

The Elks

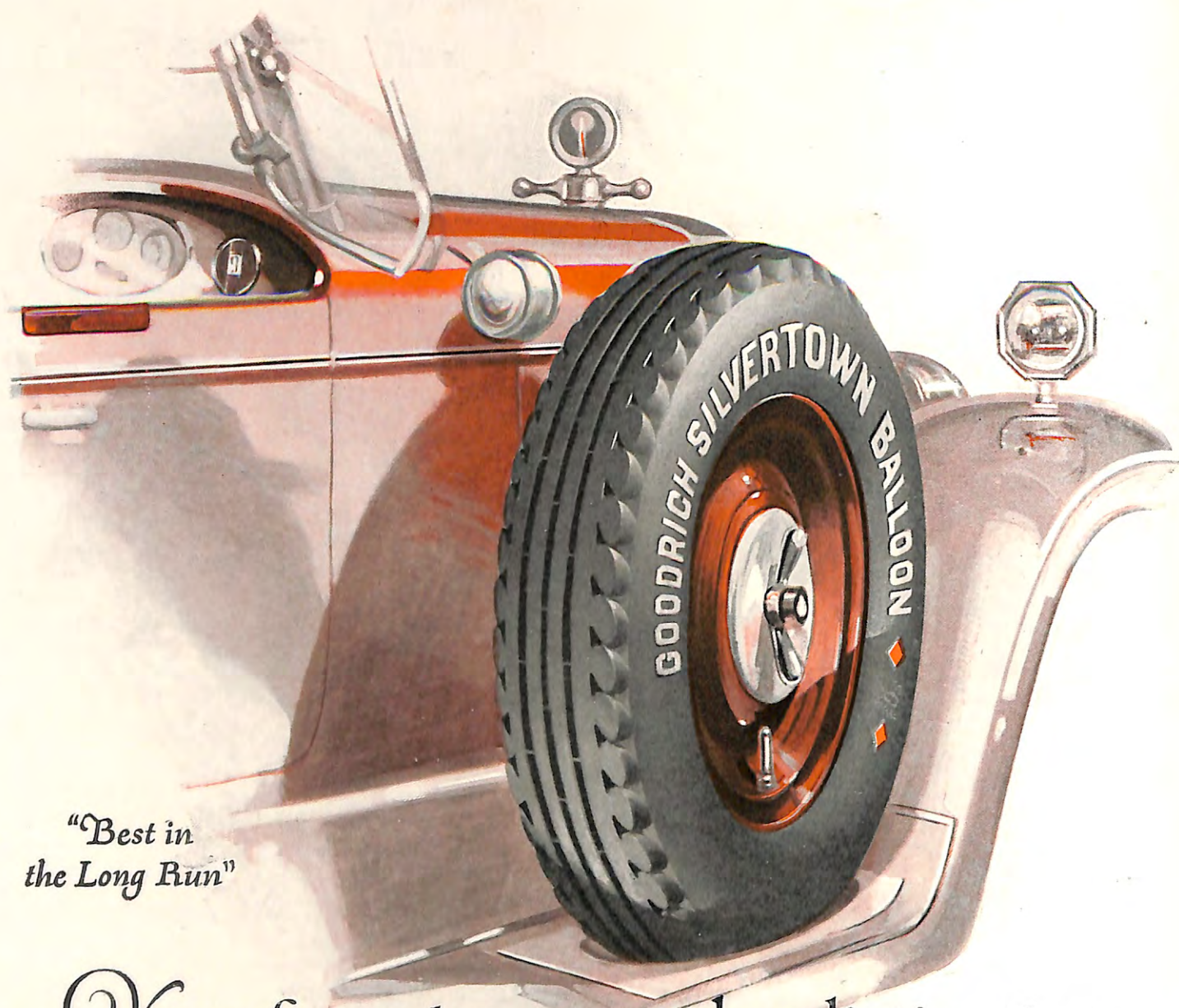
20 CENTS A COPY

M

OCTOBER, 1925



Featuring "The Moving House of Foscaldo," a mystery serial by Charles Chadwick



*"Best in
the Long Run"*

Your friends notice the distinctive difference Silvertown gives the appearance of your car. You and your guests feel their super-comfortable cushioning against rough travel

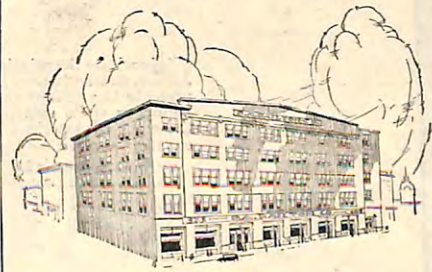
Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

WANTED: Men to Keep Pace with R.B. Cook

In 1919 R. B. Cook was a bookkeeper—holding down a one-track job. In 1923—four years later—he was sales manager of the B. A. Railton Company, Chicago; and ever since that time has successfully directed a sales force of more than seventy salesmen, many of them with twenty years' experience.

"To the casual observer," writes R. A. Railton, General Manager of the B. A. Railton Company, "his rise might seem unusually rapid, but we view it as the natural result of his being prepared for the big opportunity when it came."



When a young man can advance in four years from a routine job to the position of Sales Manager of one of the big wholesale houses of Chicago—without any pull except his own initiative—there must be a reason. There is a reason. It's summed up in the LaSalle salary-doubling plan. What that plan has done for R. B. Cook it can do for any man sincerely ambitious to increase his earnings.

CHICAGO



"Worth More Than \$10,000"

(—So writes R. B. Cook, the employee)
"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Railton Company was made possible thru your splendid training and the various services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalle training has brought me for \$10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount."
(Signed) R. B. COOK, Chicago.

"You Are Rendering Our Organization a Distinct Service"

(—So writes R. A. Railton, the employer)
"In training a half million men, your institution has made a valuable contribution to business. You have added millions to the wealth of the annual earnings of your student members. Their increased productive capacity in turn is adding many millions to the business of the institutions which they serve. I feel that in bringing to our attention a man with the training and capabilities of Mr. Cook, you are rendering our organization a distinct service."
(Signed) R. A. RAILTON, Chicago.

Advance, by this Plan, to Bigger Pay!

Here is the story of a pace-maker—a man who refused to let handicaps obstruct his progress—a man who acts and makes money by this simple principle: *to capitalize his every resource.*

Handicapped by ill health—which kept him in a hospital during four years of his boyhood—R. B. Cook, a Chicago man, bridged the gap in his education by day and evening study, which gave him a sound foundation for LaSalle home-study business training.

Starting as a bookkeeper, in 1919, he enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Practice.

"Before I was half way thru my training," writes Mr. Cook, "I was promoted to Collection Manager, with an increase of 50 per cent in salary. Later I became Credit Manager of another concern. This move was a very decided promotion."

"My next advancement was to the position of Office Manager. In each of these positions I was successful. This fact paved the way to my present position. Two years ago I was offered a post as Assistant Credit Manager with my present concern. Within two years I was made General Sales Manager, which position I now hold."

Five years of *consistent progress*—that is the record of Mr. Cook, who has recently enrolled for LaSalle training in Business Management.

Paragraph by paragraph, line by line, he takes up each assignment, asking himself how he can turn each business principle into profits for his company. A single idea—so he writes—which he got from his very first assignment—resulted in savings of many thousands of dollars for his firm.

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

You are eager for success. You wish to enjoy the rewards which come inevitably to the man who fits himself for responsibility.

But before you can reap those rewards, you must make yourself more profitable to the business which employs you. By no other method can you possibly succeed.

Cook's experience clearly shows the way—a way illuminated by the careers of thousands of LaSalle-trained men. During only six months' time, for example, as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507, an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

The details of the LaSalle salary-doubling plan will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 10328-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

- ☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

- ☐ Industrial Management: Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ Commercial Spanish: Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.



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

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



Volume Four
Number Five

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for October, 1925

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, Official Circular No. Two	5	"B. O. Must," a story by Edwin Dial Torgerson	27
The Moving House of Foscaldo, Part I—a mystery serial by Charles Chadwick . . .	8	Editorial	30
An American Religion, an article by William G. Shepherd	14	Grand Lodge Officers, 1925-1926	32
Decoration by R. L. Lambdin		Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Dedicates New Home	33
Great Folks, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn	16	Patrick T. Powers—Perry A. Clay	33
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen . .	17	Unveiling of Harding Memorial at Bedford	34
Where Is the Culture of America? an article by Marcus Eli Ravage	20	This Is "Old Ironsides" Month	35
Illustrations by Adrian Gil-Spear		Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order	36
Don't Bother Jim, a story by Berton Braley	22	New Home of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge	38
Illustrations by Bert Salg		Further Financial Definitions, an article by Stephen Jessup	78
Jimmy de Forest, the Trained Trainer, an article by W. O. McGeehan	26	Cover Design by Paul Stahr	



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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

Joseph T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director

John Chapman Hilder,
Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart,
Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y.

Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please allow four weeks' time.

Copyright, 1925, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America



Handsome Mahogany-finish Bookcase—FREE

Why the Price Is So Low

The story of the New Form is a story of a unique idea involving revolutionary changes in the publication of the Britannica. This idea was the logical outcome of years of experience; it crystallized the recommendations of thousands of users and owners.

Our object was to produce the Britannica in a New Form with these specifications—and they have been carried out to the letter:

- 1—Large type, easy to read.
- 2—Complete and latest text.
(Nothing omitted, nothing altered.)
- 3—Fully illustrated.
(All the original plates, maps, etc.)
- 4—Sweeping reduction in price.

First of all, we made a striking innovation. It was decided to bind this issue of the Britannica in 16 double volumes instead of 32 single volumes. That one change enabled us to save nearly 50% of the binding cost.

This innovation was made possible by the use of the famous Britannica Opacity Paper, which is very thin but beautifully white and opaque.

Then it was determined to print this issue from the plates of the latest, revised Cambridge issue, the famous large page, large type issue Britannica which is known throughout the civilized world and sells for twice as much. By doing this it was possible to save thousands of dollars, because we did not have to reset 33,000 pages of type.

Contents Identical with Issues Selling for Twice as Much

The use of these plates is your guarantee that the text is identical with that of the finest de luxe sets.

The Britannica in the New Form is the newest and latest issue, containing not only a full and authoritative account of the World War and its momentous consequences, but all the latest developments in industry, art, science, invention, etc. It contains 49,000,000 words, 33,000 pages and 15,600 illustrations—as much material as 476 books of average size printed on ordinary paper.

The Encyclopædia Britannica is the one book you cannot afford not to own. Within its 33,000 pages you will find the quintessence of the world's knowledge.

Write for FREE Booklet

It tells all about the Britannica in the New Form, reproduces a number of specimen pages (many in color), explains the easy terms of payment, and tells the fascinating story of how our experts made possible such an amazing reduction in price. 56 pages of interesting, instructive reading. Free on request if you mail the coupon promptly.

Mail this Coupon today! →

Now Ready!

New large printing

Encyclopaedia Britannica

in the New Form

At an Amazing Reduction in price!

TODAY you can obtain the Encyclopædia Britannica, printed in large type from the authentic Cambridge plates, complete and unabridged, *at a reduction of 46%*. And with each set a handsome mahogany-finish bookcase is given *free* while this offer lasts.

This unique opportunity is made possible because we have just completed a large new printing of the Britannica in the New Form, the most popular issue of this or any similar work ever published.

The publication of this New Form marks an epoch in the history of the Britannica. Its success is unprecedented. In all the history of publishing, we believe, there is no record to compare with it. Within less than twelve months,

three huge printings have been sold. Now a fourth printing of 10,000 sets is just being received from the binders.

This means that we can now offer you one of these wonderful complete sets, the latest edition in large, easy-to-read type, for 46 per cent less than the Cambridge issue which is famous throughout the world. Here is the ideal Britannica at a price so low everyone can afford it.

Small First Payment—Easy Monthly Terms

A very small first payment will put the complete set of 16 double volumes and bookcase in your home immediately and you can pay the balance in easy monthly payments, so small that they will never be missed.

Seize this opportunity before it is too

late! The time is now—it is the opportunity for which you have been waiting. So make sure of your set. Before you turn the page, send the attached coupon for free booklet (it commits you in no way) and we will mail you full particulars of this wonderful offer.



THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Inc. EM 5-1A
342 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 56-page book describing the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form at the special 46% saving and full details of your plan of small monthly payments.

Name.....

Address.....

Mahogany-finish bookcase free while this offer lasts!

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- *By Judge Ben B. Lindsey*

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization;



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says, "The human mind is not an automatic device. It will not 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will not "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity. Its big value, however,

is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are — poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality — Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 154-A 2575 Broadway, New York City

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 154-A, 2575 Broadway, New York

Please send me without obligation your free 64-page booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

- Massachusetts, West*—Thos. P. Walsh, Jr., Springfield, No. 61.
Michigan, East—Aldrich Baxter, Detroit, No. 34.
Michigan, West—Chas. J. Dovel, Manistee, No. 250.
Michigan, North—William W. Kimmel, Hancock, No. 381.
Minnesota, North—Mathias Baldwin, Minneapolis, No. 44.
Minnesota, South—Leonard C. Seamer, St. Paul, No. 59.
Mississippi, North—B. C. Wheeler, Greenville, No. 148.
Mississippi, South—Dan J. Grady, Natchez, No. 553.
Missouri, East—Sam D. Byrns, Mexico, No. 919.
Missouri, West—Earl A. Major, Clinton, No. 1034.
Missouri, North—W. E. Brown, Carrollton, No. 415.
Montana, East—Frank T. Murrill, Great Falls, No. 214.
Montana, West—Chas. E. Johnson, Hellgate (Missoula), No. 383.
Nebraska, North—Lucius R. Hammond, Fremont, No. 514.
Nebraska, South—Dr. C. P. Fall, Beatrice, No. 619.
Nevada—Harley A. Harmon, Las Vegas, No. 1468.
New Hampshire—A. E. A. Macdonald, Berlin, No. 618.
New Mexico—Henry Johnson, Roswell, No. 969.
New Jersey, Northeast—Francis P. Boland, Jersey City, No. 211.
New Jersey, Northwest—Allen R. McCoy, Orange, No. 135.
New Jersey, Central—Thos. H. Flynn, New Brunswick, No. 324.
New Jersey, South—Edward M. Carter, Trenton, No. 105.
New York, Northeast—Jos. B. Mulholland, Troy, No. 141.
New York, Southeast—Edward S. McGrath, Brooklyn, No. 22.
New York, North Central—Leroy M. Kellas, Malone, No. 1393.
New York, South Central—Frank L. McGovern, Corning, No. 1071.
New York, West—John B. Bordwell, Albion, No. 1006.
North Carolina, East—Jas. D. McNeill, Fayetteville, No. 1081.
North Carolina, West—Dr. P. R. Terry, Asheville, No. 1401.
North Dakota—Wm. G. Owens, Williston, No. 1214.
Oklahoma, Southeast—E. F. Rand, Oklahoma City, No. 417.
Oklahoma, Northeast—Lorin J. Roach, Muskogee, No. 517.
Oklahoma, Northwest—O. L. Hayden, Alva, No. 1184.
Ohio, Northwest—Charles T. Lawton, Toledo, No. 53.
Ohio, North Central—Wm. G. Campbell, Lorain, No. 1301.
Ohio, Northeast—William F. Bruning, Cleveland, No. 18.
Ohio, Southwest—Ralph H. Weatherbee, Springfield, No. 51.
Ohio, South Central—C. J. Neekamp, Ironton, No. 177.
Ohio, Southeast—Wm. H. Robinson, East Liverpool, No. 258.
Oregon, South—Ben S. Fisher, Marshfield, No. 1160.
Oregon, North—J. Gordon Baker, McMinnville, No. 1283.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—Fred J. Wahl, West Chester, No. 853.
Pennsylvania, Northeast—J. G. Thumm, Shenandoah, No. 945.
Pennsylvania, North Central—J. Roy Cherry, Williamsport, No. 173.
Pennsylvania, Central—S. P. Flenniken, Uniontown, No. 370.
Pennsylvania, Southwest—C. S. Patterson, Monongahela, No. 455.
Pennsylvania, Northwest—Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Franklin, No. 110.
Pennsylvania, South Central—James B. Sleeman, Huntingdon, No. 976.
Philippine Islands—W. A. Heppell, Manila, No. 761.
Porto Rico—J. D. Woodward, San Juan, No. 972.
Rhode Island—Jas. N. Stover, Providence, No. 14.
South Carolina—Frank E. Condon, Charleston, No. 242.
South Dakota—Paul M. Young, Mitchell, No. 1059.
Tennessee, East—Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, No. 160.
Tennessee, West—Joe Freed, Trenton, No. 1279.
Texas, Central—Fred O. Grimes, Hillsboro, No. 903.
Texas, North—R. C. Dolbin, Dallas, No. 71.
Texas, West—W. W. Bridgers, El Paso, No. 187.
Texas, North Central—Martin Kindel, McKinney, No. 828.
Texas, South—E. A. Moody, Houston, No. 151.
Texas, Southwest—Walter L. Barnum, Corpus Christi, No. 1030.
Texas, Northwest—A. C. Estes, Burkburnett, No. 1489.
Utah—E. Hugh Miller, Salt Lake City, No. 85.
Vermont—Dr. Jas. D. Tanner, Burlington, No. 916.
Virginia, East—Rev. William A. Brown, Portsmouth, No. 82.
Virginia, West—Robt. S. Barrett, Alexandria, No. 758.
Washington, East—Dr. G. Burwell Mann, Spokane, No. 228.
Washington, Northwest—D. J. Duggan, Everett, No. 479.
Washington, Southwest—Hollis B. Fultz, Olympia, No. 186.
West Virginia, North—Morrow B. Wilson, Sistersville, No. 333.
West Virginia, South—Geo. L. Wever, Martinsburg, No. 778.
Wisconsin, East—Sidney M. Jones, Kenosha, No. 750.
Wisconsin, West—David Gardner, Jr., Platteville, No. 1460.
Wyoming—M. J. Dankowski, Rock Springs, No. 624.

Third

I call every brother to attention!
 Join with me in a salute to our temporary captains!
 Let us pledge our Order our talents—and our officers our loyalty!
 Thank you!
 With every good individual wish, I am,

Your earnest friend,

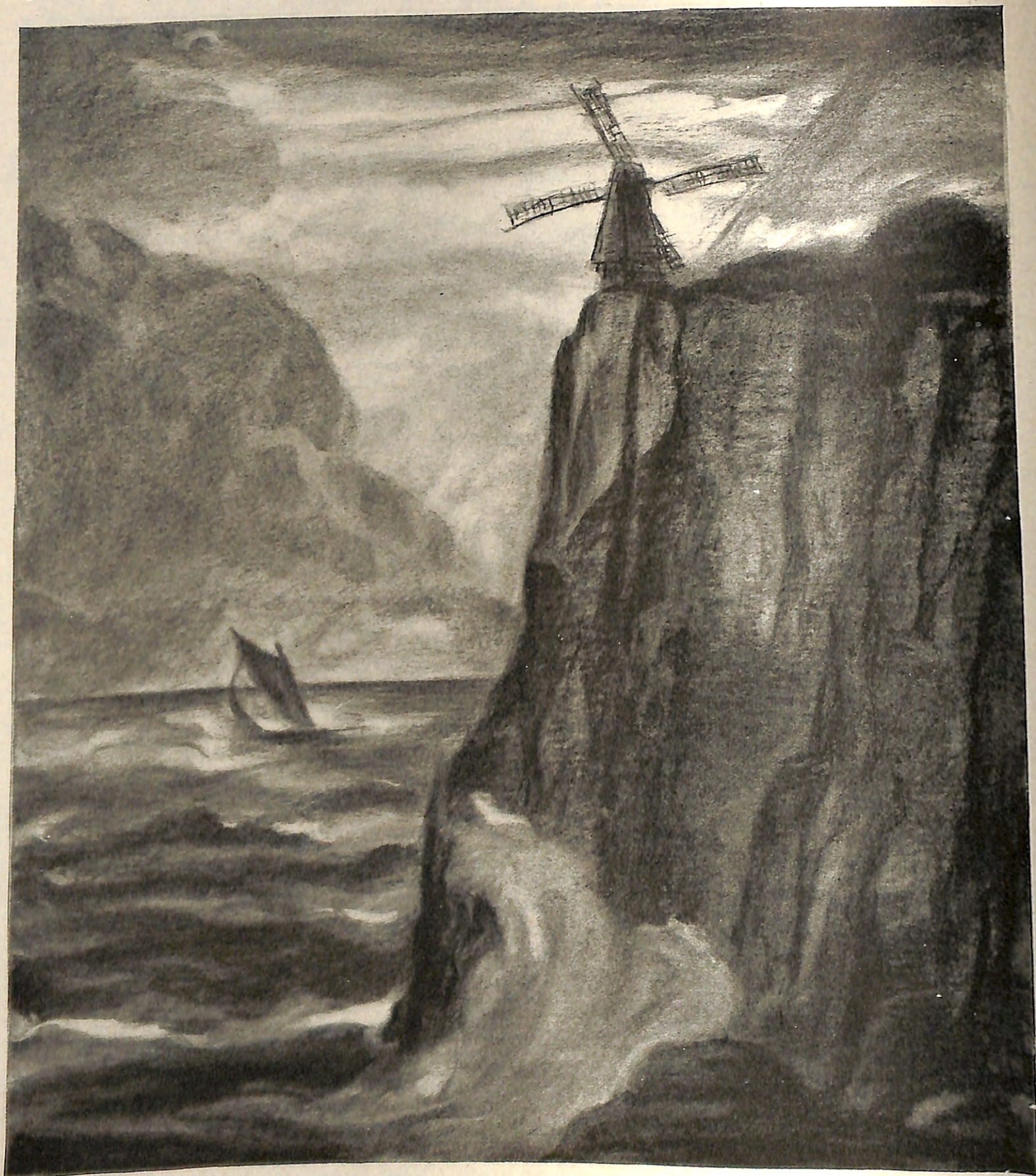
Attest:



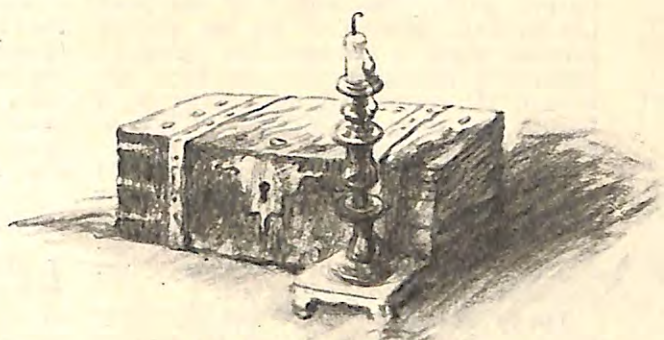
Wm. H. Robinson

Grand Secretary.

Wm. H. Robinson
 Grand Exalted Ruler.



THE house of which this story tells was a strange wooden structure on a cliff overlooking the sea—a tower windmill, known, for some traditional or forgotten reason, as the Moving House. Standing dizzily on the cliff's very edge, its outer wall as near as might be in line with the face of the rock, its century-old timbers held a grisly history of disaster which adds to the mystery of this novel



The Moving House of Foscaldo

A Thrilling Novel of Mystery, Murder and Romance, in a Ghostly Old-World Setting

CHAPTER I

By Charles Chadwick

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

FAR below the cliff the wind ruffled the countless furrows of the ocean. The sky reddened in the west. The late afternoon grew chilly. A triangular speck of a sail, I suppose it was a fisherman's boat, moved across the darkening purple of the waters and, so far as my vision went, sank and was lost. I lay upon the brink of the cliff, a landscape painter fascinated by the sea-paradise of an unpaintable panorama; and with no company but my pipe and my day-dreams I clung there, braced upon my elbows, where the sloping rock fell away smoothly like a roof and curved out of sight down into space—musing upon the mystery of the sea, though little recking indeed of discoveries and adventures.

The wind that blew away the little boat I was watching still sighed behind me in the forest, and just below the place where I lay it toyed with the tendrils of a vine whose new leaves, waving in the wind, shone in the slanting light. Somewhere, away down below, the vine was rooted in the rock. One could not guess how many years it had taken for the vine to climb from its hidden foothold under the lonely cliffs of Foscaldo.

It was here I was destined to make a rather sudden and strange discovery. For as I studied the waving leaves of the vine, my eye caught a glint of something under the leaves, and instinctively I reached out toward it.

I slid forward, holding on by a crack in the rock to save myself from going over, and reaching down with one hand clutched a branch of the vine, and not without difficulty in that precarious position, seized the object which had caught my eye.

It was a brass key of an ancient pattern. The metal was darkened by exposure to the weather. Engraved on the shaft I noticed some tiny letters, forming a legend which had been partly rubbed out by the hand of time:

X E T G A M A I N F E C I

Imagination supplied the probable missing final T of the word, "FECIT." But what letters might compose the part of the legend which preceded the X, that sign of the unknown, I could not conjecture. This tiny key, made by some Gamain, must have been lost long ago. It was certainly a curiosity that it had been caught on the vine in that way by the loop of the handle.

I got to my feet and put the key in my

pocket. I stood there drinking in the salt breath of the sea and still thinking about the key, and about the vine which must have crept slowly up the face of the wind-swept cliff bearing aloft its gift clutched ever tighter as the tendril grew into a thicker stem. And I have often since then marveled that this vine, like a messenger from the past, thus upon a certain day of early spring in the year 19—, no different from other days in my wandering uneventful life, should have given back the key which unlocked the mystery of the tale I am going to relate.

"Monsieur Rackstrom! You must not go so far! The slant is treacherous. Some have gone over. It is not safe!"

An old woman had taken the path to a windmill on the cliff and now stood there beside it steadying herself with one hand upon the wall while her apron blew out before her. Her shrill voice recalled me to the facts of daily existence—in particular that it was supper-time, and probably later. I turned and came away.

CHAPTER II

THE woods on the lonely island of Foscaldo come in places sheer to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the western ocean wherein the sun dips to-day in splendor as it did a hundred years and more ago in the days of the old Sieur whose history forms the background of my tale. Not far from the cliffs is the château. It stands buried in the woods, with a steep, pointed gable or two raising its ruined outline above the tree-tops—the seat of the ancient and extinct race of Foscaldo. But the house of which this story tells is not the château; but a strange wooden structure on the cliff, a tower windmill, denominated for some traditional or forgotten reason, *la maison mouvante*—the Moving House.

I can describe it briefly as an ancient gray building of wood, its octagonal walls narrowed toward the top, standing dizzily on the cliff's very edge, its outer wall as near as might be in line with the face of the rock, and surmounted by the sails of a windmill. These sails had long ceased to revolve. The torn canvas had filled and tugged in vain in the face of countless storms. Moreover, this house or tower or windmill, whatever

one might call it, was held in place by two chain stays whose huge rusted links fastened back into the rock. Together with the wide sail-arms the whole affair, outlined against the open sea, suggested a ship's mainmast and shrouds. Except for the stays it seemed about to pitch headlong over the precipice and into the sea beneath. Yet it had stood there, I was told, beyond a century.

It has a tradition, a rather incomplete one.

During the Reign of Terror a certain Count Foscaldo, hunted by the Jacobins, escaped from Paris to this remote domain, the home of his race, in the guise of a pedler with a pack; and immediately upon his arrival built the windmill. He died of a cold upon the lungs, contracted while at work, like any common workman, upon the cliff; and nothing remains to explain why he built the windmill. The Count was accompanied in his flight by one companion, who was none other than the locksmith known in history for his treachery to King Louis XVI. This locksmith was the one who disclosed to the Convention the existence of incriminating papers hidden in the wall of the Tuileries palace. Later on he, like the Count, fell under the displeasure of the Jacobins, and was obliged to flee Paris. These two men, the Count and the locksmith, for some reason, carried away with them in the pedler's pack an *armoire de fer*, or iron box, which had been taken from the walls of the King's chamber. The Count's death proved to be his final escape from his pursuers. For not long after a messenger, by name Captain Marat, a relative or namesake of the great Marat, arrived at the island with a warrant for his arrest as well as that of the smith.

The story is not unlike others dating from the time; but it has a rather unusual sequel. It seems that this locksmith disappeared suddenly and completely in a mysterious manner, never being seen again upon the island, and no trace ever being found of his leaving it. Whereat, the story concludes, this Captain Marat, fearing possibly to go back to an implacable tribunal without his prisoners, remained upon the island of Foscaldo to the day of his death. It is known that he burned the original papers in the iron box, but kept writings of his own. The key to the box was never found, and superstition left the box untouched upon the mantel in the great hall of the château for generations.

I sat there now in this great hall of the



château as the fire crackled within the fireplace, with my mug of salvados in its accustomed place on the table, and, eating of fish cooked in a manner to take me back to the Paris of today and the Restaurant Foyot, listening to this old legend told at great length by Yldez, the caretaker of the château. But the thing which aroused my attention in the story of Yldez was the name of the locksmith who figured therein. For it was Gamain, the same name whose letters formed the central part of the enigmatic inscription on the brass key which I had found out on the cliff.

"YOU have surprise at the name," said Yldez, noting my start of astonishment. "Yes, yes it was Gamain." And she added, quaintly, "One must believe it is veritable history I tell Monsieur this evening, which all the world knows, for has not Father Lorient written about it in his History of France?"

But it was at one time, said Yldez, because of its location, employed as a beacon or lighthouse. Occasionally a belated fisherman, looking for the light above the cliffs and not seeing it, had sailed his boat into one of the many reefs which abound on the western shore of the island. And although this circumstance may be traced to nothing more mysterious than a concealing mist or fog rising off the sea, it came to be noised about that the house on the cliff was magically unchained and carried away at night

by evil spirits. On account of this queer unreliability, because of its not staying perched where it belonged, but flying off apparently for night visits to parts unknown, the tower fell into disuse as a beacon and gained its derogatory title of the "Moving House of Foscaldo."

The reader may well imagine that the old woman's rambling talk on this particular evening convinced me I was about to make a discovery of possible antiquarian interest. I felt beyond all doubt that chance had given me the key to the iron box.

The dying light of the fire cast its gloomy shadows and mingled in the far corners with the rays of a candle which stood upon the table. I was alone. The footsteps of Yldez sounded in a far room overhead beyond the stair-landing. I rose and knocked the ashes out of my pipe. I experienced a

thrill to the tips of my fingers as I stood before the iron box on the mantel. It was about eighteen inches long, low and ob-

long in shape, banded, and the hand of time had painted it with a dull rust. I had no doubt it was the *armoire de fer* of King Louis which had once played its part in history and was now about to open and disclose another century-old secret of some kind. I put my hand in my pocket to get the key.

A lump came up in my throat. My pocket was empty! I felt hurriedly in my other pockets. The key was gone. And the manner of its going was explained when I ran my finger into a tear in the lining. I stood there overcome with disappointment, wondering if the key had fallen back over the cliff as I got to my feet when Yldez called me, or if it had fallen on the path. I cursed myself a score of times for a fool, went to bed, and lay awake concerned out of all proportion with the affair.

The next morning, Yldez found me on the path leading to the cliff, down on my hands and knees. To explain my actions I told her I had lost my only tube of ultramarine.

The search was vain. I finally came back and rather absent-mindedly applied myself to breakfast while the box on the mantel, in broad daylight, stared me in the face.

Events of an extraordinary and unlooked-for nature occurred very soon to take my at-

tention from the *armoire de fer* and from the curious legend connected with it. And though I was destined later on to recover the key, its loss at that time was connected with, and as I look back on it now, was, in a measure, the cause of my participation in an adventure which, now that it is over, I have every reason not to regret.

CHAPTER III

I FIND I must begin here to tell of the little sail-boat which the reader saw me watching from the cliff at the outset of this story.

It was the day following that upon which I had found—and lost—the brass key. At the time I speak of I was using the windmill tower as an improvised studio. Going there after breakfast I gathered together my paint-box, easel, and a canvas, upon which I had begun to paint the day before, and set out for the beach.

Back beyond the château a path curved off and descended in a roundabout way, winding down under the shadow of the cliff.

Dropping at last upon the beach I stopped to shake the gravel out of my shoes, and then proceeded a distance of about half a mile along the hard sand under the cliffs to a point previously selected. This spot was, as nearly as I could judge, somewhere beneath the tower; though owing to the curve of the rock overhead my vision did not extend to the top and I could not make certain of the tower's position by looking up. But what I had seen before and took note of again was a tiny waterfall, breaking out somewhere above in the face of the rock and casting itself forth in an iridescent cloud which reached the foot of the cliff not far from where I stood.

After I had been painting for some time, I saw away off in the west a tiny sail slipping along before the almost imperceptible breeze. It was the same I had been watching the previous afternoon when I had discovered the key on the vine; though I did not then know this, and should have thought little of it had I known.

I painted slowly and with a concentration that soon caused me to forget in the daylight of work the story of the iron box and the wooden tower. I know not how many minutes or hours or what amount of time had passed when my attention was stirred by a soft noise beginning like the noise of the waves but growing louder and more insistent. Close by a sail hung luffing over the beach, suspended from a slanting mast and shaking its free sheet to and fro in the wind. The bow of a boat had run up on the sand, and the boat leaned over to port. Whoever was at the tiller had, possibly, sailed up without seeing me, any more than I with my back to it had seen the boat.

As I remained thus looking back at the boat a rope was flung out and a small anchor at the end of it; and then before my astonished eyes, expecting the rude form of a fisherman, there leaped ashore a girl.

She was at first glance somewhere between the ages of fifteen and twenty. She wore a dress that reached hardly below her knees. Her slender legs and feet were bare and were browned, as were her face and arms. At first she did not look in my direction, but as she busied herself with uncleaning a halyard, began to hum, softly, a familiar old melody; I think it was one of Schubert's.

As she came to the first note of the second phrase, the girl saw me and stopped. I caught the fleeting white and black of her eyes, the red of her parted lips. She stood

a moment, surprised, like some wild creature, then in a hurried way she picked up the anchor; and, while I remained still speechless and gazing at her, with a graceful slant of her whole body against the bow she shoved the boat off, swung the bow around deftly by pushing with an oar as she sprang aboard, hauled in the flapping sheet, and caused the little boat, obedient to her touch, to head into the wind and run off up the beach.

I stood there looking after the sail-boat a long time till it became once more a distant triangular speck.

(Here it is necessary for the editor of these adventures to interrupt for a brief chapter or two the narrative of the painter Rackstrom, in order to inform the reader regarding certain events which lead up to the strange occurrences upon the island of Foscaldo.)

CHAPTER IV

IT WAS on an early spring morning that a man carrying a pack slung upon his shoulder strode down an alley in the neighborhood of the church of St. Severin, in that maze of narrow thoroughfares which is the heart of old Paris. This man's legs were long and seemed to reach up too far into his body, which was short and thickset. His arms hung nearly to his knees. His shoulders were round and were surmounted by a square head and a large face which presented commonplace features as so many separate items without expression. For this reason the man's face was unpleasant and might even be called repulsive; and his ill-proportioned long-limbed body, with the pack carried awkwardly on one shoulder, was certainly grotesque. More than anything else he suggested a gigantic spider. He was shabbily dressed in corduroy, and his name was Gabas.

His gaze was downward and abstracted. He had, indeed, the appearance of one who is far removed from the lives of ordinary people with their daily toils and daily pleasures, one who possesses thoughts and a manner of life far above them, or far beneath them.

An hour's time brought him, at last, to the gate of Champerret. Somewhat later, walking along a lane in the suburb of Courbevoie he suddenly turned back, doubling on his tracks, making the circuit of several blocks, as though to make sure no one was following him, and returning to the same place. In two hours, gradually tending in a northwesterly direction, he had passed through the district which is bounded by Argenteuil and the bend of the Seine.

Noon found him sitting upon the fallen trunk of a tree near a stream. The stream wandered between low banks, with here and there a clump of bushes. Around, on every hand, lay open, cultivated fields. There were no houses in sight; but a railroad embankment about a mile away crossed the field of vision. His sack which he had carried without effort always upon the one shoulder he had flung to the ground between his knees. This sack he opened in a

She stood a moment, surprised, like some wild creature, then in a hurried way she picked up the anchor; and, while I remained still speechless and gazing at her, with a graceful slant of her whole body against the bow she shoved the boat off



Ten or fifteen minutes later Gabas rose and looked around about him over the meadows lying on either side of the stream, and beyond to a group of young willows which marked a bend in the road. He was to all appearance alone in the portion of the countryside which fell beneath his gaze. He sat down again in his former attitude, and putting one hand stealthily in the front of his shirt took out an object which he contemplated impassively.

slow, methodical way and took out a long cylindrical loaf of bread. Tearing the tough bread roughly apart in his hands, he ate.

After he had finished a repast in which he consumed the entire loaf, he got to his feet and let himself fall forward at the water's edge, catching and holding the weight of his body upon the palms of his hands while he drank.

With a peculiar sliding crawl he went back and sat down upon the fallen tree. He sunk into himself, leaning his face upon his hands. His shirt fell forward below the neck increasing the roundness of his body centered in the angular crooks of his limbs. He whistled a fragment of an air reminiscent of the Angel Gabriel. The sun shone brightly overhead, and gradually his eyes closed. He seemed to doze.

IT WAS a blood-stained handkerchief. He unrolled carefully its clotted folds and took from it a ring. The ring was set with a magnificent cluster of jewels. Even in the diffused light of day it sparkled. Its splendence drew no answering gleam from the eyes of Gabas. Rather did he seem to gaze with more attention at the tiny square of linen which he laid out upon his knee. Soiled and soaked with blood as it was, it was beyond question a woman's handkerchief of a fine quality. It was small, had a torn lace border, and an embroidered monogram.

Gabas proceeded to find another loaf of bread in his sack. Taking out of his pocket



Through that maze of narrow thoroughfares which is the heart of old Paris, strode an evil-looking, thick-set man, with a pack awkwardly slung over one shoulder

swung around a corner grazing and nearly upsetting a peasant woman who carried a basket on her arm.

In the tonneau, alone, sat a man of a dark ruddy complexion, with coarse black hair, a small black mustache and dark eyes that disdained even a passing glance at the woman whose safety his chauffeur had momentarily endangered. At his feet resting against the robe which lay over his lap were two canvases stretched on frames and placed back to back. They remained there, disregarded, having slid off the seat with the motion of the car. There was also, on the floor in the bottom of the tonneau, a box of paints and brushes, a jointed easel and a folding-stool. The possessor of these things, however, exhibited none of the picturesque negligence of attire which is the characteristic of the professional painter. He was, in fact, an amateur; and, for the rest, he owned the name and title of André Ferrugier, Baron de Chenouille.

IN SIGHT of the Gare, or station, where the railroad intersected the village street the driver of the car at a word from the baron slowed down and stopped.

The occupant of the car alighted while his chauffeur he'd open the door. Both men in this simple act bore themselves with an air of fashion.

The baron strolled off in the direction of the station. He seemed to gaze upon houses and people with the patronizing manner of a man of genius whose pleasure it might be to create of this dull second-rate world something worth while. A small group had gathered to look with vulgar curiosity, mingled with a touch of resentful awe, at the baron as he walked away, and at the car and the imperturbably aloof chauffeur. One of this group of loafers, a short man, with a great and plainly visible scar across his face, detached himself from the crowd and slunk down the street in an aimless way, following the baron.

Some distance away upon the station platform was another group of people. A man, to all appearances a common wayfarer, sat upon the edge of a step with his feet in the road, hunched forward, sunk into himself, leaning his face upon his hands. A sack rested between his knees. It was Gabas.

The baron bent his steps toward this platform. He paused when he got there, swung around on his heel, took out a gold cigarette case and lit a cigarette with a kind of nonchalant and observant patience. He leaned against a post and smoked, utterly oblivious of those who stood near him.

Gabas had not looked up or paid the slightest attention to the new arrival. His heels rested in a little drift of sand that had been swept by the wind against the planking. As though moved by some fatuous desire to kill time he leaned over and smoothed the sand with the palm of his hand. Then, with an expression of futility about the whole action, he proceeded to draw lines in the sand with his forefinger. He drew at first a triangle. After studying this a while he added a few more strokes, and finally, with an idle gesture, kicked the loose sand away with his foot.

The baron, on his part, appeared equally indifferent to the existence of the being at

a clasp-knife, and opening it he stabbed the loaf. Then he shoved the ring under the crust, studied for a moment the loaf of bread, and at last, as though satisfied that the appearance of the crust did not betray what it held, dropped it carelessly back into the sack.

He sat still another moment in reflection and then rolled the blood-stained handkerchief into a ball and buried it in the muddy turf getting to his feet and stamping upon it.

"Voilà!" he muttered, "they will search

the alley hole of poor Gabas. But they will not search here."

He grunted, picked up the sack and slung it over his shoulder, crawled over the fence into the road and once more fell into his peculiar light stride.

CHAPTER V

IN a village some miles beyond the north-western suburbs of Paris, about one o'clock in the afternoon, a touring car



On the path, revealed by that brief flash of lightning, were the two figures. One of them slightly in advance of the other

his feet. Once his glance in passing rested for a second or two upon him as he drew in the sand; but one could not have told from his behavior that he took any notice of the man or of what he was doing. A moment later with a sigh of boredom he snapped away his half-smoked cigarette and walked off ten paces or so. He raised his finger and the car glided around in a circle and drew noiselessly up to him. He entered and was driven away.

What Gabas had drawn in the sand and rubbed out at the moment the baron had been near him was the rude outline of a windmill.

The man with the scar on his face continued to hang around in an aimless way for a few minutes after the baron left. Finally he walked hurriedly past Gabas and went away up the street as though on some errand. But his rapid downward glance discovered nothing, if indeed he had been looking for anything. The little comedy had ended.

About a mile's distance from the village the road to Paris, passing through open fields, crossed a tiny stream. The baron's car, meanwhile, with the baron in it, swept along this road and over the bridge with a rush, leaving behind it a cloud of dust. Out of the concealing shade of a clump of willows which bordered the roadside a man sprang nervously just as the baron swept past, sprang and then stood watching the car as it rapidly went from sight. He seemed to be making a note of it. He was a little shrunken-looking man, with a gray, wrinkled face in which were set a pair of gleaming eyes. He wore nondescript and rather ill-fitting clothes.

This man, whose chief feature appeared to be his narrow, gleaming eyes, and who was otherwise insignificant in looks, crossed the road and climbed the fence. Just beyond the place where he now stood the bank sloped to the edge of the stream. It was, indeed, the spot where Gabas had rested for his noon meal. The man with the gleaming eyes walked to the stream's edge and looked around thoughtfully for quite a while. With an expression of intense concentration he studied the ground, going to and fro with bent head. All at once he emitted a low whistle, like one who finds something he looks for, dropped to his knees and began to dig with his hands in the muddy turf.

CHAPTER VI

AT a small woodland village nestling in forest-crowned hills, Gabas got off the train and proceeded on foot.

Evening found him entering a forest of

oaks and pines. Overhead the sky was rapidly darkening and the tapping of the woodpecker began to mingle with the hoot of the owl. Gabas halted at a spring of water. No longer watchful in his demeanor but rather like one who is satisfied that he is beyond pursuit, alone in the forest, he ate, and then slept, lying with his head upon his pack, and wrapped in a thin shawl or blanket which he had taken from it.

The first eastern rays of the sun coming through the break in the tree-tops over the road woke him. A half hour later he resumed his journey, impassively, through the forest.

In the afternoon he came to a place from which a distinct break in the trees was visible. It was a vista in the sky-line through which one could get a glimpse of the sea. In no great time Gabas emerged at last from the gloom of the forest. And now the dazzling brightness of the sea lay upon either hand. The ground in front sloped to a long stretch of broken beach.

Beyond, two or three miles out, a blue island lay like a fine streak upon the dancing waters.

Gabas, facing the slanting sunlight, shaded his eyes and gazed out for the space of a moment or two over the water at the island.

He followed a descending path. He looked now neither to the right nor left and seemed to be familiar with where he was going. Under the bank and not far from the water's edge were three or four fisherman's reels, in a row, and beside them a small hut. A boat half full of water was drawn up on the sand.

There was no one in sight. Gabas raised a cry and waited, but received no answer. He went to the door of the hut, looked in and found it empty. He glanced around, up and down the shore and out to sea. Still carrying his pack he set off down the beach.

In half an hour he returned from an apparently vain search; but as he drew near the boat again he noticed that it contained a solitary figure kneeling upon a thwart, bending over and bailing. Gabas hailed the man.

"Well, friend, I've been trying to find

you, or some one else. How much to row me to the island?"

The man looked up and studied Gabas a short time but did not find his voice to answer. He turned his head with a stupid, trembling motion and bent his gaze across the water to the island much as one might have done whose attention was now directed to it for the first time. He shook his head, and resumed his task of scooping out the water. But a moment later, as though the meaning of the question were finally dawning upon him, he paused and looked up long enough to say, "Two francs," upon which he fell again to his work slowly and methodically.

GABAS flung down his pack without another word, sat down and waited. His impassiveness was fully a match for the clownish dulness of the boatman. The tongued edge of the rising tide came nearer and nearer to the boat. At last the long task of bailing was done. The man, with a series of little gasps, shoved the boat off into the water. He held the bow and motioned Gabas to get in and sit in the stern. Gabas did so, putting his sack down between his feet just beyond the reach of a little water which remained in the bottom. Leaving his passenger thus, without a word, the man went to the hut and fetched out a pair of oars which he flung into the boat. He pushed out, and he began to row in slow, short strokes, pulling the oars into his lap with a jerky motion followed by a second or so of rest as he crouched over. In this way, without seeming to put forth any effort, he caused the boat to make steady and fairly rapid progress.

He was a little man with a weathered face and a pair of gleaming eyes which seemed to contradict his stupidity and slowness. To all appearances a fisherman of the locality, he was in fact the man who the day before had watched Gabas from the clump of willows.

It is this journey of a hunted criminal from the heart of Paris to the remote sea-coast, meeting his accomplice on the way, and trailed throughout by agents of the police, which, as the reader will see, weaves itself into the adventures—now about to follow—of the painter Rackstrom; who, like the criminal, though with a different motive, had sought escape from the crowded haunts of men upon that lonely island called Foscaldo. Concerning this strange tale of Foscaldo, and of that still stranger creature Gabas, one thing may be said here, that the most part of the tale comes first-hand from Rackstrom himself, and the whole is cast into one connected narrative whose separate elements will rapidly draw together and become welded.

(Continued on page 62)



An American

By William G. Shepherd

BEFORE we begin to talk about religion in America I want to herd certain bunches of folks together in order to take my collective smash at them. We must get them knocked silly and silent before we can proceed.

So into the corral go the folks that call themselves The Intelligentsia. "Intelligentsia" is a Russian word; perhaps that's why these people took it. Now it just happens that I've seen the Russian "Intelligentsia" on their own home grounds. If there is a more despicable, cowardly class of human beings, I have not yet encountered it. No one who knows anything about them would care either to be classed with them or to try to imitate them. I'll take a Bolshevik in preference to a member of the "Intelligentsia" every time.

In Russia, in the old days—and it is perhaps the same there now—university students all wore certain kinds of caps; they simply HAD to show the people on the streets and everywhere else that they were different from other people, and better than other people, for the simple reason that they attended colleges and universities.

"I'm an educated person!"—that was the story the cap told. It was from among these cap-wearers that the "Intelligentsia" came. They were the folks who said that everything was wrong with Russia. They could tell you just exactly where everything was wrong, and just how to fix it. The trouble with this group of birds was that, just so long as things were wrong, they could agree. But when it came to fixing things up, every last one of them had a different idea as to how to do the fixing. Their student caps, in their youthful days, had

been alike, but the ideas under the caps were all different. When the big "blow-off" came in Russia, did these members of the "Intelligentsia" who had been shooting off their ideas for so long try to help Russia out of its hole?

They did not. They tried shooting at each other, for a while; all the bullets I ever dodged in Russian cities were fired by one of the "Intelligentsia"-led mobs against another "Intelligentsia"-led mob. Those that couldn't shoot hard enough didn't try to compromise and make peace. "Intelligentsias" never compromise. They did the despicable thing of running away from Russia and leaving their native land to its fate. They're scattered over the earth at this moment, cowardly runaways, still calling themselves "Intelligentsia" and still trying to tell folks how to run the world.

What's wrong with these fellows? Simply this: Each one of them thinks he's different from every other human being on earth. Just to prove it, he wears his hair different; wears different kinds of clothes; wears different kinds of ideas from everybody else. What's more, he insists that everyone else on earth shall be as different from everybody else as possible. There are more than a billion and a half people on this earth. If these "Intelligentsia" persons had their way, there would be a billion and a half different kinds of hats, a billion and a half different suits of clothes or dresses and a billion and a half different kinds of everything, including ideas and opinions. To sum it all up in one word, these befuddled little gentlemen—and ladies—are "individualists."

We have these "individualists" among our American Intelligentsia. They become disgusted the minute they see persons in a group or in a community agreeing, or wearing the same kinds of hats, or riding in the same kinds of automobiles. They refer to people who agree and who think alike as "the herd."

WE VERY often call them "parlor pinks," as if they were modified "reds." Most of them come from the Eastern universities. Some of them come from eminent families, but are broken, financially. The bulk of them have small incomes from that very invested capital which they criticize and would wipe out. They do not have enough money to mix with the rich and they have just enough to make it unnecessary to work for a living. Having no opportunity either to loaf with the rich or to work with the toilers, they *are*, in reality, "individualists," because their situations in life are far from normal. Wherefore they spend their lives using their education in an effort to prove to the workers and toilers and builders that everything is wrong with the whole shooting match in America; and that everybody ought to stop trying to be like everybody else and ought to leave "the herd" and become an "individualist" and wear his B. V. D.'s outside his trousers or his hat on his elbow.

Not long ago one of these gentlemen wrote a book telling about the behavior of crowds. You gather from this that it is a vulgar and a dangerous thing to think or to act as anyone else does. To belong to the majority, and to think that the majority is right, is an



Religion

Decoration by R. L. Lambdin

extraordinarily common thing for you to do and an extremely dangerous thing for the American people, as a whole. There can't be enough different kinds of folks to suit this gentleman.

And now to turn to religion.

Of course, these "individualists" have no religion. They're against religion because so many folks believe in it; at least they agree in talking against religion. One sure earmark of the "Intelligentzia" is that he is against religion, of ANY kind. He wants a billion and a half gods on this earth, and a billion and a half standards of morals—if folks WILL insist on morals.

But in spite of this "individualistic" member of the "Intelligentzia" there is growing up among the "crowds" of America—he calls every group of people who agree on any subject a "crowd"—a philosophy of living and of dealing with one's fellows that may lead us some day to a great philosophical and emotional agreement and produce for us an American religion.

All I have to talk about from now on, in this article, is very simple, as compared with what the "Intelligentzia" have to say about religion.

As a crowd, we Americans, of all brands and sorts, are heading our way toward a philosophy of kindness and happiness and helpfulness that will be a new philosophy in the world.

I met a great American merchant standing on a curbstone in London three days after he had arrived. This was before the war.

"I'm going back home," he told me, by way of news for my paper.

"Why so soon?" I asked.

"Well, don't quote me," he said, "but I've come to the place where the hopelessness of poverty in this town is getting on my nerves. When a fellow's down and out here he's down to stay. They look like drowning people to me," he said, as he waved his arm toward the park where hundreds of men were lying on the grass, sleeping in the noon sunshine.

"BY GOLLY," said a racing man, who had met his ups-and-downs in life, "I'd hate to be broke in any city in Europe. You tell a fellow over there that you're hungry, and he'll tell you to cry in a bottle and drink your tears; he'll tell you tears are filling."

One item of an American religion would be not only kindness to poverty but a scientific abolition of poverty. Religion is morals affected by emotion, said one of our great philosophers. To Europeans we Americans, as a "crowd," using that word in a scientific sense, are emotional to a degree. I can't put down in an entire book all the instances I have in mind of the American "crowd" emotion of kindness. As a "crowd" we are ashamed NOT to be kind. For instance, the other day in Washington the newspapers carried the story that the last three fire-engine horses in the national capitol were out of their regular work and were to be sold for ordinary labor. That story hit American "crowd" kindness. Not six hours had passed before over \$100 had been sent, in small sums, to various newspaper offices to be used as a

pension for those horses and before many more hours had passed the head of one of the city's institutions had provided pasturage and care for them for the remainder of their lives. And, just to top it all off, the fire chief arranged for one last fire call for them—a false alarm. Sounds like a simple story, doesn't it, compared with the "intelligent" criticism of American "crowds" by the "individualists?" But kindness is simple, and the fanciest writer can't make it anything else.

Not long ago a girl went to New York City to find a job in a bank. She didn't find it, so she tried suicide. As soon as she got well, half a dozen bankers offered her jobs.

"The day's gone by in this city," said one of them, proudly, "when anyone can starve to death, if the city only knows about the case."

Perhaps it comes with poor grace for me, an American, to sit here writing about how kind we Americans are, as a "crowd," so I shall let my readers make their own selections of how the folks, in their own home towns, have, on occasion, stirred by some great common emotion of kindness, joined together in some kind action. But in doing this don't pick out the actions of certain philanthropic rich men in your community. It is not the kindness of certain of the rich, or the kindness of individuals, that I have in mind. It is the impulse or emotion of kindness of what the "Intelligentzia" call "the herd."

"Fair play for children" is another tenet of the American religion. It is a principle of the American crowd, it is the great, overwhelming majority of American opinion,

(Continued on page 68)

Great Folks

As We Meet a Few of Them in the Latest Biographies

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Brigham Young

By M. R. Werner

BRIGHAM YOUNG, as of course you know, was the famous president of the Mormon Church, the founder of Salt Lake City, a stalwart pioneer, a statesman gone wrong (according to some historians). Also, he was the man who, if the impulse had seized him, could have hidden behind the skirts of twenty-seven wives. But it seems that he never did that. His life is an open book—especially as Mr. M. R. Werner has given it to us in this competent and engrossing new biography.

