence. For these shows had seen the beginning of a new era in the attitude of those whose living must be derived from the general public. An attitude departing from the old one of the "public-bedamned," which was so popular with everyone from politicians to public utilities in the old days. from politicians to public utilities in the old days. Big corporations, slowly, of course, were beginning to lean toward a kindly attitude. Muckraking papers were filled with the evil doings of those who, while the circus term was not used, "grifted" from the public as thoroughly as any tented aggregation. And those in the show world who were far seeing divined the time when the old order of things would be the time when the old order of things would be forced to go, and became pioneers in trying life without it.



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