Mormonism was founded in 1830. To-day it numbers something like four hundred thousand members. It grew out of purported visions occurring to one Joseph Smith, Jr., who at that time lived in Wayne County, New York. He was the son of a "poor but strange" pair, who, some one has said, looked like a couple of splendid gypsies. Young Smith was seeking, just about then, to discover what he considered a true religion—nothing on hand seeming, at the moment, to suit.

Guided by pillars of light and strange angelic visitors, and presented, by divine generosity, with the golden plates on which the original Mormon Bible was written (translated by Smith with the aid of some neighbors and two pairs of spiritual spectacles), the young apostle soon had his own private religion started.

Mr. Werner has an ideal, 1925 way of writing the story of a unique movement—of a "religion carried to its illogical conclusions." The book has been written primarily to be read, and that is more, evidently, than can be said of the Mormon Bible itself, for that appears to be so hopelessly dull that Mark Twain spoke of it as "chloroform in print."

However, the "readableness" of this biography has not been achieved at the expense of verity. In the back of the book is a long, long list of references, and though the author assures us that these sources of information merely scratch the surface of the bibliography on the subject, it's all right with us, just as it stands.

Mr. Werner appears to be blessed with a broad, human tolerance. He may be amazed, he may be amused and incredulous, he may be attractively satiric as to the visions and the keen business advice given by Divinity in the early and surely trying days of the new faith, but he is always honest. Despite the strange, crooked star that led the Mormons across this continent in 1846, Mr. Werner sees in that exodus of a persecuted people one of the thrilling chapters of the conquest of our West.

Driven out of Missouri after the dark and horrible murder of Smith, Brigham Young, as head of the Church, conducted his people, several thousand strong, on a perilous journey to an unknown Zion. It was during this long trek in covered wagons that Young displayed a most amazing leadership. He solved the poignantly real question of obtaining food for his little army as well as he could, though his own coat, once too tight, "lapped over twelve inches." Many of the disciples became discouraged, frightened and

rebellious and turned their wagons back. However, to lighten the gloom of the almost endless march across the prairies, Brigham Young had brought along a brass band, so there was music and dancing, and, as Mr. Werner says, "another comfort was polygamy." While the Mormons were *en route* the Government caught up with them and wanted five hundred men, please, to fight in the war with Mexico. Added to that were desertions from the ranks of the righteous when the first symptoms of the gold fever began to creep into camp and the word "California!" was as a spark in a tinder box.

However, in July, 1847, Brigham Young and his tribe came to the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and Young later told General Garfield that "there on that hill (pointing) an angel of the Lord stood and pointed down this valley, and said 'Stay there.'" So, like Moses, the leader had at last stopped where his children could live according to the Light that was within them. The Mormons had "come home." By 1856, before ten years had passed, the census gave the population of Utah as 76,335.

This portion of Mr. Werner's book is absorbing, as must be the account of the pilgrimage of any peoples in search of freedom to live and worship God as they see fit.

All the way through this biographical work are set forth the crudities and the wisdom, the admixture of religious fanaticism and worldly wisdom which were Brigham Young's.

His "brethren" thrived prodigiously under his generalship. Schools and good houses sprang up as by some miracle, flowers bloomed, and the beautiful city of Salt Lake began to take form. After forty years of labor the famous Temple was finally finished, and a splendid theatre was built. There Brigham Young used to enjoy the dramas of his day, ensconced in a comfortable rocking-chair in the parquet, with his wives gracefully grouped around him.

It was to this theatre that Artemus Ward was given a pass when he was in Salt Lake City writing his then famous "wise cracks" about the Mormons. "Pass Artemus Ward and One Wife," the pass read. They were being polite to the man who was laughing at them, but—they were not spoiling him.

All these things are interesting in their way, but as Mr. Werner so often points out, public concern does not lie so much in the Mormons' industrial and civic activities as in their "plural ladies."

Although for years polygamy had been practiced by the Mormons, in defiance of the outraged sensibilities of the nation, the doctrine of many wives was not openly voiced until 1852, when Brigham Young made his public "pronouncement" and decided to take his chances with the law.

He himself had twenty-seven wives. Also fifty-seven children, thirty-one daughters and twenty-five sons, not including those who were adopted by childless wives or brought into the family by former marriages. No wonder that Young sometimes mixed the whole lot up and forgot how old some of the youngsters were or just which lady was their mother.

In view of all these statistics it is not in-

credible that Mr. Werner should have discovered—whilst digging around in the archives—that Brigham Young's chief topic of conversation was "economy in dress." One of the wives says that a request for an article of wearing apparel was a signal for all sorts of grumbling on his part. Only "Amelia," his favorite, was decked out in gorgeousness without having to resort to every feminine trick known to womankind.

Life for the Mormons, according to our author, had to be adjusted quite mathematically, as it were. For instance, a Mormon finally had to invent a "double-cotillion," where two ladies were attached to each gentleman. This simple device helped reduce the ballroom problem a bit.

Brigham Young died finally from the ultimate results of "green corn and peaches." Cholera morbus was followed by a coma, and the president of the Latter-Day Saints passed away in 1877.

The polygamy of the Mormons was, for generations, a subject of hot controversy in Congress and, indeed, all over the country. And though it was practiced some fifteen years after Brigham Young's death, it exists no longer.

Mr. Werner's book, concerning all these things, is so brilliantly written that it is a delight to read and is a real addition to our fast growing list of worth-while national biographies.

The Queen of Cooks and Some Kings

The Story of Rosa Lewis as related by Mary Lawton

AS THE very antithesis of the history of Brigham Young and his twenty-seven wives let us turn to these annals of a famous cook who had only one husband, and that one for not very long.

If you have been to London Town and have stayed at the Cavendish Hotel, a smallish but select hotel in Jermyn Street, you probably know all about Rosa Lewis, who owns it and under whose remarkable management the house has become the haunt of nobility, distinguished diplomats, authors, statesmen, famous actors and "great folks" in general. The place abounds in "atmosphere," romance lurks in its charming rooms, and Rosa herself is a handsome figure to weave legends around. But never would she tell the tale of how she came to be the most renowned cook in all England until Miss Mary Lawton, an American writer, camped upon the door-step of the Cavendish and Rosa Lewis gave in and related, in her own choice phrasing, the high lights of an unusual career.

Miss Lawton has not editor-handled this riotous narrative. She has simply, it would seem, cleaned up around the edges to make it easier reading.

Besides being proprietor of the Caverdish, Mrs. Lewis was, for a long time before the War, the leading caterer of all smart London. When she was discovered cooking in some great kitchen, surrounded by her well trained corps of assistants and flanked by her shining pots and pans, the question could rightly be asked, "Is the King coming?"

Many a time, indeed, when only a girl, (Continued on page 58)



Phyllis Povah
in
"The Tale of the Wolf"

NO THEATRICAL season with any pretensions to "chic" or sophistication would venture far these days without some pieces of imported novelty or daring. Hence one of our most imminent attractions is a fantasy by the fashionable Ferenc Molnar entitled "The Tale of the Wolf." The exact nature of this offering was not revealed to us before the time of going to press, but it has at least the capable Miss Povah in its favor, who shares honors with Wallace Eddinger and Roland Young—E. R. B.



"The Kiss in a Taxi" is largely lacking in naughty situations and equipped with so many dignified actors that it quite misses the usual daringness of French farce, yet it is acted, particularly in the rôle played by Claudette Colbert, in a fine rollicking tempo, and there is sufficient surface wit in the lines to keep an audience pretty constantly in mild hysterics. Miss Colbert and John Williams, who plays her simple-minded lover, are pictured here (left)

Part of our heritage from the old Imperial Russian Ballet is Anna Robenne, a dancer of distinction, who will give a recital this month at Carnegie Hall and who will next month begin in Washington a long tour as première danseuse of the American National Ballet



WIDE WORLD



Vaudeville has long known and cherished the versatile Brox Sisters (left) who add skilful dancing to their varied musicianship. They are one of the strongest attractions of the Music Box Revue, which has just started its coast to coast tour. The revue will remain on the road until some time next spring, when a new edition is ready for New York

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



KENDALL EVANS

Alice Brady and Kenneth McKenna (above) as Jacqueline and George La Garde, who breeze their way to matrimony through the coils of "Oh, Mama!" a play done over from the French of Louis Verneuil by Wilton Lackaye and Harry Wagstaff Gribble, in which Jacqueline starts off as the bride of the senior La Garde. The dialogue is generally diverting and the play enjoys the high distinction of being quite perfectly cast.



WHITE

Recovered in health, Al Jolson (above) has stepped back into the part of Gus, the whimsically lovable black-face hero of "Big Boy," which had to close down last year because of his ill health, and re-stamped it the biggest success of his career. His cast continues to include such valuable support as Edith Baker, Flo Lewis, Leo Donnelly, and many others.



The old story of the prodigal son is far from being worn out yet. He was the protagonist of Morris Samuels' spectacular drama, "The Wanderer," and now he is disporting himself most successfully in a screen version of the play. Greta Nissen (right), whose dancing in "The Beggar on Horseback" was outstanding, plays the part of the alluring Tisha.



Where Is the Culture of America?

The Cities Claim It—But Do They Monopolize It?

By Marcus Eli Ravage

Drawings by Adrian Gil-Spear

BY OFFICIAL count approximately 85 per cent. of this nation live close to the land, in small towns and hamlets and on farms. Of the disinherited remainder some five millions, more or less, are gathered upon so diminutive a point of the map as to seem all but imaginary. The other 10 per cent. are distributed in chunks of uneven magnitude over a score or so of similar specks.

Now wouldn't you expect that the five million would feel lonely or insignificant or exiled and uprooted? Well, not so as you can notice it. One of the shining virtues of the human animal is his gift of wringing self-congratulation out of misfortune. Let a man make a mess of his business, and does he say, "Oh, I am a dunce. I ought to have a nurse-maid to take care of me?" Not much. He sets about convincing himself and his dear ones that he is much too good for this wicked world, and takes to sprouting wings for the next one. By the same process of reasoning our metropolite, far from despising himself, discovers ample ground for patting himself on the back. When he is sorry for anybody it is not for the 15 per cent. but for the 85!

His vocabulary of commiseration for the unfortunates of the interior is both large and varied. Back in the uncouth days of a generation ago it was his custom to twirl a thumb backward and murmur, "Hick" and "Hayseed." Then, as refinement grew, he added "Yokel" and—much later—"Provincial." "Backwoodsman" followed after a time. Now, with culture at its zenith, "Main Street" is the word. The thought, though, has been unchangingly kind and touching: "Poor benighted hinds of the wilderness, what a sorry lot is yours! Come, buck up, be alive and interesting

like us." And as the good New Yorker seldom stirs beyond Brooklyn or Elizabeth—and usually gets lost even there—his good opinion of himself is proof against shocks and rude awakenings.

Now there are a good many folks in the big town whose lives are rich and colorful; of course, there are. Only it might not be irrelevant to remember that there are a few other kinds of lives too. What is more, the gay and interesting elect have no monopoly of sympathy with the rustic. The entire five million hearts of the city beat in mighty unison as they contemplate the weary round which goes to make up the existence of the rural brethren. All class lines simply melt and vanish under the throbbing emotion. The rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the golfer and his caddy, the fashionable woman and her kitchen maid all kneel down democratically together and offer up thanks to heaven that they are not condemned to the drabness and the drudgery of the hinterland.

Consider the forty-dollar-a-week clerk as instance No. 1. With his wife and his child—or two, or three—he luxuriates in all the modern conveniences of a three-room-and-kitchenette apartment in one of the newly opened up garden spots of Thither Bronx. He has a tiled bathroom and a switchboard phone and a shower curtain and a dumbwaiter, and heat, light, gas and water on tap, and all the other fantasies of spoiled millionaires, except space to turn around in. But elbow-room is the least of his worries. What would he do with it if he had it? The city home is not a man's castle or even his residence. It is but the bunk where he sleeps. For his waking hours he has a niche in one of the stupendous

cathedrals of business downtown, and the thousand and one public commons where metropolites move and have their being. The restaurant is his dining-room, the theater and the concert hall are his parlor, the street and the numerous parks are his child's nursery and play-yard, the public library his den. At least, they could be if he had the wherewithal to pay his dues and the leisure to get to them.

FOR his headquarters he parts with a third of his earnings. A trifle out of proportion? No matter. For the scheme of things in the metropolis is so ordered that everyone may—and nearly everyone does—draw against the future. The grocer and the butcher need not be paid till the envelope comes in; and upholstered furniture and phonographs and many other things necessary to a well-rounded cultured life may be had on the instalment plan, or as the advertisements nowadays put it, "out of income." His time, like his finances, is neatly budgeted: eight hours for work, eight for sleep and eight for recreation. A good half of this last comes in the form of travel—approximately two hours a day to and from business, and an average of like amount to his places of amusement and sociability; for as likely as not, his colleagues and playmates luxuriate somewhere in the garden spots of Brooklyn or Staten Island. And he travels, observe, not in any rickety, asthmatic Toonerville trolley but in the steel coaches of a billion-dollar corporation through one of the marvels of modern engineering.

Why should not his chest expand? "Civis Romanus sum," he warbles, or words to that effect. "I am a stalwart

son of this noble race, a stockholder in this gigantic corporation, at once a granite block and a builder of earth's most grandiose polity." He projects a glance athwart the magnificence of Fifth Avenue—when he is out of a job and can take the time; he gazes at the sky-line and the teeming activity of the financial district; at intervals he may even mingle in the sheen and glamour of the theatre crowds (most of whom are visitors from the dreary provinces) and his soul thrills with the pride of possession.

An elderly bank teller with wistful eyes and frayed coat cuffs once glowingly said to me: "Do you know, sir, that we have clean shoved London off the financial map? New York is now the world's money center."

On another occasion a Carnegie Hall usher imparted the information that New York spends more on music than any city on earth.

INSTANCE No. 2 is the metropolitan housewife. Her sympathies are naturally with the female of the hinterland species. Given at times to the grievance habit, she checks herself suddenly as she compares her own blessings with the hardships of her rural sister. Poor drudge! "Here I am with markets and bakers right around the corner, the milkman and the newsman and the grocer leaving my supplies at the door. No queen ever had a choicer retinue of obedient servants. The post-office calls on me five times a day. The janitor cleans my front door and my stairways and brings magic heat into my rooms without dust or fuss. The clerks and messengers of every store in town are at my beck and call. The elevator, the dumbwaiter and the telephone, like Aladdin's genie, spring forth to fetch and carry at the wave of my hand. And I complain! If I but stopped to think now and then of the millions of women in the country—the water well out in the yard, the stoves (at best, the furnace) to fill and light and clean, the canning and baking and milking, the trudging through snow-clogged roads in winter, and to top it all, no life, no variety, no beauty, just toil day in day out, from year-end to year-end. Poor drudge!"

The woman of fashion paints herself a somewhat different picture of the life rural. I have at times encountered members of this sorority at the fag-end of the social season, when nerves were in tatters, vitality at the point of exhaustion and when it seemed that a bit of unwinding was the one thing needed. And I have said to them:

"Why not lay off this empty shadow-chasing and try a change for a while? I mean, get down to substance, live out in the country, in a simpler, realer world, somewhere in the heart of this sturdy America of ours? In England, for instance, cultivated people, the best aristocratic families, the backbone of British civilization live out in the counties most of the year, as you know,

and manage to get quite a lot of gaiety out of it. We are not so unlike those overseas cousins of ours, the foundations of our polity are still largely British—yes, and the veneer, too. Your sports-wear, your china, much of your fine furniture, and half of your ideas and your fads were made in England. When you go abroad your most shining ambition is to be presented at court. Why not imitate them in this detail also?"

Invariably the answer was somewhat after this fashion:

"What! You can not mean it seriously. It is preposterous, fantastic. Have you ever lived up-State or in the Middle West? (I had, rather.) A civilized person will wilt, dry up, and die there. Think of a diet of movies, the local paper, the Sunday-school, church socials and once a month a marsh-mallow roast! Can you see *yourself* in such a primitive milieu? This country of ours is all right in its way, but it is not England, you know. It has not emerged from the Middle Ages yet. New York is scarcely all that could be desired, after Paris and London and the Riviera. But at least in New York one does meet interesting people. Whom shall you talk to in Wisconsin or in Texas?"

I am an understanding soul. I like putting myself in the other fellow's boots, seeing things by his slant. So, with a bit of an effort, I think I can appreciate these overstrung ladies' thoughts. I recall the procession of "interesting people" that have been visiting these shores—the Indian Swamis, the exiled Russian court-attendants, the Coués and all the rest. I have now and again assisted at Sunday high teas in mansions just off Fifth Avenue, where poets and insurgent painters rubbed elbows with radical labor leaders from the Lower East Side, Czecho-Slovak embroidery designers, unrivaled geniuses of all the arts and Reds of all shades. My trade as a journalist has taken me to studio parties where women with incomes reckoned in six figures came to drink tea and Turkish coffee with aspiring artists clad in sheepskin, in loincloths and dancing girls arrayed in pink pajamas. Nor am I forgetting that in New York when a woman of the world with too much money

and too much leisure is bored or disillusioned she can seek solace from psycho-analysts and Oriental sages of numerous novel cults. Doubtless these are interesting people, and I have a suspicion that our sober hinterland has little to offer in that line.

And then let us not forget the dot upon the speck, the civilized minority of serious thinkers that radiates out of Greenwich Village and its adjacent principality of Chelsea. For them America—that is the 85 per cent.—barely exists. "The Village" is Athens; New York, with here and there a lonely island along the eastern seaboard and possibly even in the interior, is the Grecian archipelago. The rest of the nation is the bush, the barbaric horde.

WELL, I have just been out there in the wilderness. I have gone back to a string of typical American small towns, and mingled again with their people and shared their lives once more. Years ago I had known them as my own. They had seemed to me then, from whichever angle you looked at them, the salt of the earth. I remembered them as a clean, keen, alert, upstanding lot. In the interval I had wandered far and wide—to New York and on across to London, to much-made-of Paris, Vienna and other worshiped capitals of the Old World. I had lived in Europe alone for several years, and in New York very many more. I came back again and somehow my old friends out there in rural America held their own. They had not shrunk a bit by comparison with the giants of the great cultured centers.

Yet I started on my visit, I confess, with my heart in my throat. Perhaps I said—perhaps I had forgot what they really were like—had let distance and the years weave an illusion over them. My friends in the metropolis held up a doubting finger: "Let sleeping memories lie," they warned. "The America you think you remember is in your imagination only. You won't find a soul that speaks your language. You'll come back a sadder and a less romantic man."

Well, to be quite candid, *The Village* is right. The American hinterland is barbarous. They wear no flowing neckties on Main Street, nor spats either, and they carry no canes. The lip-stick and the hip flask are not flourishing, and the subscriptions to the pink communistic press are nearly nil. They go on rearing children much as did their unenlightened forebears and the cult of free love is still a minor denomination among the faiths. It hurts me to admit it all. But truth before friendship. In the higher culture America is nowhere at all. Mark her .00133.

And yet—shall I endeavor to dissipate the cherished delusions of the aforementioned metropolitan clerk, for a starter?—The Dark Ages are slowly lifting off the rustic wold. The small storekeeper, to take the

(Continued on page 71)





Jim simply dumped the school bully into the park fountain, and held him there, without any effort

Don't Bother Jim*

A Story of Success That Will Irritate All Efficiency Experts

By Berton Braley

Illustrated by Bert Salg

I'M TAKING my stenographer in hand, so to speak, to tell the world the truth about Jim Huggins. Not that the world is all excited about it, but I've got to get this thing off my chest.

Don't get me wrong. I like Jim—and though I belong to the "I knew him when" Club, I'm not jealous of what he's done since. I only feel I want to give you the facts straight—anyhow straight as I see them, and I've known Jim a good many years, and been close enough to him to know most of my facts too. Let's go.

I

They called him Lazy Jim in high school. How he got as far as high school is more or less a mystery. He didn't get there until he was nineteen—but he managed to graduate at 23. Didn't look anything like his age, though—just a fat, round-faced pink-cheeked boy.

Wasn't stupid—not at all. But he never studied much. Too lazy.

His fellow students figured that he only stayed in school because he knew it would be harder work to go out and take a job.

Fat he was—but strong. Good-natured and kindly. Just the same the boys learned not to start things with him. He came to school from another town, and of course the school bully picked on him. Jim didn't do anything about it, he was too lazy to fight. He just sort of ambled away from the bully and let him rave. Stood for so much that we all thought he was a big soft piece of cheese.

Then one day the bully walked up to him and slapped his fat face—not a hard slap; just a contemptuous one.

Jim didn't hit him back. He simply reached out and gathered that bully into his arms; picked him up as if he was a sack of meal and took him over to the fountain in the park across from the school and dumped him in it. And he held him there too, without any effort that seemed to bother him. Held him there until the fight was all out of that tough kid—held him there until the bully began to get blue with the cold, and I guess would have been holding him there now if other boys hadn't pulled him away. Took three or four of them to get his hands off that school nuisance.

And all the smaller boys that the bully used to rag were Jim's friends from then on. Which was nice for Jim, because he got them to do his algebra and geometry for him and write his English themes and most everything else he didn't just *have* to do himself.

Played center on the football team—and the best center they ever had. Too lazy to learn the signals and likely to go to sleep during the line-up, but the quarter-back would pinch his leg when he wanted the ball and he'd pass it. Couldn't trust him to pass it clear back for a kick, so the full-back got back a little farther, and the quarter and he practiced and practiced until they could get the ball back just about as quick as on a straight pass from center.

As soon as the ball was passed Jim would just stay there. And any lads that thought they were coming through him didn't. He was just there—but there was a lot of him, and they couldn't move him with anything but a derrick. Same way on defense. They built the team around Jim's solidity and licked everything in the State. They usually had to detail a man to see that Jim got back into the line after the scrimmage, but once he was in line, he was planted.

Funny thing—he could carry the ball when he wanted to. It wasn't often, but now and then he'd say "Gimme the ball" and they'd put him back of the line and he'd take the pigskin and sort of rumble down the field with it—six or eight boys hanging to him. About the only thing that would stop him was the fact that he got winded easily—so he wasn't usually good for more than twenty-five or thirty yards.

When he'd done that bit he'd just fall down on the ball and—go to sleep. Honest. The rest of the team would pretend that he was hurt and get their two minutes time out, then somebody on the team would kick Jim and lead him firmly back into the line again.

Well, by the grace of heaven and his industrious friends, Jim edged through to graduation, slept wide-eyed through the commencement exercises, and was ready to go out into the great world to battle for success.

A soldier in the ranks of youth, you know. Only all Jim knew about soldiering was soldiering on the job.

There weren't many of the boys expected to go to college, and most of them had to start out after graduation and look for jobs. Jim went home and spent most of the time asleep in a hammock on his old man's front porch. Jobs were nothing in his young life.

But they were in his father's. So after about two weeks of finding Jim asleep in the hammock every time he came home from the store, Jim's father asked the manager to give the kid a job in the can factory. So Jim was put to work where he had to feed sheets of tin into a machine that cut 'em up for tin cans. He was kept pretty busy feeding that machine, and he didn't get much time to snooze.

AFTER about a week of hustling tin plates to that machine, Jim went to a carpenter and had him make some sort of a contraption according to measurements Jim gave him. And one morning when he came to work he lugged this thing in with him. I won't bore you describing it. Probably you don't know much about machinery.

The foreman didn't get around to Jim that morning, but late in the afternoon he came past Jim's machine and Jim wasn't there. The foreman looked around for him and found him asleep on a bunch of burlap over in a corner.

"What's the big idea?" said the foreman, shaking Jim, "whaddy yuh think this is—a rest cure? Why ain't you feeding that machine?"

Jim blinked a little.

He waved a lazy hand at the machine.

The foreman went over and looked. The machine was running all right, and the tin plates were sort of sliding out of a box that let just one plate on to the rollers at a time. The foreman watched it for a minute and saw that it was working o. k.

Then he said:

"We're paying you to work, not to loaf around and sleep, you lazy bum. I've a good mind to fire you—soldiering this way. But I'll give you another chance. Tomorrow you can go to work on the soldering machine."

Jim sighed and yawned and said, "All right." Say, in a week the foreman found him asleep beside that machine again. He



* Copyright, 1925, by Berton Braley.

didn't wake Jim up until he'd looked over the machine and found that Jim had rigged up a simple little dingus that was doing Jim's work while Jim snoozed.

The foreman made a lot of loud talk about firing Jim, which would have pleased Jim, but he didn't really dare fire the kid, because he'd been put in by the manager and the manager was out of town.

So the foreman moved Jim into the tool-room, where Jim had to hand out tools and keep a record of them. "You'll have to keep awake here," he said. And Jim did, for a while. He had to hustle to hand out tools and see that the record was straight.

But it didn't keep him busy very long. End of two weeks, the foreman found Jim asleep in the tool-room. Jim had figured out a system by which the men who came for tools could find their own, and leave a card to show what they'd taken.

The foreman didn't even wake Jim up. He went into the office and found the manager was back.

"I got to fire that young Huggins," he said. "He's no good. Too lazy. Won't work. Is it all right?"

"Well, his father'll feel bad," said the manager, "but if he won't work you can fire him."

So the foreman went out, woke up Jim and fired him.

Jim didn't care. He ambled home and went to sleep in the porch hammock.

3

COUPLE days later the manager of the factory came around to old man Huggins's house.

"Where's Jim?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Huggins. "He's been snoozin' on the porch all day while I was trying to find him another job. Now he's gone out somewheres. Guess probably he's over at Wilcox's sleeping on their porch. That's the way he calls on Jenny. He's sweet on Jenny, you know. What's up?"

"I want to have him back in the factory," said the manager. "That fool foreman of mine fired him."

"Look here, Benson," said Mr. Huggins. "If he's no good to you—let him go. I'll take him into the store where I can watch him."

"No good to me!" said Benson. "That boy of yours is a genius! In the three weeks he's been there he's invented two labor-saving appliances and inaugurated a system of handling tools in the tool-room that saves 150 work hours a day."

"Whadja fire him for then?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"I didn't fire him; my foreman did. He's one of those old-timers that estimates work in terms of sweat. Told me he found Jim asleep on every job he put him at. Well, if that's so, he can come back and sleep some more."

So Jim went back to the factory at three dollars a day instead of the dollar and a half he'd been getting.

First day he's back the manager had a talk with him.

"Jim," he said, "I wish you'd look around the shop and see if you can't figure some other ways of saving time and labor for us. Use your head like you did on those jobs you had before. I won't confine you to any particular

machine—you consider the whole shop your field and go to it. I'll give you a raise every time you suggest any improvement."

And he went on with a fine speech about how a young man with brains could get on in the business—Jim listening to him wide-eyed and—asleep.

For a month Jim certainly had it soft and easy. He could sleep anywhere he wanted to in the shop, and the foreman kept stumbling over him and swearing his head off.

And did Jim figure out any improvements on machinery? He did not. You see, Jim only figured on saving labor when it was his own labor he saved.

WELL, after that month the foreman went to the manager and said: "Look here, Mr. Benson, one of three things has gotta happen. Either I fires that fat-head again, or I puts him to work on a machine where he has to keep awake—or I quits. The men are all getting lazy and careless because he sets a bad example and the shop is going bad."

The manager had to admit the foreman was right on that, and he was disappointed in Jim. And the foreman had been with him a long time, so he told the foreman to go ahead and run Jim to suit himself.

"Only don't fire him for a while," he said.

The foreman went out of the office with blood in his eye and yanked Jim out of a corner where he was resting easy, and led him over to a machine that took two men to run properly.

"Now I guess you'll keep awake on this job," he said.

Jim actually lost fifteen pounds at that machine, for the other fellow was a hard worker and he kept Jim hopping. For a month the foreman watched Jim sweating and tearing around keeping up

In the afternoon the foreman came past Jim's machine and Jim wasn't there. He found him asleep on some burlap over in a corner

with the other fellow and grinned happily.

Along about the fifth week Jim was on that machine the manager came around and asked him how he was getting on.

"Well, s'awful hard work," said Jim. "But I could make it easier if you'd—"

Then he went on talking and Benson's eyes lit up and he returned to the office and came out again with the construction engineer, and there was a lot more talk back and forth, Jim doing a great deal of it because he saw he might talk himself out of a hard job. The result was a few pulleys and wheels and things that did the work of Jim and the other guy too, and Benson decided he'd give Jim a sort of general efficiency commission once more.

Of course nothing happened except more trouble in the shop. Jim just loafed and snoozed, but the manager was still hopeful.

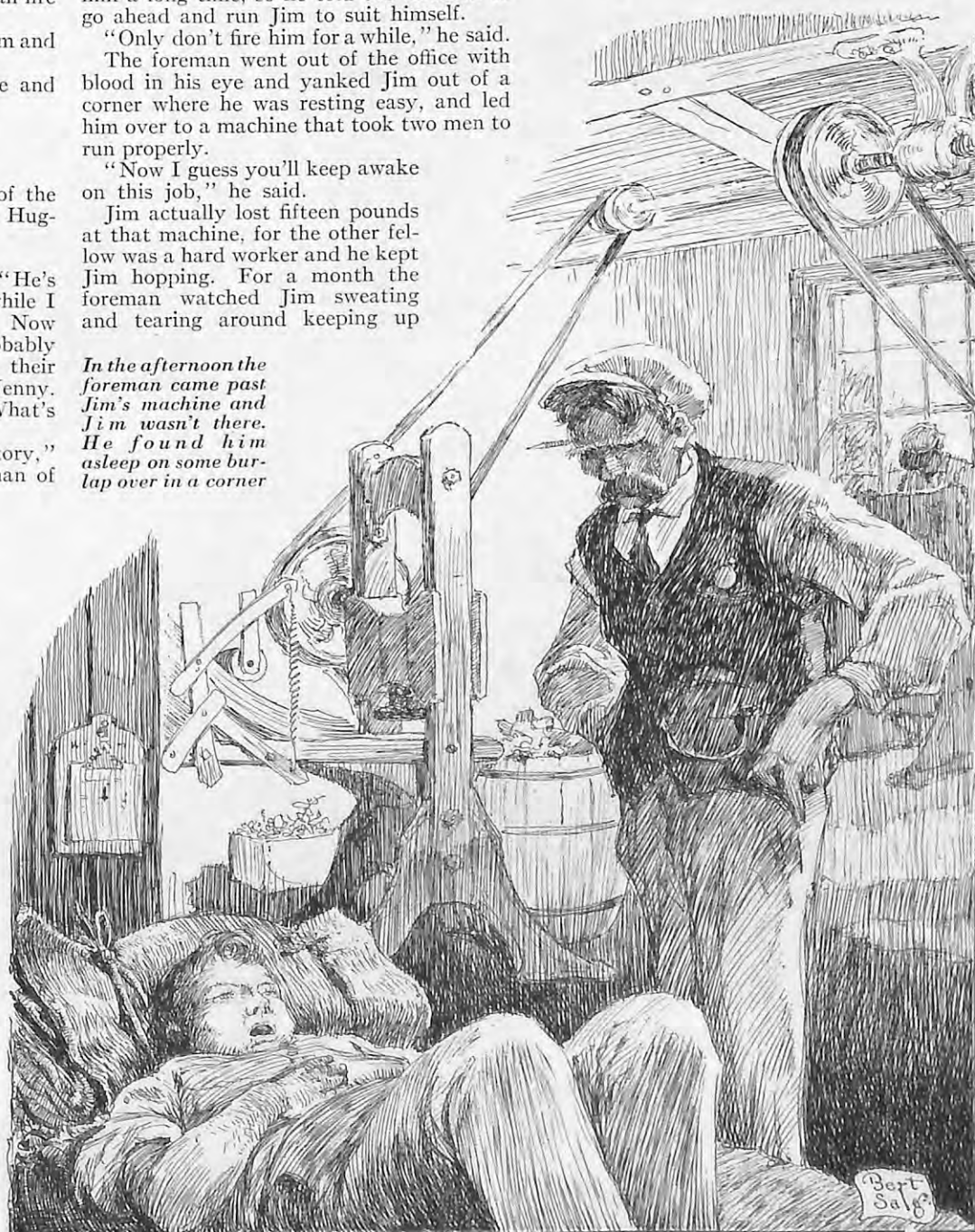
Finally the foreman up and quit. This time the manager let him go.

And he made Jim foreman!

4

Telling about it afterward, he said:

"Well, I figured that what the boy really



needed to bring him out was responsibility. And young as he was, he certainly had shown he had brains. So I took the chance—and I sure was right, wasn't I? Under that sleepy exterior is the brain of a hustler."

It is to laugh. Say, if hustle was a five-ton steam-shovel Jim was a nail-cleaner.

What happened? One of the old workmen told me the story.

"Lazy!" he said. "Say, that Huggins was the laziest foreman I've ever seen. Wouldn't hardly walk around the shop once a day. Set over in a little office in a corner and snoozed."

"The old foreman was always driving us, always watching the job—right up to snuff, he was. But this Huggins, he couldn't bother. Just kind of let us go along as we liked. We thought that was fine and most of us soldiered some for about a week."

"THEN Huggins drifts around from machine to machine and man to man and spills something like this: 'Look here, boys, I can't be wearin' myself all out chasing round after you. Too busy'n m' office. Sides, takes your mind off your work. Y' like to loaf, of course—well, I got a idea. S'no particular fun loafin' in little bits with your eye over your shoulder for fear the boss'll come around. Here's the idea:

"'You boys fix it up so's you kinda' speed up and do a lil' better'n you been doin' an' if the production goes up about ten per cent. or so you c'n arrange among yourselves so one of every ten of you gets a day off every ten days with pay. Means you'll all have to work a little faster while you're here, but when you loaf, you'll loaf right. Whaddyuh say? We'll just make the old office pleased when they see the production sheets, an' this lil' arrangement about days off we'll jus' keep to ourselves. Mebbe the manager'd kick if he knew about it, but what he don' know won't hurt him. Talk it over after hours tonight 'mong you."

"'N' if you decide to try it, you fix up which of yuh gets the first days off an' so forth. Don't bother me with a lotta lists an' figurin'."

"So we tries it—an' you'd otta see that shop hum. The boys was so afraid they might not get the production up and would lose their days off that they was all watchin' each other like cats to see that nobody loafs on the job. An' Huggins goes back an' snoozes in his chair an' the production goes up fifteen per cent. the first month!

"Of all the lazy loafers! Say, that Huggins was too lazy to fire anybody. The old foreman would fire a man quick as anything, but this Huggins lad said it was too much bother to hire a new man. 'Hafta ask 'em a lotta questions and fill out blanks,' he says. 'I'm too busy.' So he calls in a few of the men an' he says:

"'Listen. I can't bother changin' men all the time. Too much detail. You boys get up a sorta committee an' decide what to do about fellows that don't fit in their jobs. You know each other better'n I do, you can tell whether a guy wouldn't do better at some other machine 'n the one he's at. 'N' if you decide anybody's gotta be fired, you c'n bring his name to me an' I'll fire 'im. But I don't wanta be firin' men often. 'N' when it comes to hirin' new ones—your committee can pass on 'em an' I'll hire the guys you select. Otta be better'n

me buttin' in all the time. Fix it up among yourselves. All I'm gonna bother with is seein' those damn production sheets don't show no loss."

"Say! that lazy bum shoves that work off on us an' we falls for it. Does it work? Say! The boys gets to feelin' they're runnin' that shop an' they hops to it hard. There's a lotta shiftin' an' changin' back an' forth, but outa a hundred men there's only three fired in the next six months."

"Then there's an explosion, because one of the men that was fired goes an' tells the pay clerk about that one day off in ten an' about the shop committee, an' the pay clerk tells the owner an' the owner's one of these old-fashioned guys like the old foreman and in spite of the production sheets an' everything, Huggins's fired."

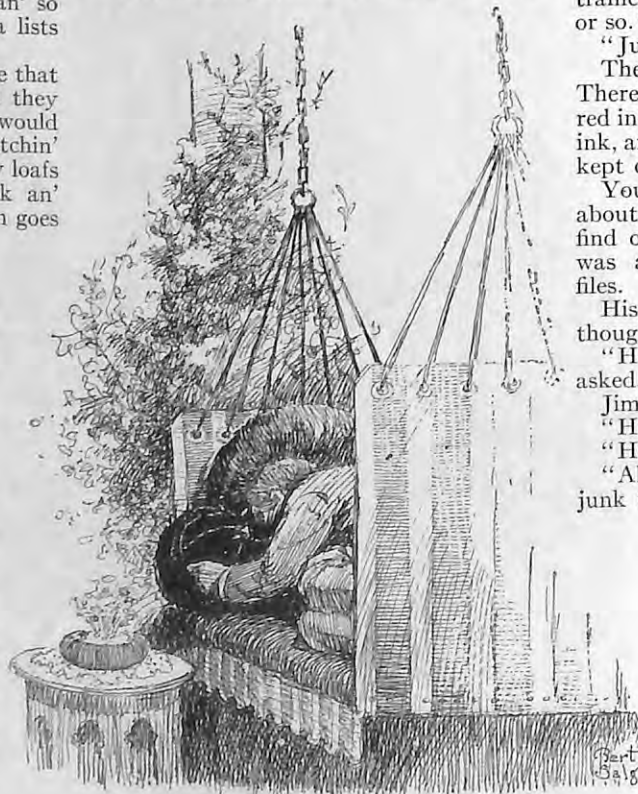
"The old man says he doesn't want no foreman introducin' socialist ideas in his shop."

5

Well, that was that. Benson, the manager, was awful sore. But he couldn't bring the old man around—so he quit. Not just on account of Jim, of course, but because he felt the old man was out of date and he had an offer from another shop in a bigger town.

And when he went, he took Jim with him. Just before the blow-up, when Jim lost his job, and Benson quit, Benson decided to patent some of those labor-saving hunches of Jim's in the name of the Can Factory. So he had the designer and the pattern-maker work out the drawings and models for these attachments and he sent them to the patent office.

In a few weeks back they came with a letter saying that a patent on those devices had already been applied for by James Huggins. The letter added that a couple of the devices were already in use and therefore couldn't be patented by Jim or anybody



Jim fell asleep on the porch while Daphne danced with other men

else, but the other one, the patent office wrote, they would give a patent to Jim on.

Benson was a good sport, and he wasn't sore. "Beat us to it," he chuckled. "And they say that kid is asleep all the time. Sure—asleep with his eyes open."

Which was just what Jim was, of course, only Benson didn't mean it exactly that way.

So Jim gets credit for being canny and wise. But what really happened?

This is what happened. A young fellow in the pattern room drifted into Jim's office—when he was foreman, you know—one afternoon and after waking Jim up, he said:

"I got an idea how you can make a little jack, Jim, without lifting a hand. I'll put you wise if you'll give me a slice of it."

"Shoot," said Jim—"without lifting a hand" sounded good to him.

"Look. Those labor-saving ideas of yours on some of the machines—why not patent 'em. The company will, if you don't."

"Don't know anything about patents," said Jim. "Lotta work fixing up drawings and things. Can't bother. Let the company have 'em."

"You won't have to bother," urged the designer. "I'll make all the arrangements. My cousin works in a lawyer's office here and he'll fix up the papers for us. Look, you give me 25 per cent. of any royalties we get out of it, and all you'll have to do will be to sign your name on a few blanks and to a contract with me—and maybe you'll be a millionaire. Pretty soft for you, Jim."

"All right," said Jim. "As long's I don't have to do any of the work."

And that's how Jim Huggins got a patent worth something like \$20,000 a year to-day.

6

BENSON started in his new job in the Acme Tool Works by putting Jim in the office, in charge of the filing system.

"With a good keen head like yours, Jim," he said, "you ought to be pretty thoroughly trained for real responsibility after a year or so."

"Just's you say," said Jim.

The filing system was complicated. There were blanks and sheets and maps in red ink and blue ink and black ink and green ink, and lavender ink, too, I guess. And it kept one man hustling to look after it.

You're right—Jim changed it. After about two weeks, the manager came in to find out how Jim was getting on, and Jim was asleep in a chair beside one of the files.

His eyes were open, however, and Benson thought he was just resting.

"How you getting on, Jim?" Benson asked.

Jim came to.

"Huh?" he said.

"How you getting on?"

"All right," said Jim. "'N awful lotta junk to file. Don't see where most of it's

any use. I c'n file th' stuff that's wanted right along in about an hour a day. The rest of it I jus' tied up in bundles and piled over there in the corner. Nobody's asked for any of it yet. Lotta hoey making a fellow work his head off puttin' that stuff in a cross index."

Benson took a look around and went through the files casually. He found that Jim was using only two of the six big filing cases and two of the



With irresistible force he was carried down the walk and then plumped down in the seat of his car

six or eight card indexes. The stuff that belonged in the others was in bundles piled up in the corner.

"H'm," said Benson. "You haven't exactly killed yourself, Jim."

"No," said Jim. "No sense to it. Sweating over a lotta junk. Waste of time."

Now if Benson hadn't believed in Jim,

Jim would probably have gone right out on his ear. But Benson went back to his office and called in one or two other people to discuss the matter with.

And he found out that the whole office had been groaning under that other manager's complicated system—and resenting a lot of time wasted in filling out blanks and keeping charts and records that didn't matter anyhow.

So the result was that he abolished about two-thirds of the forms at once—and instead of canning Jim he gave him a raise in salary.

"A great brain that boy has," Benson told his secretary. "Seems half asleep, but the old bean is working all the time."

He said it—the old bean was working all

(Continued on page 42)

De Forest, the Trained Trainer

Too Small to Be One Himself, He Makes Champions of Others

By W. O. McGeehan

THE sun was blazing down on a white pine arena at Toledo on July 4, 1919. In one corner Jess Willard sat steaming under a huge umbrella. Jess Willard was champion of the world at the moment. Down where the sport-writers were sitting somebody produced a thermometer. It registered a temperature of 116.

In the other corner Jack Dempsey crouched on a stool, now and then looking out of the corners of his eyes at his huge antagonist. Jack Kearns was patting him on the back with a nervous hand. Everybody in that humid spot was reeking with perspiration—everybody but just one man.

He was a gray wisp of a man in a sleeveless white shirt. Between his lips he held the stump of a half-burnt cigar. With a steady and practised pair of hands he fastened the gloves on the hands of Dempsey. When it was done, he looked over at Willard and smiled. Then he slipped unobtrusively from the ring and, squatting outside, shifted the stump of a cigar to the other corner of his mouth and waited developments, which proved to be about as dramatic developments as the prize-ring ever produced.

This was Jimmy De Forest, who had been engaged to train Jack Dempsey, aspirant for the heavyweight championship honors. Nine times out of ten the champion enters the ring a heavy favorite. This was the tenth time. Experts looking over Jack Dempsey, who had been trained by Jimmy De Forest, found that Dempsey looked as fit as a human being could be made to look. Willard did not look that fit. It was one of the times when the experts were right. Dempsey was fit. Willard was not.

Ten minutes later Willard was floundering out of the arena with a comminuted fracture of the cheek-bone, his jaw dislocated, and one of his ribs cracked. Because he was merely the ex-champion of the world he staggered out of the place alone. It had all happened very quickly. He did not believe the man lived who could knock him down. When it happened for the first time he sat on his haunches grinning in idiotic bewilderment. It had happened. He dragged himself up and was knocked down again and again.

The arena became a Bedlam. At last it seemed that Willard had gone down for the last time. Dempsey left the ring. It was over. But he was forced back. The round was over before Willard had been counted out. The time-keeper signaled this because in the tumult he could not be heard. The little gray man pulled Dempsey back in the ring and fanned him gently.

The cigar-stump was still between the little man's lips and held at the same angle. In all that sweating, howling crowd, De Forest remained the only unruffled one. Kearns had lashed wildly around him when they tried to push Dempsey back. The fighter with the killer instinct hot within him was bewildered and in a rage. It seemed that De Forest had not missed a pulse beat through it all. He had been in many corners. He had seen everything happen that could happen in a prize-ring. He knew.

It went on for two rounds more. Then a soggy towel was tossed in from the Willard

corner. Jack Dempsey was the new champion of the world. The latest heir to John L. Sullivan was hoisted on high and carried out with the yelling swirl.

Jimmy De Forest lit the stump of a cigar, gathered up the fighting paraphernalia and walked out of the arena alone, smiling quietly. He went back to the cottage on the shores of Maumee Bay to break the training-camp, while Dempsey and Kearns were around Toledo receiving congratulations and moving-picture contracts. Next day Jimmy De Forest, chewing a burnt stump of a cigar, unobtrusively departed from Toledo and returned to his own establishment on the Jersey Coast.

Subsequently it was announced by Jack Kearns that De Forest had been paid off and that their business relations were ended. Some of the experts demurred. Never had Dempsey been in better condition, they said. They went further. They said than never had any fighter been in better condition than Dempsey was that day at Toledo. De Forest said nothing. He chewed his cigar-stump and looked into vacancy, which is his habit when he is asked questions he does not care to answer.

Later they began to gather the alibis for Jess Willard. They admitted that Willard had been badly trained—he directed that part of the campaigning himself, you will recollect. Also they averred that Dempsey was in superb condition. But merely these factors did not seem to account for the fact that Willard had been so badly battered.

Then the rumor started to the effect that "Dempsey had something in his bandages."

The shattered rib, the crushed cheek-bone and the dislocated jaw seemed to back this. De Forest chewed his cigar-stump and said nothing.

Once, several years afterward, when I was talking to Jimmy De Forest and he was in a decidedly reminiscent and almost garrulous mood, I asked him suddenly, "What was in those bandages Dempsey wore at Toledo?"

De Forest looked dreamily into vacancy. "Nothing," he said. "They were just bandages. But I put them on him." He immediately started to talk of something else with much earnestness.

Señor Luis Angel Firpo, who has faded out of the ring picture, taking with him something like half a million in American gold which he has translated into South American pesos, was at his best the night he fought Jess Willard at Boyles Thirty Acres. That night the little gray man with the eternal cigar-stump was in his corner. He had trained Firpo and Firpo was fit. De Forest was not in Firpo's corner the night he fought Dempsey, nor was he behind the former "Wild Bull" when he was ingloriously beaten by Harry Wills and Charley Weinert.

Dempsey had De Forest for his trainer when he had everything to win. Firpo had De Forest forced upon him by the sagacious Tex Rickard, but Firpo chafed under the restrictions enforced by De Forest. Also Firpo demanded to know what the little gray man knew about fighting. Firpo did not know that De Forest had been a fighter all his life, and that he learned about fighting in the hardest school in the world. There were many things that Firpo did not know, though he knew the essential things, how to get money and how to keep it.

JIMMY DE FOREST came of an athletic family. At a very early age—about ten, to be comparatively exact—he was a member of the De Forest Family, Aerial Gymnasts. The De Forest Family had a trapeze act in Barnum and Bailey's Circus, which toured Europe and the United States.

The scandalous part of it was that young Jimmy De Forest was not as might be supposed the "daring young man on the flying trapeze." He was the daring young girl on the flying trapeze. This, of course, demands explanation.

The parents of young James decided that a girl child on the trapeze would attract more attention and make the act more profitable. Consequently James, when he was trained in the mysteries of the flying trapeze also was trained to wear something that looked like a ballet skirt. Moreover James was compelled to let his golden curls grow wild. Away from the act he was forced to put it up into a braid and tuck it under his cap.

Naturally there was considerable levity at the expense of little James around the circus. James naturally resented this and at a very early age learned to express his resentment with his fists. Being a gymnast and always in training he could put up a pretty fair fight even as a mere child.

James led this dual life until he was nearly sixteen. It became more and more embarrassing. In the rôle of the girl on the trapeze he began to receive notes from

(Continued on page 00)





"What furniture store does your father own?" queried the city editor

"A NEWS room is no place for a female," growled Winstead, crunching a ball of copy paper in his hand and casting it disgustedly to the littered floor. "What good are they, anyway? You take 'em on and work your eyeballs square trying to train 'em, and what do they do for you? Either they demoralize the whole dam' staff and have a flock of married men's wives swooping down on the city editor for an explanation, or they marry your best reporter or make a total loss of him—or both. I wouldn't have—"

"B. O. Must"

A Newspaper Story

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Illustrated by Albert Matzke

"Nevertheless, she's on," interrupted the calm and unterrifiable Saunders, who could afford to be calm because he was the managing editor.

"What for?" persisted Winstead.

"She's recommended as a good reporter, and she's not hired for her good looks."

"I don't care if she covered the flood for *The Ararat Beacon*," rasped Winstead. "If you left it to me, I wouldn't hire any woman in the world unless she was past forty and as ugly as a 96-point line of pi."

"I haven't left it to you, Sam," continued

the managing editor, good-naturedly. "Neither was it left to me, for that matter."

"Sent up marked B. O. Must? I suppose," sneered the city editor. "Drag with the boss, or kin to a big advertiser, I suppose?"

Saunders nodded genially. Uncalculated years of editorial work had taught him to look with equanimity on "B. O. Must" copy. That, he explained, is the designation applied to quasi news articles originating in the counting-room or advertising department and usually having reference to good advertisers and their activities. It means, "Business Office, Must," and copy so labeled must go, fires and murders and divorces and catastrophes and double-column editorials to the contrary notwithstanding. There is really only one genuinely capital offense on the editorial end of the average newspaper, and that is to leave out a "B. O. Must." The new reporter was unquestionably "B. O. Must."

"And her name—Ethyl Allen—has that got to go, too?" continued Winstead, plaintively. "Has she got to write signed sob stuff, with a by-line like that? Can't we make her spell it Ethel?"

"Feature stuff is her line," admitted the managing editor, "and of course it would be wasted effort to develop her as a feature writer unless we signed her stories. Have you talked to her?"

"No, but I've seen her, and that's enough. She's out there now, and the whole danged office has stopped work to look at her. Might as well turn loose a South Sea ballet among 'em, for all the work you'll get out of 'em when she's around."

"Oh, they'll get used to her. I've had other good-looking girl reporters in my time, and—"

"Married one of 'em, too," grinned Winstead. But the city editor squelched the supplementary words that formed in his mind, for Saunders couldn't be kidded too far. "I'll do the best I can with her," added the city editor, resignedly.

"She'll be useful, even if she is a vamp, which I doubt," asserted Saunders. "A girl like that can wheedle an interview out of a man when he's locked and gone to press as far as a he-reporter's concerned."

"Maybe," agreed Winstead, skeptically. "But I look for her to disrupt the best staff west of Hoboken. I've worked like sin getting my gang together, and I hate to see glad rags and a hank of bobbed hair mixed up with 'em. Mark my word—this Ethyl Alcohol, or whatever her name is, will have 'em fighting and scratching each other like a bunch of bob-cats. They'll be politicking around and back-biting each other, and there'll never be an end to the trouble she'll cause. She will destroy discipline—demoralize the whole shop. I know, because I've been through it."

"Make it light on yourself, Sam." The managing editor dismissed him blandly. That was a way Saunders had—of never admitting that he or anybody else had anything really worth worrying about. But Winstead's brow was furrowed as he went back to his desk to resume his conversation with the young lady who had come up to be given a job.

Ethyl Allen was slim, and golden-haired, and blue-eyed. The eyes were quite large ones, with quite long lashes slightly accentuated because they were tipped in mascara. But her make-up went just far enough and no farther. She knew when to stop, and just how much of a delicate scent—violet, Winstead guessed it was—to use for the creation of that invisible shadow of fragrance which followed her about.

She was a lily among the hard-working, pipe-smoking, coatless sunflower stalks that comprised the staff of *The Advertiser*. No other woman graced that peerless aggregation of journalists. The society editor and her assistant didn't count, of course. She was an elderly matron and her aide was an old maid, and, besides, they were officed off in a detached sanctum of their own, and the news room never saw anything of them. Always it had been a conviction with Winstead that girl reporters were indubitably the bunk, and could not be tolerated on his staff. They were a perpetual nuisance and a source of mischief. They cried if you bawled them out and made woolly sheep's eyes at you if you tried to explain to them the difference between a "lead," pronounced to rhyme with "bead," and a "lead," pronounced to rhyme with "dead." They were hopeless. Hairy-chested men wrote the best "advice to the lovelorn," anyway. Woolfall, the roughest, grizzliest reporter under Winstead's wing, could achieve the most delightfully feminine feature story about nightrobes or chemises, or what-not, his pen-name being "Ade-laide Addison." He knew how to write he-and-she stuff. Why hire a brainless blonde who had nothing in her head but men, and would be insubordinate and late eternally, and temperamental and full of ready tears, and all the other undesirable things that all girl reporters always were?

But Ethyl was "B. O. Must," and that made it possible for Winstead to wash his hands of the whole ridiculous procedure. "When do I start, Mr. Winstead?" Ethyl purred confidently. She considered, evidently, that there was small need of wasting blandishments on the city editor.

"Who's told you you were gonna start at all?" snapped Winstead.

"Oh! Mr. Saunders, over the phone. I haven't met him yet, but I am sure he must be a most delightful man."

"What can you do?" demanded the city editor, ignoring her italics.

"I can swim, embroider, play Mah-Jongg—"

"Snap out of it," rasped Winstead. "We buy all our comedy in syndicate form. What kind of work can you do—what experience have you had?"

"Oh!" Ethyl's innocent face clouded just perceptibly, as though in reluctant admission that hostile winds were blowing. "I am a graduate of the Milledgeville

School of Journalism, and a member of the Writers' Circle, and correspondent for The National Women's League Liberator."

Winstead's jaw hardened under the impact.

"What furniture store does your uncle own?" he queried, hollowly.

"Oh! Allen's."

"All right," commented Winstead, listlessly, for that settled it. He had been committing *lese majeste* in showing so little respect for the niece of so heavy an advertiser. "You can start in any time you please—now, if you like. I'll figure out a feature assignment for you, and in the meantime you can sit over at that typewriter and practice writing. 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.' When you get tired of that you can write, 'The quick brown fox with graceful ease jumped over the lazy dog.'"

"Would you mind writing that down for me?" requested Ethyl sweetly.

His face dark with forebodings, Winstead complied.

It was the same old story. Waste all your time training miserable cubs, and when they learned how to spell "alleged" they'd expect to have their salaries doubled.

He watched Ethyl covertly as she sat at her typewriter meekly picking out the admonition to good party enthusiasts. The color in her cheeks heightened whenever she made a mistake. That was one original thing she did, Winstead reflected cynically, only she ought to blush perpetually, by that token.



"Oh!"

A tiny exclamation of terror from Ethyl brought three Lochinvars and a Galahad galloping to her side.

It was Woolfall, the "he-and-she" man, who reached her first.

"It's caught," gurgled Ethyl. "It won't work."

The O and W keys of Ethyl's typewriter had hung up with each other as they will do if one hits them both at the same time. The gallant Woolfall untwisted the erring alphabeteers, and Pearson, the political writer, who was known as the best-dressed

newspaper man in town, and certainly was no slouch for looks, stood by and glared at Woolfall for beating him to it. Even "Cocky" Wrenn, the re-write man, had half arisen from his chair and started nervously forward.

"Oh, ho-ho-ho," chuckled Ethyl, vastly amused and delighted. "Now isn't that a funny old typewriter!"

Winstead looked on thunderously. Here was the beginning of it—his hard-boiled he-man reporters reduced to simpering idiots already.

"Paper to get out, men," he bellowed. "Can the gush and get to work."

ETHYL looked up at him reproachfully, and Winstead for the life of him couldn't unglue his eyes from the sheet of copy he was pretending to peruse. Four staff men glared sullenly in the direction of the city desk and went back to their tasks. In the quiet period of readjustment that followed, Ethyl made ugly faces toward the unseeing Winstead, and pretty faces toward her four cavaliers. A titter ricocheted through the office and Winstead squirmed uncomfortably. If only he could murder Saunders, and burn down Allen's furniture store!

Ethyl presently concluded that she was utterly proficient at typing. She arose and marched prettily to the city desk with the two sheets of copy-paper in her hand, which she laid before Winstead. The pages were strewn with staggering type reproductions of the two shibboleths.

"All right, fine," commented Winstead,

with deep-sea sarcasm. "Now you can go out and run around the block, and your day's work is over."

"Oh! And I'm through for the day?" queried Ethyl ecstatically. "Then I can spend the time staying around the office and absorbing atmosphere!"

"No you don't," muttered Winstead. "On second thought," he added, loudly, "I want you to go down to Allen's furniture store and work up a story about the new styles in furniture. Are they buying Adam, for the new bungalows, or Chippendale, or Heppelwhite, or just plain Grand Rapids—you get the point. You ought to be able to develop a good Sunday story out of that—your uncle can give you plenty of pictures for it."

Ethyl took the assignment gracefully, after profuse supplementary explanations, but she trailed lingering glances in the direction of Woolfall and Pearson as she left the news room. Winstead looked on malignantly as a beaming assortment of news department faces turned to follow Ethyl's progress.

"Wrenn!" The re-write man jumped as though suddenly sampled by an alligator. The city editor's summons had caught him in a sort of light-brown study, with Ethyl as the study-topic, and he hustled with exaggerated briskness to Winstead's desk.

Wrenn had acquired the soubriquet of "Cocky" Wrenn primarily because he was diminutive and birdlike, and fluttered

whenever he talked or walked; and secondarily because he had a habit of perking his head toward one side, particularly when he was in the throes of deep thought. Winstead considered him the most valuable man on the staff of the *Advertiser*. His imagination was multi-colorful, and covered vast territory. As a re-write man he was unquenchable. He knew how to tint up an inconsequent four-line item and put a laugh in it. He knew how to clothe an every-day automobile accident in fresh verbal foliage. He could get away from the standardized "as-a-result-of," "it-is-alleged" type of journalistic expression. He snappitized a story, as Winstead put it, and for that reason a large volume of the local news was relayed to Wrenn by telephone, and written by him for public consumption. Wrenn was overworked, but Winstead and everybody else were too busy to notice that, and the re-write man was such an inordinately shy and retiring sort of chap that he would rather have committed hari-kari with a column rule than complain to the city editor.

"Wrenn," grunted his chief, "I hate to saddle a curse on a nice fellow like you. It's as bad as wishing your house burned down and you had no insurance, but something has got to be done."

"Yes, sir," palpitated Wrenn.

"You're a respectable married man, and you can be trusted."

Wrenn stuttered, and in preparation for each stutter he moved his lips as though he were rolling a very fat cigar between them. It was fascinating and rather disconcerting to watch this empty labial O when one was conversing with Wrenn.

"I can trust you," repeated the city editor, "because you're too busy for frills and fillies. You've got to re-write every line this prize female dumb-fish of ours writes, and if she's got any savvy at all in the vicinity of her ears I want you to develop it. Somebody's got to teach her her name and address, anyway, in case she gets run over or something. And, after considering very carefully all the angles of the outrage, I have decided that you are to be the goat."

WRENN'S ninety-eight pounds shivered anticipatorily. He brushed back a thin pompadourish mop which sparsely decorated his retreating forehead, jammed a stogie in his mouth and felt in his pockets for a match. He sparred for time.

Wrenn, the city editor guessed not so shrewdly, was thinking of Mrs. Wrenn. Winstead had met Mrs. Wrenn, who, by happy coincidence, always came to the *Advertiser* office on Tuesday, which was payday. She was fat, and too absurdly competent. She more than made up, in heft, decision, precision and imperious executive ability, what Wrenn manifestly lacked.

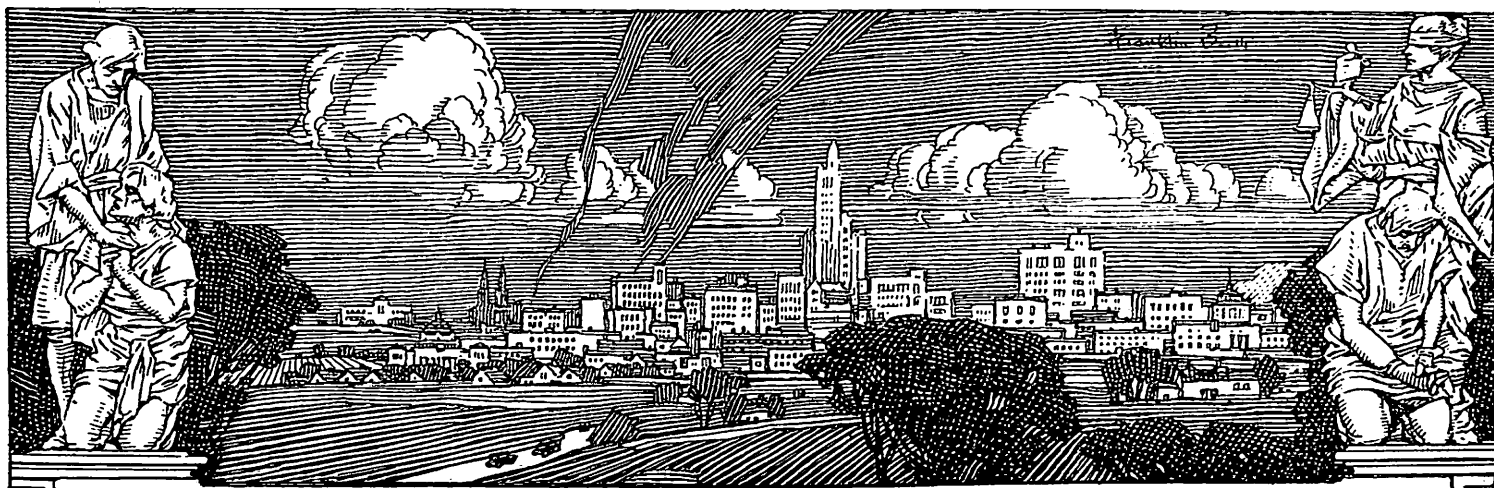
"Of course, you'd get her stuff over the phone, anyway," Winstead continued, consolingly. "The reason I'm explaining to you is that we have a rather delicate situation here, with Miss Allen. She's been wished on us by the business office. Her uncle's one of these crazy advertisers who spends all his money on pages and double trucks in one paper, and the *Advertiser* at present is that paper. I haven't got time to stop work and teach her the alphabet; and if you can't do anything else, you can rehash her stuff bodily. But, if you can, make her think she wrote it that way."

"Cocky" Wrenn smiled thinly. His mouth wound up as though for an elaborate oral delivery, and Winstead expected him to

(Continued on page 48)



Winstead said flatly and uncompromisingly that Mr. Wrenn could not move into the private office. Ethyl made the spiteful reservation that she would show him



EDITORIAL

DUES

MEMBERSHIP dues, payable to the subordinate lodges, constitute the main Source of income for the maintenance of the lodge activities. Of course, in many cases, the income is supplemented from Club House profits and other sources; but the fixed and definite revenue is from dues. The importance of their prompt collection is, therefore, obvious. The lodge can not properly function unless these funds be duly in hand to meet current needs.

But there is a more important consideration involved. Unless the dues are promptly paid, the delinquent member is not in good standing. He is not entitled to his membership card, without which he can not attend the meetings of his lodge nor visit a sister lodge. He can not avail himself of the privileges of the Club House. The lodge is deprived, during the period of such delinquency, of his active support. Such a member is, for the time, a mere possibility, an asset of problematic value. And if there be any considerable number of members in this class in any lodge, the seriousness of the situation is apparent.

It is also true that members in arrears grow more and more indifferent. As the indebtedness increases in age and amount, the ultimate loss from dimits and purging of the rolls becomes more probable.

The prompt collection of dues is, therefore, one of the most important duties imposed upon the Secretary. Of course, the duty of prompt voluntary payment rests primarily upon the member. But it is common knowledge, based upon experience, that active and persistent attention by the Secretary is necessary in order to preserve the roster unimpaired.

It is this fact, as much as any other one thing, that makes the Secretary so important an officer of the lodge. Failure to perform this particular duty with effective diligence is a delinquency on his part that directly affects the very life and well-being of the lodge and of the whole Order. It is a matter in which every member in good standing has an interest. And if the Secretary be habitually derelict in this regard, he should be replaced by one who will give proper attention to this essential duty.

In many lodges the salary of the Secretary is

based upon the number of members in good standing. This is well worthy of consideration as a policy for all subordinate lodges; for it adds a personal interest to the official obligation which is likely to prove an effective incentive.

In any event, it is a matter in which the lodge as a whole is deeply interested; and one to which it should require that insistent attention be given by its duly elected officer charged with that duty.

THE NEW DISTRICT DEPUTIES

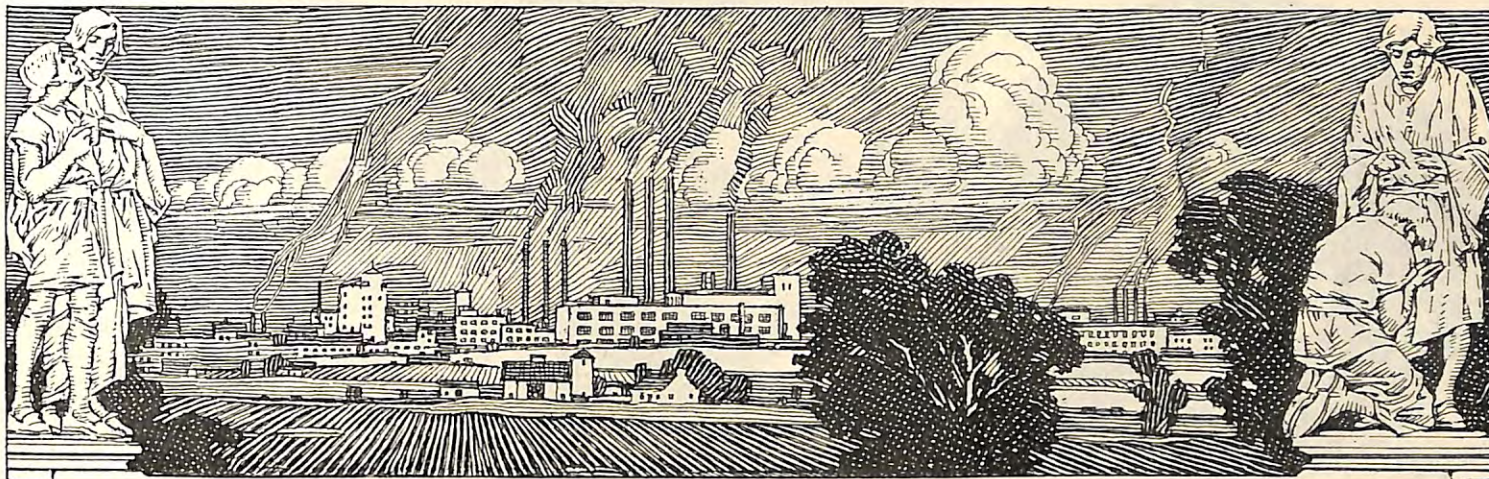
ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found a list of appointments made by the Grand Exalted Ruler. It may be confidently assumed that the brothers who have been selected for the various offices and committee memberships have been chosen because of their peculiar claims to fraternal preferment and their special fitness for the service required. Any different assumption would be an unwarranted affront to the intelligence and sincerity of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

But it is earnestly hoped that in weighing the qualifications of those appointed as District Deputies, special consideration has been given to the essential quality of militant courage to enforce obedience to law, both civil and fraternal. It is, perhaps, the outstanding need of the Order.

The maintenance of handsome club-houses by the subordinate lodges is a distinctive feature of the Order of Elks. It is a matter of just pride to its entire membership. But in the administration of those club-houses, and the natural accentuation of the social club features incident to their use, there lies a danger to the good repute of the Order no less menacing because so insidious.

Unfortunately some of the members regard them as places in which they are privileged to conduct themselves according to their personal desires, without due consideration to the laws that have been enacted to govern and restrain that conduct. Sometimes the club management itself is permitted to disregard those laws, if persistent rumors are to be credited.

The Order of Elks, as a loyally patriotic fraternity, can not afford to wink at or condone such delinquency, either in individual members or in subordinate lodges. As a decent and self-respecting organization, claiming the regard and esteem of all people, it should take all proper



measures to insure the due observance of law by all its members within the walls of any building under its jurisdiction; and unless it endeavors to do so it should haul down the American flags which fly over those buildings as a pledge of its patriotism and loyalty.

At the conference of District Deputies soon to be held, it is hoped that stress will be laid upon the duties of these officials to acquaint themselves accurately with the real conditions in their several jurisdictions, and to deal frankly and courageously with them. The good name of the Order is at stake.

This is not intended as any general indictment. It is intended as a suggestion that there should not be a single exception permitted to the rule that Elks club-houses must be maintained for the high purposes of the Order, not as cloaks or blinds to purposes and conduct which the Order can not openly approve and sanction.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD"

IN HIS speech delivered before the Grand Lodge at Portland, the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler said: "I summon all strong-thinking and nation-loving Elks to a twelve-month consecration to the motto, 'He Went About Doing Good.'" The Slogan is commended to the Order as the epitomization of the entire Elk Creed.

There is an unselfishness about it that is peculiarly Elk-like. There is no suggestion of self-service.

There is a universality about it that is appealing. No particular person or class or object is suggested as the specially designated recipient of fraternal service. All humanity is the object of Elky benevolence. And whatever makes for its betterment and uplift is a challenge to our fraternal endeavor that should be promptly accepted.

Above all there is a quiet aggressiveness about it that is stimulating and inspiring. Elks do not believe in merely *doing* good. That is a negative sort of virtue. They believe in *being* good. And they believe in "going about" to do it. One who awaits a special appeal to be made to him is only a half-way Elk. The true, whole-hearted fellow who typifies the Order at its best is he who actively seeks the opportunity for fraternal service.

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell has been most happy in selecting the motto that he wishes to characterize his administration. It is harking back to the first principles of Elkhood, the exemplification of which has made the Order great.

And in view of the modern tendencies toward accentuation of the social club features in the Order, the call to a more constant consideration of our fundamental purposes is most timely. The worth-while achievements of the coming year will depend upon the degree of earnestness and enthusiasm with which the membership responds.

SECRETARIES, ATTENTION

IN HIS first official circular, published in the last number of the magazine, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell urges upon the secretaries of the subordinate lodges the importance of prompt replies to all official letters received by them. Business necessity and fraternal courtesy alike require such attention to correspondence; and it would seem that they should be quite sufficient considerations among Elks to secure it in all cases. But the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler is born of experience that teaches him the need for it. He is not merely shooting in the air; he is aiming at a definite target.

It has been the subject of complaint by Grand Lodge officials in the past that their letters to subordinate lodge officers, although upon official business of moment, have frequently remained too long neglected, and in many instances ignored. While this criticism does not apply to the great majority of local officials, there are, unfortunately, too many to whom it does apply.

There should be no basis for such complaint. The Grand Exalted Ruler and other officials of the Order who address letters to subordinate lodge officers, do so in obedience to specific duties; they have a definite purpose in mind. Subordinate officers should not presume to determine the importance of the subjects dealt with therein. That may safely be assumed, even when it is not apparent. And they should realize that those purposes must fail just to the extent that the communications are disregarded.

It is just as important to secure information from small lodges as it is to secure it from the large ones. It is just as important, even more so, perhaps, to receive reports of unfavorable conditions as it is to receive those wholly favorable and pleasing. In any event, the reply should be prompt, accurate and complete.

It is to be hoped that those to whom the suggestion is particularly directed will loyally respond to the Grand Exalted Ruler's expressed wish that they will "join hands for that very simple and necessary business practice."

J. E. PEORDY
& CO.

*Dr. Carroll Smith, Grand Esteemed
Leading Knight,
St. Louis, Mo., No. 9*

JAMES &
MERRIHEW

*Walter F. Meier, Grand Esteemed
Lecturing Knight,
Seattle, Wash., No. 92*



*John K. Burch, Grand Treasurer,
Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48*



*Riley C. Bowers (top center),
Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight,
Montpelier, Vt., No. 924*



WALINGER

*Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary,
Dubuque, Iowa, No. 297*



*Clyde Jennings, Grand Trustee,
Lynchburg, Va., No. 321*

*William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler
Dallas, Texas, No. 71*

Grand Lodge Officers 1925-26

(Elective)



*John McW. Ford, (bottom Center)
Grand Inner Guard,
Shreveport, La., No. 122*



*E. W. Kelly, Grand Tiler,
Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85*

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Dedicates New Home

Grand Exalted Ruler Attends Formal Opening Ceremonies

THE beautiful new Home of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 was dedicated Saturday evening, September 5. This event, for which the Elks of Milwaukee have been waiting for some months, was the occasion of a four-day program, the dedication proper taking place on the second day. With the conclusion of the ceremonies the Order of Elks was richer by one more magnificent temple erected for the purpose of enabling its members more fully to exemplify the purposes and ideals of the fraternity.

A banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell attended by nearly 600 persons, members of Milwaukee Lodge and their ladies, was given in the main dining hall of the new Home prior to the services. Among those at the speakers' table were, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas B. Mills and John G. Price; Governor John J. Blaine of Wisconsin; Mayor Daniel W. Hoan of Milwaukee; Hon. John C. Karel and Lloyd R. Maxwell, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, the former a member of Milwaukee Lodge and Chairman of the Board of Managers of the new Home; Hon. Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge No. 1, a Justice of the Grand Forum; Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, and others. Judge Atwell made a short address in acknowledgment of a gift presented to him from the local Lodge, in which he touched on the opportunity open to the Order for patriotic service in time of peace by practicing law observance.

The dedication service, which Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell had been invited to

conduct, was delegated, following his custom, to the officers of the local Lodge. And, by designation of the Exalted Ruler of Milwaukee Lodge, it was conducted by the following: Hon. John C. Karel, acting as

tra, and there were also soprano solos.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was orator of the evening. Judge Karel presented the gold keys of the Home to Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey; and both the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city were on the program.

The new building is one of the finest Elk Homes in the Middle-West, and ranks among the best in the entire country. It was erected at a cost of two million dollars.

Entering from Wisconsin Street (the main entrance) one's first impression of the Reception Lobby from which open the offices of the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary, the manager and the clerical force, is both sumptuous and dignified. A mezzanine floor devoted to women guests extends around all four sides, accessible by elevator, or by a beautiful stairway at the west end built of Bottozini marble, especially imported from Italy.

The next floor is occupied by the dining department. No trouble or expense has been spared to provide for every conceivable need or contingency in the equipment of the main kitchen. Connected with it is a bakery, a confectionery kitchen and numerous offices. There is a good-sized lounge, a ladies' parlor and quite a number of private dining-rooms, ranging from banquet hall size down to the smaller and cozier rooms purposely planned for the more intimate companionship of the "little dinner party" of chosen friends. The main dining-room will comfortably accommodate 500 people, and is flooded with sunshine from the windows which line the two sides facing on Wisconsin Street and Lake Michigan.

South of the new building the ground which stretches down to Wisconsin Street, one of the main streets of Milwaukee, will be

(Continued on page 86)



CITY PRESS BUREAU

Grand Exalted Ruler; Hon. Murray Hulbert as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Hon. John F. Malley as Grand Esquire; Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain; and two members of Milwaukee Lodge as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight respectively.

The dedication services were interspersed with music by the Lodge organist, the Milwaukee Chanters, Baker's Elk orches-

Patrick T. Powers — Perry A. Clay

Past Grand Trustees

IN THE death, recently, of two of its best loved members, Patrick T. Powers of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211, and Perry A. Clay of Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17, the Order of Elks sustained a heavy loss. Both members had been prominent not alone in the fraternity, but were well known and highly regarded citizens of their respective States.

Patrick T. Powers, who died August 27 at his summer home at Belmar, N. J., had a long record of accomplishment in the Order, which began with his service as Exalted Ruler of his Lodge in 1898. He was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Charters in 1901; from 1904 to 1906, inclusive, he was on the Committee on the Detweiler Monument; for six years, from 1911 to 1916, inclusive, he served as a member of the Elks National Home Commission. In 1917, he was elected Grand Trustee for a five-year term, ending in 1922.

A man of countless friends, Grand Trustee Powers was known as one of the kindest, most charitable of men, intensely loyal in his friendships and his allegiance to his fraternity.

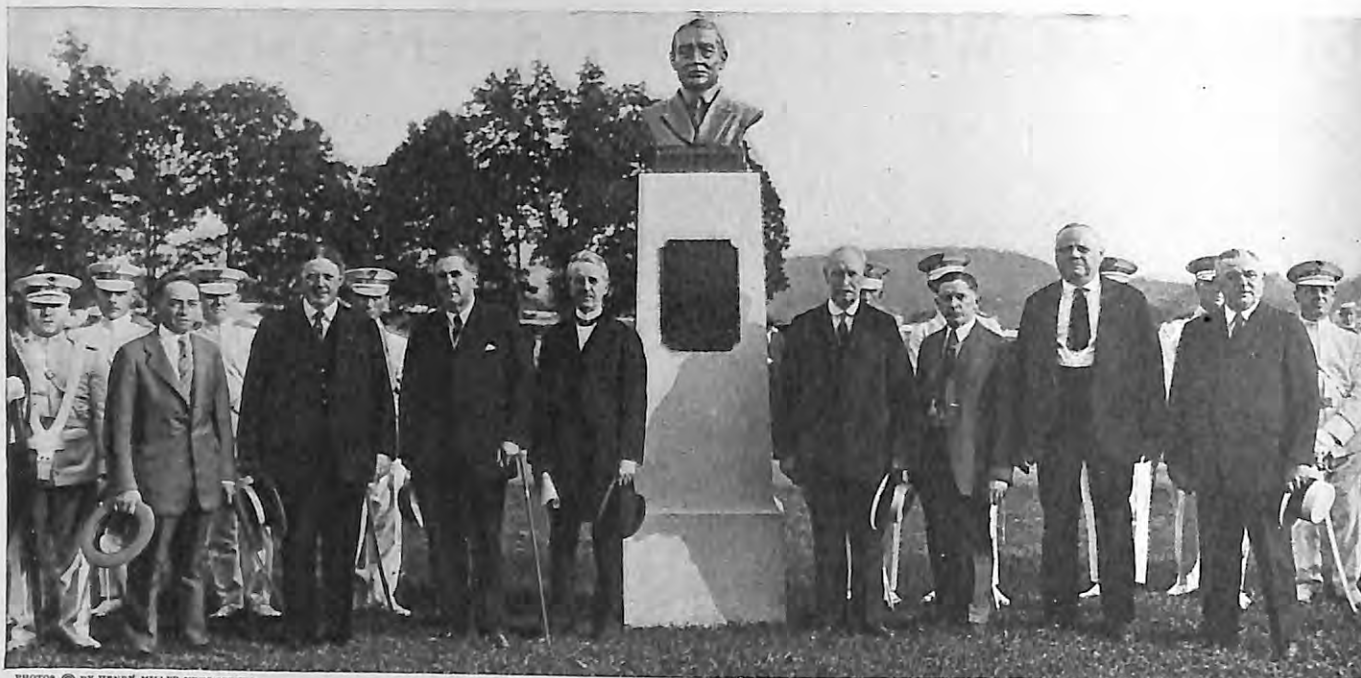
The funeral services conducted by Jersey City Lodge were attended by nearly two thousand friends of the deceased, and the floral tributes were very beautiful. Following the service there was music, after which Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Judge Mark A. Sullivan of Jersey City and Past Exalted Ruler Thomas P. Fay of Long Branch, N. J., Lodge No. 742, delivered eulogies of Mr. Powers. Interment was in St. John's Cemetery, Trenton, N. J.

Perry A. Clay, who passed away August 23 at Chula Vista, Calif., was for many years a member of Denver, Colo., Lodge No. 17, of which he was a Past Exalted

Ruler in 1901. From 1907-08 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Commission on Preservation of the elk herds threatened with extinction for lack of winter grazing grounds. From 1909 to 1914, Mr. Clay was a member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Moving from Denver to San Diego about twenty years ago, it was at his estate in Chula Vista, near the latter city, that Mr. Clay died. He had always remained a member of Denver Lodge. At the funeral services, attended by many prominent California Elks, the eulogy was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler John B. Osborn of San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168, while all the flags in Chula Vista were at half-mast. Past Grand Trustee Clay was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, San Diego.

The loss of Patrick T. Powers and Perry A. Clay will be keenly felt by all Elks who knew them. The profound sympathy of the Order is extended to their families and relatives.



PHOTOS © BY HENRY MILLER NEWS SERVICE
The Harding Memorial at Bedford and those assisting in the unveiling (left to right): Past Exalted Ruler M. Maurice Meyer of Baltimore Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va.; Governor E. Lee Trinkle of Virginia; Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell; Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears of Baltimore; Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott of Linton, Ind.; Robert A. Gordon of Atlanta, Chairman Board of Grand Trustees, and Patrick J. Callan, President of the combined State Association of Delaware, District of Columbia and Maryland

Unveiling of the Harding Memorial

At the Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

BENEATH a bright and cloudless sky, a gentle breeze blowing the great flag from its staff in all its floating loveliness, with the beautiful Elks National Home as a background, the monument to President Warren G. Harding was unveiled at Bedford, on Sunday afternoon, August 30, in the presence of thousands of Elks and their friends.

When President-elect Harding delivered the Memorial address at the National Home in 1920, the thought was born in the minds of a number of members that the notable occasion should be commemorated in some appropriate manner. The Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Association took the lead in the matter, and, from subscriptions voluntarily made by members in that jurisdiction, the necessary funds were provided.

The memorial is a granite shaft, constituting a base, surmounted by a portrait bust of the late President and upon a bronze tablet set in the face of the granite pedestal is a simple inscription.

After conference with the Board of Grand Trustees, the monument was erected immediately in front of the Administration Building of the Home, upon the very spot from which President Harding spoke.

The occasion of the unveiling of the Memorial was one of great interest to the whole Order, and attracted the attendance of thousands. Special trains were operated from Washington and Richmond, while large delegations were present from Lynchburg, Roanoke, and other near-by lodges. The crowd would have taxed the facilities of Bedford but for the generous hospitality of its citizens, who furnished automobiles for all visitors, so that comfortable transportation to and

from the Home was provided. The Board of Grand Trustees had arranged a buffet luncheon to be served in the dining-hall of the Home.

The Elks Band from Richmond and the Glee Club from Lynchburg Lodge, rendered the musical numbers of the program; while the drill teams from Richmond and Washington Lodges, in their attractive white and purple uniforms, added a touch of attractive color to the scene. The latter corps gave an exhibition drill after the ceremonies for the entertainment of the visitors. The Band rendered an excellent concert as its

contribution to the pleasure of the occasion.

The unveiling ceremonies were simple but dignified and impressive. As the monument was undraped, the Washington drill team formed in line at its rear and, with swords at salute, the splendid likeness of the late President was disclosed to the assembled throng.

Henry W. Mears, a venerable but still active member of Baltimore Lodge, who was a member of the Board of Grand Trustees when the original Home was established in 1903, was the first speaker, and related the incidents which led to the erection of the Memorial. With his two colleagues on the Board of Grand Trustees and the members of the Home Committee, of which Meade Detweiler was chairman, Mr. Mears played an important part in bringing about the Home's creation.

P. J. Callan, of Washington Lodge, president of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Association, presided over the ceremonies, and on behalf of his Association presented title to the monument to the Order.

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, accepted the gift on behalf of the Order in a brief address. His personality and presence captivated the large audience, many of whom were seeing their new Chief for the first time. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke as follows:

"Here in this garden of love—this field of fraternity, in the presence of the everlasting hills, with the poem of this perfect day ravishing our senses, we have come to a stop where there is a sign—a marker—a reminder.

"We, who knew, do not need it—but that others to come may also know, the fine, thoughtful brothers of Maryland, Delaware and District of



Drill Team of Washington Lodge at Harding Memorial

(Continued on page 77)

This Is "Old Ironsides" Month

And Every Lodge of Elks Is Expected to Do Its Duty

THAT the movement to organize the children of the nation to raise \$500,000 for the restoration of "Old Ironsides" as directed by the 1400 Lodges of Elks will inspire the young people of the land to the study of the record of this historic ship and will turn the thought of the youth of America to many of the most important developments of our Nation is the belief of President Calvin Coolidge, who has selected the topics for the Marion Eppley prizes which every Lodge in this country is offering for the best essays written dealing with the U. S. frigate *Constitution*.

"I therefore trust there will be widespread competition for the 'Old Ironsides' medals because an understanding of the fundamentals of our history is most helpful to discharging the duties of citizenship," says the President in his letter to Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur.

The President strikes the key-note of the Elk campaign in the topic he picks for the elementary schools—"Why will the preservation of the U. S. S. *Constitution* promote patriotism?" For the High schools he has picked the topic "Why did the victories of the U. S. S. *Constitution* contribute so largely to our success in the War of 1812?" For the colleges, he has asked the students to write on the subject: "The contributions of the U. S. S. *Constitution* to human liberty and to National progress."

With the President's stamp of approval on the educational and patriotic campaign that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will carry to the children of the Nation during "Old Ironsides Week," October 19th-24th, an added impetus is given to the 200,000 members who will participate in the movement as members of the "Old Ironsides" Committees of the various Lodges.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who is directing this big organization from the National Headquarters in the Boston Navy Yard, reports that the Lodges are very enthusiastic over their work and just as soon as the school year opened contact was immediately made with almost 175,000 schools.

An elaborate and detailed plan has been worked out and is now in the hands of every member of the Committee, and during the week of the 19th-24th, in the most remote corners of continental America, far up in the mountains of the Philippines, in the tropics of Hawaii and Porto Rico, and in the ice-fields of Alaska, Elks will be telling of the glorious deeds and adventures of this famous old ship which, in the gloomiest period of our country, sailed into Boston harbor with the news of a smashing victory over the British frigate *Guerrière*, which stiffened the spine of the nation and saved it from dissolution, and ultimately drove the enemy from our shores for all time.

National Headquarters at the Boston Navy Yard has been a busy place during the

last month. Almost a million pieces of literature, covering every phase and detail of the educational plan of campaign, millions of buttons, and 200,000 beautiful four-colored reproductions of "Old Ironsides" were shipped to the 1400 Lodges of Elks.



"Old Ironsides"

*AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.*

*Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!*

*Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

"For months we have been organizing the Elks, and the moment the school year opened this vast machine began the task of organizing the school children to raise the \$500,000, and I am sure that when 'Old Ironsides Week' is a matter of history the drive will have gone over the top," says Mr. James R. Nicholson, the Campaign Di-

rector. "This is a children's drive in every essential. We could not hope to raise the entire amount by appealing for the donations of the children so our Brothers have been organizing the older school groups—those of the Junior High and High schools—to ask for larger donations from the adults in the business and residential sections of each community, so you can see that the entire amount of money necessary to rebuild this historic treasure will be secured by the children."

Each Lodge has been given a quota of \$40 per each thousand children within the jurisdiction of its Lodge. Each Old Ironsides Committee has been shipped buttons amounting to 40 per cent. of their school survey. The Campaign Director has urged each Committee to see that the donations average ten cents for every button sent to them. This does not mean that the children will be forced to give ten cents to receive a button, as the larger donations from adults will take care of this deficiency.

The running of a national campaign in which millions of buttons, 200,000 pictures to be presented to every school in the land, literature, and other incidentals are used, make it rather a costly proposition. The National Committee, of which Rear-Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, U. S. N., is Chairman, has financed quite a portion of the preliminary expense, but in order to assure the success of the campaign, there has been adopted rather a unique plan for the Lodges to finance the buttons and other expenses. It is in the form of a bronze medallion 10 inches in diameter, mounted on a handsome dark wood shield. It commemorates the launching of "Old Ironsides" in 1797. The die from which it is struck is limited to 1797 bronzes. In most of the Lodge Districts the "Old Ironsides" Committee is limited to one of these bronzes. The bronze cannot be disposed of to individuals, but is offered to banks, libraries, department stores, and other institutions that subscribe \$50 or more.

The 10-inch medallion at the top of the plaque shows a picture of "Old Ironsides" under full sail, in high relief, with the words "U. S. frigate *Constitution*—1797 Launched at Boston" and gives the date of her battle at Tripoli, and the dates of her victories over the *Guerrière*, *Java*, *Cyane* and *Levant*. At the lower part of the shield is another bronze, with the inscription "This plaque is one of 1797 struck in the year A. D. 1925 and subscribed for by patriotic institutions to augment the fund raised by the nation-wide campaign to restore 'Old Ironsides' as a shrine for future generations." Beneath this is a facsimile signature of L. R. de Steiguer, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Chairman of the National Committee, "Save Old Ironsides" Fund, and at the bottom are the words "Distributed through the co-operation of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks."



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Judge William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler, laying cornerstone of new Home of Oakland Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Officiates at Oakland, Calif., Cornerstone Laying

GRAND Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell performed his first official cornerstone laying at Oakland, Calif., on July 26, and was assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin and officers of Oakland Lodge No. 171.

The ceremony attracted thousands of people, and to accommodate them four street-railways and an electric train re-routed their service, thus allowing for the erection of bleachers in the streets. Amplifiers were installed to assure perfect hearing.

A parade made up of an escort of police, brass bands, drum and fife corps, members, officers and Grand Lodge officers marched from the old Home, and upon reaching the new building ranks were opened, allowing Grand Lodge officers to march to the double-decked speakers' platform, which was beautifully decorated with palms, potted fern, plants, flowers and bunting. The bands occupied the upper part, having the drill team for a setting, while distinguished guests, officers and members of the Glee Club of Stockton Lodge No. 218 were assembled on the lower. The entire face of the main building was covered with the various flags of the navy, while a flag of every nation graced the fifteen-story tower.

The program opened with both bands, glee club and audience singing "The Star Spangled Banner," during which the two daughters of Past Exalted Ruler Hardy C. Hutchinson raised an immense American Flag up past all the foreign ones and made it fast at the peak, 250 feet above, where it waved in all its glory just as the last notes died away. The effect was thrilling and brought forth prolonged applause.

Stockton's Glee Club then rendered "Salutation" and "The Lamp of the West," both of which were appreciatively received, as was their Handel's "Largo."

An echo number by a cornet trio preceded Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin's address in which he told of the history of the Lodge during its thirty-five years of existence and of the purposes and objects of the Order.

Following the ritualistic work by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Exalted Ruler Al J. Lacoste and officers, Frank Thornton, a member of the Lodge, sang Cadman's "The Builder," a most appropriate selection, and the Glee Club's rendition of Huhn's "Invictus" met with a hearty response.

Exalted Ruler Lacoste introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler in a fitting manner, and the audience arose to the occasion and gave the distinguished visitor a hearty welcome. Judge Atwell told his audience that the philosophy of the organization was that of the higher view of life, the view which sees life as a "fascinating plantation on which any seed may grow."

"The cornerstone, set in concrete and mortar, is in reality set in Faith. Faith in purpose, Faith in God, Faith in country and home. Not the

blind, driven faith, like cattle, but purposeful Faith which drives man to do a particular thing as part of his scheme of life. The three levers of our Order will remain in the days to come—the simple things of God, home and the great country which houses the little home."

The Judge won his audience from the beginning and held them through a most interesting address. The program closed with "America."

In the evening a banquet was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler by officers and Past Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges.

Gala Celebration Marks Institution Of Newton, N. J., Lodge

A parade embellished with fireworks and including delegations from New Jersey and New York Lodges signalized the organization of Newton, N. J., Lodge No. 1512. The parade was followed by dinners served to the attending State officers and visiting members, and a performance at one of Newton's vaudeville houses. Sayer S. Martin was elected the first Exalted Ruler and Thomas J. O'Malley Secretary. The Lodge voted to become a member of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Wisconsin State Elks Association Holds Session at Superior

The Palace Theatre was filled to capacity with delegates and their guests when Mayor Fred A. Baxter formally handed the city of Superior over to the Wisconsin Elks at the open first meeting of their three-day convention held August 13, 14 and 15. With George L. Dwinell, President of the State Association presiding, the speech of welcome was delivered by Robert E. Curran, Exalted Ruler of Superior Lodge No. 403. Addresses by Hon. John T. Blaine, Governor of the State, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, who acted as personal representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Fred C. Robinson, the Grand Secretary. At the close of the speech-making there was a musical program in which a number of prominent artists took part, and the delegates then adjourned to a luncheon given in their honor at the Hotel Androy. The result of the first business session held on the afternoon of the 14th was the election of the following officers: President, Carl Riggins of Oconto Lodge No. 887; First Vice-President, H. W. Nankervis of Oshkosh Lodge No. 292; Second Vice-President, Robert E. Curran of Superior Lodge No. 403; Third Vice-President, Harry A. Kiefer of Wausau Lodge No. 248; Fourth Vice-President, James H. Balliet of Appleton Lodge No. 337; Secretary, Theodore Benfey of Sheboygan Lodge No. 299 (re-elected); treasurer, Louis Uecker of Watertown Lodge No. 666 (re-elected); Trustees (all re-elected): Edmund Grassler of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46; A. J. Horlick of Racine Lodge No. 252; Thomas E. Welsh of Janesville

Lodge No. 254; Knute Anderson of Eau Claire Lodge No. 402; Dr. J. H. Wallis of Rice Lake Lodge No. 1441.

In the evening there was an impressive parade. Probably the most outstanding feature of this event was the appearance in line of the Boys' Band of Bayfield, Wis., the largest organization of its kind in the country. Hammond Park was the terminus of the line of march and there, in the presence of a great gathering, and with solemn ceremony, a tree was planted by the Wisconsin Elks in memory of the soldiers lost on the battlefield in the World War. Dr. J. H. Wallis of Rice Lake Lodge delivered the speech of dedication. Following this was a concert directed by B. Enna, Chairman of the State Elks Association Committee on Music, by the massed bands of Superior, Duluth, Oconto, Hudson, Rice Lake and Green Bay. The day's activities wound up with a dance in the ballroom of the Hotel Androy. It must not be supposed that the ladies of the party were at a loss for entertainment during the hours when the men were closeted in business session. A musical program in the club-rooms of the Elks Home was followed by a card party for them, at which the local Elk ladies were hostesses.

Business and pleasure were successfully combined on the third day by holding the final business session aboard the steamer *Montauk* which carried the delegates on a most enjoyable trip up the river to the famous harbor of Duluth and Superior. The festivities closed with a convention ball at the Elks Home in the evening. The Association will meet next year at Milwaukee, the week of the Grand Lodge Convention at Chicago.

An Elk's Widow Discovers The Order

The following paragraphs are extracts from a letter written to the president of one of the State Elks Associations, who passed it on to this Magazine, requesting anonymity in the event of its publication. The letter is so true a reflection of the attitude of many people before—and after—they understand what the Order of Elks is and stands for, that we publish it, in order that others, reading it, may better understand the meaning of membership in the fraternity:

"Until a year and a half ago, the Elks to me meant purely and simply a social and pleasure-seeking organization, nothing more. I could never understand nor see the wisdom of paying dues to belong to the Elks.

"Then my husband became ill, and in the hopes that he might regain his health more rapidly by being far away from his business, he was sent to Arizona, where for a short time our hopes seemed justified. Then suddenly a message came which sent me hurrying to Tucson, the little city to which he had gone, only to find myself among strangers, and strange faces all about, and a husband in a delirium that not even the hospital would be held responsible for, without a special attendant and myself assuming full charge.

"When the doctor one day said to me, 'Doesn't he belong to some church or organization,' I said 'yes—He is an Elk,' but to my mind that couldn't mean anything at a time like that, when waiting for an ambulance to take him to the hospital. But as if by magic, before the ambulance arrived, two Elks came to me. Two

very busy men; not only with their own affairs, but the Elks State Convention was in progress there that week. Still they found time to immediately come and inquire if they could do anything for me. I said 'No, I don't need any financial aid. I don't know what you could do.' But the kind response was merely 'Perhaps there are other ways we can help,' which they certainly showed me there were.

"It seemed so natural and so much the usual thing for these people from Elksdom to do, I would hesitate in even saying 'Thank you'—I can not help feeling they must all have had their sorrow and knew what those dreadful hours of hopes you could not give up were. Still, when the end came, as true brothers they were there—all details were attended to, telegrams sent—transportation arranged, all bills carefully checked and approved, and I started on my long journey wondering if after all it wasn't all a terrible dream, it had all been so well done.

"As time goes on I can not help feeling that all dues paid the Elks surely come back home tenfold, if not to us all individually, it will surely somewhere, sometime, be a blessing to some one we love."

Ohio State Elks Association Holds Meeting and Election

The annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association was held at Cedar Point the week of August 23. Officers were elected for 1925-26 as follows: President, Blake C. Cook of Kent Lodge No. 1377; First Vice-President, Charles L. Justice of Marion Lodge No. 32; Second Vice-President, N. C. Parr of New Philadelphia Lodge No. 510; Secretary, Fred G. Parker of Lorain Lodge No. 1301; Treasurer, William C. Petrie of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5; Trustee for three years, William G. Lambert of Cleveland Lodge No. 18. Capt. R. L. Queisser of Cleveland Lodge was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association.

The meeting was attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price representing Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell; by Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson. There were present 295 representatives and Past Exalted Rulers.

The contest for the John G. Price Ritualistic Cup was entered by the degree teams of Lakewood, Cleveland, Elyria and Columbus Lodges. Columbus Lodge No. 37 was the winner.

Two resolutions, presented by Mr. Price, were unanimously adopted. One was a resolution in indorsement of the "Old Ironsides" campaign, tendering of assistance and full cooperation, both of the Past Exalted Rulers Association and of the Ohio State Elks Association. The other was a resolution urging the newly elected officers to bend every effort to emphasize the necessity and importance of placing the ritualistic work on the highest possible plane and encouraging fraternal visits among Lodges.

The Convention closed with a banquet for the representatives and their ladies, and a grand ball.

Coatesville, Pa., Lodge Gives Evidence of Community Spirit

Recent action of Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228, in donating a splendid swimming-pool to the city for the free use of the youngsters, exemplifies the present-day spirit of the Order in

very tangible fashion. The pool, costing approximately \$10,000, is of concrete, 40 feet wide and 120 feet long, ranging in depth from 18 inches to 9 feet. Located in Central Park Playgrounds, the pool was dedicated in July before a gathering of several thousand people. A parade of the Lodge and an address by Hon. A. H. Swing, Mayor of Coatesville, were features of the opening ceremonies.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge Gives Orphans an Outing

Through the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge No. 28 the orphans in the various institutions of this district were given a day's outing as guests of the Elks. They were first taken around the city and surrounding country in automobiles for about two hours' ride, then to Wheeling Park, where a dinner was served. The afternoon was given to enjoying all kinds of outdoor sports for which prizes were given to the winners of all contests. All the day there were plenty of good things to eat and drink, peanuts and ice-cream, lemonade and soda. At the close of the day a hot supper was served, and the little ones were then taken to the homes in automobiles. From the expressions on their faces one could see that the day will be remembered by them long after it is forgotten by those who made it possible for them.

Since the fire on March 20 that completely destroyed the Lodge room and damaged the Home to a large extent, there has been considerable talk about building a new club-house for Wheeling Lodge, one that would be modern in every respect. At a recent special meeting of the Lodge action was taken on the matter to the extent of authorizing the Board of Directors to secure options on new sites and to have plans prepared for a new up-to-date building and to submit it back to the Lodge for final action.

Minnesota Elks Hold State Convention at Brainerd

Representatives from every Lodge in the State were present at the very successful convention at Brainerd, held by the Minnesota State Elks Association. At the first business session

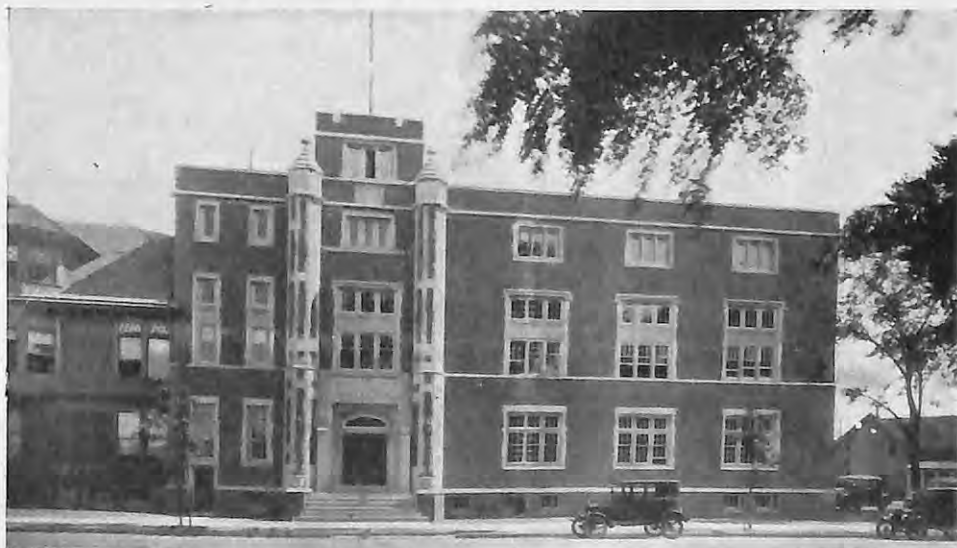
an address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Cain of Brainerd, and the business of electing officers for the coming year was then attended to as follows: President, John E. Regan of Mankato Lodge No. 225; First Vice-President, Thomas B. Wilson of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44; Second Vice-President, Dr. A. H. Cohen of Brainerd Lodge No. 615; Third Vice-President, O. M. Thurber of Owatonna Lodge No. 1395; Secretary, Lannie C. Horne of Minneapolis Lodge; Treasurer, James R. Jerrard of St. Cloud Lodge No. 516; Trustees: Thomas J. Griffith of Minneapolis Lodge elected for three years, Joseph C. Page of Winona Lodge No. 327 and Chester R. Leech of St. Paul Lodge No. 59.

Enthusiastic attention was given to the welfare work of the various Lodges with the result that the Association resolved to take up the Krippled Kiddie movement in conjunction with the Rochester Welfare activity and the Sunset Home plan for the aged.

Also, with a view to making a fine showing at next year's Grand Lodge Convention, money was appropriated for building a float. Minnesota will endeavor to have as many as 1,000 men in line at Chicago. Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson arrived during this first business session in time for the memorial services held for W. W. Koons, the founder and first president of the Minnesota Association, and for James P. Healey of St. Paul Lodge, one of its early presidents. The ritualistic contest between Hibbing Lodge No. 1022 and Stillwater Lodge No. 170 was won by Stillwater Lodge, following which the convention was addressed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland and Grand Secretary Robinson. The second day witnessed the drum corps contest, in which St. Paul won its fifteenth consecutive prize, and the band contest with Duluth Lodge No. 133 the victor. In the afternoon there was the parade with floats representing early life in Minnesota. The final day of the convention was spent in an athletic carnival at Breezy Point, where contests were held in tennis, golf and trap shooting.

San Diego, Calif., Host to Eastern Delegation

Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow and a delegation of approximately 235 Elks and their



Attractive new home of Irvington, N. J., Lodge No. 1245, which was dedicated during the early summer months



Here is a picture of the swimming-pool recently given to its city by Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228 for the free use of the young children of the vicinity

New Home of San Francisco Lodge



Artistic arrangement, dignity, and comfort are the keynotes of this most handsome addition to the magnificent Homes of the Order. A view of the large foyer between the dining-room and the lounge is shown to the left. At right is the beautiful, sun-lighted tiled swimming-pool

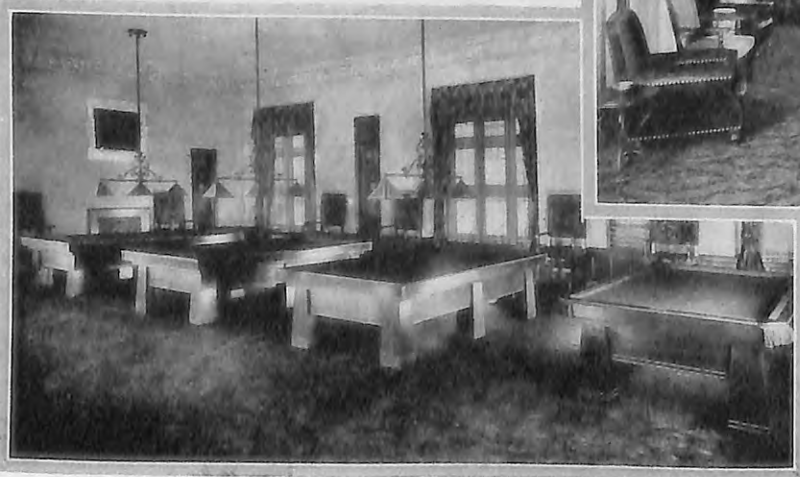


PICTORS BY
GABRIEL MOULIN

Here is a section of the large Lodge room with its unusual decorations and elevated stage



An inviting homelike atmosphere pervades this attractively furnished corner of lounge room



A glimpse of the large pool and billiard room, which is handsomely equipped with many tables

families from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Lodges, were recently the guests of San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168. All the scenic beauties of that part of the country were exploited for the benefit of the guests. There were trips by boat on the bay, a sight-seeing tour through Balboa Park and to Point Loma, with a stop-off at Old Town to see the historic Ramona's Marriage Place, and a visit to Mission Beach, and on the following day a trip to Tia Juana. The delegates were enthusiastically appreciative of San Diego's hospitality.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association Holds Large Convention

The meeting, August 24 to 27, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at Bethlehem, was one of the biggest and most enthusiastic in the history of the organization. It was attended by delegates from all but a few of the more than one hundred Lodges in the State. Bethlehem Lodge No. 191, under the chairmanship of Past Exalted Ruler Ray L. Crosland, outdid itself in the effort to provide a complete and interesting program not only for the visiting Elks but for their ladies as well.

Officers for 1925-'26 are as follows: President, George J. Kambach of Pittsburgh Lodge No. 11; Vice-President, Pemberton M. Minster of Bristol Lodge No. 970; Secretary, William S. Gould of Scranton Lodge No. 123; Treasurer, Henry W. Gough of Harrisburg Lodge No. 12; Trustees: M. F. Horne of New Kensington Lodge No. 512 (elected at this meeting); Robert W. Gibson of McKeesport Lodge No. 136; Howard R. Davis of Williamsport Lodge No. 173; Louis N. Goldsmith of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, and George W. Thomas of Scranton Lodge.

The outstanding feature of the first day's activities, which included various entertainments was a banquet for Grand Lodge and State officers, delegates, alternates, committeemen, and their ladies, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. At this banquet were present: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Joseph T. Fanning and J. Edgar Masters of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission; Grand Esquire Charles H. Grakelow; Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown Lodge No. 130; Hon. James M. Yeakle, Mayor of Bethlehem; President E. J. Morris of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; William Wirt Lynn, Exalted Ruler of Bethlehem Lodge—all of whom were speakers—and many other prominent members of the Order. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1. Past Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Kellow of Bethlehem Lodge acted as toastmaster.

At the conclusion of Judge Atwell's address, which was received, as usual, with cheers, he was presented with a beautiful candelabra, as a token of esteem from the Elks of the State of Pennsylvania.

In the report of the President of the State



The Home of Susanville, Cal., Lodge No. 1487

Association it was brought out that, due to the influence of members of the Order throughout the State, a bill was passed by the last session of the Legislature, providing an appropriation of \$250,000 for the purchase of a site on which will be erected buildings for the treatment, education and vocational training of crippled children.

The report of the Secretary developed the fact that of the 115 Lodges in Pennsylvania, all but seven are members of the State Association. The Treasurer's report showed that the organization is in excellent financial condition. The Charity Committee figures showed that Pennsylvania Lodges dispensed charity to the extent of \$250,000 during the past year.

The Drill Team of Williamsport Lodge won the silver loving-cup for its drill. First prize in the band contest was taken by Reading Lodge No. 115, with Bloomsburg Lodge No. 436 second and Wilkesburg Lodge No. 577 third. The prizes were silver cups.

Thursday afternoon, August 27, marked the climax of the Convention, when the largest parade ever seen in Bethlehem was staged. There were 10,000 marchers in line and the spectacle was witnessed by a crowd reported to number 100,000 people. The parade prizes, consisting of loving-cups, were won by the following Lodges:

Best-drilled corps in line of parade: first, Reading Lodge, second Bloomsburg Lodge, third, Wilkesburg Lodge. Largest number of uniformed men: first, Allentown Lodge, second Philadelphia Lodge. Best appearing Lodge: first, Allegheny Lodge, second, York Lodge, third, Carlisle Lodge. Largest exclusive Elk band: first, Allegheny Lodge, second, Easton

Lodge. Best band music and appearance: first, Pittsburgh Lodge, second, Philadelphia Lodge, third, Reading Lodge. Best float: first, Leighton Lodge, second Allegheny Lodge.

Throughout the four days of the Convention there were picnics, motor tours, golf, garden and card parties, theatrical performances and dances for the visitors and their ladies.

The place of meeting next year will be Washington, Pa.

Impressive Ceremony Marks Laying of Cornerstone of Sacramento, Cal., Lodge

The cornerstone of the new \$1,250,000 building of Sacramento, Cal., Lodge No. 6 was recently laid. A silver trowel presented by the contractors was used by Exalted Ruler Harold J. Thielen in cementing the cornerstone which he had swung into place. A heavy copper box containing many interesting Lodge records and mementoes was sealed in the cornerstone. The building will probably be ready for occupancy by February 1st.

Ambitious Plans for Summer Resort Announced by Fresno, Cal., Lodge

The members of Fresno, Cal., Lodge No. 439 are planning to lease a tract of at least ten acres next summer on the new Government lands to be opened on Lake Huntington in the near-by mountains. The plans include a completely equipped Club House with boat-landings, a nine-hole golf course, and leveled tent sites, to be leased to the members. As Fresno Lodge plans a new Home in the city it is hoped that by the time construction is begun at Lake Huntington, part of the furniture and equipment from the old Home will be available for the country club. This undertaking is designed not only to provide a summer outing place for the members, but to develop the popularity of the beautiful mountain country about Fresno as a summer resort. If the proposed Piute Pass highway is carried to completion, this acreage will be on the direct road across the mountains.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Purchases New Home

The property known as "Oakwood Arms," with extensive grounds covering nearly five acres, has been purchased by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge No. 841 for its new Home at a cost of \$78,000. Conveniently situated midway between St. George and Tottenville, the building is so laid out that the elevating of the roof to install a Lodge room on the top floor is the only change necessary to fit it for its new use. This room when completed would be 56 x 57 feet. The building contains a ball-room with a seating capacity of 650, a number of large private dining-rooms and 17 living-rooms, either with bath or running water. There is a good baseball field, and the grounds are ideal for outings, which should insure a sure source of welcome income.



A view of the lodge-room of Wallace, Idaho, Lodge No. 331

Accommodations For Traveling Elks

Living accommodations are obtainable at any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed below.

Agana, Guam, No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 490
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Mena, Ark., Lodge No. 781
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 780
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1359
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 502
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it on request without charge.

In order to bring the building completely up to date, the Lodge hopes to install a gymnasium, swimming-pool, tennis-courts and bowling-alleys.

Indiana State Elks Association Meets at Valparaiso

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Indiana State Elks Association was held August 18, 19 and 20 at Valparaiso. The big feature of the first day's program was the dedication of the handsome new Home of Valparaiso Lodge No. 500. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664 conducted the dedicatory exercises as representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott of Linton, Ind., Lodge No. 866, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge No. 297, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry K. Kramer of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge No. 432 and officers of the State Association.

Following the dedication and an address by Mr. Campbell, the first session of the convention was held, at which President Garnet R. Fleming of Shelbyville Lodge No. 457 read his report and made a number of suggestions. Chief among these was that the Grand Lodge be asked to redistrict the State of Indiana, dividing it into five districts, instead of four, along lines to be suggested by a special committee of the State Association, the present districts being deemed too large to be properly covered by the District Deputies.

At the second business session, the Committee on Social and Community Welfare suggested that each Lodge appoint a special committee to consider the advisability of aiding the Riley Hospital for Crippled Children at Indianapolis in some way, preferably by raising funds for the furnishing of more equipment for the hospital. The Committee also suggested that each Lodge name a committee to keep in touch with juvenile court officials, and do something to help recreant boys and girls both before they are sent to State institutions, and after they leave. The Committee's report was adopted. The Committee on Resolutions promised all possible aid to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson in his work of raising funds for the "Save Old Ironsides" campaign. It also commended THE ELKS MAGAZINE on its improvement during the past year.

Officers elected were: President, Will E. Hendrich of Terre Haute Lodge No. 86; First Vice-President, F. J. McMichael of Gary Lodge No. 1152; Second Vice-President, John C. Hampton of Muncie Lodge No. 245; Third Vice-President, John Holliday of Washington Lodge No. 933; Secretary, Don Allman of Noblesville Lodge No. 576; Treasurer, George S. Green of Mt. Vernon Lodge No. 277; Trustee

for three years, Joseph Getz of Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155. The other Trustees are Hubert S. Riley of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13 and Julius Albe of Valparaiso Lodge No. 500. President Hendrich named as Tiler, Roy R. White of Evansville Lodge No. 116; Chaplain, Charles P. Nupnau of Gary Lodge No. 1152, and Sergeant-at-arms, Charles Bredemus of South Bend Lodge No. 235.

Following the first business session a large banquet was held in celebration of the dedication of the new Valparaiso Lodge Home. Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, Mayor E. W. Agar of Valparaiso, and others. The banquet was followed by a ball at the Elks Home. The second day of the meeting was featured by a large parade, reported to have been one of the most spectacular ever staged in the city. The annual ritualistic contest for the Joseph T. Fanning Cup was won by Noblesville Lodge No. 576. The band contest was won by East Chicago Lodge No. 981 with Noblesville second.

The Convention which ended on the third day with a large picnic, was considered a great success and was attended by more than 500 delegates. Elkhart will be the Convention city in August, 1926.

Portland, Ore., Lodge to Send Big Delegation to Chicago in 1926

At its first session since the Grand Lodge Convention, Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142 adopted a resolution instructing the Exalted Ruler to appoint a committee to formulate plans for sending a large representation to the Grand Lodge Convention of 1926 in Chicago. It is the aim of the Lodge to send all of its uniformed bodies, including the Band, Orchestra, Drill Team, Drum Corps and Quartet. The sentiment expressed as back of this action was one of compliment to the splendid representation of Chicago Lodge at the Portland Convention and a manifestation of the appreciation of Portland Lodge for having been awarded the 1925 Grand Lodge meeting.

Virginia State Elks Association To Meet in October

The annual meeting of the Virginia State Elks Association is scheduled for October 13 and 14 at Roanoke. The local Lodge No. 197 will be hosts to the visitors who are expected from all parts of the State. In addition to an elaborate plan of entertainment, it is expected that a trap-shooting tournament, a golf tournament and a baseball game will be arranged.

(Continued on page 79)



This is the Home of Pontiac, Ill., Lodge No. 1019

\$1195

New Low Price

HUDSON COACH



Only Hudson Can Build It

Being the world's largest builders of 6-cylinder cars permits Hudson to give the greatest price advantage with the finest quality in Hudson history.

Everywhere it is called "the World's Greatest Buy" because it is universally acknowledged that no car gives like quality, reliability, performance and fine

appearance within hundreds of dollars of its price. And Hudson economy, which the praise of a vast ownership has made famous, consists not only in the important first cost savings, but also in the way Hudsons retain their new car qualities and performance in long service with little need for mechanical attention.

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

Hudson Brougham \$1495—Hudson 7-Pass. Sedan \$1695

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra



You rinse off the lather—then what?

THERE'S the place where men's spirits used to droop—after the shave. Talcs and liniments don't fill the bill. No wonder most men dashed on cold water and let it go at that.

Then came Aqua Velva—created expressly for after shaving. Little wonder men seized upon it as a long-lost friend.

Because it helps conserve the natural moisture of the skin, Aqua Velva keeps your face like velvet all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it:

- it tingles delightfully when applied
- it gives first aid to little cuts
- it protects the face from cold and wind
- it prevents face-shine
- it delights with its man-style fragrance

Tone up your face with Aqua Velva. Keep it in perfect condition. A 150-drop test bottle FREE. Use coupon below or post-card.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c. (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. By mail post-paid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

for use
after shaving

By the makers of
Williams Shaving
Cream

For free test bottle

Address:
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 1210, Glaston-
bury, Conn. (If you live
in Canada, address The
J. B. Williams Co., St.
Patrick St., Montreal)



Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

Elks 10-25

Don't Bother Jim

(Continued from page 25)

the time Jim was awake to figure out ways he could get more time to sleep.

7

I'm going to skip a couple of years now. Jim was climbing, all the time—or rather he was being pushed up by luck, and circumstances—and thinking himself out of so much work that there wasn't any use in keeping him in any one position.

Way I dope it out is this. And it's a compliment to Jim, at that. Us Americans make a god of hustle. But just about two-thirds of our American hustle is hustling around in circles. Hustle for the sake of hustle. We get things done—but we make an awful lot of useless fuss and fury in doing them.

The Acme was full of hustlers and go-getters. Fellows so full of pep and ambition that if a job didn't require more than two hours a day of real thinking—they'd invent ways of complicating it so they could spend a day of feverish activity at it and feel they were real peppy high-power guys.

Not Jim. Pep wasn't a word that even Benson would use in describing Jim. Now that Jim is a great success people say he has Repose.

Right. Repose is what he lives for—and he's got all of it he could manage to get away with all his life.

So when they put Jim on any job, he sought Repose. And he got it by making his jobs easy.

Well, in a plant where pretty nearly everybody was trying to make his job as complicated and hard as possible, Jim kept easing up from one job to another because he made 'em as simple and soft as possible.

He "couldn't be bothered." Fellows under him would come running to him asking him this, that and the other question, and Jim would say: "Whadduh mean bothering me with all this detail? I'm too busy. Fix it up yourself."

He'd slough off everything he could on the men under him—and they loved it! They ate it up—it meant Responsibility, it meant they could show their pep and ambition and hustle.

So every department Jim worked in would be almost running itself by the time he'd been in it a month—and Jim got credit for being the greatest young organizer living. All because his motto was:

"Let George do it."

8

I UNDERSTAND from what I read about the movies and the magazines that you've got to have love interest in a story to put it across.

All right, that comes in, too.

Jim's first sweetie, Jenny Wilcox, was married by this time, and Jim didn't show any symptoms of falling in love again until he'd been with the Acme company about two years. Then he met Benson's daughter.

Reason he hadn't met her before was because she'd been away at school most of the time, and in Europe for about a year after finishing school.

Daphne Benson was a knockout. Pretty as they make 'em, full of pep and vitality, bright eyed and quick on the trigger; danced and golfed and tennis and swam better than most men, and in addition to all that had a real bean on her, and all the poise and savoir faire and those other things that go with 'em.

Jim met her at the Acme office one day when she came in to see her father—and for three days afterward everybody that came into his office found Jim actually doing something. Couldn't sleep, you see.

On that third day Benson sent for Jim.

"Jim," he said, "Daphne asked me to bring you home to dinner to-night. Apparently she took a liking to you. Can you come?"

"Sure'd like to," answered Jim. "Sh'll I dress?"

"Tux if you like," said Benson. "I usually get into one. But don't bother if—"

"Oh, I got one," said Jim. "Went and ordered it day your daughter came in here. It'll be ready to-night—told 'em to rush it. You see, I thought I might be askin' her t' go out somewhere if she'd go, and I wanted to have it."

Benson sort of grinned and let it go at that.

It wasn't the first time Jim had been at Benson's house, but it was the second. About a year previous Benson had taken Jim home—and after dinner Jim had sat around with the other company for an hour or so and hadn't said a word. Then he'd wandered off and Mrs. Benson found him two hours later asleep in the library.

And after he'd gone home she'd laid down the law to Benson.

"He may be all right in the office," she'd said, "but you needn't bring that somnambulist into the house again. If he wants to spend his evenings snoozing in an easy chair he can do it somewhere else."

And all Benson's protests hadn't been any use.

Mrs. Benson made a loud holler about Jim's coming this time, too, but Daphne insisted, and Jim came.

GIVE the kid credit, he kept awake. He did more than that—he even talked a little in his lazy way, and he listened to Daphne with his eyes wide open—and his mind open behind 'em.

"I like him heaps," said Daphne after he'd gone. "He's so—restful. I'm fed up on these up-and-coming young men full of jazz and go."

"Well," said Mrs. Benson, "you might do something with him. He seems to like you."

"I don't want to do anything with him," said Daphne. "I think he's pretty nice as he is."

"One of the best brains in the organization," said Benson. "Don't be deceived by his sleepy manner."

Well, the next day Jim asked Benson if he could put him up for the country club. Benson had offered to do that before, but Jim had said: "Well, let it go awhile, dunno's I c'n afford it yet."

Benson put him up and the next thing Jim did was to call up Daphne and ask her if she'd go out to the club for dinner with him.

Daphne would and Daphne did.

There was a dance after dinner and Jim didn't dance. He went out on the porch and fell asleep on a settee while Daphne was dancing with some other men, and she didn't find him until about time to go home, when she stumbled over his legs and woke him up.

"Oh, there you are, Jim," she said—she'd called him Jim the second time she spoke to him—"come on. Gather up your carcass and I'll drive us home."

Jim dozed as Daphne drove—until the car got stuck in a mud hole. Then Jim woke up, got out, and lifted the hind wheels out of the ruts and on to the harder ground.

Then he climbed back in the car and dozed off again.

The rest of the way home Daphne said nothing—but she kept glancing with awe at Jim's great soft looking bulk. It isn't strange she did. It takes some strength to lift the back end of even a light roadster out of a mud hole.

Well, to skip a lot of details, Jim took Daphne everywhere. Or rather Daphne took Jim everywhere. All Jim had to do with it was that he stolidly came around to the house every evening. Said he "couldn't bother" to telephone.

If Daphne had a date with some one else he'd stick around until the other bird took her away—and he'd be there when they came back. Sitting out on the porch, asleep. Mrs. Benson had fits about it, but Benson laughed and told her to let the kid alone.

Even when Daphne kicked about this habit to Jim, he only said:

"Well, I don't wanta interfere with anythin'. But I gotta be round. 'Ud worry all night if I wasn't round. Couldn't sleep."

So Jim was a regular porch fixture except when Daphne let him go with her—which she did pretty often, hating to think of him sitting out on the porch all by his lone. You see, she liked him. Most people did.

One night the man she'd been out with had had a little too much hooch—and he wanted to kiss her good-night. Daphne didn't particularly mind being kissed good-night, but she didn't care for it on this occasion.

(Continued on page 44)



Greater Beauty Plus Finer Performance Plus Lower Price

Not one -- But All Three

The Oldsmobile Sedan is actually in a class by itself—
an unmatched value. Comparison and demonstration
prove absolutely that no other automobile offers you
such Beauty—such Performance—at such a Low Price.

Touring \$875; Coach \$950; Sedan \$1025. Prices f.o.b. Lansing, plus tax.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

OLDSMOBILE SIX

*Greater Beauty
Finer Performance
Lower Price*

Not one -- But All Three

Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.

Please send me your illustrated booklet describing
your cars and a free copy of the famous song
by Gus Edwards, "In My Merry Oldsmobile."

(Name) _____

(Address) _____



Boyd Found a Way
to Make New Blades

Shave Better!

"What's the idea! stropping a new blade?" asked Boyd as he saw me take out a new blade and put it into my trusty Twinplex.

"Foolish question number one," I answered. "It's plain you don't know how much better a new blade shaves if it is stropped before being used. Here, try this."

You should have seen Boyd's smile as the Twinplexed edge of that blade went caressingly over his face, leaving a velvety smoothness that was new to him.

Of course Boyd got a Twinplex forthwith and now he wouldn't sell it for \$100.00 if he couldn't get another one. He has thanked me a dozen times for putting him wise. Only yesterday he said "I've used the same blade now for a month. It's a marvel the way that little Twinplex saves time and money, and Oh boy! what shaves I do get."

Don't wait for some one to hand you a new blade stropped on Twinplex—let us do it.



Send for this
unique Home
for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send me your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade. For fifteen years Twinplex Stoppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.

1630 Locust St., St. Louis

New York Montreal London Chicago



Twinplex
Stopper
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

Don't Bother Jim

(Continued from page 42)

The man was going to kiss her anyhow, and he grabbed her in his arms. Daphne gave a little scream.

The man let go of her—or rather his arms were unwound by some irresistible force, and he was carried down the walk and then plunked down in the seat of his car. And all his struggles didn't do him any good at all.

"Better drive home," said Jim. "Safer. I might get mad 'n' break your neck. Don't come round again."

The other fellow hauled off and hit Jim over the eye. Jim picked him up out of the seat—held him with one arm, sat down on the running-board, and spanked him three times.

Then he put him back in the seat—and the other guy drove off.

"Guess you better go out with me after this," said Jim to Daphne.

It was bright moonlight and Daphne had seen everything.

"I—I guess I better," she said. "Good night, Jim," and she kissed him—then ducked for the door.

Jim just stood there, stupidly.

Well, Daphne married Jim.

"What are you going to do?" she asked one of her friends humorously, "when a man comes over every night and sticks around until you come home. What are you going to do about it when it gets around that he spanked a man who is the amateur middleweight champion of the city. Men that wouldn't mind being licked in a fight with Jim wouldn't play with me for fear Jim might take it into his mind to spank them. Being spanked is so undignified."

"So when a man sticks around and sticks around until everybody else quits—why, you just marry him, don't you? Anyhow, I do."

What she said to her father, however, is more like the truth.

"I love him, Dad," she said. "He's such a dear, old sleepy-head. Some girls might not think him very romantic, but the way he stayed around night after night, no matter what happened was romantic to me. And I like him because he's lazy."

"Seems lazy," her father corrected her.

"Is lazy," his daughter insisted. "He's too lazy to worry, too lazy to worry me. I know that I'll be able to do just about as I please when I'm married—and Jim will be pleased with what I do."

"But there's another thing. In spite of his being so peaceful and restful and lazy—I've got pep enough for both of us—down deep in my heart I'm just a little afraid of him. And he's the only man I've ever been a bit afraid of."

"Afraid of Jim!" laughed Benson. "Say, that's good. Jim wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Oh, father," said Daphne, "he wouldn't hurt a fly that didn't bother him—or me. But he could break a dinosaur in two—and he would if it got fresh with either of us."

"He's lazy and kind and good-natured, Dad—and he's so strong!"

9

TWO years after Jim's marriage, when Benson quit to start his own business, Jim became general manager of the Acme.

He'd made a record as general sales manager that made him the logical man for the place. How?

What's the use of repetition?

He made it simply by ducking work as usual, and telling his sales force to "Fix it up among yourselves."

He didn't pester the boys with "hit-her-up letters"; he didn't fuss over expense accounts; he just "let 'em ride"—giving 'em to understand that they were expected to produce results at such and such a cost, and if they didn't, somebody else would. I don't say everybody would have made a success of this—but Jim did. All his life he'd been able to let George do it and have George doing it enthusiastically. It was genius—sure; his father told me he used to get his small brother to bring in all the wood and mow the lawn—and the brother actually cried when his Dad made Jim do his share.

Jim's biggest success as sales manager, how-

ever, was in *not* selling to the Cosmic Accessory Company.

That outfit was supposed to be the biggest and strongest manufacturer of motor accessories in the country—and one of the salesmen got wind of the fact that they'd soon be in the market for a million dollars' worth of new machinery.

He came to Jim about it.

"I've got the inside track on this order through a friend of mine in the purchasing department," said the salesman. "There's several firms after it, but I know they lean our way. If we can shave the price five per cent., we'll get the order, I'm certain."

"I dunno," said Jim. "I'll think it over."

"But we've only got two days to act in."

"Have to think it over," said Jim.

Next day the salesman came in.

"How about that Cosmic order?" he asked.

"I guess I won't bother," said Jim.

"Why not? It means \$100,000 profit for us."

"Mebbe. Guess I won't bother, though."

"Mr. Huggins, I don't see—isn't the Cosmic all right?"

"Guesso. Don't like general manager. Met him at the club. Live wire—hustler. Talkin' 'bout bigger 'n' better business all the time. Gets on my nerves—always tryin' to 'pep up' things around here."

"We're gettin' along all right—if we start shadin' prices have a lotta bother all the time afterwards. Besides if we took the order have a lotta bother with that manager hustlin' us along. Rush telegrams and stuff. No—let it go."

The Ordway company landed the order, shipped the machinery—and before it was paid for the Cosmic blew up into bankruptcy with a loud bang. Overexpanded in a market that had suddenly gone blooie!

And the directors came around and patted Jim on the back for his keen foresight.

Luck! Sheer luck and laziness. Did Jim know anything about the financial condition of the Cosmic? He did not. Neither did any one else except the accounting department of the Cosmic.

Jim passed up that contract because he "didn't want to be bothered" by somebody who would rush and hustle him.

But he'd saved the Acme about \$900,000, nevertheless. And when Benson left, there was nothing to it but Jim.

10

WHEN Benson started his own business—which didn't compete with the Acme line—he still kept enough stock in the Acme to make him a director. And it was after a board meeting that Benson got his real hunch on Jim.

This was when Jim got to the presidency of the Acme. I'm skipping a few years, of course—except I guess I'll have to tell you how Jim got to be president.

He was on a train going to Chicago. Jim went into the smoking-room to wash up, and then, feeling sort of drowsy, as he usually was, he dropped down on the seat.

Another man came in, sat down, lighted a cigar and began reading a paper.

Suddenly he gave a snort of rage and threw the paper on the floor.

The snort half waked Jim up and he stared that bright-eyed stare of his at the stranger.

"Never read such rot in my life," exclaimed the other man. "Why can't these papers get their scientific information straight? It's astounding, the bunk they print about Einstein."

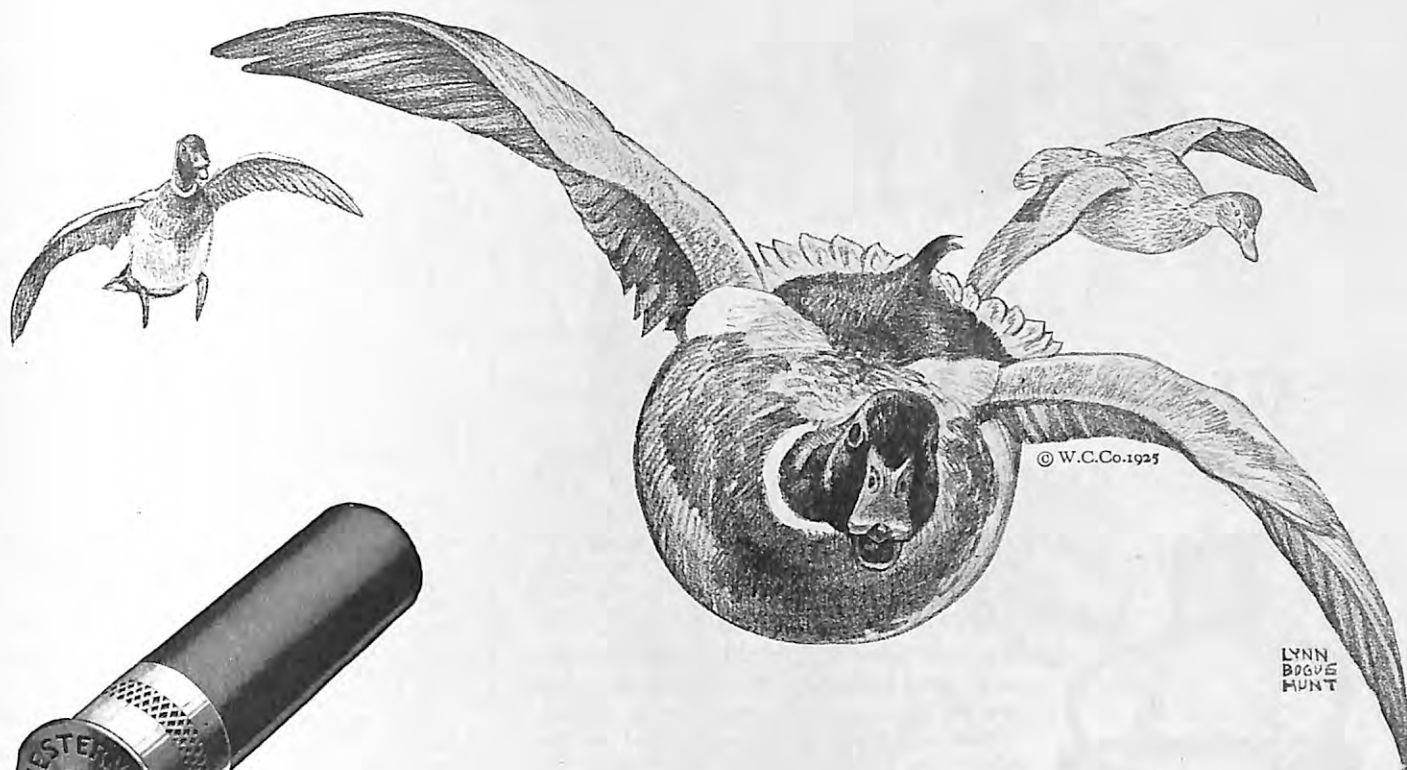
Jim nodded. He'd have nodded anyhow, because he was asleep, but since his eyes were open the stranger couldn't know that.

"They haven't the slightest inkling of what Einstein is getting at," said the other man. "If they studied his theory as I have they'd know something. Are you interested in Einstein?"

Jim nodded again.

"Then let me show you—" the stranger was off. And for two solid hours he poured Einstein into Jim, who sat there wide-eyed, apparently

(Continued on page 46)



Free Shooting Information

Captain Askins has just written a new book about *Super-X* that we'll be glad to send you on request. Is there anything you want to know about your guns or ammunition? Let our technical men answer your questions.

Do you know about the many big developments which have made WESTERN the choice of the world's crack shots? *Super-X* for long range; *Xpert* for quality and low price in a smokeless shell; the *Lubaloy* bullet which prevents metal fouling in high-power rifles; the *Open-Point Expanding* bullets, for deadly killing power; the *Marksman L. R. .22* for amazing accuracy in small-bore shooting.

Literature telling all about them is yours for the asking. Always glad to hear from you.

THIS YEAR YOU CAN GET THEM

Bleak dawn . . . whistling wind and the swish of water. . . . You crouch in the silence, tense and alert . . . suddenly the decoys grow restless and begin to call . . . then, in they come, right over your head . . . you hear the rustle of beating wings . . . but they're too high—too high at least for ordinary loads. . . .

You've been there yourself. Waited an hour. Perhaps two or more. Watched them come over *just out of range*, refuse to circle, and go on. Not even a trigger pulled. . . . *But it's a different story when you're shooting Super-X.*

This WESTERN long-range load, with its close patterns and concentrated shot string, reaches out and gets them instead of letting them pass by. Kills them cleanly 15 to 20 yards beyond the range of ordinary loads. Thousands of sportsmen are doing it. You can, too.

In shotgun shells as well as rifle and revolver cartridges WESTERN has been responsible for most of the important improvements made in recent years. *Xpert*, a new smokeless shell at a surprisingly low price, has already won great popular favor for ordinary all-round shooting. The WESTERN Field shell has been the standard among the world's best shots for twenty years and each year adds new records and championships to its string. *Super-X*, *Field*, *Xpert*—you, too, can do better shooting with the ammunition that is the choice of champions.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 1043 Broadway, East Alton, Ill.

Western

AMMUNITION



The wife is even more elated over her Smokadors than friend husband. Well, why shouldn't she be? She's more concerned with keeping the house clean.

Waiting Husbands!

Every well-appointed home, office, hotel, club, yacht should be equipped with Smokador Ashstands. None are too aristocratic and none too democratic for Smokadors. Where there is smoking, Smokador is needed. It performs service demanded by good taste.

In contrast with the old-fashioned ash-tray and ashstand, picture Smokador carrying cigarette and cigar stubs, ashes, matches and other debris down the tube to the hollow air-tight base—there to be smothered and left for convenient disposal.

But that isn't all. In addition to all the other advantages of the Smokador Ashstand, there are on the edge of the tray the ingenious Smokador Snuffer Clips which hold cigars or cigarettes firmly—without injuring their wrappers. Not only are they a great convenience—they are also a fire prevention. When a cigar or cigarette burns up to the clip, the clip puts it out. And it prevents an unfinished "smoke" from falling either down the tube or off the tray.

Remember, there is only one Smokador. It is the original all-metal, hollow tube, non-tipping, non-spilling, clip-equipped ashstand. And keep in mind that only Smokador—the Ashless Ashstand—has the Snuffer Clips, and no hollow tube ashstand is a genuine Smokador unless it has them.

Go to your favorite furniture, desk, department, hardware, tobacco, stationery or gift store and see the Smokador Ashstand. Do it today. If your dealer can't supply the genuine Smokador, show him this advertisement—or order direct from us. Only \$10.50

Dealers

We seek your help and cooperation in making it easy for your customers to secure Smokador Ashstands. Thousands of inquiries have been received by us, asking where Smokadors can be purchased. If you are not already displaying and selling Smokadors, write us today for complete information.

Pat'd Feb. 26, 1924

SMOKADOR MFG. CO. INC., 130 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SMOKADOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The Ashless Ashstand

© 1925
S. M. Co.

Don't Bother Jim

(Continued from page 44)

listening—and actually having a beautiful snooze.

"So you can see," the stranger concluded, "why I get so angry when this wonderful theory is all twisted and garbled by the press."

Jim nodded.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are one of the most interesting men I've had the pleasure of meeting. I don't know when I've enjoyed a little talk so much."

He rose, shook hands with Jim—which waked Jim up. "Would you dine with me to-night?" the stranger asked. "I'd like to talk to you further and get some more of your views on this interesting subject."

"All right," said Jim.

Well, by the time they got to Chicago, Jim would have known more about the Einstein theory than old Einstein himself—if he'd really been listening to the other fellow. As it was he'd had a lot of delightful hours of dozing with his eyes open, and the stranger told him he was the best conversationalist he'd ever met.

They exchanged cards before they got off the train and agreed to look each other up some day.

Jim promptly forgot all about the stranger, and even lost his card.

Three months later Jim got a letter from this other bird saying he'd be in town and would like to talk over some business with Jim. The letter was on the stationery of the biggest motor-manufacturing concern in the business.

And the Pullman car acquaintance signed himself

HIRAM J. QUINN, General Purchasing Agent.

They met, Jim slept through two or three more hours of Einstein—and then the other chap told Jim that his company was going to put in an entire new plant and would need six million dollars' worth of new machinery.

"And if you can make any sort of decent terms," he said, "the order's yours. I know Acme machinery is good—as good as is made—but what gives me the greatest certainty that your organization can supply us the service we need, is the fact that its general manager is a man of such keen sound views and broad understanding. I'm a judge of men, sir, and after I'd talked with you and listened to you just a little while, I said to myself:

"Here's a big man, an educated man—the kind of man to do big things in a big way. And it was then and there, Mr. Huggins, that I determined to fill our new plant with Acme machinery. Materials, organization, reputation—all these things count—but it's character I bank on, Mr. Huggins—and character I recognized in you."

That order made Jim president when the old president retired three months later.

How were the directors to know he'd landed that contract by sleeping with his eyes open through six or eight hours of dissertation by a total stranger in a Pullman car—a stranger who made a hobby of the Einstein theory, and who never before had found anybody who would listen to him more than half an hour.

Yes, Jim got to be President—at \$40,000 a year. And then there was that old patent of his—and a lot of stock in the company and in various things. His secretary had bought them for him. Jim "hadn't bothered."

Yes, Jim was sitting pretty.

II

IN THE past, Benson had always found the board meetings a terrible bore. You see the old president was a stickler for accuracy and completeness and that sort of thing—and every gathering of the directors meant that each head of a department had to submit a detailed report covering darn near everything about his work and that of the men under him. And old Perkins, the president, would insist on every report being read in full.

So Benson was curious about how things would run when Jim was presiding.

The meeting started as usual, and the secretary called for reports from the heads of departments.

Benson was sitting next to Jim's secretary, and Jim's secretary sat next to Jim.

The general sales manager's report came first. He got to his feet with a thick sheaf of type-written pages in his hand and started to read. Benson saw Jim eying that bunch of manuscript apprehensively, but he didn't say anything.

The sales manager began. Jim sort of settled back in his chair and stared at him. His eyes were wide open.

After about five minutes, Benson saw Jim's secretary nudge him gently. Jim blinked a little and sat up.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Singer," he said. "I don't believe we wanta bother hearin' all that." He looked at his watch. "Give ya five minutes to tell us whatcha been doin'—never mind all the decimal points an' all that—jus' tell us whatcha made and how it looks for the future."

The sales manager looked a little peeved at first, but he laid down the papers and in three minutes he told the board just about what his long report meant. Then he sat down.

The chief engineer was next. He was a good man, but wordy. His report was half an inch thick. Jim looked at it and shuddered, but didn't say anything. Only when the engineer had been going good for three or four minutes, Jim settled back again, staring wide-eyed at the engineer.

Jim's secretary nudged him again.

Again Jim sat up and said:

"Mr. Eagan, cantcha tell us in five minutes what that's all about? I'll go over the detailed report s'mother time."

THE engineer looked unhappy—he'd spent two weeks on that report, but Jim was the boss. So he explained in about two minutes what had happened in his department, and how much money he'd spent, and how much more he'd need, and sat down.

And the rest of the reports were made verbally, and none of 'em took over five minutes. But Benson really got a better idea of what had happened to the Acme company during the past six months than he'd ever got in any other meeting.

When it was over—and it was over in an hour—Jim having o. k.'d a plan for a new advertising campaign to spend a half million dollars—and canned a plan for building a new shop, by saying to the chief engineer,

"Can't bother with it. Lotta junky old machinery in the old shops. Chuck it out an' get some new stuff. That'll take care of increase for a year."

When it was over and Jim had gone back to his office, Benson stuck around while Jim's secretary was gathering up some papers.

"Good meeting," said Benson. "Jim sure speeded things up."

"Yeah," said the secretary.

"Great brain, Jim has," said Benson.

"Wonderful," the secretary said.

"Wide awake all the time, in spite of that sleepy exterior."

The secretary stared at Benson for a moment. "Mr. Benson," he said, finally, "Mr. Huggins is your son-in-law, isn't he?"

"Sure is," said Benson.

"And you've known him for ten years or more, haven't you?"

"Yes—ever since I put him to work in the can factory in Smithville."

"Well, I've known him longer than that, Mr. Benson. I knew him when he was in high school. I used to do his algebra and his English themes for him. So when he wanted a secretary he found out where I was and sent for me."

"Jim never told me that," said Benson.

"No. Why should he?"

"Well, we called him Lazy Jim in high school. It fit him too. Never did any work he could get out of. And never did anything at all if he could persuade somebody else to do it for him. He had a genius for doing that."

"What of it?" asked Benson. "He hadn't got his growth yet. Look at him now! Do you know a more efficient executive?"

"No," the secretary said, "I do not. But do you mean to tell me you've known Mr. Huggins all these years and haven't figured out why he's efficient?"

"Of course I have. Because he's got a highly geared brain and uses it."

The secretary smiled.

"What are you getting at?" asked Benson.

"A private secretary," said Calkins, "should
(Continued on page 48)



Reason it out or trust your taste—either way you come to Chesterfield

SUCH · POPULARITY · MUST · BE · DESERVED

LUCY & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Try This New Easy Way

It's so easy now to keep linoleum looking like new—with a beautiful, clean brilliance that brings out the pattern and color and a smooth, glossy finish that wipes off like glass. All you do is give it the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes but a few minutes—there is no stooping—no rags or pails—and your hands remain as clean and dainty as before you started!

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Just pour Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat. This cleans the floor, and at the same time, deposits a protecting film of Wax which a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring to a beautiful, dry, dirt-repellent polish. And afterwards your linoleum will require little or no washing—ordinary dry dusting will keep it immaculate.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.00

This Outfit consists of:
 1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax . . . \$1.40
 1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop . . . 1.50
 1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush 3.50
 1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying25
A Saving of \$1.65! \$6.65



This outfit good at dept., drug, furniture, grocery, hdw., and paint stores

This Outfit sells in Canada at the same price (\$5.00)

Don't Bother Jim

(Continued from page 47)

never give his boss away. But as long as it's in the family and if you'll promise not to spill this to anybody else, I'll whisper to you what I should think you'd have doped out years ago yourself.

"Mr. Huggins is efficient because he's still 'Lazy Jim.' Lazier and sleepier if anything than when he used to go to sleep with his eyes open in high school—just as he went to sleep with his eyes open two or three times at the meeting to-day.

"Did you see me nudge him? I used to do that in high school so he'd be awake when the teacher was going to ask him something. Mr. Huggins would have slept peacefully through all those reports if I'd let him. But when he found I was going to keep him awake, he figured it was easier to shut the reports off or have 'em boiled down. Then he could get back to doze in his office that much sooner."

"Ah, but how about that quick decision of his about the advertising and about the shop," asked Benson, "nothing sleepy about that."

The secretary grinned.

"Did you watch him?" he said.

"The advertising manager did—because he sized up Mr. Huggins long ago. He made his talk short and snappy—and every time Mr. Huggins showed any sign of getting that wide-eyed stare of his—the ad man dropped a paper knife on the table or barked out a word to wake Mr. Huggins up. That's why he put it across."

"The engineer, on the other hand, talked low and prosy—and Mr. Huggins didn't hear any of his reasons."

"Anyhow he'd put that new shop decision on my shoulders the day before, and I'd advised against it, after looking up the facts."

"It's always that way with Mr. Huggins, Mr. Benson. It always has been that way. A wonderful brain—you said it! The most amazing head for finding ways to dodge work and worry that I've ever known. And he's

found that the easiest way to get on in life is to let the other fellow do it. Where Mr. Huggins is marvelous is in the fact that he makes the other fellow *love* to do it.

"That's why this organization runs so smoothly—Mr. Huggins 'doesn't want to bother' and uses that head of his so he won't be bothered."

"He's risen because the biggest jobs are the easiest. It's routine and detail that make a man sweat. And routine and detail are the curse of the little jobs. So he got out of the little jobs. Mr. Huggins always made the jobs as easy for himself as he could—and look at him now! Think it over, Mr. Benson. Go back over the years you've known him—then see if I'm not right."

"I'm not knocking Mr. Huggins. I think he's a wonder. I'm one of the birds that's darn fool enough to love hard work. Mr. Huggins uses me—as he uses everybody, so he won't have to bother himself. He's a genius, a wow, Mr. Benson—and all because he was Lazy Jim in high school and because he's Lazy Jim now."

Benson thought it over. And Benson put two and two together and got four.

And Benson laughed his head off when he had done that simple sum in addition.

And Benson and I have had one good long lingering "belly laugh," as they say in the theatre, over that magazine article of Jim's telling the young and ambitious how he rose by working hard, being everlastingly on the job, and keeping his eyes open always for opportunity.

We sure did enjoy that article, Benson and I, specially when we knew the secretary wrote it because Jim was too lazy to do anything but sign it.

"Lazy Jim" is right.

I got wise just the way Benson did; at the same time, too. Yeah, I'm Benson.

B. O. Must

(Continued from page 29)

say something in protest, but the words ultimately produced were merely:

"All right, Chief."

That was characteristic of Wrenn. It was so much trouble to answer back, and he always came in so abominably late with his intended retort, that he had decided he was no retorter. Long years of association with Mrs. Wrenn no doubt had tended to confirm this decision.

The summons of his other master, the bell in the telephone booth, broke up his conversation with Winstead.

WOOLFALL, like a bear over a beehive, was hovering around the desk lately vacated by Miss Ethyl Allen. He was pretending to look for something, but Winstead saw him, with covert carelessness, wiping the dust off Miss Allen's typewriter. The new reporter had left her silver vanity case and a perfumed handkerchief on her desk. Woolfall gathered them up gingerly and brought them to Winstead.

"Better keep these for the lass, Chief," said the "he-and-she" man. "Awful lot of thieves around a newspaper office."

"Awful lot of sapheads," muttered Winstead, blackly.

Pearson, the political writer, was actually straightening up his desk, which heretofore had looked like a circus lot the day after the show. And two reporters who hadn't shaved since day before yesterday blossomed back into the news room, after a significant absence, with faces that spoke eloquently of Dr. Masterson's New-Discovery Massage Cream.

The city editor braced his courage against the inevitable return of Ethyl Allen with her maiden attempt. Thank Heaven for Cocky Wrenn. He would take Ethyl's ragged copy and turn it in clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

Ethyl returned presently, glowing with the consciousness of high endeavor. She began writing at once, before the inspiration could cool. She plucked at the keyboard of her typewriter with one finger, until Winstead thought the

whole news room would go crazy. Men stopped work to watch her fascinatedly—that one slim finger jabbing daintily at UOP and ASDF and the shining array of other letters that lent themselves to such glorious combinations—sometimes.

Woolfall and Pearson—and perhaps Cocky Wrenn—waited anxiously for something to go wrong with Ethyl's typewriter, but, since she adhered to the Hunt and Peck technique, she didn't pile up the keys, and neither did the ribbon act crankily when the time came for reversing.

Ethyl finished her story, and it was a riot—nay, a revolution. She turned it over to Winstead and stood by to watch his face as he read it.

The city editor could not restrain his emotion as he perused this touching bit of literature. With the exception of a, an and the, and an occasional but, Ethyl had misspelled every word in her vocabulary. She even spelt wedding with one d. Chifforobe looked like a refrigerator under her gifted distribution of letters. And what Ethyl had omitted in the matter of orthographical eccentricities, the typewriter had supplied.

"Wrenn!" The city editor summoned the ablest re-write man west of Martha's Vineyard. "This will be a good story when it's re-written—I hope."

"When it's re—what?" gasped Ethyl.

"Re-written. All good newspaper stories have to be re-written—don't you know that? What do you think we've got a re-write man for?"

"Oh."

"Wrenn." He turned to the re-write man with elaborate gravity. "I want you and Miss Allen to go over this article and carefully revise it. Miss Allen, as you know, has been writing for the national magazines, and her style for that reason is slightly—er—national. I want you to explain to her the peculiarities of our local newspaper style."

(Continued on page 50)

Since 1839
RUSSWIN
 RUSSELL & ERWIN

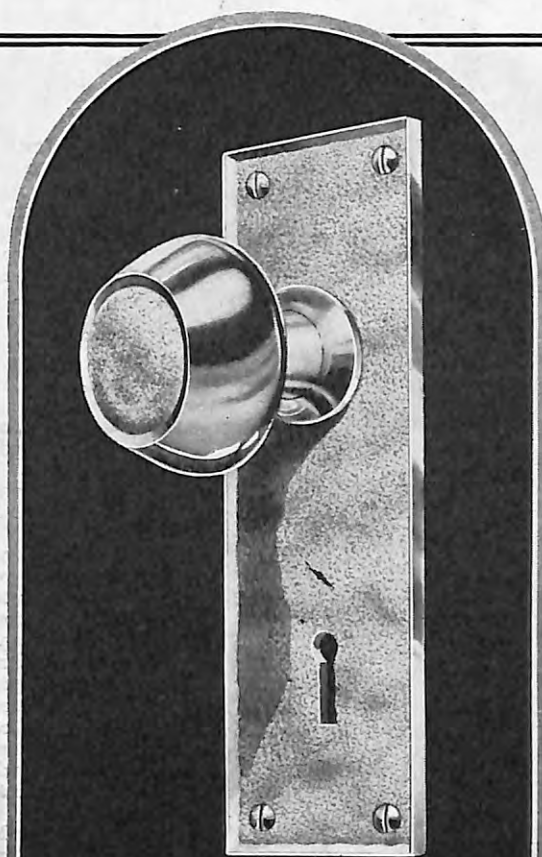
**DISTINCTIVE
 HARDWARE**

*For the Bungalow - the
 Pretentious Home - the
 Monumental Structure -*

WHERE hardware is a noticeable and important item, or where it seems merely incidental, Russwin Hardware is the choice of architects, owners and builders who welcome the opportunity to secure beauty combined with a rugged goodness which assures long years of unflinching performance.

RUSSELL & ERWIN MANUFACTURING CO
 The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
 NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
 New York Chicago San Francisco London

*To Russwin-ize is to Economize -
 the Economy of the Best*



Residence of ELMER E. YOUNG, Portland, Oregon
 Architect - HAROLD DOTY
 Contractor - GARDEN CITY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
 Russwin Dealer - BUILDERS' HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO.



BUXTON HALL, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.
 Residence of ALVAN K. LAWRIE
 Architect - JAMES PURDON, Boston, Mass.
 Russwin Dealer - CHANDLER & BARNER CO., Boston, Mass.



GREELEY ARCADE, NEW YORK
 Architects - GEORGE AND EDWARD BLUM
 Contractor - JAMES STEWART & COMPANY

"A weak link in any individual's chain of well being is an abnormal condition in the feet. The great majority of people refuse to believe their feet need any care. As a consequence only five out of a hundred have normal feet today."



Foot Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

THE wearing of improper shoes will prove a source of trouble. No one escapes. And physical happiness and perfect health are impossible when real foot trouble develops.

Fortunately, the cause of and remedy for foot trouble has been discovered. Improper support which sets up an uneven balance, an insecure footing, is the cause. That is why no two people walk alike, why so many people shuffle or shamle along, instead of walking as nature intended. The wrong muscles are being used to offset faulty foot support.



Foot-Joy Shoes relieve strain. The support is correct. The security is scientifically applied. If your feet have a tendency to roll in or out, this will stop. Inflammation at joints will disappear because Foot-Joy Shoes fit all over. The heel can't twist from side to side. The shoes bend only where the feet bend and nowhere else.

Do
your
ankles
do this?



Foot-Joy
Shoes
prevent
this

Yet Foot-Joy shoes are graceful in appearance. Surprisingly light on the feet. Beauty in a shoe can only be permanent with the qualities found in Foot-Joy. And the longer you wear Foot-Joy shoes the better your feet will look—the smarter your appearance because your walk and posture improve.



If you are unable to obtain Foot-Joy shoes in your city you can be quickly and satisfactorily fitted direct from the factory. Send for the Foot-Joy book showing new styles and telling how to make the proper measurement of your foot with proper fit. We will guarantee you greater foot comfort, regardless of what you have been wearing, than you ever had in your life after wearing Foot-Joy Shoes for a week. They need no breaking in. Send for this booklet.

Field & Flint Co.
Brockton, Mass.

Also Makers of

THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrek Shape"
and Anatomik Shoes for men

World famous for correcting foot defects of long standing.

B. O. Must

(Continued from page 48)

Wrenn tried to say, "Yes, sir," but he got no further than the usual preparatory facial demonstration.

"And, Miss Allen," continued Winstead. "I want you to go down to Webb's Book Store and get a book to review—"

"Oh! Then I am to be book review editor?"

"JUST one book," warned Winstead, holding up one finger. "It is called 'Stepping Stones to Words of One Syllable.' Now if you'll run along and do what teacher tells you, you won't have to stay after school."

Ethyl romped over to Cocky Wrenn's desk, drew up a chair unpardonably close to him, and the rite of collaboration began.

Cocky Wrenn was nervous, but he was no quitter. The city editor had told him to do this thing, and he had never contracted the habit of thinking up reasons why not. Woolfall and Pearson thought it a most disgusting spectacle—if Winstead had been a person of judgment he would have selected a good man to assist Miss Ethyl. But Wrenn, despite his handicaps, and the disconcerting influence of Miss Allen's perfume, lent himself to his task until it was completed.

The result was praiseworthy, even from the critical view-point of the city editor. Wrenn fluttered around the latter's desk as he read, and managed to concoct a remark:

"Her c-copy's not so bad, Chief, if you'll notice. I didn't do much but c-correct the spelling and jar up the p-punctuation a little—"

"And reduce the excess profits syntax and polish the rhetoric a trifle," grinned the city editor. "However, I'll admit she has some possibilities, with you for a running-mate. Her work has the advantage of simplicity—she's so simple."

It might be imagined that Wrenn bristled a bit at this, but his manner of bristling was so subdued that one could not tell.

Winstead congratulated himself tentatively upon having solved a problem, but all the propositions of euclid *en masse* are simpler than what developed.

It was next morning that Ethyl brought down the lace curtains and the two pots of flowers. One of the pots was for her desk, and the other was for Cocky Wrenn's. They were hyacinths.

"And the curtains?" choked Winstead. "What, in the name of the Great God Meow—"

"They're for the windows, Silly," cooed Ethyl. "This old place is so bare and severe that it gives me the willies. Now isn't it thoughtful of me? There, don't pout!"

Winstead bit neatly but vigorously through the rubber stem of his pipe, and gloomily watched the ceremony of the hanging of the curtains, which was performed by Woolfall, Pearson, Cocky Wrenn, the janitor, Miss Allen, and a mob variously estimated at twelve to twenty others.

The staff was demoralized, but it was not joyful demoralization. Who could gainsay the attractiveness of those curtains, even if they did shut out a little light from the copy desk—or the loveliness of the hyacinths? Cocky Wrenn could not gainsay anything about the hyacinths, but he had blushed a rich old rose the moment they had been placed on his desk, and this proved to be a permanent wave of color which he retained all morning.

The copy that Wrenn turned in was scarcely better than Ethyl's in the original tongue. Winstead scowled.

"Wrenn," he snapped, "go out and buy yourself a cup of coffee. Brace up. What's got into you, anyway?"

Winstead's gaze traveled past the quivering Wrenn to Ethyl and her pot of hyacinths, and back to the pot of hyacinths on the re-write man's desk—a pot clothed in green crepe paper and tied with a pink ribbon.

"N—nothing—just nerves, I guess," Wrenn managed to say, before he plunged desperately back to his desk. He clumped on his hat and started for the door, but Ethyl trilled after him: "Oh! Wait, Mr. Wrenn. I'm going out, too."

And while Pearson, the best-dressed newspaper man in town, wreathed a superlatively sarcastic smile across his countenance, and

Woolfall grimaced like a schoolboy, Ethyl and her prey passed out of the news room.

Fifteen minutes later, Wrenn fluttered back with his feathers awry and his brow begemmed with globules of perspiration.

"S—Steve himself!" he whispered hoarsely to the city editor. "Please make that woman let me alone, Chief?"

"Smatter?" demanded Winstead.

"Well, she followed me, and I had to buy her a soft drink, didn't I? And who do you suppose we had to run into, first crack out of the box?"

"Well, I'll bite. Who?"

"My brother-in-law," hissed Wrenn, tragically. "It's gonna get me in dutch."

"Why the devil—"

"I saw he saw us, and I knew I never could make a straight explanation, so I avoided him," Wrenn elaborated. "Now I've got myself in bad by looking like I was trying to hide something!"

"Aw, poppycock!" exclaimed Winstead. "Don't let your imagination run away with you. What if he did see you? What if your wife saw you, for that matter? Don't be foolish."

But Wrenn resented any attempt to minimize the dangers which threatened him. And it did seem, in the days that followed, that Ethyl Allen was studiously sweet and intimate with her aide-de-plume. Ethyl brought down a smart little apron, for instance, to protect her frocks from the grime of a newspaper office, and it was Cocky Wrenn whom she elected to pin it in the back, where a button had burst loose. That became a daily ceremony, and Wrenn wondered dimly whether he would appear too bold if he offered to sew a button on the darned thing himself. Ethyl, evidently, wouldn't care if it never got sewed on.

The staff gathered periodically in little groups to discuss the direful developments. Trained in an atmosphere of rumors and reports, newspaper men are perhaps the expertest of all gossipers. Not unmixed with jealousy, too, was the attitude of the *Advertiser* staff. The bright personality of Ethyl Allen had pervaded every corner of the news room, and few masculine hearts therein were not conscious of a new appeal. Somebody had to be vamped—but why, in the name of all that was J. Warren Kerriganish, did she have to pick on this poor, dried-up, timid, stuttering little nervous wreck, Cocky Wrenn? There was Pearson, acme of sartorial perfection, young, good-looking, amiable, single, witty, desirable, and perfectly willing to be vamped—and Ethyl never gave him so much, now, as the privilege of opening her typewriter desk when it got stuck. There was Woolfall—well, of course, you couldn't say much for him except that he was cave-mannish; and Woolfall had destroyed much of his charm by wearing clean collars nowadays. Before, he had been like a couple of rugged acres of Walt Whitman's poetry, and now he was disgustingly Tennysonian, like a lawn with a new haircut.

Cocky Wrenn tried to take it philosophically, and act as though he were used to being vamped, but he could not banish from his eyes the hunted look nor the terror from his tone, when Ethyl cast the nets of her influence. He did manage to buck up, however, and produce copy that was approximately as clean as of yore, and Ethyl's stuff blossomed under his gardening. The business office, as a matter of fact, had complimented Winstead upon her first story, and the sprightly feature articles that were appearing regularly under her name were attracting general attention.

The managing editor took occasion to advise the city editor that he had told him so.

"Yes, and if the plot keeps thickening around here," retorted Winstead, "a lot of things that I told you are going to become so. What do you think the newest wrinkle is? It disturbs her to write on a typewriter, so the business manager is going to lend her one of his dictating machines! Can you beat that? How much work do you think we will be able to do around here with that woman talking her stories out loud? What do they think this is—a nursery?"

Saunders laughed. "It does sort of strike your sense of humor to come into a news room that looks like a boudoir. But for Pete's sake keep the peace with that bunch downstairs."

They say she's doing them a lot of good with her feature stories about the shops."

"Funny shenanigans," growled Winstead. "Why don't they give her an office downstairs, if they like her so well?"

Ethyl got her dictating phonograph and her raise in pay.

"All she needs now is a reporter to go around with her to gather up the cute little items," snorted Winstead.

Thereafter Ethyl's musical voice bewitched into harmony the discordant clatter of typewriters—or, rather, the news staff tried to use typewriters in spite of her dictating. There were intervals when everybody stopped work to listen to her, and Winstead tottered nearer and nearer to distraction.

"We've got to get rid of her," was his ultimatum to the managing editor. "She runs me nuts with that chattering."

"Give her that office next to the society editors," directed Saunders. "The one that's supposed to be used as a library."

Ethyl moved into, and promptly beautified, her private office. She brought down curtains for the windows of that room, and even flower boxes to adorn the window ledges. The walls sustained an attack of the Maxfield Parrish Blues.

She didn't care if that cross old Mr. Winstead didn't like her dictating. She could talk aloud as much as she pleased, in her private office—only, it did get terribly lonesome in there, after the stimulating racket of the news room.

An idea smote Ethyl. Why, she demanded of the city editor, couldn't Mr. Wrenn move his desk in there, too? The sound of her voice from the dictating machine frightened her, she said, when she tried to transcribe her utterances.

Winstead said flatly and uncompromisingly that Mr. Wrenn distinctly could not move into the private office, while the re-write man shivered just within range of the city editor's voice. All right, said Ethyl, but she made the spiteful mental reservation that she would show him.

Thereafter she contrived to make Cocky Wrenn spend just as much time in her private office as she possibly could. He had to come to her dictating machine, didn't he? It was foolish to think of rolling the thing out in the news room whenever there was a story record on it to be transcribed and re-written. And so, at frequent intervals, Ethyl stood in the door of her office and yodeled, "Oh, Christopher!"—which was Cocky's really-truly Christian name—and Cocky responded.

Now, beyond doubt, the beans of fate were spilled.

THE news room waited hourly—even fifteen-minutely, on Tuesdays—for Mrs. Cocky Wrenn to swoop into the news room on the wings of her righteous indignation, and find her husband closeted in the private office with that delicious blonde!

Sooner or later, the deluge. And poor Cocky Wrenn, more and more haggard of eye and more and more apprehensive of gait, did his best to bear up under the terrible strain of being vamped.

Winstead saw what was happening. He had prophesied it all. And the worst of it was that Ethyl had developed such usefulness that she could not, on any pretext, be fired. The advertising department had found, to its delight, that disgruntled advertisers melted into liquid amiability when Ethyl was sent to see them as a peace-maker, on the pretext of working up a feature story with their assistance. The business office openly announced that Ethyl was the only news department personage in history who had ever been able to help the "money end" of the business.

Hence it was that Winstead found himself limp and impotent and bare of remedies when Cocky Wrenn came to him with a tale of woe that made the Book of Job sound like a musical comedy.

"My wife is gonna quit me—that's all," whimpered the re-write man. "All the time I'm nervous like a cat."

"Does she know—all?" sympathized Winstead.

"Anything that woman don't know is on the verge of being found out," said the desperate man. "She hasn't talked to me about it—it might be a little relief to me if she did. She only

(Continued on page 52)

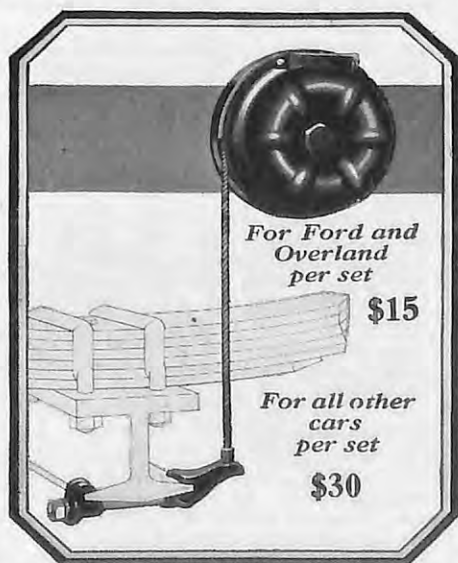


Keep your seat!

with **BURD** GILMAN SHOCK ABSORBERS

It's very exasperating to have the top of your head connect violently with the top of the car; and it's wholly unnecessary. You ought to speak emphatically about it to the maker of the car, or the owner of it.

Tell him there's a shock absorber that does prevent it; takes ALL the spring recoil, gently; smoothly; without a jerk; eases the springs up. Mention the name of it—BURD.



For Ford and
Overland
per set

\$15

For all other
cars
per set

\$30

A steel cable is used instead of a belt; it lasts longer; requires no "servicing;" doesn't stretch. It works so snugly in the housing that dirt and grease doesn't clog the mechanism. It can be put on any car, at small cost.

Burd High Compression Ring Co.
Rockford, Illinois

Makers of the Famous

Burd Piston Rings

Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers are manufactured by the same organization that makes the world-famous Burd Piston Rings. Into Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers is built the quality that makes Burd Piston Rings so popular with motorists everywhere.



THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE



Especially designed for Elks Clubs

but now on general
sale to satisfy pop-
ular demand.

THE sale of 11 O'clock Play-
ing Cards the past year
proves that we have given Elks
the superior card they want.
You will find this brand in
Elks Clubs all over the country.

Now the demand is so per-
sistent for 11 O'clock Cards in
the home as well as at the Club
that dealers insist on carrying
them. We therefore are stock-
ing dealers through their job-
bers as fast as our slow, careful
manufacturing methods per-
mit.

If your dealer has not placed
an order for 11 O'clock Play-
ing Cards through his jobber,
have him do so at once.

Dealers! If you want to cater
to Elks in your town feature
11 O'clock Cards in your win-
dow.

Prices furnished on request

STANDARD PLAYING
CARD COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

11

O'CLOCK PLAYING CARDS

B. O. Must

(Continued from page 51)

tortures me with silence. And there's that brother of hers! I think she brought him here from Omaha just to watch me." The re-write man glanced around fearfully.

"To watch you! Now that sounds foolish, Wrenn. She wouldn't bring her brother all the way from Omaha to watch you. Didn't you know he was coming?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, I invited him—at Mrs. Wrenn's suggestion. He's a nice enough fellow, all right, but he's suspicious. I can tell that. He saw us on the street again yesterday—"

"You and Miss Allen?"

Wrenn gulped. "The poor girl just will follow me around. I try to be diplomatic and nice to her about it, but—"

Winstead nodded understandingly. "I know. Women will be that way. It just comes on 'em sometimes."

"But, Chief, I'm afraid she's—she's serious. I don't know what's gonna happen next. I had to beg my brother-in-law not to tell my wife, and I don't know whether he's told her or not. He wants to meet Miss Allen, and if he does I know there'll be trouble. I explained to him that you sent me and Miss Allen out on assignments together sometimes—you'll bear me out in that, won't you, Chief—if anybody asks you?"

"Sure," pledged Winstead. "I only wish I could really help you. I'd take you off this re-writing trick, as far as her stuff's concerned, only—"

"Only what?" Wrenn hung on his words eagerly.

"Only she won't have anybody else."

The re-write man groaned. "Oh, why can't women leave a man alone?"

"They never will," sighed the city editor. "I begged Saunders not to put her on, and now you two are so darned good we can't separate you." He lowered his tone and added earnestly, "Why don't you tell Mrs. Wrenn all about it? Send her to me and I'll explain the whole mess to her."

The light of terror shone in Cocky Wrenn's eyes. "Tell her!" he jabbered. "Tell her! Why, it would be suicide, man! I've got to keep it from her—that's the only hope."

"Won't she listen to reason?"

"Reason! That's a good word—for people who don't know Mrs. Wrenn. Besides, I've got to keep these two women apart. They'll tear each other to bits. Don't I know?"

"Sure. You must have seen 'em torn—lots."

"There's nothing a jealous woman will stop at."

"WHICH do you think would be the most jealous?" queried Winstead, who was not without a cruel sense of humor.

"I know which one is the strongest," answered Wrenn, hollowly. "And I don't want this poor little girl to get in trouble—her career ruined and everything. The innocent little thing's got an idea there has got to be some great, hopeless love-tragedy in her life. So she picks on a married man."

"Maybe it's not so bad as you think. Maybe if Mrs. Wrenn won't listen to reason, Ethyl will."

Wrenn shook his head dolefully. "I can stand it just a little while longer, Chief. I'd quit the job to-day, but she says she goes if I go. Now how can a man get around that? And she's talking of calling on my wife! Can you imagine such a thing!"

"Women like to torture themselves when they're in love—I've been told. They get a sort of pleasure out of hurting themselves."

"I don't know so much about that, but I know it's hurting me like an earache," moaned Wrenn.

Thereafter the city editor went to unmeasured lengths to save his re-write man from the perils of rampant love. He assigned Ethyl to interview every handsome dramatic celebrity who came to town, and gave her matinee tickets so she would have ample opportunity to observe their charms, but this effort, like all the others, was unavailing. There were plentiful manifestations that she remained true to Cocky Wrenn. He still pinned her apron on.

Winstead started the rumor, and saw that it reached the pearly ears of Ethyl, that Pearson was crazy about her, but the pulchritudinous political writer was ignored. Ethyl's charms

were not to be lavished promiscuously, and the news room wondered and wondered what went on behind the closed door of Ethyl's private office, when she summoned her re-write assistant to come to her. Wrenn always came out of that room with dark despair on his brow and the general appearance of an asthmatic martyr working overtime.

Everybody was jealous of Cocky Wrenn. The well-oiled family staff machine broke down with monkey-wrench-itis. Gone was the perfectly dove-tailed coordination that had made the *Advertiser* news department invincible. Reporters nagged the re-write man and tripped him into blunders. Pearson and even Woolfall framed up to make his work appear ridiculous.

WINSTEAD tore his hair and his first editions. Bulls, bulls, bulls! Wrenn had turned in a story, for example, referring to the publisher of the *Advertiser* as "a well-known local plumber," and in an edition-catching moment of high blood pressure, it had got past the city desk. Somebody had "planted" it on the distracted re-write man.

Something had to blow up. Winstead predicted it would be he. There was no withstanding the outward urge of steam. He would fire Wrenn and Ethyl Allen and jump out of the window, as soon as the last edition had gone to bed, or—

Winstead saw a new-comer looming before his desk, and Wrenn, an unhatted streak of lightning, disappearing out of the news room. The visitor was young, tall, pleasant and as husky as a pair of twin half-backs. He extended a mighty hand and crunched Winstead's thin one.

"My name is Cunningham," he boomed, "and I've come to see you and my brother-in-law, Mr. Wrenn."

Winstead had been on the verge of saying that he had no time to discuss anything, but this was different.

"Oh, yes—glad to know you. Mr. Wrenn has just—er—left."

"I thought as much," replied Cunningham, glancing around the news room. "He has been avoiding me. That's what I came to talk to you about, Mr. Winstead." He lowered his voice confidentially. "What's got into the fellow—can you tell me?"

The city editor, true to his promise, determined to give away no secrets until he knew just what facts the inquiring stranger had in his possession.

"I don't know that I've noticed anything wrong," he lied, cautiously.

"You haven't! Why, the man's half batty, and his wife is terribly upset over him. He leaves the house in the morning before anybody else gets up, doesn't show up for dinner, and always creeps in about midnight, when everybody else is asleep. I haven't even been able to get in a word with him. I have telephoned here half a dozen times, and he is always out. I have been wondering if he isn't overworked, or something, and if he shouldn't take a rest."

Winstead passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if that were true. Come to think about it, now, I believe I have noticed that Wrenn's nerves seem a bit frayed. It's a racking sort of job—this newspaper game. We work at pretty high speed, and, before we know it, we find we can't keep the pace as easily as we used to."

"That's the thought I had in mind. My brother-in-law probably has spoken of me to you." Winstead nodded, blinking. "I have had an idea I might go into business here," continued Cunningham, "and I thought perhaps I might find an opening for Wrenn—just to get him out of this excitement, you know—"

"What?" cried Winstead. "You don't mean you would ruin the best re-write man who ever hit town, by chaining him down to a business!" The prospect of losing Cocky Wrenn, after all, was a disheartening one.

Cunningham began to say something in reply, but the intervention of Ethyl Allen halted him. Ethyl had a gift of interrupting people and making them think she was doing them a favor.

"Miss Allen!" exclaimed Cunningham, rising, (Continued on page 54)

FADA

Radio



**"The ayes have it—
'Tis a vote"**

AT your next house committee meeting, propose the purchase of a Fada Radio for your lodge.

Fada reception is the standard by which today all radio reception is being judged. It will give you distance that is *real* distance, perfect selectivity, and a clarity and volume of tone that will come as a revelation.

Tell your local Fada Dealer to install a Fada Neutrola-Grand for a complete demonstration. Don't put it off. There are too many fine programs on the air to miss any of them.

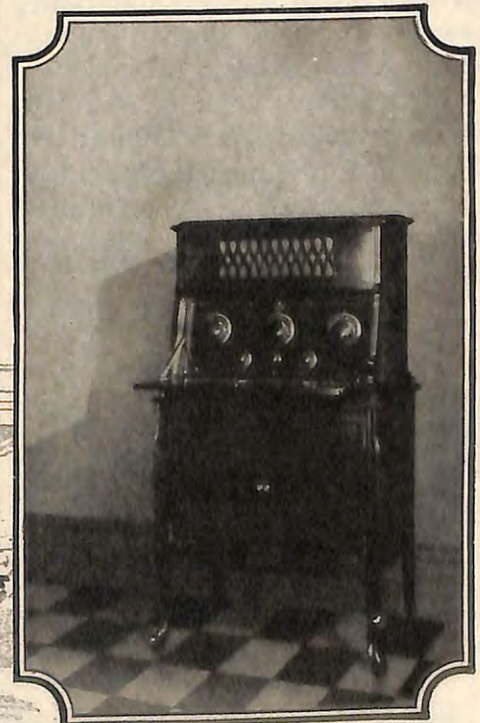
Among the Elk Lodges which have installed Fada Radio are:

Conneaut, Ohio	Englewood, N. J.	Lakewood, N. J.
Beaver Falls, Pa.	Bloomsburg, Pa.	Robinson, Ill.
Great Falls, Mont.	Aberdeen, S. D.	Alamosa, Col.
Fort Worth, Texas	Salinas, Cal.	

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
FADA RADIO, LTD.—TORONTO FADA RADIO, LTD.—LONDON
*Manufacturers of TUNED RADIO FREQUENCY receivers using
the highly efficient NEUTRODYNE principle*

There is a Fada Radio model for every purse—all 5-tube Neutrodyne sets for dry cell or storage battery tubes, from \$85 to Art Cabinet models, \$400. Illustrated is the Neutrola-Grand at \$225.



The beautiful Elk Lodge at Bloomsburg, Pa., where a Fada Radio offers daily enjoyment and recreation.

Send for book C, "Fada Radio—Standard of Reception."





The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The unseen quality produced by extra effort in the making of a Milano imparts that "something" which is the difference between "just a pipe" and "the sweetest pipe in the world." Because the Milano is skilfully fashioned of the finest briar, a century old, you cannot buy a better pipe.

Milano Pipes come in 26 smart styles, smooth finish \$3.50 up; the beautiful Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

"It's a WDC"



B. O. Must

(Continued from page 52)

and Winstead saw the light of recognition in Ethyl's eyes, too. "Charmed to see you, I'm sure."

Ethyl greeted him politely and turned to Winstead for advice on one of her usual frivolous details. Winstead saw the color mounting in her cheeks, but otherwise there was no change in her demeanor. Her conference with Winstead over, she marched demurely back to her private office.

"You know—Miss Allen?" the city editor commented carelessly.

"Yes, we met—casually," replied Cunningham. "But to return to the subject we were discussing, I want to ask you for some information which I expected my brother-in-law to furnish, but which, for the reasons I told you, I have been unable to get from him."

What Cunningham wanted, the city editor learned with relief, was merely certain information about business interests and conditions. The conference broke up without conclusions having been reached, as to Cocky Wrenn.

Evidently the brother-in-law knew little—or nothing—mused Winstead, and poor Wrenn was torturing himself with foolish thoughts. But he noticed that Cunningham stopped at Ethyl's door, on his way out, and passed into her office.

COCKY WRENN ventured back into the news room some ten minutes after his brother-in-law had safely departed. The re-write man worked agitatedly at his typewriter, casting a furtive glance around the office occasionally to see if anybody had noticed his absence. Winstead, who had resolved not to make him talk unless he wanted to, appeared not to see him. Consumed with curiosity, Wrenn stood it as long as he could, and then darted suddenly toward the city desk.

"What did he say—is he on—gee, I'm nervous!" sputtered Cocky Wrenn, jumbling his words sadly.

"Er—who?" demanded Winstead. "Calm yourself, man, calm yourself."

"My brother-in-law," chattered Wrenn. "What's gonna happen? Tell me quick, Chief. What's gonna happen? Don't keep me in suspense."

"Nothing's gonna happen," growled Winstead, impatiently. "Keep your shirt on, will you? What's the idea of all this excitement, anyway? He didn't come here to murder you. He came here to ask some sensible questions about business. Says you've been dodging him so, he's scarcely had a chance to say howdy-do to you, and your wife's half crazy worrying about the way you're acting. They're not suspicious of you—but they will be, Lord knows, if you keep up this pussy-footing."

"Don't you believe him!" cried Wrenn, warningly. "He's a slick duck, that's all. He's just trying to get something on me—making you believe he's not wise. But, believe me, I'm too clever for him."

"Wrenn! You're making a fool of yourself, acting this way. Come on out in the open. Invite Miss Allen to your home to meet Mrs. Wrenn. Don't keep—"

"Ha!" interrupted Wrenn, with hollow mirth. "Ha! Do you know any other good jokes?"

Winstead saw that it was useless. Wrenn had no more ears for reason than had Mrs. Wrenn or Ethyl.

"But I know something that will make her let me alone," added the re-write man. "I told her to keep away from me, because I'm dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Exactly, Chief. I just told her—sort of casually—that I'm all right now, but that I had a nervous breakdown once, and they put me in a sanitarium."

"You blithering idiot," Winstead exploded. "Is that your idea of getting out of trouble—telling people you're nutty?"

"Couldn't think of anything else to tell her, Chief. Maybe she'll get over this mad infatuation, now."

"Mad infatuation is good English," muttered Winstead. "Well, we'll all go nuts together. I'll tell 'em to sweep out the newspaper annex of the dippy academy."

A week flickered past, like a movie reel wound by a speed maniac.

Everything happened all at once, as everything does, in journalism. Three conventions came to town, the Batten Hotel burned down, seriously singeing a score of hardware delegates, the Mayor died of apoplexy, a cyclonic wind smote a fair suburb and scattered it all over the map of the greater city, an irate citizen slew a policeman for talking back to him—and the *Advertiser* staff went balmy.

To Winstead the week was just gobs of delirious light and shade, with wild reporters flitting through the picture like decapitated fowls. There was Ethyl—weeping in her private office or storming at the city editor. She said Pearson had insulted her by making unsolicited love to her. The political writer sulked sorely about the office for two days, and then went off on a spree with Woolfall. Winstead sought, in his few spare moments, to see whether Cocky Wrenn's desperate expedient had caused Miss Allen to keep aloof, but Ethyl seemed, if anything, more cordial and more intimate with Wrenn.

Two reporters quit because they were overworked, and the rest wrangled among themselves and openly refused to do what Winstead told them to do. The *Advertiser* came out forty minutes later than its competitors with one of the numerous extras of this mad week. The publisher "climbed" the managing editor, and the managing editor "climbed" the city editor. Winstead cursed everybody and everything.

Cocky Wrenn's re-write stuff sounded like a stenographic report of the convention sessions at the Tower of Babel. Winstead himself hopped in as a re-write man, and sent out frantic messages over the telegraph wire, offering to hire reporters at two salaries if they would come quick.

Ethyl Allen failed to show up one morning, and lurid reports swept from tongue to tongue through the news room.

Cocky Wrenn, red-eyed and pale and towed of hair, came to Winstead full of despair, and told him it was all over.

"What? What?" barked the city editor.

"Her! Ethyl!" moaned the re-write man. "She's gone and done it!"

"Done what?"

"Committed suicide—over me." A heart-rending wail from Cocky Wrenn. "It only made her morbid and disconsolate when I told her that."

"What? Where? When?"

"I don't know, Chief. I just feel it."

Winstead collapsed, expelling a gigantic sigh. "You poor fish! Go frighten a man with a strong heart, if you must, but leave me alone. I'm busy. What do you mean, anyway," he thundered suddenly, "coming to me with fool reports like that, when you don't know what you are talking about?"

"I've got a hunch, Chief, and when I get hunches—"

"Go home. Go to bed. Sleep it off. I'll be a lunatic myself, in a day or two, without the further help of you and this married-man's delirium of yours."

Wrenn said sadly that he would go, but he had a story to write first. He feverishly plucked a page of copy out of his swimming keyboard, and went off with the sheet in his pocket.

Ethyl Allen came back to work next morning, but Cocky Wrenn did not.

Mrs. Wrenn telephoned excitedly for Winstead, just as Winstead was opening an envelope addressed to him and marked, in huge black penciling, "NEWS—RUSH."

The news item contained in that envelope was labeled, "Exclusive to the *Advertiser*." The first five lines of the "lead" told Winstead's practiced eye what it was all about:

"Police and sheriff's forces were scouring the county Thursday for information as to the whereabouts of Christopher Wrenn, well known local newspaper man, who disappeared Wednesday afternoon. Impenetrable mystery surrounds the case."

Winstead grabbed the telephone without waiting to read further.

"Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Wrenn," he told her, soothingly. "We've had a note from him this morning. Nothing for you to worry about."

He'll be back. Come down to see me, and we'll talk it over."

Mrs. Wrenn was not so easily to be consoled, however, for she, too, had had a note from Christopher, and he had said in that note that she would never see him again. Winstead comforted her as best he could, by promising to do everything in his power to find the missing man.

He returned to the perusal of Wrenn's farewell story. He had heard of reporters writing their obituaries—usually while in the throes of a "melancholy drunk"—but this business of writing about your own disappearance was a new one.

"Mr. Wrenn was last seen at the *Advertiser* office Wednesday afternoon," the article went on. "He had been complaining recently of not feeling well, and his action is believed to have been due entirely to ill health. His home life was a happy one, and there is no clue suggesting any other motive for his disappearance."

Winstead grinned broadly, in spite of himself. "Here lies a good newspaper man," he thought, epigrammatically. "He lied gamely to the last."

Wrenn's valedictory dispatch went on to sketch briefly his journalistic career, and admitted modestly that the quondam re-write man had a few virtues, together with a mole back of his right ear and an impediment in his speech.

It was not humanly possible for the *Advertiser* staff to become more demoralized, but the news of Cocky Wrenn's Gallic leave-taking induced further profound excitement. Ethyl Allen was so full of sobs and incoherence that nobody could interpret what she said, except the general information that she was going home to her aunt, and one or two broken references to "George."

WINSTEAD assigned the whole staff to look for Cocky Wrenn. "Find him, and tell him to come home—all will be forgiven. Only there isn't anything to forgive."

But the hours wore away without news from the re-write man. Mrs. Wrenn came in and wept profusely on Winstead's desk.

"The poor, poor boy," she sobbed. "Something has been driving him distracted, of late, and I never could get him to tell me what was the matter."

"Don't you know?" Winstead was incredulous.

"No, sir. What *could* have been the matter with him?"

Winstead paused uncertainly. He didn't want to complicate matters by blundering elucidations, but then, Ethyl Allen was safe at home with her aunt.

"Did he ever speak to you—of—Miss Allen?"

"Ethyl Allen—the reporter—you mean?" Mrs. Wrenn looked through her tears with startled interest.

"Did you ever accuse him of being over-friendly with her—because they did so much work together?"

"Why certainly not!" Mrs. Wrenn's tone was indignant.

"Did your brother, Mr. Cunningham, ever make any remarks about their friendship?"

"How utterly absurd to ask such things!"

"Well, that's what has been on his mind. He had complained to me that your brother was watching him—that you were suspicious of him—that—"

"Well, of all the ridiculous stories!" ejaculated Mrs. Wrenn. "I don't—I can't believe it! Did he think that girl was in love with him? Is that why he's run away from home? Why, Mr. Winstead, do you really think he could have been fool enough to try to hatch up a romance this late—"

Winstead smiled sheepishly. "You can't always tell," he admitted. "But don't blame him."

"That explains why he never would ask her to dinner, when I wanted to invite her—when George—why, do you know, Mr. Winstead, now that I think of it—Christopher absolutely refused to introduce that girl to my brother, when he wanted to meet her—and when she, I am sure, wanted to meet—why, I'm simply astounded," she broke off.

"But they did meet?"

"Yes, her uncle introduced them, one day at the store. And as for love affairs, why—I shall see George and ask him what he knows about this terrible mix-up."

(Continued on page 56)

Mr. John Roche
with
Warner Brothers
Productions.



Patrick
DULUTH

**Patrick
Overcoats
are
Distinctive!**

Because of their deft hand-tailoring, correct design and perfect fit, they have earned their place among the foremost **STYLE COATS of AMERICA.**

Their chief outstanding feature is the beautiful Patrick Cloth. It is woven in original and exclusive patterns and gives unusually satisfying wear.

Write for samples of this wonderful cloth and our interesting Overcoat Style Booklet, also name of the nearest dealer. Address Desk E-10.



Excellent Quality.

Our Two Brands

Patrick Overcoats are made in three weights of cloth: Heavy, Medium and Light.

Prices \$25. to \$85.

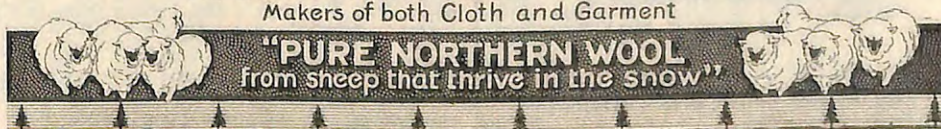


Superlative Quality.

Other Patrick Wool Products:

Beautiful Sweaters and Sport Jackets—Handsome Flannel Shirts.
Golf and Other Hosiery—Sturdy Leather Garments.
The Famous Patrick Mackinaws, Blankets and Auto Robes.

F.A. PATRICK & CO. DULUTH
Makers of both Cloth and Garment





Why Multiply Your Sorrow?

YOUR sorrow over the passing of a loved one may be an endless road through all the years to come if you are in any way negligent of the remains.

On the other hand, think what great comfort it will always be to know that there is the utmost of protection, a protection so positive and permanent that never a particle of moisture can enter.

Such protection *is* available for the asking. The Clark Grave Vault, designed according to an immutable law of Nature, has made the grave a peaceful, undisturbed resting place. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper steel is used for greatest rust resistance.

Never in a quarter of a century has a Clark Grave Vault failed. Not once has moisture entered.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault and give with it a fifty year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

B. O. Must

(Continued from page 55)

"You needn't worry about Wrenn," Winstead assured her. "We'll get him back."

"How?" demanded Mrs. Wrenn, anxiously. "The well-known and justly famous power of the press," grinned the city editor. "Curiosity, for another thing. Wrenn won't do anything rash—even if he ever intended to—until he has had a chance to read that farewell story of his. And instead of that, he will read another story—one that will bring him back."

"Oh, what can you write that will bring him home again?"

"That is something yet to be determined. I'll have to give it some thought—but he'll be back, never fear."

Winstead was a direct man who did not think in curves. Being a city editor, he had to be a man of snap judgment, for elaborate mental gymnastics are out of place in the newspaper business. He saw very clearly that the first step in the campaign to induce Cocky Wrenn to return must be to get rid of Ethyl Allen, no matter what the business office, Allen's Furniture Emporium, or any other individual or interest had to say about it. The easiest way to get rid of Ethyl, he reasoned, was to get her a job just as far away as available transportation lines and good luck would permit. He thought of distant cities, and of newspaper acquaintances established in them. He thought of Omaha. There was a city for you, and, by Jove, why did he think of Omaha, anyway?—George Cunningham, of course! It had begun to dawn on the mountain peaks of Winstead's intellect that George Cunningham probably had some influence with Ethyl Allen. He would try it.

WINSTEAD typed out a telegram to an old associate who now was managing editor of an Omaha daily. He told him Ethyl Allen was the greatest sob sister who had ever wrung out a handkerchief, that she could write diamond rings around Gertrude Atherton and had Elinor Glyn looking like the corresponding secretary of a Ladies' Aid Society. Winstead knew his man, and he settled back comfortably to wait for results.

As an added precaution, however, he called George Cunningham in for a conference.

He sketched the bewildering *contretemps* that had resulted from the association of Cocky Wrenn and Miss Allen.

"For your sister's sake, if not your brother-in-law's, Cunningham," he pleaded, "do something to help us out of this."

Cunningham had listened to the city editor's recital without visible excitement, as though the story were not entirely new to him.

"I'm perfectly willing to help, Mr. Winstead. What can I do?"

"You're from Omaha, Cunningham," rejoined the city editor. "I've got a particularly good friend on *The Omaha Wasp*, who will give Miss Allen a job if she will go out there. Can't you persuade her to take it—I mean, tell her what a nice city Omaha is, and what an honor it is to get an offer from *The Wasp*. Then, when you go back there, maybe you can help her."

"But I'm not going back," objected George. "I've decided to stay in this town. I've bought an interest in Allen's Furniture Emporium."

Winstead rolled his eyes and groaned.

"You, too! You, too! Will I never get out of the clutches of Allen's Furniture Emporium!"

A messenger boy interrupted the conference, with a telegram from Omaha.

"YOUR FRIEND MISS ALLEN MUST BE THE OFFICE CAT'S CASLON ITALICS STOP SEND HER ALONG" (said the telegram).

"There, you see," said Winstead, triumphantly. "I knew Bill would never turn me down in a pinch. Everything's settled, Cunningham, if you will just use your influence to get Miss Allen to accept the job."

"If I have any influence," deprecated George. "But I don't see why you have to banish the poor girl to Nebraska, just because Wrenn—"

"Stop, for Pete's sake don't ruin it," begged Winstead. "If I can announce in this afternoon's paper that Miss Allen is going to Omaha to take a job, Cocky Wrenn will be back at work to-morrow. It will save your sister's home from wreck and ruin, Cunningham. Think

what an opportunity you have! Please go see what you can do with Miss Allen!"

Cunningham did as he was bidden, and emerged from Ethyl's office after ten minutes' endeavor, immediately preceded by Ethyl, whose eyes were red and whose handkerchief was balled into a damp little knot.

"Mr. Winstead," she choked, "what's this I hear about that poor little Christopher disappearing, and you wanting me to go out to Omaha, Nevada, and all that?"

"Nebraska!" growled the city editor. "It's all your fault. If you had to vamp somebody, why didn't you pick one of these single jelly-beans? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

ETHYL stamped her foot in rage. "George, will you let him talk to me like that? I didn't vamp him—I didn't, didn't, didn't! The poor little man—he always seemed so imposed on. Nobody was nice to him, and I was just sorry for him. And I begged him to introduce me to George, and he just wouldn't and, oh—boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—Ethyl's words were drowned in a freshet of tears.

"Now, Honey," soothed George. "Try to calm yourself."

"I'll not go to Omaha, Montana," wailed Ethyl, "not even if you go, too. I think it's mean and hateful of you to even listen to such a thing. I hate you! I hate you!"

"Now, listen, Honey," pleaded George. "It wasn't my idea at all. Don't you see—"

"I don't see anything but a miserable plot to send me out with those Omaha cowboys and cattle ticks," moaned Ethyl. "I won't go! I won't go!"

"You see," said Cunningham, turning his palms imploringly to the city editor. "She won't go."

"The inference is justified by the facts," admitted Winstead. "She won't go at all."

Winstead drew circles on a sheet of copy paper with his black pencil—no, city editors don't necessarily use blue pencils.

"I don't see why she has to go," said Winstead, after a pause. "If I can't print a story saying she's going, can't I print one saying she's going to stay?"

"What do you mean?" asked Cunningham, who had unblushingly semi-circled Ethyl Allen with his right arm.

"I mean print a story saying you'll both stay—you won't go away at all—no. That is to say—dammit, can't you *both* have an interest in Allen's Furniture Emporium?"

"Just what I've been trying to tell her," beamed George. "Don't you see, Honey, it must be a good idea, because Mr. Winstead, has it, too. We'll form a side partnership, and we won't call it Allen's Furniture Emporium—we'll call it Mr. and Mrs.—er—Cunningham."

"Oh, George," whispered Ethyl, snuggling closer.

"Then that's settled," cried Winstead. "OH, BOY." He rasped rapid instructions to the copy boy. "Tell the file room to send me that big photograph of Miss Allen we intended to use and didn't. And SAUNDERS"—he yelled across the news room at the open door of the managing editor's office—"Save me three columns twelve inches on page one for a picture. Whew!"

Mrs. Christopher Wrenn sat at the city editor's desk shortly after Home Edition time, and tearfully perused the front page of *The Advertiser*, illuminated with the brightly likeness of Miss Ethyl Allen that was, and Mrs. George Cunningham that was going to be.

"That's the story, Mrs. Wrenn, that'll bring your husband back," chuckled Winstead. "Just think how happy we all are—Allen's Furniture Emporium will be satisfied, the business office can't help itself, and you can keep both your brother and your well-meaning husband in town."

"Do you think Christopher will be happy now?" ventured Mrs. Wrenn, fearfully.

"Sure, he'll be all right. He'll be home shortly—if not sooner. And I want you to promise one thing, Mrs. Wrenn."

"I promise," Christopher's wife sobbed readily.

(Continued on page 58)



Inspection - Inspection - Inspection!

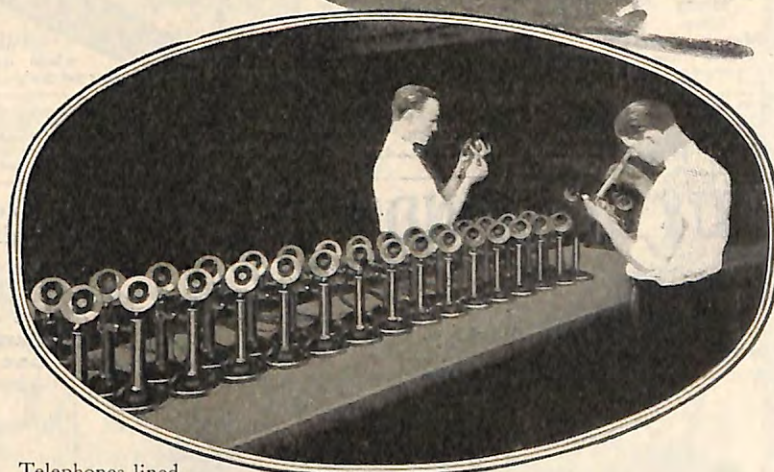
**-makes good soldiers
and good telephones**

At West Point and Western Electric the order of the day is the same—inspection, inspection, inspection.

A vast army of small parts must pass muster before they can assemble in telephone formation. And any part found unfit for duty is rejected.

One part must measure up to standards within a thousandth of an inch. Another must be ready to obey the command of a tiny electrical current.

Constant watchfulness is kept over all the apparatus which Western Electric makes. It starts with the careful selection of raw material. It goes through every step of the manufacture. It gives you, finally, a telephone that, like a good soldier, can serve on any front.



Telephones lined up for inspection



Roll Call. Checking up on tone quality.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

BUY ELK EMBLEMS

DIRECT BY MAIL FROM
JASON WEILER & SONS
AND SAVE ONE-THIRD

The Elks Magazine readers have seen our announcements in every issue since the first number. But for over 50 years Jason Weiler & Sons have been serving an ever growing clientele of satisfied customers. As leading Diamond Importers and Emblem Makers, we want to send you our free catalogs. Learn why over 300,000 customers buy from us.

Diamond Mounted Elk Ring

A remarkable value in solid white gold, hand engraved, with raised platinum emblem enameled in the proper colors. A full cut blue-white diamond set in the emblem (as illustrated). Our price direct to you **\$12.50**

This ring can also be furnished with Masonic, Shrine, Knights of Columbus or Knights of Pythias emblems.



34692B

This heavy solid gold ring with platinum front. Elk head raised on blue enamel clock, mounted with full cut blue white diamond. **\$37.50**

Same style ring No. 34685B without diamond **\$18.00**.



34600B

\$5.00



34617B

\$12.50



34606B

\$15.00



34608B

\$15.00



36981B

Finely Designed Solid Gold Button **\$1.65**

SOLID GOLD and PLATINUM
The very latest styles and finest quality Buttons
34600B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - **\$5.00**
34617B Platinum, one full cut blue white diamond - **\$12.50**
34606B Solid Gold, one full cut blue white diamond - **\$15.00**
34608B Solid Gold, three full cut blue white diamonds - **\$15.00**
See Catalog for these Buttons in Platinum



36736B

Elks

Membership Card Case
The actual size of this handsome case is 2 in. long. Can be attached to Waltham watch chain. In Gold-filled or Sterling Silver. **\$4.00**



34759B

Solid White Gold Charm

Green gold head, ruby eyes, enameled clock. **\$5.00**



34445B

Ladies' Elk Pin

Solid Platinum frontback with 14K solid gold. Has safety catch. **\$5.00**

35854B

Ladies' Solid Gold Ring

with white Gold Elk Emblem mounted on synthetic red ruby **\$7.50**

Our Free Elk Catalog shows all the latest Charms, Rings, Buttons, etc. Write for a copy today.



Ladies' 14K Solid White Gold Wrist Watch
No. 41022B, only **\$18.50**

15 Jewel guaranteed accurate timekeeper—platinum finished dial. A remarkable value. **\$18.50**

set with a full cut blue-white diamond. **\$8.75**

We have just published our 50th Anniversary Catalog of Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, etc. It is full of extraordinary values in celebration of our 50 years of continuous service. Write for a free copy.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From **Jason Weiler & Sons**

As America's Leading Importers We Save You 20 to 40%

For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at importing prices. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser:—



1 Carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond; if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 send it back and your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you **\$145.00**



This beautiful 18K Solid White Gold Ring

is exquisitely hand carved and pierced with the latest style platinum hexagon top. The fine blue-white diamond is of rare brilliancy. Our price direct to you **\$46.00**



This Fine, Full Cut, Blue-White Diamond

of exceptional brilliancy is mounted in an exquisitely pierced 18K solid white gold ring—the latest octagon top design greatly enhancing the beauty of the gem **\$95.00**



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring \$235.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lace-work effect **\$235.00**

PRICES ON OTHER DIAMOND RINGS

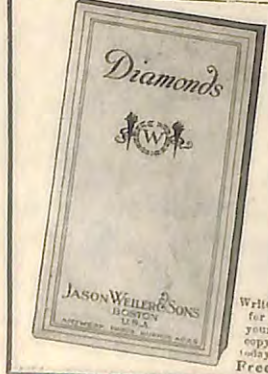
1/4 carat	\$31.00
3/8 carat	50.00
1/2 carat	73.00
3/4 carat	108.00
1 1/2 carats	217.00
2 carats	290.00
3 carats	435.00

DIAMONDS SENT FOR YOUR INSPECTION IF DESIRED BEFORE PAYMENT

Rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

Write for Our FREE CATALOGS

—the beautifully illustrated 50th Anniversary Catalog of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, etc. 164 pages of wonderful values. Full of gift suggestions. Also the new Elks Catalog.



Another Catalog we will be pleased to mail to you Free is the Book on "How To Buy Diamonds." It tells all about diamonds and is considered an authority.

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW

JASON WEILER & SONS Please send FREE Catalogs checked X below:
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers since 1870. Diamond Importers since 1876

376-B Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Diamond Catalog ☐ Jewelry, Watches, and ELK Catalog ☐

B. O. Must

(Continued from page 56)

"I want you to promise that you'll never tell Cocky you know why he left home. Tell him I said I sent him off on a minute's notice to cover a special story."

"I promise."

"And when he gets back I want you to tell him that *The Advertiser* has voted him six week's vacation with pay. The boy needs a rest. His imagination has been working overtime. Take him to Niagara Falls, and make him think he's a groom again."

Great Folks

(Continued from page 16)

she cooked for King Edward. He "liked plain things to eat, as I said before, that would not drop down his shirt." A wise old monarch, you will agree. For who can look royal with a rivulet of gravy running from north to south across an immaculate expanse of white linen!

Rosa was wise, too. She knew how to discard to advantage.

"I had a decoration from the Kaiser, but when the war broke out of course I sent it back. And he gave me a brooch also. I still have that, somewhere."

This entire book, written at a breathless pace, is the history of a little kitchen girl who grew to be the esteemed friend of all the well known people of England, and, indeed, of a great many Americans too. For did not Joe Choate, Edith Wharton, Roosevelt, Basil King, John Sargent and Mary Anderson—and Bishop Potter and the Boston Cabots, "and all that crowd, and they thought God Almighty of themselves, too!" all know and like Mrs. Lewis for her wit, her marvelous cooking and her decidedly lively personality!

The course of real achievement rarely runs smoothly. We see the ambitious Rosa trundling vegetables home from market in a wheelbarrow as well as conversing with kings and queens. Bankruptcy and despair peeked at her around the doors of the Cavendish Hotel, but she won out. A vibrant and gusty philosophy helped her. Here are some random samples of it, for instance:

"I never do anything by half measures, and people like you so much better if you do not."

"Doing things for ordinary people is a waste of time."

"You have to throw feeling into your cooking."

"The woman, if she wants to keep a man, has to turn over a new leaf every day, or someone else gets him."

"You always have to look thoroughly into things—even love."

"Half the world are life-givers, and the other half are life-takers. Some people ought to pay you to even be in the same room with you."

"Obstacles be damned when you are on the scent."

As to the cook herself, if you will look on page 110 of this unusual book, you will behold the photograph of a lady, slim, lovely, in a trailing, modish gown of velvet and lace. Is it a duchess—one of the many who love the old Cavendish Hotel? Fooled again! It is Rosa Lewis, and none other!

One night she was dining at the Carlton and she saw a group of smart gentlemen with one lady—all trying to be gay and swanky. They were agents of a famous champagne. Rosa knew them by sight. But they were puzzled. Who was the charming, well dressed woman at the next table? At last one of them said, "Isn't that Mrs. Lewis, the cook?" This was a bit thick for Rosa, who could not resist shouting across: "Yes, it is Mrs. Lewis. I've sold all my cutlets, how are you getting on with your champagne?"

Which, perhaps, wasn't Rosa at her best, but she seemed to enjoy her victory hugely.

Well, I'd better stop right here. If I write much more you will not get the book at all, which would be a shame, as some of the very best and richest plums of all can only be pulled out of this pie with your own thumbs.

George Washington, Country Gentleman

By Paul Leland Haworth

IF YOU have a small place in the country, a tiny garden, perhaps a field, a little live stock (just enough to make the buying of a pig a great event), or if you simply hope, some day, to be possessed of such things, then this book is for you.

You will see George Washington as a "fellow farmer," a very different person from the tall, stern figure standing in the prow of the little boat that took him bumping this way and that into the ice as he crossed the Delaware.

Mr. Haworth takes military glory and statesmanship away from the Father of His Country, and hangs them up in a closet for a while. He decks the gallant figure out as a Virginia planter, and we see him then as a quiet man who loves the soil, studies the questions of land and crops and husbandry in general. We have a picture of him, in 1760, experimenting in alfalfa, which he called *lucerne*, and later trying rotations of crops and building a sixteen-sided barn with a special "modern invention"—a threshing-floor. This was a pet and proud device of his, so we can imagine his chagrin when he came home from a trip one time and found the threshing going on out in the open "in the old-fashioned way," with the horses treading out the wheat.

The owner of Mount Vernon was, according to his own accounts as discovered by Mr. Haworth, the first American to attempt raising mules. Soon after the Revolution the King of Spain sent the hero of the war two jacks and two jennets. The quiet of Mount Vernon, says Mr. Haworth, was broken by "jubilant and joyous" sounds. And the cry, "General Washington's jackass is coming!" was always sufficient to attract a crowd.

A companionable book, rich in its pictures of colonial and post-Revolutionary days.

Twenty Years on Broadway

By George M. Cohan

A GREAT many people can remember when "little" George Cohan and his parents and his sister were touring the country and winning fame as "The Four Cohans"—and of those four "Georgie" (according to his own story) was the "hard boiled" youngest member of the family.

At the age of thirteen he was cast for the part of Henry Peck in "Peck's Bad Boy," a favorite thirty years ago, when his family first put the play on. Henry, so the program stated, was "that incorrigible lad with a heart of gold." This description the young actor proceeded to make his very own, and Cohan adores to tell how well he succeeded.

When other boys were still struggling with long division, "Georgie" was already a veteran in the theatrical business. Before that he had "ridden the donkey" in the parades of the "shows," he had played second fiddle in the orchestra, sold song books in the lobby and had done "trick violin acts" in vaudeville.

George Cohan, author, has—you can plainly see from this book of reminiscences—a very melting spot in his heart for the "kid" that was himself. He was always sending his father into a sort of helpless fury, and his mother into tidal waves of tears. Yet today George Cohan has the reputation of being the best "son" in all the theatre world. You never can tell anything about anybody, can you?

Mr. Augustus (Gus) Williams, the well known manager, had Georgie fast on his nerves for months.

"There's one thing I'll say for you, Georgie; you've convinced me that capital punishment is necessary."

"By this time we'd reached the hotel, and he walked into the office and to the desk and asked for his key. Then he started for the elevator. I followed him."

"Will you listen to me for a minute, please?" I said.

"I've been listening to you all season," he answered as he shook the key in my face, "and if you get into this elevator with me, so help me God, I'll grab the lever and run it through—right through the roof."

It is plain to see that a boy who could aggravate people to that point was bound to be great.

(Continued on page 60)

OH, how good a ripe pear can be. Luscious and tasty—every bite a sheer delight. But a green pear—or one that's over-ripe—you'd pass them up, quick!



It's Ripe Tobacco!

SO IT is with cigars—tobacco must be ripe to have the most pleasing taste, the most tempting aroma—to be most satisfying—to make the best smoking.

Only ripe tobacco, from the finest, selected crops, goes into Bayuk Cigars. That is why every cigar, in each of the five famous Bayuk brands, is so good, always—why the high quality is so unfailing. Insist on Bayuk Cigars.

Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If he hasn't the brand you desire, write for Trial Package, but try your dealer first. Dealers desiring name of nearest wholesale distributor please write us.

Bayuk
Philadelphia
Hand Made

Ripe Domestic Filler
Imported Sumatra
Wrapper. Mild, Smooth,
Uniform. A Friendly
Cigar. 10c. Trial package
10 for \$1.00.

BAYUK CIGARS INC.

PHILADELPHIA

Havana Ribbon

An Exclusive Blend of
Domestic Tobaccos
with Imported Su-
matra Wrapper. 2
for 15c. Trial Pack-
age 10 for 75c.



Charles
Thomson

Guaranteed Ripe
Long Filler and
Genuine Imported
Sumatra Wrapper.
Pre-War Quality.
5c. Trial pack-
age 25 for \$1.25



Mapacuba

Ripe Havana and
Domestic Tobaccos.
Sumatra Wrapper.
Fragrant but Mild.
10c, 2 for 25c and 15c
sizes. Trial box 10 for
\$1.25.

Prince Hamlet

The Guaranteed
Full Havana Filler
Cigar. Delightful
Bouquet. 3 for 50c.
15c, also 2 for 25c and
10c sizes. Trial
package 10 for \$1.50.



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

The
FRAT
Style M-176



A
Style
of the
Times

FLORSHEIM SHOES have the smart look you like—they make the right impression—they express the good taste of the man who cares. THE FRAT is one of the season's best.

Most Styles \$10



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO



Booklet STYLES OF THE TIMES on Request



FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



MANY delightfully attractive small homes are being built today with Indiana Limestone used as a veneer over stud frame construction or a backing of brick or hollow tile. A special short-length stock is used which includes stone of varying shades and textures. This is the lowest in cost of any form of stone construction and amounts to only 5% or 6% more than a facing of brick.

In the house illustrated a veneer of Indiana Limestone six inches thick was used, the cost of which, set in the wall, was \$1,500. Total cost of residence was only \$7,500.

Floor plans will be sent free upon request, or our complete Portfolio of small house designs will be sent upon receipt of 50c. Address, Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Box 759, Bedford, Indiana



Great Folks

(Continued from page 59)

Before long his songs were being whistled on the streets, and sketches by him were finding their way in all the vaudeville houses. At twenty-two he and all his family were playing in his own musical comedy, "The Governor's Son."

In the twenty years since then he has written forty-five plays, almost all of them successful—"no job for a lazy man, old top," he assures us,

You will like this book. It is written in high good humor, as though life, so far, had left no ugly marks, and as though he was grateful for his luck—good or bad.

In the words of one of his most famous curtain speeches:

"Ladies and gentlemen, my mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sister thanks you and I thank you." (Laughter and applause.)

Marie Antoinette

By Hilaire Belloc

A PAGEANT of old-world pomp and circumstance, a gorgeous history, and the intimate history of a tragic queen. Romance and sorrow lurk in every syllable of Marie Antoinette's name. Mr. Belloc does not attempt to alter the general verdict of the world as to the young French queen's lack of judgment, her petulance and thoughtlessness, her frivolousness when seriousness was demanded—all the inconsequences and lacks in her nature. What he aims at, and so brilliantly achieves, is "to show a Lady whose hands—for all the freedom of their gesture—were moved by influences other than her own, and whose feet, though their steps were wayward and self-determined, were ordered for her in the path that led inexorably to its certain goal."

So, in this very beautiful and important book, we see Marie Antoinette from her birth in Austria until her execution in that square in Paris, called so ironically the "Place de la Concorde," as a creature of Fate, a character as doomed as any in an old Greek tragedy. Nothing, it would seem, could have checked her destiny.

Mr. Belloc concedes that she was "empty"—but other ladies have been empty. She had little education, save a sort of last-minute smattering hammered into her little red head when, at the age of fourteen, she was married to the young Dauphin, grandson of Louis XV of France—but there have been others who have hated their books.

However, these things were all later looked upon as part of her "crimes." Her friendships "failed not in mere disappointments but in ruin"—everything piled up and against her.

In this early part of the book we almost come to believe her an impossible puppet, yet reading on, about those terrible days in the Bastille, with her husband beheaded, her children torn from her, her own life a mere whim of moments with a mob, one can hardly read for the tears.

Mr. Belloc has indeed brought the past to life in a volume as rich in dramatic color as a gallery of old paintings and tapestries, and as spacious as old palaces and gardens.

Robert E. Lee, Soldier

By Major General Sir Frederick Maurice

THE story of the military career of the great Confederate General "must stir any heart capable of being moved by human valor." Today Lee, "the noble champion of a lost cause," belongs no more exclusively to the South than do the "Stars and Stripes" to the North. A while ago one of the best biographies ever written about Lee came out of Massachusetts—"Lee, the American" by Gamaliel Bradford. Now, following that, appears this volume by an English soldier who sees in Lee a genius comparable only to Wellington.

"In method," says Sir Frederick Maurice, speaking of Lee's warcraft, "it was fifty years ahead of the times." And he regrets that some of the great southerner's tactics were not applied by the Allies in August, 1914.

In the Gamaliel Bradford biography, we discover the deep religious current in Lee—"God was his one intimate friend." The British

writer, too, meets this unconquerable Christian in his study of the man.

"But Lee was above the rebuffs of Fortune. Napoleon believed in his star, Lee in his God. The courage founded on faith is more enduring than the courage founded on luck."

So, through the whole book, though it purports to be the picture of Lee in uniform, there creep the essentials that went to make up Lee, the simple gentleman, who said of himself, "The great mistake of my life was taking a military education—"

Twenty years of study and goodness knows how many of writing have been spent in the making of this dramatic presentation of a great leader. Surely we can spare an hour, at least, to enjoy the fruits of this enthusiastic labor. It is a fine piece of work. We wish it luck.

Father's First Two Years

By Fairfax Downey

A BIT of persuasive foolery, provocative of much chuckly laughter, and, Mr. Downey hopes, of a little "justice" to young male parents who seem to have been somewhat neglected up to now. Nicely illustrated.

Books Reviewed This Month

Brigham Young, by M. R. Werner. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

The Queen of Cooks, by Mary Lawton. (Boni & Liveright, New York)

Marie Antoinette, by Hilaire Belloc. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York)

Twenty Years on Broadway, by George Cohan. (Harper & Brothers, New York)

George Washington, by Paul Leland Haworth. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.)

Robert E. Lee, The Soldier, by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Father's First Two Years, by Fairfax Downey. (Milton, Balch & Co., New York)

Other Biographies Recommended

Glorious Apollo (Lord Byron), by E. Barrington. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)

John Keats, by Amy Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Twice-Thirty, by Edward W. Bok. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)

Eleanora Duse, The Story of Her Life, by Jeanne Bordeaux. (George H. Doran Co., New York)

Abraham Lincoln, a North Carolinian, by J. C. Coggins. (Advocate Publishing Co., Asheville, N. C.)

Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson; College and State. Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and Wm. E. Dodd. (Harper & Bros., New York)

The Country That I Love, by Queen Marie of Rumania. (Brentano's, New York)

Coming next month—For the November Elks Magazine, Lawrence Perry, the famous writer of sport stories, has written a football yarn called "The Varsity Letter." This is not a thrice-told tale of the last-minute touchdown by the young hero. It is a football story with a new kind of twist. Don't miss it.



Prevent tooth decay below the gum-line

As the soil nourishes the tree roots, the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the roots, so do the teeth decay when gum shrinkage starts in.

This condition—one of the first stages of Pyorrhea—is very common and something that ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent. If not checked promptly, it will lead to loss of teeth and serious organic diseases.

Forhan's Checkmates Pyorrhea

If used in time and used consistently twice daily, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will preserve the gums in their pink, normal, healthy condition, safeguard your health and keep your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

4 out of 5
are marked

There's no way to get around it. Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of Pyorrhea. Do you want to avoid this dread disease?



exit →



the tin can and the battered package

It is easier to sit on the rock bound coast of Maine than on the ordinary tin tobacco can. As a container of tobacco it is most convenient. But as a carrier of tobacco it is fast becoming an extinct species. For where can you find a man who doesn't prefer a soft "Locktite" Tobacco Pouch to a hard tin can? And where can you find another tobacco pouch as convenient and easy to open as the "Locktite"? Rubber lined. Sold wherever tobacco is sold.

F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.



\$1.00
and
up

The new "Locktite" Cigarette Case holds a full package of twenty—and keeps them firm and straight until the last one is used. Made in assorted leathers. Buy one today at any cigar store.

"Locktite"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOBACCO POUCH

also \$1.00
and up



The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 13)

CHAPTER VII

THAT same evening, of the day on which I had seen for the first time my fisher-
maiden, I was at dinner in the great hall of the chateau having about finished my repast when Yldez informed me that a man wished to see me.

"He desires to pose for you as a model, Monsieur Rackstrom," Yldez explained.

"But," I exclaimed, "I do not need—"

"Precisely, Monsieur. I told him myself," replied the old woman.

Going outside to the main entrance of the building I found an insignificant-looking fellow craning his neck to gaze up at the towers. From his general appearance I took him for a fisherman from the hamlet.

He barely glanced at me as I approached, but seemed rather to be interested in the old crumbling masonry. "Plainly of the fourteenth century," he remarked, suddenly and without preface of any kind, "and damaged, doubtless, in the Revolution. Yes, yes—"

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

The man's gaze travelled down and rested on me in an appraising way. I wondered if he were going to state the century I also belonged to. At any rate he seemed in no hurry to recognize my having answered his summons. When he did speak,—"You will forgive my intrusion," he said, rather in the manner of arriving at a statement of fact than apologizing. All this accorded so strangely with his appearance that, familiar as I was with the different types of artists' models and their whimsicalities, I began to grow more curious than resentful at something which seemed to me entirely new. Meanwhile, peering around as though he wished to see that there was no one else about, he produced and handed me a card which I read with surprise and a degree of illumination:

August Prontout
Inspector
Prefecture of Police
36 Quai des Orfèvres
Paris.

I looked up from perusing the card and encountered a pair of sharp eyes in a lean face, lined and sunken, and weathered to a dull red. Now that I was acquainted with the man's occupation I fancied I caught an expression of power and concentration in the outline of his forehead and jaw.

I led the way back into the old dismantled hall, requested my visitor to sit down, and stated that I was at his service, wondering all the while what business or what pleasure had brought a metropolitan detective so far afield. I offered him a cigar but he declined it and took out an old yellow pipe, and stuffing it full of tobacco from a paper package was soon emitting vile clouds of smoke.

After a few moments of this clouded silence during which he glared at me in a way to make me slightly uncomfortable he rose and moved the oaken chair in which he sat out to a spot in the middle of the great apartment. He made a gesture and I followed. Then with a repetition of that same look around to see that we were alone he said in a low voice:

"Monsieur Rackstrom, I have the honor, in the name of the Department of Justice in Paris, to make a request of you."

I bowed, and waited, somewhat amused at his elaborate secrecy and his theatrical manner.

"It is," he continued, "that you allow me for a day—perhaps longer—to live here as a man in your employ, perhaps to pose for you as a model. You can paint me as I sit in the sun leaning against the wooden tower—"

"But—"

"It is in the interest of Justice. Entirely so." His voice lowered itself to a whisper. "I am," he pursued, "a judge of fine brands of tobacco." He glanced proudly at the cheap, ill-smelling pipe in his hands, and his sharp little eyes bored into mine as though he dared me to fail to take in the significance of the pipe in the make-up of the character he impersonated, and to be appreciative. "To-day I find it necessary that I should be a boatman. Behold!" He displayed

the palms of his hands. They were little hands with small knotted fingers, deeply cut with many lines in the palms, but for all that not the hands of a workman. But what he evidently intended me to observe was that they were badly blistered. "It is so, also, with the pipe and the tobacco, which is worse for me, Monsieur Rackstrom, you shall believe, than blisters from rowing upon the hands. It is in the interest of Justice!"

He paused a moment, leaned toward me and said, still in a whisper; "I am on the trail of the most dangerous criminal in Paris!"

He remarked this with a certain cheerful gusto, as a man who possessed a famous brand of Burgundy might communicate that fact to a friend to be congratulated on it.

As for me I failed to share his satisfaction in the matter. I felt impelled almost to laugh and also to worry a little. "Is he here?" I enquired.

The little man raised his hand reassuringly. "There is nothing to be feared," he said.

HE GLANCED again over his shoulder and around about the great hall. He did this with an indescribable tremble of the head that suggested stupidity. The fading light came in through ancient windows, and the contrast of this kind of a thing coming upon me so unexpectedly in that out-of-the-way corner of the world gave me an uncanny feeling. I wondered whom he might suspect of trying to spy on our conversation. Not Yldez, surely, for I heard her clattering noisily with pots and pans far away in the interior. All at once he turned to me, a look of perplexity on his face.

"It is of the fourteenth century?" he asked, anxiously.

"What—the chateau?—I believe so," I replied.

His face cleared. "Yes," he muttered with satisfaction, "and burned, doubtless, in the Revolution. Yes—entirely so. Ah, those were the days of real crime, Monsieur! The criminals of to-day are not such giants!" He made this observation sorrowfully, I thought.

A growing curiosity about the matter in hand, natural under the circumstances, induced me to yield at once to his very trifling request to be allowed to pass himself off as my model, for which he thanked me, and then dismissed the matter for the present as entirely settled. It grew darker and I called Yldez to light the candles. He smoked in silence until she had gone.

Gradually we drifted into a general conversation. We went from architecture to painting. This conversation was in part a monologue. Inspector Prontout exhibited a great and tenaciously clutched variety of information on many subjects which he drew upon with a somewhat overbearing authority.

During all this time he avoided any further reference to the object of his visit; and I could not help remarking a certain care and watchfulness, too, in all his statements, and in all that he did. I judged him to be a man who was not liable to take even the slightest risk with his eyes shut. On the whole in spite of his views on Art my opinion of the man at last began to react in his favor.

Later on during the evening, and just before he parted from me, he announced all at once and seemingly apropos of nothing:

"His name is Gabas. He is wanted for murder and robbery—the Marie Lafitte case."

He made this announcement with a naïve expectation of recognition on my part. As for me I had not seen a Paris newspaper for a month, and would not have taken any particular notice of the criminal news anyway. He may have interpreted my blank uncomprehending look to be fear, for he added with another reassuring gesture, "Nothing will occur. There are reasons. Also I have a man with me, Agent Dirmoir, an assistant of mine—here on the island at this moment. We are two to one. No. It is simply to follow him here." He paused. Then he added, "And I have followed—without once losing the scent."

"And then—"

"Oh then, believe me, Monsieur, I can tell

some things in advance,—back to Paris, where this Gabas will be taken."

"But then why did he come here—to the end of the world?" I asked.

"Ah! That is strange. Is it not? Yes, entirely so. I do not know. It is for that I have come—to find out."

A little later I called Yldez and arranged with her for sleeping quarters for Monsieur Prontout in one of the stables; a place which, he insisted in a private hint to me, was good enough for a fisherman. I went with him, carrying the lantern.

As we walked along, the swing of my lantern all at once revealed within the narrow compass of its light a face, close by, staring at us out of the bushes. The face was marked by a scar slanting across both cheeks, so large as to be plainly noted at the first glance. I gave a start and drew back. Prontout stepped up to the man in the bushes.

I heard him whisper "Dirmoir!" and the other's answer, "Yes, Monsieur l'Inspecteur." A short whispered colloquy followed, so low that I did not catch any of it; after which the man left us, dropping back silently into the night out of which he had emerged.

Half a dozen paces further on we came to the door of the stable. A bat, attracted perhaps by the lantern, flew out at that instant and struck my shoulder and glanced off against Prontout's upraised arm.

"Ah, a good omen!" he cried.

"How?" I asked.

"It is bad when a bat flies into one. Is it not? Therefore it is also good. By the mathematical law of chances it protects one from further harm the same night. Good for you and me; alas, not for others."

With which absolutely silly and incoherent piece of casuistry, delivered apparently in all seriousness, he took leave of me. Nevertheless this remark of his I was destined to recall later on that same night, with a certain force almost like a prophecy.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT night after getting into bed, I lay awake with a book and a candle. Outside a windstorm had arisen. Though my room looked out upon a protected angle of the chateau walls, the wind blew in through the window and caused the flame of my candle to sway and flicker. I finally cast the book aside and slid down into the bed. My mind reverted to the visit of Inspector Prontout, and I could not help feeling a sense of excitement in the secret knowledge that a hunted murderer hovered somewhere outside upon the island.

I wondered why, indeed, he should be traced here only to be followed back again. Questions which had not occurred to me at the time of my interview with the Inspector now came into my mind. How was it that Prontout knew that the murderer would return, and yet did not know why he came? And just where on the island was he? I was obliged to fall back upon the obvious conclusion that the Inspector had taken me into his confidence only so far as suited his ends.

A crash of thunder and a simultaneous flare of lightning made me summon courage to consider the advisability of shutting the window in case the rain was coming in. The draught had at the instant of that crash sucked out the candle and left me in darkness, and as I got up in the dark and made my way to the window I found that the rain was pouring in. In fact, before I was aware, of it I had run afoul of a small shower-bath. After some trouble I succeeded with the window. The window shut, I stood there a moment protected now from further drenching, gazing into the grayness outside.

It was while I stood with my face pressed against a pane of the window that there came another flash, followed at an interval by a more distant peal of thunder. The flash revealed in startling clearness of detail a portion of the grounds of the chateau below the window. The picture printed itself so vividly upon the sensitive plate of my memory that I was able to review its details.

Looking through the glass, in a corner of which hung, just below my eye, like a veiled foreground to the picture, a spider's web and

(Continued on page 64)



AT THE TOP

THE RETAIL MERCHANT
He leads a lively life—anticipating the demand for goods correctly and contriving to get a fair profit on what he sells. He succeeds because he's a live one—a regular up-on-his-toes Elk.

Supplies the demand for "the best"

THEY SELL at five cents—Beech-Nut Fruit Drops, Beech-Nut Mints and Beech-Nut Chewing Gum—the usual price for "handy-package" candy. Here's a case where a nickel buys the purest and best of confections. The same kind of sugar, the same natural flavors that you find in the most expensive candies.

The most delicious flavors, too! If you like *real* oranges, try Beech-Nut Orange Drops. The taste of *real* lemon fills the Lemon Drops; *real* lime, the Lime Drops. There's a wide selection of flavors in the Mints and Chewing Gum. You'll find your favorite. Sold practically everywhere. Next time you see them—try them.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops • Mints Gum

Beech-Nut
Chewing Gum
•
Beech-Nut Mints
Peppermint
Wintergreen
Clove
Spearmint
Cinnamon
•
Beech-Nut
Fruit Drops
Lime
Lemon
Orange

How To Make 18 Inches Do The Work of 40"



THIS refers to a heating plant for your home.

In plain heating terms it means economy—a cut in the cost of coal by getting more heat from it. Proved by practice.

"Letters To and Fro" show. They were written by home owners and give their experiences with different kinds of heat.

The booklet will give you facts about ALL kinds of heating systems, including fire-places. Helpful valuable, but FREE—if you use the coupon.

Send me Your FREE Booklet on heating, called "Letters To and Fro."

Name.....

Address.....

Burnham Boiler Corporation
E. M.

IRVINGTON, NEW YORK
Representations in All Principal Cities

Canadian Offices: Harbor Comm. Bldg., Toronto; 124 Stanley Street, Montreal

NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline - Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

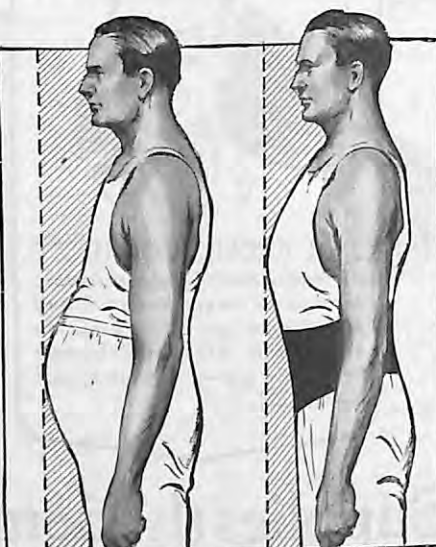
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make imparts a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys, because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time

As shown below, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day Trial Offer being made to The Weil Company, 1310 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY
1310 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

21 Jewel ~ Extra thin STUDEBAKER

The Insured Watch

Sold direct from
the factory at a
saving of 50%.

SENT FOR
\$1.00
DOWN!

Only \$1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—insured for a lifetime; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions—choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases in green gold, white gold or yellow gold effects. Latest thin models.

Chain Free! For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Chain FREE!

Write For FREE Book Send today for wonderful Studebaker Book of Advance

Watch Styles and our \$1.00 Down Offer—FREE!

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.

Dept. W77 South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario



Elto

(Designed and built by Ole Evinrude)
**Quick Detachable
Rowboat Motor**
Powerful, Light Weight, Speedy, Quiet Running, Practically Vibrationless. Starts on a quarter turn. Easily carried with you anywhere you go. No rowing, no work, no bother. Just ride and enjoy the greatest of water sports. Slow down for fishing. Speed up for racing. Great power.

Write for FREE Catalog describing all the new features, especially the famous Propeller Pump. Only Elto has it. Write today.
ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO. Dept. 56
Ole Evinrude, Pres.
Manufacturers Home Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.



\$1900 to \$2700 YEAR

Railway Mail Clerks, Men 18 to 35. Travel—see your country. Paid vacation. Experience unnecessary. Write IMMEDIATELY for full particulars.

Franklin Institute, Dept. J221, Rochester, N. Y.

BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not in medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address

Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 63)

rolls of captured flies, I had seen outside and just beneath my window two men.

A ruined line of stone wall was marked by a tangle of shrubbery with a single slanting stem of a young birch overtopping it. Cutting through the shrubbery and skirting the wall was the path which led by that wing of the chateau. On the path, revealed by that brief flash of lightning, were the two figures. One of them was in advance of the other about twenty paces. Of the figure in advance I retained no distinct impression; but the one who seemed to be following was nearer to me and just below. At that instant his head was turned slightly to one side; and, for the second time, the face of the assistant of my recent acquaintance the Parisian detective, jumped at me out of the night and was gone.

The path which the two men had taken led to but one place—the wooden tower which at that time, as I have already explained, I was using as a studio. Acting on an impulse and hardly stopping to think why I did so I slipped on coat, trousers and shoes, wet as I was; snatched up in passing a box of matches which lay on the stand beside the bed and put it in the inside pocket of the coat; and in a minute to a minute and a half all told was downstairs and outdoors in the rain myself, completing the impromptu bath which the gust of wind at the casement had begun.

No more flashes of lightning came as I hurried along in the dark, barely discerning the outline of the path and guiding my steps almost wholly by memory. The shower passed quickly over the island and went away as suddenly as it had come, leaving cold and dampness behind it. Meanwhile I walked, and ran, both, stumbling along faster as my eyes became accustomed to the small amount of light. When I drew near the opening in the trees and saw dimly outlined beyond it in a wet mist the tower on the cliff, I paused, and sought shelter against the damp wind that still blew in from the sea.

For a moment I imagined I had overtaken the two men and could see their figures just ahead of me. Then a disquieting thought came. Suppose they had turned aside under the trees, or one of them had turned aside, and had seen me, or knew of my presence? Clutching a wet branch I shrank into the dripping leaves, now for the first time regretting my useless temerity.

As I crouched there going over these reflections in my mind, all at once, shining out through the mist, a light appeared in the window of the tower; not the window in the top, but another rather insignificant window on the landward side, and lower down, made to admit light upon the winding staircase, so that a person climbing the stairs at a certain elevation looked out of it and back towards the woods and the chateau. It was this window, or rather this narrow slit in the wall not over six inches wide, in which the light appeared. It cast a beam outwards which, I noticed, moved sideways and down in such a way that I easily conjectured some one inside was climbing the stairs, carrying a lantern, in the opposite direction to that in which the beam of light travelled. A few seconds later while the light still moved above, the door opposite which I stood not forty paces away, the windmill's only door, on the ground level, opened, and its opening was made visible by the glare of light from the interior. In the frame of the door, squared against that dim piece of lighted interior, I saw the dark blot of a figure.

Almost immediately the door closed. The light continued, however, to stream from the stair window.

I was relieved of the uncertainty to which I had been a prey. I felt sure now that both of the men I had seen on the path were inside the tower, one climbing the stairs, the other just entering the door. Awake to every shade of interpretation conveyed by the few facts I had witnessed I guessed further that the second man had entered unknown to his quarry, that he had seized the time when the first man was climbing the stairs to slip in below him unobserved. About that time I noticed that the beam of light began to move in the opposite direction, and then became again stationary.

Plainly the first man had descended the stairs, and upon reaching the foot had set his lantern down.

But who was this man who had gone in first and lit the lantern? The other one I knew from that one flash of lightning to be the police agent Dirmoir, the man with the scarred face. Was the man with the lantern this Gabas?

I waited a long while with these questions and others naturally suggested by them going through my mind. I had every reason to think I had just witnessed a brief part of that system of espionage which had enveloped the murderer from the moment he had left his haunts in Paris. Still I waited, not caring to go nearer. There was no way back, to my certain knowledge, except to come by the point where I stood. Thus by remaining there at the break in the trees I felt that I possessed the key to the situation at least so far as concerned the observation of the final outcome of this strange night visit to the tower. I felt reassured also about my own safety. I had been unobserved. I could, by withdrawing into the underbrush beside the path, remain so.

The force of the wind lessened, although, scratched by briars and drenched through as I was, my teeth chattered with the cold. By and by the light in the window seemed to shift again. I could scarcely make this out now. Rolling clouds of mist were rising around the tower as though blown upwards from below the cliff. I could see them rapidly sweeping by the solitary slit of light outlined mistily in these clouds that blurred its outward beam. It seemed as if the window itself moved through the clouds. I watched this phenomenon for some time. The wind slackened and the clouds of mist gradually cleared away.

And then the light disappeared; went out. The outline and position of the tower vanished completely in the darkness.

A few minutes later I fancied I heard, faintly, in a lull of the wind, the door opening, the noise of its lower edge scraping upon the threshold. An instant later a bluish light fell upon the path. A blurred figure stood in the door, holding not the lantern—I was sure of this—but an electric flashlight. For a second or two it was switched off, and then kept on again. Why the lantern had been put out and which man it was now using the flashlight I tried in vain to guess. The figure formed a vague shadow behind the wrist and hand that held the light, but as it turned to close the door and then started to come toward me it seemed larger than the police agent. I thought it must be the man who had entered the tower first, of whom all I had noticed in that flash of lightning when I looked from my window was, as I now recalled it, that he carried something like a pack or large bundle. At least I seemed to remember that. He was not carrying anything now, except the electric torch; and as he drew nearer he resembled a great crouching shadow and his big head hung well forward. He had come out alone. I felt positive he was Gabas. Who else, indeed, could he be? I experienced a kind of elation and curiosity as I hung well back in the bushes. The blue light danced with the swing of the man's arm like a will o' the wisp. The shadows of his legs swayed drunkenly. He looked, as he came on with a light, unhesitating gait, somehow like a huge ape. All at once, having located the opening into the trees, he shut off his light and I heard him stride by me, splashing a little in the darkness.

An instant later I was conscious that the man had stopped abruptly in his tracks. I could almost feel that he had turned and was looking back. My heart gave a loud jump and I swallowed with an access of alarm. I heard his breathing. He was within a few feet of me. He chuckled. A grisly half-grunt, half-laugh. Then I heard him mutter, "Ha! Dirmoir! Adieu." After this he gave another little grunt, and to my inexpressible relief I heard him go on. I had thought for a moment I was discovered.

I still clung to my post of observation, waiting to see what would happen; expecting the other man, Dirmoir, to follow Gabas; almost sure, indeed, that he would trail him back. The wind by now had practically died down, and the mist had gone, so that the tower was again standing on the cliff in shadowy outline. I thought of the old legend about its flying away.

(Continued on page 66)



Pals . . . Health and Fun any time . . . at home

BILLIARDS—the home magnet—makes fathers and sons daily playmates—gives to boys the medium of contest and parental association necessary to development of manly, sportsmanlike characters.

No other game combines in greater measure the benefits of daily health-giving exercise, entertainment, relaxation and rest each member of the family needs. Billiards is the favorite pastime in thousands of happy homes.

Brunswick tables are available in different types (as illustrated). The Grand and Junior Grand are handsome two-toned walnut tables of standard type.



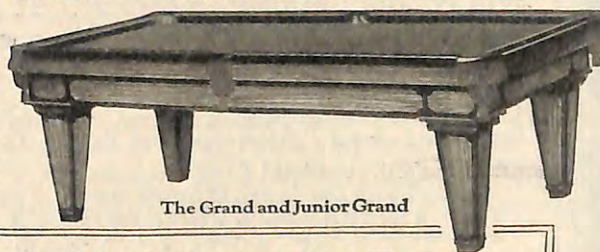
The "Home Club"

The "Home Club" can be changed easily and quickly from a billiard table to a beautiful walnut living or dining room table, with all playing equipment invisible when not in use. Its standard construction gives playing qualities satisfying to the most expert carom or pocket billiardist.

Brunswick Home Billiards

On Easy Terms
Pay As You Play

Your choice of any Brunswick Table can be secured on convenient monthly payments. Send for full descriptive literature. Mailing the coupon below places you under no obligation whatever.



The Grand and Junior Grand

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Dept. H-1032
623 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me your Home Magnet catalog giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and also details of your easy payment plan on Brunswick Home Tables.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
Established 1845. Branches in All Principal Cities of U. S. and Canada

play a Conn SAXOPHONE



This Free Book tells about exclusive features which make the Conn easiest of all wind instruments to play. Send now for your copy and details of Free Trial; Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
1097 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS



Creighton Hale, famous movie star and accomplished saxophonist uses a Conn, as do most prominent stars.

Learn How to BOX

JIMMY DE FOREST
World's Greatest Trainer
Will Teach You BY MAIL



Start a boxing tournament at your club. Greatest sport and body conditioner. teach you in 20 weeks all I taught Dempsey and many other champions. Each six months I select champions in all weight divisions from my pupils, train them at my own expense at my Long Branch, N. J., camp and then stage them in New York City bouts. Whether you want to be a professional and win fame and fortune in the ring or merely box for exercise and self defense, send for my big FREE book, "The Golden Age of Boxing." Enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Profusely illustrated with great fighters and ring battles; fully describes my Course and FREE OFFER. A book you will prize and keep as a permanent reference. Send for a copy TODAY.

JIMMY DE FOREST, Box 656
347 Madison Ave. New York City

The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 65)

I heard no sound save the moaning wind in the forest and the distant noise of waters pounding the beach at the foot of the cliff.

Dirmoir did not come. A queer sense of something awful came over me as I recalled the words, "Adieu, Dirmoir," and attached to them now a sinister meaning. After about ten minutes, which seemed an hour, I could wait no longer but ventured out into the deserted clearing, and crossing the space between the woods and the tower I cautiously opened the door.

Perhaps, I reflected as I gazed into the black and soundless interior, I can render some kind of assistance. My intentions, like my suspicions, were vague.

Familiar as I was with the place I had no difficulty in making my way to the door. I had opened it as noiselessly as possible. Now I waited. Detecting no sound or movement after a longish wait, I struck a match and stepped in. My glance fell upon the room with nothing more mysterious or fearsome than my canvases and paints disposed in their usual confusion, just as I had left them. In a far corner was an oil lantern which, so far as I knew, belonged there. I went over to it. The glass chimney was hot, as I discovered in raising it to light the wick. Beyond doubt it was the one that had been lit and carried up the stairs.

I proceeded to go over the tower. At first hurriedly. I was fearful, unreasonably so, perhaps, that at each turn I might fling the light upon the ghastly evidence of a crime. I could not explain in any other way the long silence following the departure of one man. Next I instituted a more thorough examination. In no great time I had searched every nook of the tower.

There was no sign of the police agent. Top to bottom the place was empty of any soul but myself. Yet I had seen two men go in, and only one had come out. All the circumstances made me as positive of this fact as one well could be. It was a kind of mystery and I could see no solution, or even clue to a solution, as to what had become of Agent Dirmoir. I could only echo the words, "Adieu, Dirmoir!"

Confused beyond measure and half-scared at the unknown, I at length put out the lantern and left it. Encountering no one in my journey either through the grounds or inside the chateau, I felt my way upstairs, and, having dried myself off, donned fresh sleeping garments and, taking a good drink of brandy, went to bed again, tired out with the events of the evening and the lateness of the hour, and slept. But tired as I was I should have slept ill or not at all had I then known what I afterwards learned of the fate of the man Dirmoir, who had been, as the reader will see, caught, like any fly on a window pane, in the web of Gabas the murderer.

CHAPTER IX

EARLY on the morning following the rather eventful evening just described I returned to my painting at the beach.

But first I must relate a brief sequel to the events of the night before.

At breakfast I found a sealed envelope addressed to me. I tore it open and read:

Monsieur,

In the interest of Justice it becomes necessary for me to return at once to Paris. Fear nothing. A thousand thanks for your hospitality. Hastily, A. P.

That was all. Yldez knew nothing of the note except that she had found it on the mantel the first thing in the morning, placed conspicuously under a corner of the iron box.

I wondered about the events of the night, to which was now added this sudden departure of Inspector Prontout, trying to make them correspond in some way, and failing altogether. I felt as though the whole thing had been a dream. At the same time I breathed a sigh of relief at the apparent end of it; and set out to get my painting things at the tower.

It was a clear morning. The sun shone behind the tree tops throwing shadows ahead and the earth smelled freshly after the rain. At a



In PHILADELPHIA Stop Here

*Your membership card guarantees
you a welcome*

Enjoy the privileges of a superlatively fine hotel—at rates as low, if not lower, than any first-class hotel anywhere can offer.

Here you will meet and mingle with your own kind—you will enjoy the same privileges accorded our resident members. It is only required that you be a member in good standing in your own Lodge.

In the heart of Philadelphia's business, amusement and shopping centers and close by Pennsylvania and Reading Terminals.

210 perfectly appointed living rooms, each with tiled bath and shower, all outside rooms. Aeration system assures complete change of air throughout building every 3 minutes.

Roof	Finest	Largest Indoor Swimming Pool
Garden	Cuisine	in the East. Complete gymnasium, Turkish Baths, Hydro-Grill
Rest Rooms	Bowling	Billiards
Restaurant	Sun Parlor	Manicure treatments, Barber, Manicure on premises.

To insure accommodations—

Write or Wire

**The New
\$4,000,000 Elks Club**

**Broad at Vine Street
Philadelphia, - - Pa.**



YOUR DOG—
Keep its coat glossy and prevent infection. Keep its skin clean and healthful. Drive out worms. Every Drug Store and Pet Shop sells

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

There is one for every dog affection. Our FREE book will tell you many things you should know about your dog. Write for it. Address Dept. K8
H. CLAY GLOVER Co., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Big Money ^{Sell} \$12.50 _{suits}
FREE SALES OUTFIT

No trouble at all to take orders right in your home town for Superior Union Made \$12.50 suits. Wear 3 to 4 times as long as ordinary clothing—style, fit and workmanship guaranteed. Suitable for work, business or dress wear—sells everywhere. Free Sales Outfit furnished so you can easily earn \$75 to \$100 every week in advance. We deliver and collect, no experience necessary—write at once for beautiful FREE pocket size outfit which makes selling easy.

**SUPERIOR CLOTHING CO. Dept. 39
1908-10 W. NORTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.**



Serve Oysters

the delicious and economical health food

and when served raw on the ice-chilled half-shell, or in an appetizing Cocktail Sauce, they retain their full Phosphorus and Iodine content. Also, for the meal-of-the-day, the delicious hot ones are easily prepared. Oysters are:

- 1—Easily digested.
- 2—Self-sufficient as a diet.
- 3—Rich in Vitamin C, an essential food element.
- 4—200 times stronger in Iodine content than Milk, Eggs, or Beefsteak.
- 5—Nourishing but non-fattening.

Government experts have found 98 ways to easily prepare this health-giving sea delicacy. Mail coupon for free booklet, "Oysters: An Important Health Food."

Order the Oyster
for your health's sake

Oyster Growers & Dealers
Ass'n of North America



U. S. Bureau of Fisheries,
Washington, D. C. or
Oyster Growers & Dealers Ass'n, Dept. K 455
1115 Conn. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Please mail me free booklet "98 Ways to Prepare
Oysters," or "Oysters: An Important Health
Food."
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

little distance from the chateau I came upon footprints in the path, partly dried in the crust that had formed over the soft mud. At once the incidents of the night recurred vividly to me.

I paused a moment at the edge of the open space. There was the place of my concealment and point of observation, noticeable now by a depression in the undergrowth and tangled briars. Up to this point the footprints in the path were either not visible at all, or else were too numerous and confused to be decipherable. But from here on toward the tower I managed to make out with the exercise of some patience and minuteness of observation a complete story written in the dried mud of the path.

In fact my interest in the affair reawakened to such an extent that I spent some little time in going slowly back and forth between the woods and the tower and picking out here and there in the path the tell-tale marks among which I recognized my own. The footprints were of different sizes and thus were distinguishable. In addition to those which fitted my own shoe there were two other kinds—large, heavy, broad prints with a rounded toe, and smaller prints with a square toe. The curious and significant fact which I noticed and took some pains to verify, partly because I was looking to find it so, was that while some of the footprints pointed to the tower and about an equal number pointed the other way, one set of footprints—the square-toed variety—pointed only in the former direction. In other words, someone wearing square-toed shoes had gone into the tower—and had not come out.

BORDERING that part of the path which lay before the door was a wooden fence which for some distance ran parallel to the edge of the cliff and served as a guard to the path at that place. The evidence of the footprints here was very clear also. I even explored now the ground on all sides of the tower, and all of the open space nearby, for a chance footprint which might throw new light or drag in a new complexity on the case, and found none. The story began and ended with that direct path to the door. Across the threshold it ceased altogether. Beyond question it seemed to be fairly well proved that whatever had happened to the wearer of the square-toed shoes must have occurred within.

Following out this conclusion I proceeded to make a daylight search of the interior with the result that I was more intrigued than ever by the way Dirmoir had vanished and left no trace. The wild idea that the man was murdered and his body concealed in some secret closet came to me. I say wild because, natural as this hypothesis sounds in the telling, it had really not the smallest degree of plausibility, owing to the tower's simple, rude, unfinished mode of interior construction in which planking, timbers and everything was exposed to view. Meanwhile there was one additional mystifying fact, which I give for what it may be worth. Gabas, if it was he, had gone to the tower carrying, as I thought in that brief glimpse I had of him, a sack. Had he come away with a burden on his back, that would have furnished an obvious clue to the vanishing of Dirmoir. But he had passed me close without anything save the light in his hand. And I had found no trace of a sack or bundle of any kind in the tower.

Giving the whole thing up as a waste of time, finally annoyed by it, tired of thinking about it, I gathered together my paint box, easel, sketch, returned by way of the chateau, and set out for the beach, following the short trail down under the shadow of the cliff. Arriving there I located the spot where I had previously set up the easel, and went to work.

As I painted, the hours slipped by uncounted. At last, as I stepped back to look at my work, I heard a splashing noise behind me. I had for some time been conscious of a noise which I had vaguely connected with the movement of the tide. Indeed I had seen this taking place under my eyes as I painted. At first, for an hour or so the tide had receded. Imperceptibly it had turned and come in again, so that at the present moment instead of the curve of wide open sand, which appeared on my canvas, there was in reality but a shrunken strip bordering the foot of the cliff.

But as I turned around I discovered to my
(Continued on page 68)



The Secret of Convincing Speech Told in Free Book

TODAY, all over America, thousands of men of affairs are reading a remarkable booklet, that may be yours for the asking. This booklet is called "Molding the Minds of Men" and within its covers are told the secrets of convincing speech. There you will read how full success and high positions come to those who have not only knowledge but the ability to express their ideas. Men like Dawes, Hughes, Gary and Schwab illustrate by their achievements the power of convincing speech and tell you in this booklet the source of their inspiration.

You men of affairs, you bankers, lawyers, business men, doctors, teachers, all you men with ideas, will find in this remarkable booklet the key to unlock the door of self-expression.

A Man is Known by His Words

Wherever you speak, across your desk, before friends or business associates—or even over a telephone you are always trying to convey your ideas to others.

There are countless thousands of men with ideas who cannot transmit them to others. If you are one of them, or if you experience any difficulty in expressing your ideas, clearly, forcefully and precisely, write today for the free booklet "Molding the Minds of Men." The booklet will tell you the story of Modern Eloquence and the easy way to acquire the ability to speak convincingly.

Modern Eloquence

Modern Eloquence is a complete library of the world's greatest speeches. Here are found the finest models in the English language—Addresses, Lectures, Toasts, and After Dinner Speeches. There are over 450 contributors including Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Chauncey Depew, Lloyd George, Viviani, Clemenceau and other world-renowned leaders.

While you sit in the comfort of your home or office you may read the forceful words, the clear thoughts and the profound ideas that carried these men to high places. Their words will become your words. Their thoughts will enrich yours.

Send for Free Book

Your copy of this remarkable booklet is waiting for you. It will be sent to you for asking. Just write your name and address on the coupon or on a letter or post card and mail it today. You will be under no obligations—and the booklet may enrich you immeasurably. Thousands of men of affairs already have it. Other thousands are writing for it daily. Send the coupon now.

MODERN ELOQUENCE CORPORATION
13 Astor Place, Dept. 2227, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me free booklet "Molding the Minds of Men," and tell me what Modern Eloquence can do for me.

Name.....

Business or Profession.....

Business Address.....

Practicoat



AMERICA'S GREATEST
KNIT JACKET VALUE!

Practicoat

IN good form? You'll hold it in a Practicoat. It's an aid to every shot in the bag. Good looking, yes, and snug-fitting—yet elastic enough for plenty of muscle play.

It's the club-man's garment—for lounging, for sports. Guaranteed, too!

If your dealer hasn't it,
order from us.

Manhattan

KNITTING MILLS
8-14 West 30th Street
New York City

Men's
Sizes
\$5

Boys'
Sizes
\$4

The Moving House of Foscaldo

(Continued from page 67)

surprise, on the instant, that I had stepped back into the water; and I saw that the entire beach behind me, which must have been on a slightly lower level than that running northerly before me, was covered as far as the eye could reach. Waves were breaking against the foot of the cliffs. Had I not been so taken up with my painting I should have realized that fact sooner. Even as I looked a tongue of water licked the side of the cliff and swept past my narrow foothold of sand, breaking its tip over my ankles and the supports of the easel. The entire beach at the foot of the cliffs, extending from the point where I stood to the nearest headland

behind me, which concealed the village, and doubtless the beach there too, was under water. And half a mile in front of me to the north, the beach ended abruptly where another rocky headland jutted into the ocean.

But what on that instant glance backwards bound me to horror, or at least the silence of horror, was not the rising tide that had interrupted my work, cut off my retreat, and forced me to consider some plan of action; but a discovery I made of an object which had floated up to where I stood.

It was the body of a man.

(To be continued)

An American Religion

(Continued from page 15)

that every boy and girl ought to have a chance in life to develop the best that is in him or her.

Lodges, commercial bodies, special organizations all over America, are working to help boys and girls. We are emotional, with a religious emotion, about American children and their welfare. In other countries, "lands-of-stay-puts," I call them, children must remain in the social scale in which they were born. That is an idea so repugnant to Americans that it could never gain a foothold here. The very heights in commerce, politics, art and even so-called Society, in America, are dotted with men and women who came from down below.

There are over forty presidents of great concerns in New York City who began as office boys. One tenet of our American religion is that no one can know how valuable an asset to the state and to America any boy or girl may become; so give 'em all a chance.

Not long ago the head of a great child-welfare association went over to Europe to study methods of caring for orphaned children. In a certain city, famed for its scientific care of orphans, an expert on that subject said to the American:

"Why do you come over here? Why do you not study the cottage plan of caring for orphans, as it is used in your country? That is the final word in caring for orphans, so that they will have homes and care."

A few months later, in a convention of the "Child Welfare League," in New York, it was announced that the head of the famous "cottage colony" had said that, if widows' pensions, paid by the state (in order to keep children in their homes with a mother or a relative, instead of sending them to orphan asylums) became general throughout America, he would happily "burn down" his world-famous cottages.

WE'RE not going fast enough to suit ourselves in solving the problems of fatherless, motherless or orphaned children; and, in spite of the fact that splendid orphan asylums have existed in America within the past decade or more, we are getting ready to tear them down just as soon as we can induce our state legislatures to pass widows' pension bills or to increase the size of pensions. Thirty-eight states already have such bills; many throughout are preparing to increase the size of the pensions. In due time, throughout America, our orphan asylums will be considered as having done their part—and done it well—and will be emptied of the last little fellow who has no father or mother. At the expense of the state, his kith or kin will care for him until he is able to care for himself. "Bread and butter for every orphan" used to be our motto. But a third need has been discovered for children; and now we Americans, thinking as a "crowd," adopting an idea that has spread through the "crowd" like wildfire, are saying, "Bread and butter and mother love for every orphan!" Sounds like a simple thing, doesn't it? There's enough emotion in that idea to embarrass an American and make him blush. You couldn't face a member of the "Intelligentsia" with that idea and look him square in the eye and repeat those words to him, could you? No, siree! He'd prove to you in a second that you were only a member of the American "crowd," thinking the same things that all the rest of them

were thinking; and that, therefore, you must be not only silly sentimental but entirely in the majority—I mean, in the wrong.

Another tenet of the American religion is the right to happiness.

Somehow or other, we, as a "crowd," have got it into our heads that we were put into this world to be happy, and that we are entitled to happiness. I must go very carefully here in order not to be misunderstood, when I make the statement that the old idea of personal sacrifice is passing out of vogue in America. The idea that you had to suffer in order to make someone else happy, contains a good deal of bunk, and we're finding it out. We're discovering that helping someone else doesn't bring pain, but that it brings reward instead. Some of us are beginning to think that there is no such thing as sacrifice in this world. When we give happiness to others, we give happiness to ourselves. The old Puritanic idea that he who "sacrificed" in order to help others received no reward at all, in this world, for his "sacrifice," does not go down with us to-day. We get our reward for kindness right here and now, though it comes to us in different sorts of coin. A mother's coin is the smile of her baby; she makes no sacrifice, loses nothing, by devoting her time and her care to her child. Dad, in his worn clothes, loses nothing of life, by sticking to the job to keep the family fed and clothed; his coin of reward is his family under one roof, happy, fat and noisy. Some of us take the coin of a clean conscience, of unbroken sleep, for the so-called "sacrifices" that we make for others, but, in some coin or other, we get our money back.

We believe in happiness for others, just as the old-time religionists taught, but we go a step further and we are honest in believing in happiness for ourselves. That's the "crowd" belief in America, call it selfishness or whatever you will.

Our automobiles, our golf, our vacations for employees as well as employers, our baseball, our radio—all these are parts of the great machinery for happiness that we are, unconsciously, or subconsciously, trying to build up in the United States on the theory that life is not all toil and trouble and that whoever put us here intended us all to be happy.

It's pretty easy to measure how hard we try to seek happiness and distraction from the tough problems of life. It can be measured by the mathematics of money.

We find happiness, for instance, in our automobiles. The automobile has added another room to our homes—a room on wheels that carries us like magic to the land of trees and birds and sunshine where we can see things that God has made instead of things that we ourselves have put together.

This money measure I have spoken of seems very simple and materialistic compared with the grumbling and the analysis of our "intelligentsia," but it tells the story of our creed of happiness in America. Let's use cold figures:

Last year in America every car owner used, on an average, 63 gallons of gasoline. There are so many cars in our country that we consumed 7 billion and 20 million gallons of gasoline.

This almost equals our consumption of milk; it is three times the quantity of milk that we drank, for over two-thirds of our milk is mixed with other products.

In the old days we used to drink 21 gallons of beer, per capita, annually; compare that with the 63 gallons of gasoline that every car drinks a year in these times.

It costs \$513.50 on an average to run a family car per year; this is very close to \$10 per week. It figures out, according to estimated mileage, at over 10 cents a mile, including depreciation. Railroad mileage per year has figured out at about three cents per passenger per mile; the automobile, giving it an average of three passengers, has a running cost of about three cents, but that high rate does not deter us.

What we pay for automobile happiness is fabulous—though we do beyond any doubt get our money's worth. While we are worrying, more or less, but considerably less, about Europe's debt to America of twelve billion dollars, the largest debt ever known to man, you and I and the rest of the American "crowd" pay 8 billion, 10 million, 600 thousand dollars every year for the upkeep and the operation of automobiles. What we might save in three gasless years would pay every cent the government owes.

And for happiness and health there's golf. In other lands only the rich and the leisured play it. In this land, as soon as we found pleasure in it, we all began to play it. It is gaining in devotees every year.

Take one-third of the State of Rhode Island, or, say, a piece of land twenty miles square; punch 51,300 little holes in its surface and line each hole with a little tin cup, divide off this 400 square miles into 3,900 golf courses and you would have a concentration of the golf courses of the United States with about two million players and ten thousand clubs.

AND then there's the movie. The equivalent of one five-dollar bill, per year, for every man, woman and child in the United States goes into the ticket windows of the moving-picture theaters. There are three billion, 120 million admission tickets sold in a year. If each patron of the movies during one year were a different individual, nearly twice the population of the world would be called upon to buy a ticket to a movie during that year, to keep up the pace.

Plenty of us seek happiness and relaxation at baseball games. There are 30 professional baseball leagues in America with 218 clubs.

Each club in professional baseball is assumed to play 150 games, or 25 per month, during the six months of the season, beginning April 1. The estimated average attendance at a Big League game is 15,000, and at a Minor League game 5,000.

On this basis the total attendance for all games in the country is about 94 million persons.

Although this attendance is 84 per cent., or almost 7-8 of the total population of the nation last year, it is only 1-33 of the estimated attendance at the moving-pictures. On the other hand, there are almost no amateur movie shows but there are many thousands of amateur ball games, and, too, baseball does not draw women and children.

The "crowd" mind of America contains one emotional tenet and holds to it with religious fervor that causes the "intelligentia" of both Europe and America to smile sardonically. That is the American belief in women. Call it old fashioned, if you please, but we American men stick to the idea that there is some special good in women and that without the home, with a woman as the center, our country would go to pot. The "intelligentia" believe that there is very little difference between women and men; you'll find the morals of the barnyard among the "intelligentia" but our old-fashioned American "crowd" believes in a special virtue and goodness in our women.

We set more store by them than do the folks of other lands; and, by the same token, they set more store by themselves. It is over ninety years now, since a college was opened to both men and women. And yet, to-day, about nine-tenths of all American colleges and universities are co-educational. There are 650,000 students in these institutions. Over one-third of them are girls. Count \$750 a year expenses for each young man and about \$600 a year for each girl and you will have some idea of the total that is paid each year in America for college and univer-

(Continued on page 70)



ROI-TAN

A cigar you'll like

"What luck? Bag full o' birds and enough ROI-TANS to last me home. Why hunt further?"

(At your club or dealer's — 10c to 3 for 50c)

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY

SALESMEN-You

Have Wished for This
A Thousand Times

No wonder 99 men out of 100 say we have the greatest proposition ever. Our startling new selling plan is a "knockout" — it's different. Our 3 high-class specialties sell to every single man over 18 years of age whether he is digging ditches or running banks. They are new. Guaranteed. Our men often make \$5.00 profit in a single hour. Many make \$50 in a day. Over 50 per cent profit on every sale — besides we deliver and collect. Sales repeat automatically. No experience. Get full details of our amazing sales plan and our friend-making products FREE. Earn big money. Write today.

Greatest Offer Ever Made to Salesmen!
\$368.60 extra bonus paid E.D. Ralph last month. \$50 to \$500 month spare or full time easy. Write for details.

Any Man Can Sell Them

RHODES MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
P-360 Pandleton & Cozens, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN It's the impression you make that counts. A KAR-KA quality, gold-cornered, beautifully grained, real leather case complete with 100 personal cards will be mailed, prepaid, if you clip this ad, print full name and address, and send with \$2.00 to Department A.
KAR-KA PRODUCTS COMPANY.
1918 East 19th Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUTO OPEN A STORE RADIO

Make \$300 to \$500 a Month
Open and own a profitable chain store right in your home town under a tried and proved plan. Be one of large chain now distributing standard radio and auto supplies. Profitable all-year business — no dull months.

Large Corporation furnishes everything including complete advertising equipment. No experience necessary because easily learned; chain store systems furnished free. You can do a large business with small capital — \$750 to \$1500 and easily make \$300.00 to \$500.00 or more profit per month. If you are ambitious to get into business for yourself, write at once.

UNITED AUTORAD SYSTEM
76 East 18th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Old Money Wanted Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.
NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 462, Ft. Worth, Texas



A Clean Shave with a clean fragrance

CRITICAL men dislike the stale soapy odor of the average shaving soap. So Houbigant has made for them the Fougere Royale Shaving Preparations.

These preparations have the cool, clean, outdoors fragrance of the Royal Fern—as refreshing as wind over water, as masculine as pipe smoke on a clear night... And they embody the excellence of quality which has characterized Houbigant leadership for one hundred and fifty years.

The complete refreshing shave includes Fougere Royale Shaving Stick, 75c or Cream, 50c; Talcum, \$1.00; Eau Vegetale, \$1.25; and Facial Soap, 50c.

HOUBIGANT Fougere Royale



HOUBIGANT, INC.
16 W. 49th Street
New York

An American Religion

(Continued from page 69)

sity education, with over one-fourth of the sum being spent for higher education for our women. And, in the world outside of college and the university, we act on our faith in our women.

In proportion to the employed members of each sex, women really contribute far more liberally to professions than do men. Nearly four men are employed to every woman—33 million to 8½ million in 1920; but there are proportionately about four times as many professional women as there are professional men; in round numbers, one woman in every eight of the employed class is a professional, but only one man in every thirty-two employed men. The "sex" has answered the old objections that they "hadn't the brains, didn't know enough," to compete with men by taking relatively four times as many of the brainy and the knowing jobs. The chance of a girl's getting a "man's job" in order to earn her living is thus, so to speak, four times as good as the chance of a boy with the same object.

Learning is part of our American "crowd" religion.

Every working day of the year one-fifth of our total population is in school rooms. While 30 million folks who work in offices and factories are settling down to the day's work, over 20 million children, youths and teachers are settling down for a day of learning. There are men and women alive to-day who can remember the time when the average school life-time of an American boy or girl was only two and a half years. The average schooling to-day almost triples that figure.

And, as if an ordinary seven years of schooling were not sufficient, forty-four of our States have established State universities. Indeed, the only States that do not have such institutions are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, where are situated, respectively, the great universities of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia.

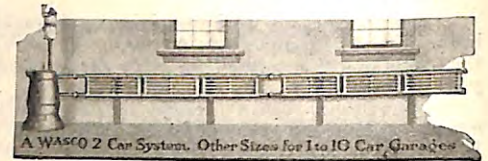
Learning, beyond a doubt, is part of our American "crowd" religion.

If there's any one thing the American "crowd" believes in more than another it is "home." Yes, I know that sounds simple and old fashioned. They tell us these "intelligentsia" folks, the modern home is breaking up and that the time may come when the State will take over children as soon as they are born and raise them itself. Why the coldest census figures obtainable prove that the belief in homes is still very strong down among our ordinary "crowd." There are 24,000,000 families in the United States and forty-five per cent. of these families own their own homes and seem to be settled down in them just as if the family didn't intend being broken up at all by fancy new ideas.

We believe, too, in other institutions than home. For instance we believe in banks and in savings. Awhile back I told you that it costs us over eight billion dollars to run our automobiles one year in our quest for fresh air, health and happiness. That seems to be a large figure. But consider: In our savings banks, which contain the money which ordinary folks save for a rainy day, there are today almost nine billion dollars. Over thirteen million men or women have put away this money and they are ready for a rainy day to the extent of over \$605 apiece.

IN ALL this talk I have not mentioned churches. I have left them out of these calculations on purpose, because I have been talking not of churchgoers and church members but of the great American "crowd" made up of all sorts of folks. It would appear that forty-four per cent. of our population belong to churches, but in this estimate of America's "crowd" religion I have taken them out of the church lists and drawn them out on to the sidewalks and the highways with the rest of us.

One thing I know of this great "crowd," and so do you: It believes in a Creator. On all its coinage stands that phrase, suitable for Jew, Catholic or Protestant, "In God We Trust," and in thousands of lodge rooms weekly gather millions of men who have avowed and must repeatedly avow their belief in a Divine Being and in His disposition of the affairs of men. In all the conferences of international diplomats since the war there was only one conference for



ENJOY EASY STARTS AND WARM COMFORT IN YOUR GARAGE

Free lubrication resulting from warmth will prolong the life of your car. Easy starting will save your battery, your engine and much gas. The automatic temperature regulator of the WascO Heating System will give your car constant, uniform heat the coldest weather. WascO soon pays for itself by cutting down your winter driving expense considerably.

Self-Regulating Heater And System All-Built

You put on only a little coal once a day. You DON'T touch the drafts. Our patented automatic regulator saves on coal and prevents costly freeze-ups. All-steel hot-water heater and radiators. You don't need a plumber; any handy man can set up. NOT connected to city water.

Write for New Low Prices

Write today for catalog. Give size of garage and ask us for a price to you this month. WascO now made in all sizes at reduced prices.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., INC.
435 Eastwood Station, Syracuse, N. Y.

Prepare now and Drive in Comfort All Winter

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY TO SET UP

Order Now for Prompt Delivery from Stock

New Methods in Child Training



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

The Parents Association
Dept. 12310 Pleasant Hill, Ohio



I POSITIVELY GUARANTEE that you can produce wonderful, sweet music in three days and quickly play popular and classical selections.

PLAY A SAW

Complete Outfit Sent on Trial

No notes to read. No dreary practice. Just three short, simple lessons revealing every secret of my 12 years' success as a professional saw musician. Amaze your friends with this sensation of radio, vaudeville, orchestra and lodge entertainment. Send 1c for photograph record of two beautiful Musical Saw solos which also entitles you to complete information about my special introductory offer of Saw, Bow, Hammer, and Resin, FREE with Course of Instruction.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
160 West Water St. Fort Atkinson, Wis.

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

\$2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shown actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today.

International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 1020, Chicago

which Divine aid was invoked and that was the Arms Conference in Washington when the world's statesmen of all nations for the first time in their deliberations heard a plea for God's help in the tangled affairs of a bewildered world.

There is religion in our churches, of which I have not spoken, but out on the sidewalks of America, outside of the churches and preaching, there is another religion of kindness, upwardness, health and happiness; it lies buried deep in the American "crowd" mind; it is in the majority and it is a powerful influence. It does not deal in technicalities and quibbles but only in results; it shuns formalities and display. It has little to do with ceremony and preaching; its chief tenet is doing, not talking.

It might take much good from the religion that is in the churches. But might not the religion that is in the churches take much good from it?

Where Is the Culture of America?

(Continued from page 21)

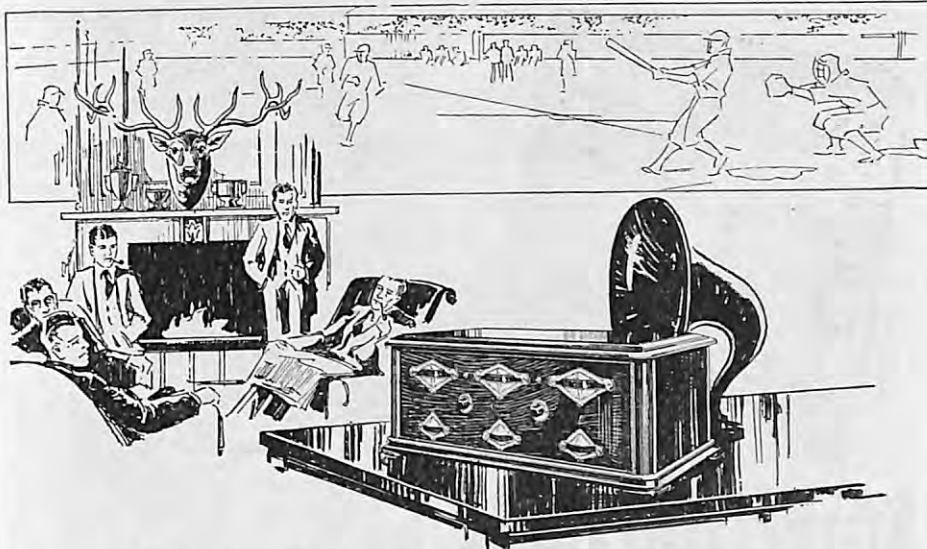
nearest equivalent, may have no such architectural glories to view on his way to his shop as grace the sides of Fifth Avenue; but what there is of natural and artistic beauty in his native scene he has the leisure to see. For instead of being whisked through dark and airless caverns he walks the short distance morning and evening. Sometimes he may ride, but when he does it is in the open air and in his own car, not like a herring in a barrel. The automobile has made the life of the out-of-towner a very different thing from what it was twenty-five years ago. And a man of modest resources can comfortably afford the contrivance. For as likely as not he owns his home. Even if he pays rent it is a trifling share of his monthly earnings. The place, too, provides him with a barn or shed in lieu of the garage at a dollar a day in the city.

His house is a home, not a mere steamer stateroom. Doubtless it lacks some of the gimcrack wrinkles of the latest apartment house, but it is built to accommodate a growing family in all circumstances and even an occasional visitor from afar. The parlor is a place where one receives friends. Usually there is an attic with its myriads of joys for the youngsters, a shop to make and repair things, and a den for the head of the family when he wants to be alone. Dad comes home to lunch, and in the evening when the day's work is done the family gathers about the dining table or the fireplace, or in the bit of garden; and modern innovations notwithstanding, the group lives in the way that civilized human beings have lived through the centuries.

Quite true, Main Street is far from Times Square with its theatres, its white lights and the great concert halls of the capital. But the Main Streeter is not for that reason, as the metropolitane fondly imagines, deprived of the pleasure and the refining influence of music and the drama. I saw more good plays in the two weeks that I spent in the wilds lately than I ordinarily manage to get to in a season in the city. The same holds true of first-rate musical performances. In this, again, the automobile and the good roads development, which it has brought with it, have effected a veritable revolution in American life. It is a rare small town nowadays that is more than an hour's ride or two from some great city, and rarer yet is the citizen who does not from time to time run in with his family to take in a good play or a high-class concert. So true is this in fact that, as every one engaged in the entertainment business fully realizes, if the theatre, the art exhibition, and the concert stage were to depend on the local city population and be deprived of the support of the out-of-town visitor, they would perish of discouragement and starvation.

The Main Streeter, again, unlike his brother in the metropolis, is a citizen, a member of the community, not an unattached nobody. He walks down the street and is greeted by the majority of the men and women who pass him. What New Yorker is on good-morning terms with the tenants of his own house, let alone his neighbors in the office building or his fellow passengers who sit beside him day after day in the

(Continued on page 72)



Get the World Series play by play

LAST of the ninth—three runs behind—two down—two on—and the clean-up man getting a toe-hold at the plate. Strike one—ball one—foul, strike two—crash—into the bleachers!

In your own home or at the club—the Synchronphase brings you every play—every thrill. You are a part of the crowd as the broadcaster's voice comes in clear and distinct.

For the world series (and other times), you'll want this set with its extreme "selective sensitivity"; sensitive to even the feeblest signals from distant stations, and selective to shut out strong local broadcasting which would otherwise drown them out. The **Binocular Coils**—exclusively Grebe—will give you just that.

And a recent Grebe invention—the "Colortone"—will enable you to make the tone of the broadcaster's voice so clear and crisp and natural that he will seem to be in the room with you.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate; then compare

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 W. 57th St. N. Y.
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Western Branch:
443 So. San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, California



Grebe
Binocular Coils



THE GREBE
SYNCHROPHASE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



GLASTENBURY
KNIT
UNDERWEAR



UNION
SUITS

MADE OF FINE WOOLS
MIXED WITH COTTON
Seventy Years of Reputation
Made to Fit—Made to Wear
A protection against colds and sudden chills
GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK
Light, Medium and Heavy Weights
Eight Grades
\$2.25 to \$8.00 per Garment
Ask Your Dealer

Glastonbury Knitting Co.

Glastonbury, Conn. Dept. 92

Sample Cuttings Free



TWO
PIECE



Startling Facts and Inside Offers

Diamond Buyers Read This

If you are thinking of buying a diamond now or later—see something different. Get the inside facts about diamonds, you have always wanted to know. Diamond Lists that explain in clear understandable language the three vital points by which you can judge diamonds. They tell you all about grades and prices and contain full information on mountings, right down to the latest and most up-to-date styles.

These lists show you why this 75 year old firm—rated over \$1,000,000.00 capital—the oldest and largest diamond banking institution in the world, can make these startling legitimate offers of diamonds at 60 per cent of market prices.

Lists that contain hundreds of diamond bargains from big cash deals direct with European diamond cutters and other gems on which money was loaned but not repaid. They show you how further savings are passed on to you through a cash policy of no charge accounts—no installments, but extra value for cash.

60% of Market Prices Costs Nothing to See

Let us send you this 3/4 less 1/16 carat magnificent diamond ring at \$68.50. Or any diamond you want (mounted in the style you like best) sent for absolutely Free Examination. No red tape. No obligation to buy. Compare it. Try to match it at full 60 per cent more if you can—or don't keep it. Not one penny of risk to you. Diamonds as low as \$60 a carat. Not all, but some. Equally big bargains in high quality gems.

Send for latest lists. Entirely different from the ordinary catalog. Besides giving you inside facts on diamond buying, the lists illustrate and describe in full detail hundreds of diamond bargains, showing exact weight, color, quality, etc., which others rarely do. Also lists of Guaranteed Loan Value, unlimited exchange privilege at full price paid and complete details of free examination offer.

Use Coupon NOW!

or just send your name. Postal will do. Send now for these great bargain lists. Free. No obligation to buy. Write now.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS
7337 De Roy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.



JOS. DE ROY & SONS
7337 De Roy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid, your new bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is distinctly understood that I assume no obligation of any kind.

AGENTS

NEW! GRAB THIS FREE STAY-REST TROUSER PRESSER—wonderful new invention—looks efficient, and it is. That's why 250,000 have been sold already.

My First Week I Made \$93
"Since then I have earned over \$100 every week," says S. L. Patterson, of Iowa. Many others making big money. No wonder! Millions of interested prospects. A quality product. Puts lasting crease in trousers. Takes out bagginess—smoothes entire surface—demonstrates in 40 seconds. Sells quick to every man.

FREE Selling Outfit
Your profits paid in advance. Simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Test it without cost, full time or side line. Send postcard for offer of free demonstrator. Join the big money-makers. Write today.

R-87 & J Bldg. THE GETGEY-JUNG COMPANY Cincinnati, Ohio

NEW BIG POWERFUL MIRACO Ultra 5 TUBE RADIO



GET SPECIAL OFFER
Factory prices save you 1-3 to 1-2. Users everywhere report MIRACO Ultra 5 gets programs coast to coast, Canada to Canada, and clear on speaker; outperforms \$100 to \$220 sets. Many hear Europe. Marvellous value—let testimony of users convince you. Smaller sets \$13.75 up. Write. **AGENTS: MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION** 453 D E. 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Where Is the Culture of America?

(Continued from page 71)

subway? Time and again as I walked around with my hosts on Main Street we would be stopped by some acquaintance. Introductions were exchanged, a pleasantry was given and taken, we all had a good laugh and then we went our way refreshed and in better spirits than before. Most of the passersby who accosted us thus were not what one would call friends. My hosts and they did not visit in each other's homes nor move in the same set. But when they met on the street or at the trolley station or in the store they were fellow creatures. It was just human friendliness, the neighborly spirit. It gave me a thrill. I had almost forgotten that this kind of thing existed in the world.

THE small town man belonged. If he was not a churchman, if he did not take part in the Men's Class at the Sunday School, he was an Elk or a Mason or a Rotarian or a member of the Chamber of Commerce or the Fire Brigade or of the Glee Club, or just a citizen.

His partner likewise—the housewife on Main Street—has a human life on her own account. She is no more an isolated molecule whizzing through frigid space than is her husband. Right enough, she lacks the services of dumbwaiter and janitor, and I rather think she would not know what to do with them if she had them. None the less the sympathetic heart-burnings of her city sister are wasted on her. Her grandmother, or her mother even, might have appreciated them perhaps. But the electric current and the gas engine, with their thousand and one contrivances, have long since taken the drudgery out of her existence. I am not at all sure that it is an unmixed blessing (if it is the sturdiness of the race you are thinking of) but the fact is that the day when the country housewife made the family bread and spun and wove are pretty generally passed into history.

The telephone and the motor truck and the expansion of business have effectually done away with the home as an industrial plant. Where the modern small town woman still plies these activities it is in the spirit of a lark that she does so. She does still make hot biscuits for breakfast, thrice a week—and may the saints bless her for it!—and johnnycake for supper every other evening; but it is the electric bread mixer that gets the brunt of the job. It will doubtless surprise my good New York friends of the other sex—as it did my own wife—who must feed a family and run a household out of a six by nine kitchenette and bribe laundresses with five dollars a day plus carfare for seven hours work, if I were to tell them that in all but the poorest homes the electric motor is the common servant all along the line. In my two weeks' excursion I poked my head into scores of kitchens, and I do not recall one where there was not at least a vacuum cleaner and a laundering machine. The majority of them were equipped with electric dishwashers and more than half were served by a general utility motor—a kindly little fairy which runs the sewing machine, sharpens knives and scissors, whips cream and makes salad dressing and cheerfully hums a song over a dozen other humble and whilom tiresome tasks.

THE coal heater has gone to the attic with grandmother's spinning wheel and other curiosities of the past. But the furnace is still with us on Main Street—though with the high voltage electric radiator just around the corner its days upon the scene are also numbered. The coal furnace is a good deal of a care, but in a world where the man of the house is not obliged to run after the 8:32 of a morning and drops in for lunch and closes up his desk at five to return home for the night a few minutes later, the wife's preoccupation with the creature need not be too exacting. And in most of the better-situated families where five or six dollars a month is a small item in the budget, there is usually some high school boy in the vicinity who is glad to learn thrift and turn an honest penny by tending his neighbors' heating plants.

The public park along Main Street fails to attract the attention of the casual observer because it is not there in the accustomed form. I

America's New Fire Protection



Brings Salesmen \$200 A WEEK!

An amazing new weapon for fighting fires has been invented. Almost like magic it creates a powerful fire gas—508 quarts of it at a simple turn of a valve. No pumps, no moving parts, no mechanism to get out of order. So simple a child can operate it, yet so effective that it puts out fire like a blanket—throwing its spray more than 25 feet.

\$130.00 IN ONE DAY

Never before have salesmen, agents, spare time workers had such an opportunity for big earnings, week in and week out. For this new Fire Gun is such an improvement over anything ever offered before that it sells—on sight. Clements made \$130 in one day. G. D. McPhail in four months cleaned up \$1,140.00. F. A. Butters and others make from \$500 to \$800 a month. But no wonder!

Sells Cheaper—Faster—Bigger Commissions

Because this wonderful new kind of Fire Gun is less complicated than old-fashioned devices, requiring no pump, it can be sold cheaper. Consequently it sells faster, and the rate of commission to salesmen is higher.

Mail Coupon for Free Territory Offer

We can place a few more salesmen for this fast selling, new device. It means an opportunity for you to make a lifetime connection. Others make \$200 to \$400 a week. There is no reason why you cannot do as well. We give you a free selling outfit, and a free course in Salesmanship. Mail the coupon immediately.

WELDON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 3710 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Weldon Manufacturing Company,
Dept. 3710, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send me at once full details of your free territory offer. No obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

mean that it is not public. It is cut up into parcels of varying size and distributed among the inhabitants in the shape of private gardens, orchards and play yards, a little in front of each home, considerably more in the back. Doubtless that is a deprivation to the stranger at the hotel, but the native and especially the housewife finds the arrangement good. It enables her to do her work or to read or to play indoors while the baby gets his morning and afternoon nap outside and relieves her of the bother, to which the city mother is enslaved, of dressing herself and baby twice a day and of wasting precious hours away from home.

But I have something more than all this in mind when I am talking about a human kind of life. The Main Street lady, though she may agree that woman's place is in the home, does not admit that it is her exclusive bailiwick. Contrary to the lamentations you hear in her behalf in the city, no woman anywhere in the world has richer opportunities for social, intellectual and spiritual activity—and none that avails herself of them more freely—than the American housewife of the small towns. The provincial woman in most of the countries of Europe is really a drudge—an overworked, underdeveloped slave with little vision or interest beyond her exacting duties—a mere domestic and child-bearing machine—and her husband treats her as the inferior he has made of her by condemning her to this humble plane. But no American woman (except in the cities) need be isolated if she does not want to be. In the cities even the churches are rendered somewhat powerless for sociability by the barriers erected through distance, racial origin, class pride and purse pride. On Main Street the church is still the most vigorous social institution. Its ramifications reach directly or indirectly into nearly every home. And the church is but one of many agencies that cement the smaller community into a unit. I cannot produce any statistics, but I think I am not far wrong when I say that for every single organization in our much-organized metropolises there are about three in the little towns. In one of the places I have visited—a town of fifteen thousand population—there are no fewer than a thousand societies of one kind and another—literary, musical and discussion groups; sewing, sketching and other craft guilds; hospital, charitable and missionary societies; bird-and-garden, hiking, nature study and country clubs; and no end of just plain frankly social organizations. Every woman of any intelligence or consequence in the community belongs to at least one or half a dozen. And—this is the kernel of the matter—in a small town everybody is of some consequence.

I HAD occasion to listen in on some of these at their meetings, and I am prepared to depose that the things they talked about, their range of interests and the work they did, were of a caliber that will compare more than favorably with the proceedings of like bodies in Chicago, New York and the capitals of the old world. The members were, for the most part, the wives of neither professors nor men of wealth. They were not people with nothing to do in search of sensations and fads. They were representative groups of American women. Their husbands were professional men, storekeepers, farmers, independent mechanics, and in many instances men who worked for others. They themselves had homes and children to attend to—a steady and exacting job. Nevertheless they found time to be of service to their communities, to be friends and neighbors, and to keep their minds fresh and keen.

The thing above all others that puts a kink in my feeling of superiority toward the people of Main Street is the rearing of children. Those of us who are condemned to bring up a family in an apartment will not require any vivid description of the trials and dangers of the job. It is a problem that begins with the birth of our first child and is far from solved when the last one has been given away in marriage. Their health and growth, their schooling, their bodily care, their moral and spiritual safety, demand in the artificial and complex surroundings of a city, the constant vigilance of the parents. Whether we are rich or poor, whether our home is in the choice residential quarters or in the slums or somewhere in-between, whether we can afford

(Continued on page 74)

Shaw Knit
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FINE HOSIERY

There are several new Shawknit originations this fall—pleasing mixtures of silk and wool—designs extremely smart in appearance. They will lend a touch of brightness and a comfortable feeling of warmth in the chilly days to come. Will you step in the nearest good store and look them over—to please us both?

SHAW STOCKING CO. :: LOWELL, MASS.

Stop Sore Throat!

Treat sore throat both *inside* and *outside*! Gargle with a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. shaken into an eighth glass of water. It soothes; relieves the irritation; reduces the swelling and destroys the germs.

Then, rub the throat with a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. to start the circulation and break up the congestion.

Absorbine, Jr. brings prompt relief; prevents this infection from getting a hold and dragging along for weeks—to more serious consequences.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.



"Nothing is so refreshing, cleansing and cooling", writes an inveterate smoker who uses Absorbine, Jr. (dilute), as a mouthwash.

"I aint"
"He don't"
"It's me!"
"You was?"
"Can't hardly"



What Are YOUR Mistakes in English

They may offend others as much as these offend you

If someone you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically perfect? To you they may seem correct; but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

FREE Book on English and 15-Minute Test

Sherwin Cody, perhaps the foremost teacher of English in the country, has prepared a simple 15-minute English test which you can take in your own home. This test, with the answers which will also be sent, tells you at once just where you stand. You can discover at a glance whether you make even slight errors. Give yourself this test. If you are efficient in English, it will give you greater confidence; if you are deficient, you surely want to know it, so that you can correct your mistakes.

Mr. Cody's remarkable new invention, the 100% Self-Correcting Method, has already improved the English of more than 41,000 people. No useless rules, no tedious copying, no hard study. Only 15 minutes a day required. You learn by creating the HABIT of using correct English. Nothing like Mr. Cody's method has ever been used before!

You do not want others to judge you unfairly. Write today for this test—it is free. We will also gladly mail you our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a postal card.

Sherwin Cody School of English
2710 Searle Building Rochester, N. Y.

Sherwin Cody School of English
2710 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," and also Mr. Cody's 15-minute test of my English.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Where Is the Culture of America?

(Continued from page 73)

a school of our own choosing or not, we never know whom our little ones are associating with, what infections and perversions they are daily exposed to. I am myself a parent three times over, and I am writing from a full heart.

Now this problem as we of the city understand it hardly presents itself to the fathers and mothers out in the countless towns and hamlets of the country. The process for their youngsters begins in the front yard, when the mother wheels the go-cart off the porch steps and goes peacefully back to her own domestic tasks; it progresses through the back-yard at the toddling age, out into the patch of woods on the edge of town—which is just the kind of kindergarten Nature meant the human young to have as a preliminary to the more formal business of education. The traffic-congested street, with its constant threats to life and limb, which is the lurking place of the kidnapper and the breeding swamp of the criminal gang, is not called upon to act for them the part of playground and ball field. Like the sapling and the weeds in spring, they spring up and flourish in the clean air and sunshine of the open.

Their schoolfellows and playfellows come from homes like their own, with similar habits and traditions and ideals. The parents, even when they are not friends, even when they belong to different churches and widely separate social levels, at least know each other. As a rule they will continue in the same town, and the young people will pass their childhood together and make ties that will last them through life.

THE father, unlike his sympathizing friend in the metropolis, is not a mere boarder in the house who rushes off before the children are awake and wanders in at night after they are in bed and occasionally takes his Sunday dinner with the family like an invited guest. He is a constant presence, there to guide and instruct, a friend, a more intimate kind of teacher and a bigger and more ingenious playmate.

The classroom, when its time arrives, is a spacious, well-aired and well-lighted place, with windows opening out into the fields, presided over by a man or a woman who is a dignified member of the community, not a driven, overworked cog in a vast impersonal machine. And the classroom is a school of democracy. It is the place where the child learns, in addition to the three R's, to be a citizen, to associate with fellow-townpeople regardless of the occupation and the social position of the parents. For in the small town, the private school habit has not yet taken root, and the sons and daughters of rich and poor, of the professional man and the mechanic still rub elbows together.

Education, too, neither begins nor ends in the schoolhouse. The provincial child grows up in intimacy with nature and the age-old traditions of mankind. From infancy onward he is in touch with the lore of field and forest, learns to handle tools, to swim and to skate and to manage domestic animals. He does not, like the city child, imagine that milk grows in bottles and eggs in paper cartons.

It is small wonder that the country-bred young man and woman beat their city rivals at their own game, and that a very large proportion of those who attain eminent success in metropolitan affairs are the sons and daughters of farmers and small-town dwellers. They come to us with a robust physical equipment, with a well-rounded natural training, with a mind that is in tune with the thoughts and ideals of the nation as a whole.

Yet it is just as well to be fair to the metropolis. Its complacency, is after all, not wholly without foundation. The progress of humanity, let us not forget—in science and invention, in industry and the arts—owes much to the great centers. Bring together huge masses of people, let them rub elbows and strike minds together, and the sheer artificiality of their environment, abetted by the sharpened competition for a livelihood, will spur them on to novel activities. A man deprived of simple natural pleasures has to exert himself to create substitutes. He cannot view the hills or hear the murmur of brooks, so he paints pictures of them to hang on his walls. Instead of the mountains and the canyons he

rears up towering structures and endows them with architectural beauty in lieu of the grandeur of the real thing. He misses the space and the urge to play and sing, so he sits down in a theatre and lets specialists do it for him. Garish lights along the thoroughfares console him for being shut out from the radiance of moon and stars. The rush and pressure of existence drive him to invent new modes of locomotion and labor saving devices. In the last analysis the factory is a result of the town-dweller's inability to exercise his instincts for natural toil, and the restaurant is a contrivance designed by and for the people who lack the blessings of a back-yard garden, a cellar under the house, and a homey kitchen.

Just the same, it would be foolish to underestimate the importance of these things in the march of civilization.

And this also is true: competition and varied opportunity, the lure of great careers, of education and of wealth have always drawn to the city clever and original and ambitious men.

But what the metropolite of today seems to overlook is that all this is ancient history. In the days before the invention and diffusion of printing, in the far-off past when means of communication were primitive and limited, the urban center was indeed the seat of knowledge and culture and the countryman was a peasant vegetating in backwardness and ignorance.

Those days are hardly as much as a memory now. The railroad and the telegraph, the gas engine and the air-mail, motion photography and the radio, have knitted the world into a compact and very uniform unit. They have taken the leadership of civilization out of the hands of the city and spread it evenly over the whilom hinterland. The provinces, as the ancient Romans, who coined the word, understood it, are no more. Today the inventor and the artist, the statesman and the educator and the plain man who wishes to keep his mind on the alert no longer need to cramp their bodies in order to enable their souls to grow and expand. They find they can get all the stimulation of the city and still enjoy the freedom and naturalness of the open spaces. Great surgeons like the Mayo Brothers, naturalists like Burbank and Burroughs, inventors like Edison and the Wright Brothers, and scores of others live and labor in the country. American literature has to a large degree moved out of Boston and New York and now makes its home on the farms and in the hamlets of Indiana, Iowa and kindred forests primeval. Industry and lines of communication tend more and more to decentralize, so that business, even big business, can be carried on comfortably and profitably away from the congested centers. And the plain citizen and his wife lead a modern, civilized life and keep step with the things that happen in the world, though they reside many hours—yes, many days—journey from Broadway. The metropolite does, to a considerable degree, still play the rôle of market place to civilization. But as a home, as the brain of a country, it has pretty well lost its grip on the imaginations and the needs of men.

This tendency is growing the world over. But it is particularly marked in a wide-awake, well-organized country like ours. I have lately consorted with a great assortment of out-of-town citizens—on railroad cars, at Rotary and Kiwanis luncheons, at barber shops and hotels, and in their homes, too—and I am bound to confess that, though I live in the largest city in the world and have seen a good deal of foreign lands, I was not any better informed on topics of general human interest than they were; in some directions not so well. When we discussed politics they betrayed so solid a grip on the subject that I could hardly hold my own, even though the talk strayed beyond local and State affairs to national ones.

I remember especially a controversy I got into with a group of men after church one Sunday, the topic being the recent Presidential election. The town was evidently a one-party stronghold; and as it happened the party favored was not my own. I recklessly took the offensive and was endeavoring to storm them out of their position. But before I could realize what was happening to me, an avalanche of facts and data

Thermo

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

KNITTED COATS & VESTS



Millions of Men Agree
with the Thermo wearer
who wrote us this:

"I have worn one of your coats for six years and think there is nothing like it."

Just one of many unsolicited letters from men who know, by actually wearing Thermo Knitted Sport Coats, that our all virgin wool fabric gives exceptionally long service.

Thermo Knitted Knickers and Vests to match the coats.

Thermo Knitted Coats, Vests and Knickers are made in a variety of colors, including the latest popular shades to suit all tastes.

Look for the Thermo hanger in the garment. If your dealer can not supply you, write us.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
345 Broadway, Dept. E, New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

FREE This Wonderful Radio Book

The World's Largest Exclusive Radio Mail Order House Will Send You This Wonderful Book FREE.

64 illustrated pages containing thousands of bargains in radio sets, semi-finished sets and radio kits of all styles, sizes and approved circuits. 5-tube sets as low as \$29.50. Beautiful models of the very latest designs and types. Elaborate console models with loud speakers built right in cabinets of genuine mahogany and walnut. All sets guaranteed. Coast to coast receiving range. Also contains everything in radio supplies, including batteries, chargers, loud speakers, transformers, condensers, rheostats and any other parts you may want for improving your set or building a new one. Guaranteed saving to you of 1-3 to 1-2. Our Free Service Department helps you solve all your radio problems. Send name and address, for free catalog.

64 ILLUSTRATED PAGES

RANDOLPH RADIO CORPORATION
259 North Union Avenue Dept. 33 CHICAGO

GENUINE NOW BURROUGHS \$4.00 ADDING MACHINE

the best made, can now be had on an amazing new money-saving plan. Full 9 column capacity. Completely rebuilt by experts in our own big factory. Guarantee the same as new machine.

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL
Only \$4 puts this Burroughs in your office for 10 day trial. Easy monthly payments if you keep it. Positively the greatest adding machine value ever offered. Investigate NOW. Write for full details TODAY.

RELIABLE ADDING MACHINE CORP.,
Dept. 387X, 184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

and issues was let loose over me with such force that I was driven to beat a hasty retreat. Nor were they quite as green about world politics as my friends in the city complacently imagine. They were not certain, it is true, who was the secretary of commerce in Czecho-Slovakia at the moment, nor whether Bulgaria had as yet joined the League of Nations; but then, neither was I. Where international matters touched American interests, however, they gave on an average as creditable an account of themselves as any similar lot of men in Greenwich Village or in the exclusive clubs along Fifth Avenue.

The Main Streeter had his eyes and ears so wide open to what was happening in the world of affairs, of sports, ideas, and even books and the theatre, that—like any other metropolitan provincial—I sat up, took notice and began wondering how they managed it. Well, the search for the answer led me to a number of enlightening discoveries.

First in the list is the newspaper. The day when the local daily was a mere purveyor of home happenings and town gossip is pretty thoroughly gone. The press associations, the feature syndicates, and above all the growing public demand for wider information, have made an entirely new thing of it. The modern small-town editor is a trained and keen fellow with a nose for news in the larger sense of the word. Almost without exception he keeps a regular assistant busy at the long distance telephone and the telegraph key. He has found that it pays him to give space to the day's events at the state capital, in Washington, on Wall Street, and not infrequently to the goings and comings of London and Paris. His readers approve his enterprise, and develop an appetite for more and more. I don't know how it may be in other sections of the country, but in the thoroughly representative communities which I have looked over, the family that takes in some metropolitan daily or Sunday paper is by no means exceptional. In addition, there are many who, while they do not subscribe themselves, glance through one from time to time at the local hotel, the fraternal clubhouse or the public library—the American town without a library is a very great rarity nowadays—and the American city newspaper, as is well-known, is in all essential respects the same from one end of the land to the other. You can find your favorite cartoonist, feature writer and editorial writer even, when you are traveling, all along the line from New York to Los Angeles and from Bangor to New Orleans. What this standardization is doing to promote the national solidarity of the American people is a subject that would be well worth while inquiring into.

THEN comes the much-lambasted movie. The town which a decade ago was scorned by the dog and pony show now exhibits million-dollar productions with changes of program twice a week. This is not the place to argue the pros and cons whether the cinema in general is a good influence or bad. But there can be no two ways about the immense cultural and educational value of the news reels, the historical and scientific pictures and the travelogue. The rural citizen who gets a photographic reproduction of the solar eclipse within forty-eight hours of its occurrence, who is nightly transported to distant lands and sees with his own eyes their people and their lives, who can look over national candidates in action, is (from the point of view of worldly wisdom and even of intelligent citizenship) a very considerable advance on his isolated pioneering grandfather. He is hardly the innocent hick, so dear to the vaudeville stage, who can be wheeled out of his money by the snappy gold-brick merchants of the big town.

Something more: Not only does the benighted hind of the backwoods see; latterly he has likewise begun to hear things. The farmer who as recently as four years ago must crank up his car early in the morning and travel long distances to attend a county rally, nowadays sits down in his parlor rocker between milkings and after his evening chores, and tunes in on the world. By a turn of the wrist he can move magically from the turmoil of a political convention in New York to overhear the price announcer on the produce exchange in Chicago, and thence perhaps have soft music for his supper, the sounds of which issue from a Hawaiian orchestra playing in the patio of a fashionable

(Continued on page 77)



Men who appreciate the new comfort in dressing—felt hats instead of derbies, soft collars instead of starched, broad shoes instead of toe-crampers—are quick to adopt the

HATCHWAY NO-BUTTON UNION SUIT

Combining style and comfort with economy, the Hatchway is the ideal union suit. Knit to fit, it knows no buttons, because it's buttonless. And that means no buttonholes to be mended, no buttons to be sewed on, no troublesome repairs.

Step into a Hatchway and give your body a treat. Over a million men and boys today know what real underwear comfort is.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell HATCHWAY UNION SUITS. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, delivery free, anywhere in the United States.

Men's Suits

\$2.00; \$2.50; \$3.00; \$4.00; \$5.00; \$6.00

Boys' Suits

Ages 6 to 16 only—\$1.50; \$2.00

West of the Rockies 25 cents per garment should be added to the above prices.

In ordering, please write, stating size and enclosing check or money order, direct to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York
Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada,
Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada

How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness--

Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair

I'M willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a baldness remedy. And the oftener I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well, it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a toothpaste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise, I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it..."

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"Done?" I shouted, "aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head you are always at liberty to resign!"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness.

And I have to admit that a more interesting, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then

when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—well, I completely weakened and sent for the treatment.

The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the *roots*. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience

in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 2410, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 2410, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Please send me—without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book describing the Merke System.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....



Read This!

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone!"—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file at the Institutes.)



Where Is the Culture of America?

(Continued from page 75)

hotel in Palm Beach. And his wife obtains hints on canning and the care of her hair and complexion from the same miraculous source, while the youngsters are cradled to sleep by an expert bed-time story-teller a thousand miles away.

Last but far from least, your American hinterlander is a traveler. That, I suppose, is part of the pioneer heritage in the blood of our people. With the coming of spring young and old pack up their tents and duffle bags, pile them on the running board and hit the road. Steer your own vehicle out on to the trans-continental highways and see the endless caravans trekking across country year after year. Nothing like it has ever been known in the world, unless it was in times of famine or invasion. They are out for recreation, for curiosity for a change of scene, but principally to get the breath of the road into their nostrils and to expand their vision of this great country of theirs and thereby to deepen their pride in its glory. None so humble but he is off somewhere—if not for a month then for a few days or an afternoon; if not to the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone, then at least to Niagara or to the little lake in the next county; if not in a luxurious camp auto, then by rail or even on foot. Whatever the mode or the objective, the educational, the cultivating and the patriotic by-product is incalculable.

INTO the salons of Greenwich Village this picture of Main Street and its people as they are in reality has not penetrated yet. These advanced ladies and gentlemen who drink tea and read their poems to one another, hang their admiration elsewhere. They love to contrast

our uncouth Americans with the cultured paragons of the old world, of France especially. To them the rank and file European is a graceful, beautiful, high-thinking and plain-living spirit.

Alas, I regret to bring disillusion to the good Villager. But I have recently spent three years in the heart of culture (two of them in France) and I am inclined to think that the Greenwich Village view of things over there is a colored post-card view.

The European does travel sometimes, it is true, though not often; but when he does it is not invariably the art galleries and the great monuments that lure him. His interior is not crammed with the splendid masterpieces of furniture and decoration which are brought over to our antique shops. He reads his newspaper principally for the scandal in it, and neither he nor his wife give all their time to concerts and lectures and great books. Nowhere have I seen men and women who read less and thought less and knew less than in the small towns of Europe—ay, and in Paris and London themselves. Fashions and beautiful clothes are indeed made in France and England for the whole world, but by comparison with the average American woman, on Main Street or on Forty-Second, the common-garden variety of Frenchwoman is simply dowdy and ill-kempt.

Culture, as the thing is practiced on the boulevards, may for all I know not be flourishing on Main Street. But I have a notion that Main Street is not missing it. When it comes to a civilized life, though, the "civilized minority" of The Village were it to go out and investigate, might find cause to revise its notions of what the article really is.

Unveiling of the Harding Memorial

(Continued from page 34)

Columbia, have placed it here. It will remind, for it marks a likeness, and is a sign. They shall read and discover that he, who once stood here, did so BECAUSE HE LOVED MEN!

"Political reward was not in his mind—he had already been chosen as the head of the nation! Fame, he did not seek—his name was at that very moment in the eye of all of his people, and the ruler of every government on earth was directing diplomats to make his acquaintance. Riches were not his quest—modest prosperity had already placed a quiet sufficiency within his reach.

"What then was it?

"Why did he come here to be heard by hundreds when any city would have furnished him audiences of thousands?

"Because, and simply because, he loved men!

"In return for his rich, sincere affection, the people of the United States overlooked party partitions, creeds and doctrines when he suffered. Unitedly they prayed for a restoration of his health. For a moment he stood erect once more, then, too weak to go further, he laid down to rest. As his silent, sleeping form journeyed in state from Pacific to Potomac, a sorrowing people waited and prayed.

"He loved men! He trusted men! He aided men! Men loved, trusted and aided him!

"Like the great universe is this love of men. No eye can bound it, no compass can define it. It takes the wings of the morning; it rides on the swiftly moving sunlight; it dwells in the uttermost parts of the earth. It glints its way into prison cell, hovel, hut, tenement, palace, mountain cave, and ships of the sea. It lasts when the dross is gone—it wears like gold. It glitters and sparkles. It saves—this love of men!

"As the Grand Exalted Ruler of that fraternity which claimed him, and, at whose breast he found congenial milk, I accept this bust of Warren G. Harding, former President of the United States, lover of men, and king to one woman!

"May those who come to this place in the days that lie out in the future, find begotten in their own hearts, as they gaze upon this bronze, an earnest desire and firm resolve to love men, EVEN AS HE DID—otherwise, the artisan, the brothers, and the brother will have wrought in vain."

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Va., in conclusion of the set program spoke in part as follows:

"When Warren G. Harding, then President-elect, delivered the memorial address here on December 5, 1920, standing on this very site, he said:

"It is not given to all men to inspire great shafts of granite or tablets of bronze, but it is the

privilege of every living being to plant an ever-blooming friendship in some fellow breast, and gather all the fruit it bears."

"He was one of the chosen few of earth to whom it was given to inspire elaborate and impressive memorials of his eminence and fame. But he was also, happily, one who gladly availed himself of the privilege of planting ever-blooming friendships in thousands of fellow breasts. And this monument which we dedicate here to-day is not merely a memorial of his greatness, nor merely a tribute to his lofty position; but it is an evidence of a living memory of his human kindness, a fruit of these sturdy friendships which he planted in so many hearts while he lived and moved among us.

"Indeed I shall love to think of this memorial not as one erected in honor of a great President of the United States, nor as one designed to commemorate a great occasion in our fraternal history in which he played a part; but as a tribute to the memory of a real man who was a loyal Elk and exemplified its creed in his daily life; and as a concrete expression of true friendship and brotherly love in memory of one who was himself a true friend and a loyal brother.

"If those of us here gathered at this hour will consecrate ourselves anew to the full observance of our fraternal obligation as Elks, I know that the soul of Warren G. Harding, in whatever sphere it may now hold closer communion with his God, will gather that high resolve as the rarest and richest fruit that can be borne by the ever-blooming friendship which he planted in our hearts. And the Angel of Light will add another and a brighter star in the studded diadem which crowns his brow in realms of glory."

Hon. E. Lee Trinkle, Governor of Virginia, and a member of Pulaski, Va., Lodge No. 1069, was present, having come to Bedford for the occasion with the Richmond delegation. He was called upon for a speech and responded most happily in appreciation of the Order and of the occasion. He specially referred to the great pride which Virginia feels in having an institution of such noble purpose and of such magnificence within its borders, and pledged every considerable protection of its interests.

The whole occasion was marked by dignity and good taste, and left a fine impression upon all who were in attendance.

Grand Trustees Gordon, Scott and Jennings were at the Home and let no opportunity pass to insure the comfort and pleasure of the visitors, many of whom were ladies.



Children's EYES Need this Care

Children's EYES, even more than your own, require daily cleansing. Since 1895, careful mothers the world over have used **Murine** to keep little EYES clean, bright and healthy.

Murine removes the irritating particles rubbed into baby EYES by tiny fists. It frees the EYES of school children from chalk dust, and from foreign matter accumulated during outdoor play. This hygienic lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 101, Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Solid Brass EMBLEM

For your Car



(3 3/4 inches Diameter)

This Emblem is Cast Brass Gold Finish with Background Enameled in Blue and White; an Honest-made Emblem that will satisfy you and make you feel proud of it on your Car. Furnished with Brass wire bolts to attach to Radiator. Price Prepaid to any address \$1.50. Send for one today.

HUNT BRASS WORKS
1617-1619 Winona Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PURE WOOL District Salesmen
Wanted Experienced men can easily earn \$100.00 a week at start. Our union made suits and overcoats at \$23.50 (none higher) are America's biggest values. We show latest nifty colors and styles for men and young men. Only pure wool fabrics. The overcoats are satin lined. Protected territory. Can use spare time in some towns. Write today for application blank and free sample of the world's greatest clothing values. Address C. C. HARVEY, Box 00, CHICAGO

We Sell Ladies Lingerie, Robes and Blouses, in Linen, Batiste and Crepe de Chine, with finest embroidery. Latest fashion, style and colors. Table Linen, Luncheon Sets, Dollies, Handkerchiefs with Elk emblems. Write for catalogs and samples to our Sales Agent—**C. H. Rietmann, 7 West 22nd St., New York City**
One Agent wanted man or woman, for every Elk District

How to Prepare for the "Rainy Day"

UNLESS you happen to have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth, the "rainy day" is likely to come into your life sooner or later. It is an almost universal human experience.

But if you invest regularly in safe Straus Bonds, yielding 6% or even better, you can face the prospect with confidence.

You can build up a comfortable fortune by investing in these bonds. They will be a shield against financial mischance, a sure protection against adversity.

We suggest that you investigate Straus Bonds, which afford you safety, marketability, diversification, and a good interest rate. As a first step, write for free descriptive literature. Simply ask for

BOOKLET J-1520

The Straus Hallmark on a bond stamps it at once as the premier real estate security.

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 Incorporated
INVESTMENT BONDS

STRAUS BUILDING STRAUS BUILDING
305 Fifth Avenue Michigan Ave.
at 46th St. at Jackson Blvd.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

43 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR

© 1925—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

Further Financial Definitions

By Stephen Jessup

WHILE in previous articles in this department explanation has been given of many of the fundamental features of stocks and bonds, our attention has been called to the omission of a number of terms employed in buying and selling such securities; and since they change hands daily to an enormous extent, and the reports of these transactions occupy a prominent place in the daily newspaper, a simple definition of the most common of these terms follows:

"ACTIVE" SECURITIES.—Those, both stocks and bonds, in which there is constant trading, or which are quoted practically every day. A security, to be active, is not necessarily listed on an exchange. Many unlisted securities whose market is "over the counter" and is conducted between investment houses interested in them, are extremely active. On the other hand, a number of stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange are not mentioned in the quotations for weeks or even for months at a time, simply because no transactions in them have taken place.

ASKED PRICE.—The price at which a security can be bought in board lots in the market.

BID PRICE.—The reverse of "asked price"; the price at which a security can be sold in board lots in the market.

Generally speaking, the bid price is the more important, for it represents the current worth of the security and hence the amount of money it will instantly realize if sold. Usually the bid and asked prices are not far apart, but instances have been known where the bid price was considerably under the asked price, and even where there was no bid price in the market at all, indicating no interest in the security for the time being.

BOARD LOT.—The usual unit of a stock transaction. On the New York Stock Exchange it is 100 shares. On the New York Curb it is 100 shares of a stock selling at 50 cents and over a share, and 1,000 shares of a stock selling under 50 cents a share.

AVERAGING DOWN.—This means buying more shares of a stock at lower cost as the stock declines in price, thereby reducing the average cost of the whole.

ODD LOT.—A fractional part of a board lot; a number ranging from 1 to 99. The custom for dealing in amounts smaller than 100 shares on the Stock Exchange provides that a buyer pay slightly more and a seller receive slightly less than the price of the 100-share transaction at the time of execution. Some Stock Exchange houses confine their business almost entirely to "odd lots." Transactions in "odd lots" are not usually reported in the newspapers, but sometimes their total volume is as much as a third or even a half of the reported number of shares traded in for the day.

MARKET ORDER.—An order to be executed at the best price obtainable as soon as possible. Such an order to buy is executed at the "asked price," and to sell is executed at the "bid price."

LIMITED ORDER.—An order to buy or sell at a specified price, or better.

STOP ORDER (also called "stop loss order").—An order to sell when the market price has declined, or to buy when the price has advanced, to a stated figure. A stop order does not necessarily imply execution at the price stated. It becomes a "market" order when the stop price is reached or passed by actual sale, and is then to be executed at the best figure obtainable.

The purpose of employing stop orders is to limit losses or to protect profits. A trader who has purchased a stock wishes to limit the loss which would result from a decline. He therefore places a "stop order" directing the sale of the stock if the price should decline to whatever figure he may fix. Or, on the other hand, he may hold a stock which has advanced and hence shows him a profit. He can place a stop order above the cost price with the idea of assuring himself of some profit, and at the same time leaving open the opportunity of further profit should the advance continue.

Similarly, the trader who has sold short can limit a loss or protect a profit through placing an

order to buy on "stop" in the event of the price rising to a fixed figure.

The principle of using stop orders frequently results in minor losses, but at the same time eliminates the ever-present possibility of heavy loss due to sudden adverse changes in the market, or to the tendency to maintain stubbornly a position which later may be seen to have been wrong from the start.

"G. T. C."—The abbreviation for "good till countermanded" or "good till cancelled." Orders given to a broker to buy or sell securities are usually considered as intended for the day only. Sometimes the price specified is substantially above or below the prevailing market, and it is highly improbable that the price will be reached during the day. When this is the case the order is "left in" and marked "G. T. C." If and when the price is reached, the security is bought or sold, as the case may be. It is the duty of the broker to watch the market daily for the possibility of executing his accumulated G. T. C. orders.

DAY ORDER.—An order to be executed on the day of receipt only. Most orders are in this category, unless clearly defined as "G. T. C." or "open" orders, or "stop" orders.

SCALE ORDER.—An order to buy or sell at a succession of prices as the market shall advance or decline thereto. Such an order is used, for example, in a case where a stock has been bought and the trader or investor wishes to increase his holdings as the price advances. This is frequently termed "pyramiding." In such an operation it is usually wise to buy in decreasing amounts as the price advances, for otherwise the combined transaction is apt to become topheavy and, if the market should turn downward, the losses would accumulate more rapidly because of the greater amount of stock carried, than the profits on the rise accumulated.

It is also sometimes considered good judgment to take profits by selling on a scale instead of closing the entire transaction at one time.

SHORT.—One who has sold stock which he does not possess in the expectation of repurchasing it at a lower price. Short selling was described in this department in May and June, 1924.

LONG.—The opposite of short; the man who is buying or holding stock. Those "long" of the market are called "bulls."

STREET CERTIFICATE.—A stock certificate endorsed in blank by the registered owner—and guaranteed by a responsible broker or a bank, which may pass through a number of hands without being transferred on the books of the company. Usually "street certificates" are in the name of a broker or brokerage house. They constitute the major portion of those used in marginal transactions.

(To be continued)

Investment Literature

Readers interested can obtain booklets on financial topics from the following firms on request:

"Forty-Three Years Without Loss to Any Investor," S. W. Straus & Co., 505 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

"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." The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

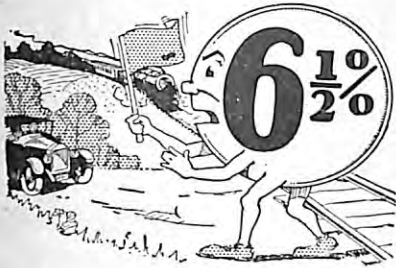
"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Two To Four Per Cent. Extra," The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

Bulletin No. A-4510, "Forman Guaranteed Bonds," George M. Forman & Co., 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

"Safety Supreme," Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C.

"8% and Safety," The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2106 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.



And Safety

The rigid requirements of assured income, superior location, known demand and borrowers of integrity—the rule that no loan shall ever exceed 60% of the actual property value—a closed First Mortgage on the land, building and equipment and a First Lien on the income from the building, all go to make Fidelity First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds an investment in which you may place your money with utmost confidence.

Besides, the Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Company guarantees the payment of both principal and interest of every Fidelity Bond when due. Let us send you our interesting booklet, "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail." No obligation.

FIDELITY

BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Incorporated 1913

656 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
1176 New York Life Bldg., Chicago
457 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver
Fidelity Guarantees Every Bond

H929

How to invest Safely in

Southern Bonds

yield up to 6½%

INVESTORS may safely avail themselves of the generous interest rates now prevalent in the South by investing in the First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds issued by the Adair Realty & Trust Company, the oldest real estate firm in the United States and generally recognized as the foremost authority on Southern real estate conditions. Sixty years' experience in creating first mortgage investments without loss to a single customer and without a single delayed interest payment protects the investor in these bonds.

Mail the coupon for descriptive literature and current offerings yielding up to 6½%.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

Those who prefer may have their Adair Bonds unconditionally guaranteed against loss of principal and interest by one of the strongest Surety Companies in the United States.

Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House

Founded 1865, ATLANTA

Packard Building, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Inc.,
270 Madison Ave. Exclusive Distributors

Ownership Identical

Mail Coupon

Adair Realty & Trust Co.
Dept. H-18, Atlanta, Ga.

Please send full information and current offerings of

ADAIR PROTECTED First Mortgage BONDS

Name.....

Address.....

7% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
Write for Booklet No. 42
THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY
Smith Building - Washington, D.C.
NO LOSS to ANY INVESTOR in 52 YEARS

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell Visits Key West, Fla., Lodge

When en route from Galveston to New York, where he held court during part of August and September, Judge William Hawley Atwell, Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mrs. Atwell, stopped over in Key West to visit Lodge No. 551. Ordinarily the steamers from Galveston stop but a short time in Key West on their journey north. On this occasion, however, the president of the steamship company, on request from Judge Jefferson B. Browne, Pardon Commissioner, gave instructions that the sailing be held four hours, in order that the Grand Exalted Ruler might be properly received. This was an unusual and gracious compliment to the Order.

From the pier, where he was met by several hundred persons and a band, Judge Atwell was escorted direct to the Elks Home, while Mrs. Atwell was taken to the residence of Judge Browne. The Home and its grounds were decorated with signal flags and flags of various nations, illuminated by colored electric lights. Over the entrance to the piazza, which was framed with coconut palm fronds, stretched a large banner bearing the words: "He Went About Doing Good."

Introduced by Judge Browne, Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell addressed the meeting of Key West Lodge No. 551, which was presided over by Hon. Arthur Gomez, delivering a characteristically straightforward and patriotic message.

Following a cold collation at the Home, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted by a committee to Judge Browne's residence where he was presented to the ladies attending Mrs. Browne's reception to Mrs. Atwell. Half an hour after midnight the Judge and his party sailed for New York.

Among those present at the meeting of Key West Lodge were delegates from Miami, who came to present an invitation to the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit that city on his way north.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge Holds Unusual First Initiation

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge No. 1508, which was instituted in May of this year, held its first initiation the last week in July. An unusual feature of the occasion lay in the pronounced father-and-son quality of the candidates. Six of the thirty-nine initiated were members of one family, a father and his five sons. Three more were composed of a father and two sons; another three of a father, son and son-in-law; and there were also still a fourth father and son in the group. All these members were proposed at one meeting, balloted on and elected at another meeting and initiated at a third. Saranac Lake Lodge believes this is a record.

Ohio Lodges Pay Tribute to Memory of President Harding

The members of all the Elk Lodges in Ohio were invited to be present at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Harding Memorial by Newark, O., Lodge No. 391 in Baughman's Memorial Park. Newark Lodge was assisted by Marion, O., Lodge No. 32 out of compliment to the city with which for many years the late President's life was associated. The affair was solemnized by speeches from several men prominent in national affairs and by musical selections rendered by the Elks bands and clubs of the two Lodges.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees: Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge No. 1457. Purchase for a Home of the Orienta Yacht Club for \$32,000. The Lodge expects to spend approximately \$1,000 on minor improvements.

Hannibal, Mo., Lodge No. 1108. Remodeling of present Home valued at \$30,000. The Lodge plans to build an addition forty feet in length and

(Continued on page 80)



- - - The New Key To Increased Safety Plus Added Income!

Investors, heretofore willing to curtail earning power in order to safeguard principal, may now turn to a wholly new kind of protection which is unquestionably the ultimate degree of safety and which is, moreover, coupled with a decidedly attractive yield.

Bonds Insured Against Loss

Prompt payments of any Forman Bond will be unconditionally guaranteed at the investor's option by one of the largest of the old-line indemnity insurance companies.

The safety of Forman Guaranteed Bonds is now four-fold: (1) High-grade real estate first mortgage security; (2) supported by a borrower or borrowing corporation with a proved record of integrity; (3) the protection of the Forman Plan, under which no investor has ever lost a dollar in forty years; and (4), in addition, the absolutely unqualified guarantee of an entirely separate insurance company.

Bulletin Sent Upon Request

A 6-page bulletin explaining the new Forman Guarantee will be mailed free. We urge every investor interested in maximum safety to send for a copy. Ask for Bulletin No. A-4510.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds

Forty Years Without Loss to Any Customer
105 West Monroe Street - Chicago, Ill.
New York Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines
Peoria, Ill. Springfield, Ill.


GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO.,
105 W. Monroe Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail without obligation of any kind Bulletin No. A-4510, "Forman Guaranteed Bonds," and current list of bond offerings.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Invest by the Map

Get 8% in Florida

EVERYBODY knows that value commands its price. It is equally true that price is not determined by quality alone, but also by local conditions. Thus, the price you get for your investment money, namely interest, depends on local conditions where your security is located.

A crate of Florida oranges is cheaper at the grove than the same crate in the Northern market; a fine diamond costs more on Fifth Avenue than in Africa, though the quality is the same; rents average lower in Philadelphia than in New York; labor hire is cheaper in central Europe than in America. Everything varies in price, *quality for quality*, where local conditions vary. Transportation, import duty, supply and demand, living expenses—local conditions—all affect price.

Today conditions local to Florida permit investors to get 8% on first mortgage security, on precisely the security which in other sections of the country yields only 5 1/2% or 6%. Because Florida is developing faster than local capital can accumulate, 8% is offered for outside capital.

There are five definite reasons why, at this time, conditions so favor the investor that 8% is obtainable on solid, first mortgage security in Florida. Let us send you a free booklet plainly setting forth these five reasons. You assume no obligation by investigating. Mail the coupon today.

Florida First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
\$100, \$500, and \$1,000 Bonds
Partial Payments Arranged

Write to,
TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus \$500,000

MIAMI FLORIDA

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State..... 810

6 1/2% All the Elements of Safety

Arnold First Mortgage Guaranteed Certificates have all the elements of safety. They are secured by First Mortgages on improved real estate deposited with a Trust Company. Every Arnold Certificate is an undivided part of the trust held by the trustee, thus being in fact an interest in various first mortgages given by different parties and secured by various properties, all of which are combined in one trust.

In addition to the mortgage security Arnold Certificates are further secured by the company's capital and surplus of \$1,250,000. They are issued in amounts of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 to run from 2 to 10 years, and may be purchased outright or on monthly payments.

Write for our Booklet No. 22
ARNOLD AND COMPANY
1416 Eye St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

three stories high, and to remodel the entire building, the estimated cost to be \$35,000, with furnishings at \$5,000.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842. Building of a two-story and basement addition of tile and stucco to its present Home. The new Lodge room will be 60 x 50 feet, and the basement will contain four bowling alleys. The estimated cost is \$65,750, with \$2,000 for furnishings.

Kiddies Entertained on Outing By Montclair, N. J., Lodge

Grand View Park was recently the scene of a gala picnic given by Montclair, N. J., Lodge No. 891 to the children of that town and the vicinity who were not able to go away for a vacation. Two hundred automobiles were loaned by members to transport the kiddies to the park where they were treated to free rides on all the amusements, and where they did ample justice to the tempting luncheon provided by the Committee and served by the wives and sisters of the members.

Arizona State Elks Association Elects Officers

At the meeting of the Arizona State Elks Association, held in Prescott, the following officers were elected: President, Frank B. Baptist of Phoenix Lodge No. 335; First Vice-President, P. P. Correll of Tucson Lodge No. 385; Second Vice-President, John Foster of Bisbee Lodge No. 671; Third Vice-President, Paul C. Keefe of Jerome Lodge No. 1361; Secretary, Edwin M. Berg of Phoenix Lodge; Treasurer, A. M. Gillespie of Nogales Lodge No. 1397; Trustees Frank S. Ming of Yuma Lodge No. 476; E. H. Meek of Prescott Lodge No. 330; J. F. Mayer of Globe Lodge No. 480. The meeting was well attended and was featured by discussions of welfare activities and by an enjoyable entertainment program. The place of next year's meeting will be Yuma, the time to be announced later.

Russellville, Ark., Lodge Takes Possession of Its New Home

The members of Russellville, Ark., Lodge No. 1213 are now in possession of their beautiful new Home on the second floor of the new White building on Jefferson Street. The building, which is 60 x 120 feet, accommodates a Lodge room 40 x 60 feet, opening out of a large reception hall; a pool-room, in which the tables have just been put into perfect repair; a well-equipped dining-room of greatly increased capacity, and newly furnished quarters for the use of the ladies, which can also be utilized for private entertainments. There has been a notable increase in membership in the months since the Lodge announced its ten years' lease on the new premises.

Grounds of Summer Home Scene of Outing of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge


The annual picnic of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge No. 274 gained much additional interest this year from the fact that it was held on ground belonging to the Lodge. They purchased last winter a tract of sixty-nine acres of virgin timberland with a frontage of 1,600 feet on Lake Michigan near Lake Harbor as a site for a summer home. Ample ground had been cleared for the picnickers.

Plans for New Home Announced By Tulare, Calif., Lodge

The members of Tulare, Calif., Lodge No. 1424 plan to take a ten-year lease on the second story of the Swall building at K and Kern Streets, and so remodel it that they will possess one of the finest Lodge and club-rooms in their section of the State. The cost of the improvements, which will include in addition to the Lodge room, a ladies' rest-room, committee-room, lounging-room, club-room, kitchen and five living-rooms, will be from \$15,000 to \$20,000. The premises will be equipped with both heating and cooling systems, and should be ready for use by the first of the year.

MIAMI 8%

The Concrete City



A Safe Investment Field for First Mortgage BONDS

Investigate now this seasoned investment field while 8% is prevailing, legal interest rate. Our \$100 to \$1000 First Mortgage Bonds are secured by income-paying business property authoritatively appraised at double the amount of the mortgage loan.

Interest coupons payable semi-annually. Bonds underwritten and protected by Filer-Cleveland safeguards. References: All Miami Banks. Write for illustrated descriptive book, "8% and Safety."

THE FILER-CLEVELAND CO

2110 BEDFORD BLDG., MIAMI, FLA.

New York

Chicago



Become Independent by Systematic Saving \$10 Starts You

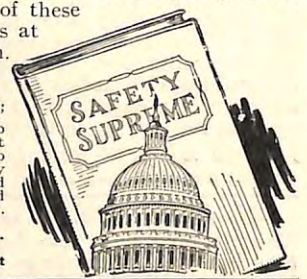
IN the surplus dollars he is able to lay away each month, every man has the key to financial independence. These dollars, determinedly saved from week to week, and invested in high-grade absolutely sound securities, produce more dollars in a surprisingly short time.

The conservative investor of moderate means, who wants the largest possible return consistent with perfect safety, has found our offerings of First Mortgage Real Estate Notes especially attractive. These notes, bearing 6 1/2% interest, are backed by the soundest security in the world—improved real estate in Washington, D. C. The best part of it is, that under our new plan you can take advantage of these splendid offerings at only \$10 a month.

Valuable Book Free

Our new Book, "Safety Supreme," explains this plan to you. Your request for a copy entails no obligation. Simply send your name and address by post card or letter—TODAY.

Shannon & Luchs, Inc.
Dept. 1010
713-715 14th Street
Washington, D. C.



RADIO YOU SAVE 1/2

BUY DIRECT FROM MFR.

"STAR"

5-TUBE RADIO SET
\$69.50 COMPLETE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

SET WITHOUT ACCESSORIES \$32.50
Sent on receipt of check or money-order.

STAR RADIO CO.,
1529 Leland Ave., New York

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s. earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examining or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 10328-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

A Hunting Trip and Outing Enjoyed By Houston, Texas, Lodge

A special train was recently chartered by Houston, Texas, Lodge No. 151 to carry a large party of Elks on a four-day tour of the Rio Grande Valley. The five Pullman cars made hotel reservations unnecessary for the travelers, who were joined at Harlingen by a party of Valley Elks, who took them on an all-day automobile trip through the lower Valley, rejoining the train at Brownsville. The first day of the open season in White Wings was devoted to hunting while the ladies of the party were entertained at the Brownsville Country Club. In the evening there was a great Elk barbecue at Matamoros, the Mexican city across the border from Brownsville. Before boarding the train for the homeward journey, there was a banquet and cabaret at noon.

Contribution Made by New York, N. Y., Lodge to Children's Hospital

The usual outing given to the Krippled Kiddies by New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 was abandoned this year in favor of a more lasting benefit. To this end, the members have endowed a bed in the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children.

The Home of Albany, Ore., Lodge Is to Be Remodeled

Being quite free from debt, Albany, Ore., Lodge No. 359 has appropriated the sum of \$10,000 for the remodeling and refurnishing of its Home. No refurnishing has been done since the completion of the building in 1908, and some parts are in need of repair. Work has already been started on re-roofing, and an extensive plan for remodeling, decorating and furnishing the interior is under way.

Morristown, N. J., Lodge Initiates Candidates for Somerville Lodge

One of the largest meetings on record for Somerville, N. J., Lodge No. 1068 took place recently when Morristown, N. J., Lodge No. 815 headed by their band paid them an official and social visit, during which they initiated a large class of candidates for Somerville. The business meeting was followed by an equally successful social session.

Lakeland, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Children's Day

All the kiddies under twelve years of age who live within the jurisdiction of Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291 were candidates for the entertainment and merrymaking provided by that Lodge on the day set aside as Elks' Annual Children's Day. Crystal Lake Casino was the scene of festivities, which included picnic lunch and unstinted supplies of ice-cream and soda pop.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

Dispensations for the following new Lodges have been granted by the Grand Exalted Ruler: Longview, Wash., Lodge No. 1514. Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge No. 1515. Marianna, Fla., Lodge No. 1516. Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge No. 1517.

Meeting of North Carolina State Elks Association

The fifteenth Annual Convention of the North Carolina State Elks Association was held at Wrightsville Beach, near Wilmington, N. C. Between 400 and 500 delegates were registered. The business sessions of the convention were held in the auditorium on Harbor Island, and the delegates were formerly welcomed by Mayor Blair of Wilmington. James J. Hatch of Charlotte Lodge No. 392 was elected President for the ensuing term, and T. B. Kehoe of New Berne Lodge No. 764 was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. Selection of next year's convention city was left to the discretion of the newly elected officers.

The social entertainment of the delegates was in charge of Past Exalted Ruler Henry E. (Continued on page 82)

CORRECT JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN

For formal evening affairs

fashion decrees the full dress suit. It is correct. And, on such occasions, correct jewelry is as important as the dress suit. That is why so many men, when it comes to selecting their evening jewelry, choose Kremenz. It is correct. An exclusive feature of Kremenz is the easily inserted, sure-holding bodkin-clutch on the back of the studs and vest buttons.

Kremenz full dress and tuxedo sets are obtainable at almost any fine store catering to the well dressed man. Each set comes in a handsome gift box without extra charge.



2061 Links \$5.50 pair



2062 4 Vest Buttons \$5.50



2063 3 Studs \$4.00

Centers are smoked-pearl; 14 kt. rolled white gold plate borders. Complete set \$15.



Kremenz

COLLAR BUTTON

Newark New Jersey

INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER



Robt. H. Ingersoll, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced, dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Strop; an ingenious invention for sharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

The INGERSOLL Dollar Strop

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail. There is almost magic in the speed, comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

Ten Days' Trial

It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Strop is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull blade torment. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it to days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1 at once.

and will save you all future blade money and all the dull blade torment. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it to days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1 at once.

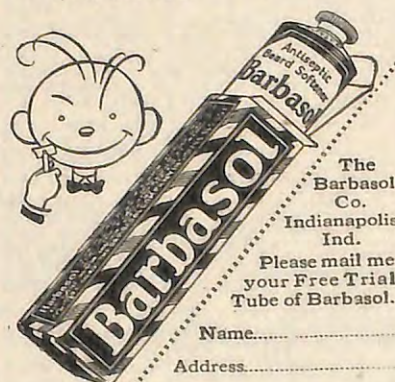
WANTED
This clever invention is meeting with nationwide approval—in fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres., New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. 2810, 476 Broadway, New York City
I enclose \$1 for which please send me Ingersoll's Dollar Strop complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Strop in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name.....
Address.....
Make of Razor Used.....
☐ If interested in agents' proposition, check here.

"The Old Razor was O. K. after all"

Just needed Barbasol to produce a quick, clean, cool and silky shave. No brush. No rub-in. The modern way. Try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis Ind.
Please mail me your Free Trial Tube of Barbasol.

Name.....
Address.....

E.M. 10-25

For Modern Shaving

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 81)

Longley of Wilmington Lodge No. 532, and in addition to a dance given in their honor at Lumina, a novel feature of the festivities was the staging of a bathing-beauty contest in which the various Lodges had their favorites entered. Several valuable prizes were awarded the lucky winners.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Will Establish New "Elks' Rest"

A plot accommodating 550 graves in Roseland cemetery has become the property of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34. Plots will be sold to members for Elks and their families, a portion of the grounds being reserved by the Lodge for members whose interment is, for various reasons, undertaken by the Lodge. This plan has been adopted in order to allow both a Lodge and family association which was impossible in the "Elks' Rest" in Woodmere Cemetery, devoted entirely to members. A suitable Elk monument will be erected.

Oldest Member of Lodge Initiates Youngest

Past Exalted Ruler J. Huyler Ellison of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253 reports that in July he initiated his son who had just become of age. The interesting feature is that Mr. Ellison was the first Exalted Ruler of Freeport Lodge, and is the oldest member, and that, in addition to his recent initiation of the youngest member, he had also initiated his father into the Lodge when he was Exalted Ruler back in 1912.

Newark, Ohio, Elks Entertain At Children's Home

The members of Newark, O., Lodge No. 391 were hosts recently at an entertainment given for the kiddies of the Children's Home of that city. It was the third annual affair of this kind given by the Lodge, and consisted of a band concert on the lawn of the institution, interspersed with plentiful refreshments. What with the excellent music, the ice-cream and cake, many dozens of toy balloons and elaborate electrical decorations, the youthful audience enjoyed the evening hugely.

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Provides For Sick Members

The sum of \$900 has been paid by Cambridge, Mass., Lodge No. 839 to the Cambridge City Hospital for a year's maintenance of a room with hospital, medical and surgical attendance for any member of the Lodge in need of such care.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Gives the Kiddies an Outing

The scarlet fever scare which nearly deprived the young protégés of Bradford, Pa., Lodge No. 234 of their annual outing only lent zest to the entertainment when it finally took place. Snugly packed into automobiles the children were served with ice-cream and cake in the public square by the Girl Scouts, while Bitner's Band played for them. Then they were driven to the Grand Theatre and treated to the sight of Jackie Coogan in "The Rag Man."

Annual Outing of Beverly, Mass., Lodge an Athletic Event

The double attractions of a clam-bake and a program of athletic events which included baseball, 100-yard dash, 400-yard dash, potato race, broad jump, pipe race, obstacle race and a kiddie-car race were the features of the annual outing of Beverly, Mass., Lodge No. 1309.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Reports Progress of Its Boy Scout Troop

The troop of Boy Scouts sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 now numbers 22, and such excellent progress has been made that 12 of the boys are ready to appear before the Court of Honor to receive the decoration of First Class Scout. The month of August was

spent by the troop at their first outdoor camp in the San Bernardino Mountains.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Prepares For Bowling Tournament

Looking toward the not distant day when the bowling alleys in their new Home will be ready for play, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842 is working out a schedule of contending teams for a "home" tournament which will give its star players the best of opportunities to warm up for the annual Inter-Elks Bowling Tournament, which should open about November 1st.

The Junior Order of Antlers Holds A Very Successful First Convention

San Francisco, home of the Mother Lodge, was recently the scene of the first regular convention of the Junior Order of Antlers. There are now ten Lodges of Antlers, one at Klamath Falls, Ore., a second at Chattanooga, Tenn., and a third at Logan, W. Va., in addition to the seven Lodges in California. Only the California Lodges were represented at the convention, which lasted two days. The meetings were held at the Elks Club and were presided over by Jack Corey, President of the original Lodge in San Francisco. In addition to the business sessions, which were marked by great enthusiasm, there were sightseeing tours and numerous parties, which culminated on the second evening in a large dinner dance at the Elks Club. In view of the convention's marked success it is planned to make this a regular yearly event.

Idaho State Elks Association Holds Enthusiastic Meeting

The fourth Annual Convention of the Idaho State Elks Association was held September 2 and 3 at Burley and was attended by delegates from eight Lodges. Burley Lodge No. 1384 acted in the capacity of host and provided a most enjoyable program. The meetings were very well attended, and much constructive work was outlined, particular attention being paid to Social and Community Welfare activities. Frank B. Parke of Burley Lodge was elected President, and Harry J. Fox of Pocatello Lodge No. 674, Secretary. Next year's meeting will be held on the third Monday and Tuesday of June at St. Maries.

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge Holds Its Annual "Kiddies' Day"

The annual kiddies' outing given by Elmira Lodge No. 62 is one of its most elaborate entertainments. In addition to the members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, who are in charge of the program, many of the members assisted in successfully carrying out the program. The day began with a moving-picture show, for which the children were divided into two groups, half witnessing "Janice Meredith" and a comedy at the Regent Theatre and the others "Peter Pan" at the Strand. This treat was made possible through the generosity of the producers who donated the free use of the films. After the show the kiddies marched to Brand Park, headed by the Elks Band, and were there regaled with popular refreshments. In the afternoon, the band gave a concert, and much fun was provided by an entertainment put on by several of the members.

A New Home Is Planned for Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge

After a thorough remodelling which will fit it in every way for the purpose the present Eleanore Hotel will become the new Home of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge No. 1087. The building lends itself so admirably to this renovation, due to its ample culinary equipment and large entertainment space, that after careful consideration this plan has been decided on in preference to erecting a new structure. Where once were the offices and lobby of the hotel, there will be a spacious lounge and commissary department. The dining-room and kitchen will

SHAPCO

RADIATOR SHIELDS



**WILL SAVE
WALLS
AND
DRAPERIES**

PREVENT THIS



A Thing of Beauty

Made in many styles and colorings with glass, marble and metal tops.

SODEMANN HEAT & POWER CO.
2312 Morgan St. St. Louis, Mo.

FREE BOOK ON REQUEST

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

BE FIT-MAKE GOOD

You would be a better and happier man—if you were only able to "Knock the block off" of the man or the thing that stands in your way. **AND YOU CAN!** It's all just a matter of having **PHYSICAL VIGOR AND FITNESS.**

My unusual System of Muscle Building and Promoting Physical Fitness is giving men new bodies for old. I am taking run down, pepless, men and women under studying, and them by own homes, world, how of physical they are



BENNY LEONARD'S

HOME COURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING (AND BOXING)

Most of them are young or middle-aged men who were getting prematurely old until I took them in hand. Many are studying my course to learn the **MANLY ART OF BOXING AND SELF-DEFENSE.** Many are getting **BIGGER MUSCLES**—bushier bodies—larger limbs—heavier necks, arms, chests—as a result of the scientific steps of development which I am pointing out to them. And many are forging ahead in business as a result of renewed pep and vitality, the ringing, tingling body, which my physical culture course has given them.

Remember—that I didn't always have the perfect body I now have—once I was skinny and weak. I achieved the **Lightweight Championship of the World** as a result of first **BUILDING BODILY PERFECTION** for myself. What I did for myself I can do for YOU.

It is impossible to tell you all about my methods here. If you'll just send me your name and address on the little slip printed below, I will send you, free of charge, my wonderful booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," which tells you just why you should enroll under my personal instruction. Let me send you this free booklet—write for it **NOW—THIS MINUTE**—there's no obligation.

BENNY LEONARD
Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World
123 W. 31st St., Dept. 29-O, New York, N.Y.

Send this coupon NOW—for my free booklet—no obligation.

Benny Leonard, 123 W. 31st Street, New York City, Dept. 29-O.

Please send me your free booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," without placing me under any obligation. I enclose 10c to cover costs.

Name Age

Address

Get Rid of Your "Spare"!



THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it, without fasting, hot baths or back-breaking exercises. The wonderful "Little Corporal" belt will reduce your girth to normal the moment you slip it on, and almost before you know it, the excess bulge disappears! You can wear stylish, trim-fitting clothes that make you look your best. Best of all, you feel as good as you look—y younger, lighter on your feet and full of the old-time vim. This remarkable belt not only reduces your girth at once, but with every movement of your body it gently massages, breaks down and reduces the fatty tissues. It actually reshapes your figure. No laces or drawstrings! No clasps! No buckles! No straps! No stiff supports! It's built for comfort. Regardless of your occupation, the "Little Corporal" belt will always feel comfortable.

You Look and Feel Years Younger



Without "Little Corporal"

The energizing and slenderizing effects of this method are truly wonderful. It improves the appearance amazingly, makes you feel years younger, puts you in fighting trim.



With "Little Corporal"

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description of the "Little Corporal" Reducing Belt and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. Let the "Little Corporal" prove at our risk that it is the best of all—a real reducer. Act quickly—this offer is limited.

LITTLE CORPORAL COMPANY

Dept. I 1215 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

W. H. Adams, Dayton, Ohio, writes: V. A. Marini, Santa Cruz, Cal. (Nov., 1924), reports \$11,275 sales in 3 months. Alexander, of Penn., \$3000 profit in 4 months. Ira Shook, Flint, \$365.75 in 1 day. Bram, bought one outfit, then 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane, Pa., sold 8000 packages in 1 day. J. R. Bert, Ala., "only things I ever bought that equaled advertisement." Patillo, Ocala, writes: "Crispettes all you claim." Kellog, \$700 ahead in 2 weeks.

CRISPETTES



WE START YOU IN BUSINESS!

Furnish secret formulas, raw material, and equipment. Small capital required; no experience needed.

Build Business of Your Own

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection made with or without sugar. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start in your town.

Profit \$1000 Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

Long-Eakins Co., 1086 High St., Springfield, O.

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



At drug and shoe stores everywhere

need no new equipment either for regular meetings or large formal entertainments. Some of the other rooms on the main floor will be converted into a game and billiard room. The Lodge room on the second floor will be two stories high and 47 x 80 feet. Reading and writing rooms will adjoin it as well as the requisite cloak-rooms and lavatories. The Lodge room, with its parquered floor, is so designed as to be suitable for large dances as well as regular meetings. There will also be 18 living-rooms on the second and third floors, all having outside exposure.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge Host to Crippled Kiddies at Circus

This year instead of the usual picnic outing given to the crippled Kiddies of Batavia and Genesee County and the children from the Children's Home, Batavia, N. Y., Lodge No. 950 took advantage of the circus being in town to treat seventy-five of the youngsters to an afternoon of rare joy. They were gathered in automobiles loaned by the members, driven to the Lodge and given a complete chicken dinner, and then transported to the circus grounds where they were further regaled during the performance with a generous supply of soda pop, ice-cream cones and candy.

Beautiful New Home Is Planned By St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge

According to present plans next year should see the completion of the Home for which St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge No. 541 recently appropriated \$200,000. Architects' plans have not yet been approved, but the prospect is for a two-story and basement structure so designed that a third story can be added when the growth of the Lodge shall warrant it. Rental from the stores which will occupy the street frontage on the ground floor is expected to provide the major part of the revenue for retiring the bonds issued to finance this building project. The Home will occupy the entire site which is 132 feet square.

Durango Lodge Gains Distinction of Largest Lodge in Colorado West

The distinction of being the largest Lodge numerically in Colorado West no longer belongs to Leadville Lodge No. 236. It has been surpassed by Durango Lodge No. 507, whose membership has increased greatly in the past year.

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge Receives Generous Bequest

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317 has been generously remembered in the will of the late Samuel H. Foster. According to its provisions \$500 in Elk bonds has been turned over to the Lodge for cancellation.

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge Plans to Enlarge Its Home

At a recent meeting, Greenfield, Mass., Lodge No. 1296 voted to build an addition to its present Home at a cost of between \$45,000 and \$50,000. A building and finance committee have been appointed to carry out the proposed plans.

Texas State Elks Association To Be Reorganized This Month

At a meeting to be held in October at San Antonio plans will be discussed for the reorganization of the Texas State Elks Association, which has been inactive for several years. The realization of the many possibilities for good work on the part of State Associations and their value to the Order has prompted leading Elks in Texas to revive interest in such an organization in that State. It is expected that Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell will be present to lend his influence to the movement, and that other Grand Lodge officers will be present. And it is hoped that each of the seventy-odd Lodges in Texas will arrange to send representatives to the meeting.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Visits Boys' Camp

Recently a large representation from Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387 made its annual pilgrimage. (Continued on page 84)

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?



A Man is Known By the Garters He keeps Also by the Garters he throws away.

Your present pair may have looked all right to you this morning but—How would they seem in a living room full of friends if you were called upon to imitate a Scotch Bagpiper?

A new pair occasionally will do as much for your pride as an apple a day will do for your health.

The Dealer who Sells you Bostons knows Quality

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

OFFICIAL ELKS DIPLOMA



EVERY MEMBER should have one to adorn his home. Beautiful steel engraved Certificate of your membership embossed with American flag in colors on finest parchment paper and mailed prepaid. Artistically engrossed with member's name, name and number of lodge with date of initiation for \$2.00; or blank to have your secretary fill it in for \$1.00. Orders may be placed through the secretary of your lodge, or sent direct to the

McKENZIE ENGRAVING COMPANY

174-178 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

"Makers of The Official Elks Diploma"

OWN a Typewriter

Big Typewriter Bargain!

Own your own Underwood Model 5! Why take less when our rebuilt plan brings this ace of all writing machines at a big saving and on easy monthly terms!

\$3 and it's yours

Don't buy a typewriter until after a free trial of this one! We give you a quick course in touch writing. Send today, here and now, for our special offer; we'll send catalog and new, valuable Typewriting Manual Free. Address SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO., 1057 Shipman Bldg., Chicago



How It Feels to Make \$100.00 a Week

(By a Man who used to)
(Earn but Twenty-five)

THE BIGGEST change about me has been my income, I guess. I don't seem much different from the man who used to clerk it for \$25 a week, in fact I know I'm not. Of course I do appear more confident and more contented with my lot. Who wouldn't hold his head a little higher when his time is worth five dollars an hour than when it brought less than that a day?

My success dates from the hour I lined up with successful people. All my life I'd been working for men who made hardly more than a living even though they owned the business. What chance did I have with a job like that? What did I stand to lose in quitting such a job?

I had always hankered to do selling. But what to sell? Luckily, this was answered for me, and in this way:

The One Secret of Selling

Two men that I knew were salesmen. One was always as hard up as I. The other was prosperous good years and bad. Of course it was he I asked for advice. "Vale," he said, "anyone can sell what everybody wants. A star salesman can't sell much of anything they don't want. I handle something every man I meet must have—clothes. I have a line of clothes he would rather have than any he has ever seen. And my selling plan jogs fifteen or twenty dollars off the usual price. Do I gather in the orders? I'd be a dub if I couldn't!"

A few days after I had decided to step out with the Simpson line my case of woollens and selling outfit came. It was two in the afternoon, Saturday at that, but I started out. I called on several friends; no luck; perhaps they didn't believe I was a salesman. I wasn't so sure that I was! But I tackled some men that I didn't know and who didn't know me. Three of them gave me a chance to talk clothes. I got the case open, some samples in their hands, and I sold two suits that afternoon.

I never went back to my old job. I never will. While I haven't made a thousand dollars every month my average is at least four times my previous earnings, and while I do work hard, I really like it; perhaps because I don't have to. And last October I took a real vacation of three solid weeks. When I got back, I picked up so many orders from old customers who had been waiting for their orders for Fall suits and overcoats that the old bank account didn't suffer much from my long absence!

Robert J. Vale
(in a Simpson Suit)

Five Planks in Mr. Vale's Success Platform

1. "You stand a better chance of grasping a new opportunity than of always holding your old job."
2. "Get over the idea that a man must be trained or talented in order to sell goods."
3. "When your quality and price both beat the other fellow's you have no competition."
4. "The backing of a house that's on the square beats owning a business all hollow."
5. "Working hard for yourself is easy."

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Direct From Factory to You At Less Than Dealer's Cost This Wonderful Coast-to-Coast METRODYNE SUPER FIVE 5 TUBE RADIO SET

Will be shipped anywhere in the U. S. for 30 days FREE trial. Test it yourself in your own home and if you do not agree that it is the Greatest Radio Set in the Country, RETURN IT TO THE FACTORY. We don't want your money unless you are completely satisfied. The Metrodyne has the latest and most efficient Tuned Radio Frequency Circuit. Approved by America's leading Radio Engineers. Easy to operate. Dials can be logged. Tune in your favorite stations instantly on the same dial numbers every time. No guessing. Mr. Howard of Chicago said "while 6 Chicago Broadcasting Stations were on the air I tuned in 7 out-of-town Stations, including New York and San Francisco on my loud speaker horn, very loud and clear, as though they were all in Chicago."

Thousands of satisfied and happy users everywhere. Price—Completely Assembled Only. Compare it with any \$100 or \$150 set. The results will really surprise you. Don't buy a radio set until you learn more about our liberal 30 days FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Write Today for Free Information

METRO ELECTRIC COMPANY

1243 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 15 Chicago, Ill.



Thirty-One Fifty!

Mr. Vale is wearing a Simpson suit in the picture. Tailored to order, the material virgin wool. Would you buy clothes like this? Could you sell them for \$31.50?

My selling method? Simpson didn't even ask that I learn any special system of selling. They gave me valuable pointers, but the woolen fabrics they give, the beautiful styling and tailoring they seem to know as no other house in my humble opinion does know, just naturally sell themselves. When they hear "thirty-one fifty" they just ask when I can promise the finished garments.

Simpson's Standing Offer

The Simpson plan is such an ideal way to be fitted and suited in tailored-to-measure clothes that sales come easier each season.

New Fall line ready now has more than 150 fine suitings in variety of colors, patterns, and weaves—every wanted new shade—also 30 overcoatings in 22 distinct shades and weaves.

If you believe you might like to help this business grow, and to grow with it, write us and we will give you many interesting facts and figures about this fascinating line of work. Past experience does not matter if you are earnest. Nor your present circumstances if you are anxious to better them.

Your request will bring full information if you address J. B. Simpson, Inc., Dept. 1118, Chicago.

FREE

Every representative of Simpson is provided with a beautiful case of gorgeous woollens and complete outfit. A Whole Tailoring Store in 10 x 13 x 6 in. space.

WANTED: 75 New Men

The fast-increasing popularity of the Simpson Plan makes an opening for seventy-five to a hundred new representatives this season. Our new book, just published, tells all about this interesting business, how anybody can start, what you can earn, the experience of others, etc. The territory you would like may be open. Why not ask about it? Perhaps this is the chance you have wanted all your life! Clip coupon now!

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc. Dept. 1118
Chicago, Ill.

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, please send me new illustrated book, "The Simpson Plan," with complete information about the opportunity your line offers any man who is willing to work.

Name.....

Address.....



\$25 to \$100
for one
drawing.

Learn to Draw at Home

Simple Method Makes It Amazingly Easy

Trained artists earn from \$50 to over \$250 a week. Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through this quick, easy method—right at home in spare time. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning. Actual fun learning this way. Individual attention by mail from one of America's most famous artists. Learn to draw and earn big money.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, and gives full details on this quick easy method of learning to draw. Tells all about students—their success—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Write for this Free Book and details of special free offer. Mail postcard or letter now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 3610C, 1115-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 83)

age to the Passaic Boys' Club camp at Cold Spring Lake. The boys, having been entertained by the Lodge band and regaled with ice-cream and prizes, reciprocated with a regular show put on in the open by the light of the camp-fire.

New Lodge Instituted In Massachusetts

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. McGann recently instituted Lodge No. 1513 at Watertown, Mass. A large gathering of Elks from other Lodges witnessed the ceremonies at which Hon. John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, installed Bernard S. McHugh as Exalted Ruler and John J. Stanton as Secretary. The new Lodge, which is the fifty-seventh in the State of Massachusetts, became a member of the State Association by vote at its first regular session.

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its 36th Anniversary

A banquet and program of entertainment was recently given by McKeesport, Pa., Lodge No. 136 in celebration of its thirty-sixth anniversary. Members of the G. A. R., the Foreign War Veterans and the World War Veterans who are members, were the Lodge's guests of honor at this function.

Missouri State Elks Association To Meet This Month

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association is to be held at St. Louis on Monday and Tuesday, October 5 and 6. St. Louis Lodge No. 9, as hosts to the Convention, have arranged what promises to be a most enjoyable series of entertainments to supplement the business program of the Association. The meeting is expected to be one of unusual interest, inasmuch as the dates coincide with those of St. Louis's annual fall festival, "The Veiled Prophet." Large delegations are promised from all the Lodges of the State, and it is hoped that many Grand Lodge officers and committeemen will be present. It is planned, among other things, to perfect at this meeting arrangements for the representation of the Association at the 1926 Grand Lodge Reunion in Chicago.

The Kiddies' Health Camp of Omaha, Neb., Lodge a Great Success

By the middle of August 22 youngsters were enjoying the benefits of the Health Camp which is being maintained by Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39 on the forty-acre estate 10 miles out of the city, which was once the residence of Harold Gifford, the naturalist. The kiddies range from 6 to 12 years, and the only entrance requirement is that they be at least 10 pounds underweight. Residence at the camp has no specific limit, each child being made welcome until his or her normal weight has been regained. The children have daily medical attention, most of them sleep on the wide screened veranda, and all live constantly in the open air, playing games that are not too strenuous, resting regularly, and enjoying frequent treats. This treatment has proved so successful that there is every probability of the camp's running on capacity basis (35) before the end of the season.

Redding, Calif., Lodge Makes Extensive Improvements in Its Home

Redding, Calif., Lodge No. 1073 feels that it is in a fair way to make a success of its fall membership campaign in view of the greatly increased attractiveness of its Home. New draperies and new carpets have freshened all the rooms and a thorough repairing of the furniture throughout has made the interior of the building seem like new.

A Successful Theatre Party Staged By New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge

The second mortgage on the Home of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756 was wiped out,



Few Ounces of Liquid Gas Heats Home for Hours

An amazing new way has been found to burn kerosene (coal oil) so that a small quantity will heat your home for hours. Already tried out in thousands of homes, including many in coldest Alaska and Canada.

THIS wonderful invention has proved so satisfactory that it will be sent you for thirty days' trial in your own home—with the understanding that it costs you nothing if you do not find that it has hundreds of advantages over other heating methods.

Pat Schaefer, working in conjunction with the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of oil burners, has made a discovery that revolutionizes home heating. Now, in coldest zero weather by using this new "Aerified Liquid" you can heat your home for hours with a small quantity of kerosene. Without change to your present heater, cook stove or furnace you install this wonderful new burner in a few minutes and then at a turn of a valve you have any degree of heat desired for a mild fall or for 20° below zero weather.



No More Dirty Coal or Wood

How many times have you wished to be free forever from the dirt, soot, smoke and drudgery of dirty coal and wood? How many times have you stopped to realize that the danger of coal shortages and strikes might leave you during the severest winter weather with nothing to protect your family from colds, influenza and pneumonia. Home owners all over the world who have tested this wonderful new device say that it is a God-send and it can mean just as much to you.

30 Days' Trial

You are not asked to risk anything—Pat Schaefer will send you a "heat fountain," as this invention is called, for 30 days' trial in your own stove or furnace. Unless he does not give you clean, more dependable heat, it costs you nothing. Never before has such a wonderful guarantee been made. But never yet has such an invention been available to the home owners of America.

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK

Be prepared for the coming winter. Act now. Learn about the details of this wonderful invention and how you can use it on free trial. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below which will bring you an interesting FREE BOOK without obligation. Get the coupon in the first mail.

OLIVER OIL BURNER CORPORATION
Dept. M-200 7th and Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

OLIVER OIL BURNER CORPORATION Dept. M-200
7th and Market Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me at once your booklet, full details of your low price and free trial offer. I am interested in a burner for

☐ Cook Stove ☐ Heater ☐ Furnace

Name

Address County

City State

and over \$1,300 was put in the charity fund by the theatre party recently given by that Lodge. More than \$4,300 was netted by this highly successful entertainment.

Warning of a Swindler Who Is Victimizing Elks

The following warning has been issued by the Secretary of Reading, Pa., Lodge No. 115:

"Your attention is called to the following facts: Brother Harry P. Deppen of this Lodge while on his vacation was visiting at Buffalo, N. Y. While there he met a stranger at the hotel and after formal greeting—they both being Elks—he inquired relative to his home in Reading and mentioned several persons in this city. On the 20th we received a wire from Brother Deppen stating he had lost his card and to mail a receipt to him—duplicate—care the General Delivery, Buffalo, N. Y. Brother Deppen has just returned from his vacation and was asked this morning if he got his duplicate receipt and he stated he did not get one neither did he ask for same by wire. In connection therewith will you please—by publication or otherwise—notify the members of this fact—as it is evident the person who requested the duplicate by wire is a swindler."

Grand Exalted Ruler's Return Celebrated by Dallas Lodge

When the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Dallas, with Mrs. Atwell, on his return, from the Grand Lodge Convention, he was met at the railroad station by the officers of Dallas Lodge No. 71, who, with the large Elks Band and Drum Corps, headed a parade escorting him to the City Hall. There Mayor Louis Blaylock officially welcomed the newly elected leader of the Order.

The evening after his return, Judge Atwell was the guest of honor at a banquet given by members of Dallas Lodge, at which nearly 300 were present. Past Exalted Ruler Mike T. Lively was toastmaster, and the speakers included Federal Judge James C. Wilson, of Fort Worth, R. E. L. Saner, of Dallas, Exalted Ruler Charles A. Mangold, of Dallas Lodge, W. R. Dudley, Jr., Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, E. R. Brown, Nathan Adams and Col. P. L. Downs, Past Exalted Ruler of Temple Lodge No. 138.

Secretary Dudley, Exalted Ruler of Dallas Lodge last year, presented to Judge Atwell on behalf of the Lodge a gold life membership card in No. 71. The Grand Exalted Ruler responded with an address in which he pledged himself to work earnestly for the good of the Order, and asked for the support of the entire membership in exemplifying his motto: "He Went About Doing Good." In addition to the speeches there was an enjoyable musical program.

After leaving San Francisco and Oakland, Judge Atwell stopped, en route for Dallas, to visit many of the Southern California Lodges. From there he went to Nevada, making a number of visitations, ending up with a big meeting in Reno. At Salt Lake City he addressed members of several Utah Lodges. He also spoke at Denver and Kansas City.

Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge Will Dedicate New Home

Fitting festivities for a New Year's dedication of its new Home are being planned by Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge No. 646. Present indications are that all work on the \$270,000 Club House will be completed by that time, so that the members can celebrate the coming of the New Year there in fitting fashion. The splendid increase in membership during the last few months is attributed by the Lodge largely to the prestige of its new possession.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Holds Annual Picnic at Elks National Home

A special train transported nearly 500 members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 107 and their families to Bedford, Va., for their annual day's outing in the grounds of the National Home. The day's activities included a baseball game in which the Elks won a decisive victory, cheered on by an audience of nearly a thousand. The game was followed by a picnic supper on the

(Continued on page 86)



That's the Big Reason why Our Men Make \$6000 per Year!

CRACKLING flames that lick crumbling walls! Scorching heat and belching smoke that sicken firemen and spectators! Men, women, perhaps children—trapped beyond rescue—or leaping from upper windows for their very lives. That is the tragedy enacted every day throughout the land. That is the big reason why our representatives are welcomed everywhere—and why they easily make \$500 per month.

We Give You Thorough Training

Each of our representatives is a trained fire prevention expert. Each can prescribe the necessary equipment and precautions that will prevent fire. And when they offer the public the famous Fyr-Fyter products—time tested and approved by (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories—they are rewarded with generous orders. Previous selling experience will be quite helpful. But even without it you can make good in a big way with Fyr-Fyter products. If you are sincere and ambitious and will tell your prospects the facts that we give you, you can easily earn \$500 a month and over. Commissions paid every ten days.

Just Read This Letter

"I am located in a small town of less than 1,000 population, but have been very successful in selling all classes of prospects, which include garages, farmers, truck and auto owners, etc. During the week ending October 25th, I worked only 43 hours, made 44 calls and sold 28 customers. My profits for this week ran \$166.20."

Harry L. Smith of Minnesota, who wrote this letter, is only one of hundreds of men we have started on a successful career. Mr. E. J. Baker of Oregon, 68 years old, able to work only part time, says that on a number of days his commissions run as high as \$25 and \$30. We have hundreds of such letters in our files that show what a man can do if he will just "take the first step" and apply himself.

The field is unlimited! Fire extinguishers are needed in homes, schools, churches, theatres, hospitals, factories, autos, motor boats, filling stations, farms, etc. The U. S. Government, railroads, Standard Oil and other big corporations buy Fyr-Fyter in enormous quantities.

We have some mighty good territory open right now—but it is going fast. Why not "take that first step" by writing us for full information? Decide now to join in the good work of fire prevention and at the same time start on the road to a permanent business and financial independence. Today is better than tomorrow—Do it now!



ANY MAN CAN SELL THEM

THE FYR-FYTER CO.

946 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio



Elks Club No. 46
new Milwaukee home

Now—Instant Riddance of All Waste!

ANY Elk who is planning his own private home—or who is on the building committee superintending specifications for a new Lodge—should know of the Kernerator method of waste disposal built into the magnificent Milwaukee Club. The Kernerator consists of a brick combustion chamber at the base of the regular chimney, connecting with hopper doors, usually in the kitchen and halls of the floor above. Into these all waste is dropped as quickly as it accumulates—garbage, sweepings, broken glassware, papers, tin cans, bottles. An occasional lighting reduces the accumulation to dry ashes; metallic objects are flame-sterilized.

Costs Nothing to Operate

Tidier premises—no garbage cans, no trash or rubbish piles. Just a perpetual handiness that rivals the convenience of the drain in your kitchen sink. No gas, wood, oil or coal—the waste itself is fuel for its own destruction.

Your Own Home Can Have One

The Kernerator must be built into the chimney—cannot be installed in existing buildings. A typical residential installation, like the one pictured, costs no more than a good radio set. Thousands in use for years. Sold under a positive money-back guarantee. Consult your architect or contractor—both know and recommend the Kernerator. Or write us, stating whether you are planning an Elks building or a private home.

Kerner Incinerator Co.
779 E. Water St. Milwaukee, Wis.



KERNERATOR
Built-in-the-Chimney

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

Drop all waste
here—
then forget it!

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 85)

lawn, at which the 200 residents of the Home were guests of Roanoke Lodge, and they were later entertained by a concert by the Virginia Bridge and Iron Company Band, who accompanied the picnickers. At 8:30 the special train started the return journey to Roanoke carrying a company well satisfied with the day, which was pronounced the greatest success.

News of the Order From Far and Near

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge was host to the delegation from Dallas, Texas, Lodge en route home from the Grand Lodge meeting in Portland. There were 140 in the Dallas party, including a 70-piece cowboy band. They were met at Santa Margarita by officers and members of San Luis Obispo Lodge and taken by automobile over the Cuesta Grade, a beautiful mountain drive, then on to San Luis Obispo, where their band gave a concert and street parade. Later in the afternoon the Dallas delegation were given a clam bake at Pismo Beach, a near-by resort, by the local Chamber of Commerce.

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge is justly proud of the fact that although it has only 400 members it sent an all-Elks Band of 35 pieces to the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland. The Lodge was represented in the Grand Lodge by one of its life members, Judge Edward Brassey, who in the early days of Montana was personally acquainted with Charles S. Vivian, founder of the Order. The Judge traveled to Montana, then a territory, in 1867, by stage.

The crack degree team of Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge conducted an initiation at Logan, W. Va., before an audience of between 300 and 350.

At the institution of Watertown, Mass., Lodge every charter member was presented with an official Elk diploma as a souvenir of the occasion.

The Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest, comprising twenty Lodges of the district, recently held its annual picnic at Kennywood Park. The outing, including a number of swimming and bathing contests, was a great success.

Lockport, N. Y., Lodge won a silver cup for the best appearance in line in the great parade held during Old Home Week in their city.

Camden, N. J., Lodge has swelled its Crippled Kiddies Fund through the staging of a boxing bout.

A successful "Frontier Days" Rodeo was recently staged by Rochelle, Ill., Lodge to which members of Mendota, Sterling, Dixon and DeKalb Lodges were invited.

Johnstown, Pa., Lodge put on a circus comprising fifteen well-known acts under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

A donation of \$50 to the Malden Children's Health Camp was made by Malden, Mass., Lodge.

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge plans to add a Lodge and ballroom to their new Home.

An enjoyable outing was held by Lawrence, Mass., Lodge at Ferncroft.

Two steamers were chartered by Pawtucket R. I., Lodge to take the Kiddies of Blackstone Valley to Rocky Point on their annual outing.

The ambitious program of the Purple Bubble Ball given by Everett, Wash., Lodge was put over in splendid style.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its annual Crippled Kiddies Day by giving the youngsters an outing to Coney Island.

The Charity Fund of Westerly, R. I., Lodge has been substantially augmented by the Charity Bazaar and Vaudeville show they staged.

The Elks baseball team of Nutley, N. J., Lodge has made a splendid showing for a first-year team.

The Elks of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge were invited to participate in the celebration given annually by the citizens of Clarksdale, Ariz., in observance of Labor Day.

The Carnival and Circus of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge achieved a great success.

On a day designated as "Massachusetts Elks Day" by the management of the Boston Braves baseball team, Massachusetts Elks witnessed the double-header played by Philadelphia as guests of the Club.

The annual bazaar of Freehold, N. J., Lodge met with splendid support from the members.

Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge recently initiated a record class of candidates on the occasion of participation in the parade which opened the East Idaho District Fair.

The Elks baseball team of Port Arthur, Texas, recently won the deciding game in their series with the Southern Pacific team of Beaumont.

Irvington, N. J., Lodge is inaugurating its social season with an Indian Summer Dance, supplemented by a cabaret entertainment.

Hood River, Ore., Lodge celebrated the granting of its charter by giving a water carnival followed by a dance, at which Elks from Portland, The Dalles and Vancouver, Wash., were their guests.

Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge has been presented with an autographed photo of Wayne H. "Big" Munn, former world champion heavyweight wrestler, who gave one of his talks on manhood and the principles of clean living. The young men of the city and the Boy Scouts were invited guests of the Lodge.

During Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell's sojourn in Oakland he visited seven near-by Lodges: Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond, Pittsburg, San José, Palo Alto and San Mateo. Two, Pittsburg and Palo Alto, are youngsters, and greatly interested the Judge, who pronounced their progress astonishing.

If any member of Peru, Ind., Lodge lost an Elk charm in Yellville, Ark., he can recover it by communicating with Mrs. V. L. Walton, Secretary of the Civic Club, Yellville.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge recently gave its annual Kiddies Day picnic at the famous resort of Pass-Appgrille, an island in the Gulf of Mexico, where it entertained thousands of children and grown-ups. A shore dinner was served, and there were many forms of entertainment.

The Elk who lost in Cedar Point, Ohio, on Sunday, August 9, a valuable initialed watch-fob, can secure it on identification from the finder, Mr. George P. Shinn, 4550 Grand River Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge recently appropriated \$300 to pay for the erection of one of the permanent sleeping cabins at Camp Coffman, a Boy Scout camp in North Clarion County. The Lodge also donated \$50 to help make up a deficit in the local "Old Home Week" fund.

To raise money for its Charity Fund, Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge staged a genuine Wild West Rodeo at the Culver City Automobile race-track.

Instead of the usual day's outing to the Crippled Children, Camden, N. J., Lodge decided this year to send as many of the kiddies as possible for short vacations at the "Health and Happiness" camp and the Betty Bacharach Home.

With much merriment and elaborate ceremonies St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge lately initiated the largest class in the history of the Lodge. The addition of these new members raises St. Augustine Lodge to the first rank in its State.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Dedicates New Home

(Continued from page 33)

landscaped by the city as part of a plan for the beautification of the lake front.

Just as the mezzanine floor is exclusively devoted to the women, the fourth floor is exclusively devoted to the men. There is a banquet hall, with its own service rooms and kitchen; a billiard and pool room with 18 tables; a room for cards, chess and checkers; a library and reading room; a rathskeller; committee room

and everything that experience has shown necessary to make this floor a recreational haven.

On the floor above are the bowling alleys. There are ten of them, all regulation size, and thoroughly modern in all details of equipment and service. There is a large grill room, with several private dining-rooms, locker and wash rooms for men and for women, and the bowling hall has a roomy and comfortable gallery.

The Lodge room situated on the sixth floor is 100 feet wide by 164 feet long, exclusive of the stage and projection chamber. The architectural features and decorative treatment of the Lodge room have been planned with the utmost care. The prevailing color is a light tone of antique brown for the surfaces, with the decorative reliefs, cornices, capitals, etc., picked out in blue and gold, and the stage curtains are of rich purple velvet, heavily embroidered and bordered with gold. There are no visible chandeliers or sidelights, the entire illumination system being indirect. Dimmers are provided in three colors, so as to provide a wide range of blended color effects for either stage or ceremonial purposes.

The stage is well proportioned: 32 feet deep and 50 feet wide, with ample space provision for stage-workers, dressing rooms, etc.; and every necessary appliance is installed for the effective presentation of plays, concerts, or pageants, or for lecturing purposes. An elaborately equipped projection room can meet every need for moving-pictures. To the left of the stage is a magnificent pipe-organ; to the right of the stage is what is known as an echo organ—between them they furnish an extraordinarily wide range of organ effects such as it is rarely possible to hear.

In addition to the usual offices—service hall, retiring rooms, anterooms, etc.—there is a good-sized room where the candidates are gathered to await initiation; a spacious balcony and a beautifully planned Memorial Chapel wherein Lodge No. 46 shrines its Records of the brothers who have gone before. Upon the richly carved central altar rests a beautifully bound Memorial Album; the mellow-toned parchment pages inscribed with the names of absent brothers, with the dates of their passing. Immediately above gleams an ever-burning light—night and day. In recessed wall panels tablets record the names and appropriate data of those whose noteworthy devotion to the principles of Elksdom have made them deserving of especial honor and remembrance; and provision is made for the appropriate placing of floral tributes.

The seventh floor—the major portion of which is taken up by the upper part of the Lodge room, and the balcony just referred to—is really the Elks' Departmental Headquarters. There are separate rooms with generous provision for informal conferences and general committee meetings.

The eighth and ninth floors are practically alike. The entire two floors are arranged for residential purposes—bachelor dormitories and private suites. The heating, lighting and ventilating are all in accord with the newest ideas and the fixtures of most modern design. The decorative effects are quiet in tone and attractive.

Above the ninth floor the space is mainly devoted to various mechanical and engineering units. There is a roof garden arranged and fitted to make it one of the most beautiful spots in the building. In one corner is "The Crow's Nest," an observation tower from which one can get a remarkable bird's-eye view of the city and its adjacent territory. The western side of the roof area will be netted in for use as a hand-ball court.

In the basement is a regulation swimming pool, second to none in the Middle-West; a white-tiled, five-lane pool, 75 feet long. Beyond it is a still larger space devoted to the fully equipped gymnasium. An expert physical director is in charge.

There is a Turkish bath section—hot room, steam room, rubbing room, and showers—with locker rooms, barber shop, service kitchen and plenty of lounging space.

Another floor, beneath this section, has the boiler room, the filtering and mechanical plants, coal bunkers, cold storage and engineer's department.

"She is Yours Master"



SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the thrilling, absorbing, and fascinating pages of the

MASTERPIECES of ORIENTAL MYSTERY

By **SAX ROHMER**
11 Superb Volumes

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental.



THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister under-worlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills!

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of enjoyment at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

2 Beautiful Book-Ends FREE



A LIMITED quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends (5 inches high), will be sent absolutely FREE as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After your free examination, just mail your first instalment within ten days—but send the coupon today sure!

Forget your Troubles—Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency many times over.

Extraordinary Offer—Don't Wait a Minute!

Printing these volumes by the huddled thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute.

Send No Money— Just mail the free Examination Coupon Today Sure! Read them. **TEN DAYS FREE,** without a penny down.

IF YOU ACT NOW

Rush this FREE EXAMINATION COUPON TODAY! IT COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE. Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, your special set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep the books and send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly, absolutely free, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

Name

Address

Occupation

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE

Dept. 29, 30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

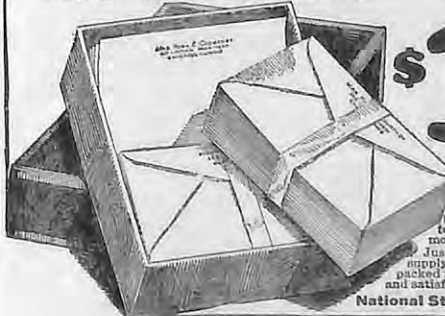
A STEADY JOB

Men are glad to buy Style-Center tailored-to-measure suits and overcoats at \$23.50. Our salesmen make \$75-\$150 every week. Write for agency. The Style-Center Tailoring Co., 902 Anderson Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

SPEECHOGRAPHY

Stop hum-hawing, awkward pausing; express yourself fittingly. Write and talk fluently. Enchant your tongue and pen. Physicize your thoughts properly. **SPEECHOGRAPHY**, only book of its kind, teaches this faculty on principles mastered in thirty minutes. Not a grammar, dictionary, or prepared speeches and essays: the missing link in your lingual chain. Bares the secret of the brilliant orator, writer, conversationalist and correspondent for your benefit and emulation. May be turning point in your career. "Say it with words" and succeed. Speechography in one volume, one dollar. ANN BOOKSALES CO., P. O. Box 1912, Pittsburgh

200 Sheets—100 Envelopes



\$1.00
Post Paid

High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery. This stationery, unprinted, would ordinarily cost you more than \$1.00; our large production at narrow margin makes this offer possible.

Name and Address Printed Free

on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Platte Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.

Just send \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S. \$1.10) and this generous supply stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order today!

National Stationery Co., 3467 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois



Which Is Your Favorite?

Piano
Organ
Violin
Banjo
Clarinet
Flute
Harp
Cornet
'Cello
Guitar

Harmony and
Composition
Hawaiian Guitar
Drums and Traps
Mandolin
Sight Singing
Ukulele
Piccolo
Trombone
Saxophone
Piano Accordion

Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control

Blame Yourself — If You Can't Play Any Instrument!

It's nobody's fault but your own if you really have always *wanted* to become a popular musician and you're not one. For through a surprisingly easy method you can now learn to play any instrument you choose like a professional at little expense—and at home in half the usual time!

HOW about it? What's stopping you from learning to play your favorite musical instrument? Is it the dread of private teachers, long years of study, expensive instruction fees, monotonous scales, and meaningless exercises? If so then this wonderful up-to-date, "no hard work" method will solve your problem once and for all.

There's no teacher necessary—there's no interruption to your regular duties. You learn in your spare time at home and actually enjoy it as much as you would if you were learning a thrilling new sport or game. Instead of going through a long siege of dry, uninteresting practice periods—instead of waiting a year or more before playing real tuneful pieces you start to play them from the very beginning—*perfectly by note!* And before you realize it you will have progressed to a point where you can play anything—the pop-

ular "Jazz" or those classical selections for which there is always a big demand at concerts and home entertainments.

You Can Learn As Easily As Thousands of Others Have

This practical home-study method originated by the U. S. School of Music has already been tested and proved by 350,000 people all over the world. They found, as you, too, will discover, that it's impossible to go wrong this simplified way even though it is entirely different from old-fashioned methods of learning. For every single step from beginning to end is right before your eyes or handy for ready reference in "easy-to-understand" print and picture form. No wonder even children as well as grown-ups can quickly become accomplished musicians this simple as A. B. C. way.

Proof!

Read the following statements, which are typical of hundreds received from delighted students. What they have done, you too can do.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of popular music I wish. My friends are astonished."—TURNER B. BLAKE, Illinois.

"Since finishing the course I have been teaching, playing in churches and at recitals, and receiving a fine salary. I have made money, come into contact with new friends, and greatly increased my popularity."—RUTH M. PEACOCK, North Carolina.

"Since I have been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin."—MERVIN FREELAND, New Jersey.

"I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your easy lessons."—C. C. MITTLESTADT, Mora, Minn.

"Your lessons are the easiest way I know of learning to play. I am delighted with them."—MARY P. WILLIAMS, Gest, Texas.

"I am well pleased with your lessons. I can now play most popular pieces."—WALTER G. RIGGLE, Phoenix, Arizona.

don't know one note of music from another—even if you've never touched the instrument you wish to play, let us send you our interesting Free Booklet and a valuable Demonstration Lesson—also Free.

Blame yourself if you are not a popular entertainer in a few short months from now. Here's your chance to quickly and easily learn to play any instrument listed in the panel. No matter which instrument you choose the cost of learning is just the same in each case, just a few cents a day. Get in the social picture. Don't be a back-number. Have some of the real good times that every musician enjoys. Special Offer now open to limited number of new students. So write at once. Make sure of getting your book and demonstration lesson. They are both FREE. No obligation. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. Fill in and mail the coupon today to the U. S. School of Music, 36210 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.



Mail Coupon For Free Proof

To prove that everything we have said about this wonderful method is absolutely true—to show you how easy it is to follow—to convince you that you can progress with your music in a rapid, sure manner even if you

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
36210 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

"But you said you had no basement —where is your boiler?"



ONE who did not know ARCOLA would think it an ordinary radiator," writes Dr. Frank O. Hetrick of Ottawa, Kansas—it is so compact.

"In fact," he continues, "one woman said to us: 'But you told me you had no basement, and where is your boiler?' We pointed to the ARCOLA Heating Outfit in the dining room and said nothing. To which the lady replied: 'Well, who ever would have believed that little thing would warm a chicken coop even?'"

And yet, as Dr. Hetrick and thousands of other owners warmly

testify, ARCOLA fills the whole house with even, healthful, hot-water warmth.

Is your home without a basement? Install ARCOLA and enjoy radiator warmth. Are you wasting fuel with an inefficient heater? Install ARCOLA and it will begin at once to save fuel.

You can afford ARCOLA. By our Easy Payment Plan your Heating and Plumbing store can install it complete with piping and radiators for only a small down payment.

Ask the nearest Heating and Plumbing store for a free ARCOLA estimate. Meanwhile send for our helpful book on modern warmth.



© A. R. Co., 1925

An ornament in any room
—the beautiful new
ARCOLA

Its glistening porcelain enamelled jacket is as easy to keep clean as fine china. Through its transparent door panels the hot coals glow with genial friendliness. The new ARCOLA is worth seeing. Send for the illustrated book about it.

For sale by the Heating and Plumbing Trade everywhere
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 92, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. Sales Offices in all principal cities

TRADE MARK
ARCOLA
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED





PALL MALL

IN THE FAMOUS RED BOX

KING'S SIZE . . 50¢

CORK TIP 25¢

A shilling in London

SPECIAL Plain ends only
20 for 30¢

THEY ARE GOOD TASTE