

# The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SEPTEMBER, 1927  
20 CENTS A COPY

## Magazine



*Beginning  
in this Issue:*

*The Story of Edward H. Harriman—Empire Builder, by William Almon Wolff*





There's a Western Shell or Cartridge that

# Outshoots

for every kind of game!

For quail or rabbits—ducks, geese or turkey—bear, moose or caribou—for every kind of game, there's a WESTERN shell or cartridge that outshoots—hits harder—kills cleaner—gets more game—due to remarkable accuracy and unusual shooting qualities!

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WESTERN Super-X—the long range load—pulls down high flying ducks and geese at distances that are amazing. Give yourself the 15 to 20 yards greater effective range that you get with WESTERN Super-X. The pellets travel to the bird in a compact mass, instead of stringing out along the line of flight. Short Shot String is the secret of this famous shell's longer range and greater effectiveness.

For big game shooting WESTERN high-power cartridges will prove a revelation. WESTERN Lubaloy (lubricating alloy) bullet cartridges increase the accuracy and prolong the life of your rifle. WESTERN Open-point Expanding bullets are famous for their deadly killing power. Remarkably accurate new WESTERN Boat-tail bullets in many sporting cartridges are now available. And if you're a small bore fan, WESTERN Non-Corrosive .22's will end your cleaning worries and make your rifle last longer and shoot better.

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The Elks National Trapshooting Tournament held at Cincinnati, July 10th to 13th, brought together several hundred of the most skilful shotgun shooters in the Order. The Elks National Championship was won by R. R. Stevenson of Dayton, Ohio. He tied three others by breaking 100 straight, and won the shoot-off by breaking 25. The Elks Team Race was won by the Council Bluffs, Iowa, team. Mr. Stevenson, who also won the All 'Round Championship, and all members of the Council Bluffs team, shot WESTERN ammunition—the same ammunition used by the winners of the Grand American Handicap in 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926 and hundreds of other important events.



# Western

World's Champion Ammunition



# WANTED—Your Services

## As a Real Estate Specialist

**Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.**

Are you in the same hole I was in?

Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay*?

Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects*?

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the *cake*?

Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years, I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity*.

### Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always

on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my



*Put Your Name Before the World*

amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

### What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300

a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would still be making \$35 a week instead of around \$200 as a starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

### Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-JJ, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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"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.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six  
Number Four

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OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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# "Were You Born a Money-Maker?"

Neither was I, but  
I have learned  
the secret of  
making money—  
and here it is...



"I'M going to let you in on a little secret, Tom. It cost me 10 years of wasted effort to discover it, but if you can use it—and you can—you're welcome to it. It ought to be worth at least \$5,000 a year to you—and I'm not going to charge you a single penny—"

"When I was your age, I was always wondering why the boss never seemed to take much interest in me—why, for instance, when he needed a new department head, he would always pick the other fellow and not me. Oh, I got a little 'raise' now and then—maybe an extra five a week, every year or two—but the jobs that paid real money always went to someone else."

"Then two things happened that set me thinking—  
"First, Bob Harris, who had started at the same time I did, was promoted to Chief Accountant—salary \$6,500. I knew Bob didn't have any more natural ability than I had—yet the fact remained that he got the place. And I had to admit that he was better able to swing it!"

"On top of that, Bert Winslow, who hadn't been with our organization half so long as I had, was stepped up to General Sales Manager—salary, \$8,000."

"Well, I took myself aside, and for the first time in my life I looked the situation squarely in the face. That night I clipped and mailed a LaSalle coupon."

"I'm not going to bore you with what happened during the next few months, but here's something that may surprise you—"

"I had always fought shy of home-study business

training. I looked on it as drudgery. When evening came I wanted to be out having a good time—"

"Well, it wasn't three weeks before I actually got to looking forward to those different lesson assignments. You see, instead of reading a lot of heavy, theoretical stuff, I took up case after case that represented actual business problems—just the kind of problems I would be called upon to solve in the bigger job I was going after. I was shown the principles that governed them; then I worked them out for myself. It fascinated me, because I could actually see myself grow."

"First thing I knew, a vacancy occurred—not the big job yet, but a job much bigger than the one I had been filling. I landed it—made good—then got a better job—and a better one yet—"

"I told you I was going to let you in on a little secret. Well—the secret is this: Always try to give a little more than you are paid for! And in order to give more, first get more to give!"

"Do that, and you'll soon be making more money than you ever dreamed of making!"

## Other Men Are Cashing In On That Simple Secret—So Can You!

Are you disappointed with that simple secret? You needn't be!

It was no other than that simple secret—backed and reinforced by LaSalle training—that took H. A. Nelson from a New York dock (where he landed from Holland in 1917, unable to speak a word of English)

and lifted him to the general managership of the Chemical Supply Company, of Cleveland, Ohio.

It was that same little secret—supported by LaSalle training—that lifted E. J. Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, from a clerkship at \$150 a month to the position of Auditor of a big wholesale house, where today his earnings are better than \$11,000 a year.

It was that same simple secret—brought to its full power by LaSalle training—that advanced C. R. Stowell, \$50-a-week salesman, to the position of Sales Manager of the Clear Lake Beach Company, Los Angeles, Calif., and to a yearly income of \$30,000.

## Send For These Free Books They Tell You How

You want to make more money—you're set on that. You want to make it as soon as possible—with the least lost effort.

Then there's one thing you should do immediately—you should send to LaSalle Extension University and find out how you can turn that secret into cash.

To aid you in your purpose, LaSalle has prepared two very interesting and helpful books and will send them to you without cost or obligation. One is a 64-page book outlining the opportunities in the business field that most appeals to you—telling you exactly how you can turn them to your own advantage. The other has marked the turning point for thousands. It is entitled, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Face your problem—decide the field in which you want to make a big success—then fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship.
- ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Railway Station Management.
- ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence.

- ☐ Industrial Management: Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
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## Announcement to Executives Introducing Ref-Ex

a scientifically-planned card-indexed, self-check reading, reference and consultation service for executives

LaSalle now offers to executives a new, unique and invaluable service known as Ref-Ex.

Ref-Ex is card-indexed, "brass tacks" business information built especially for the convenient use of the busy executive. It affords instant access to fundamental facts, analyses and principles that underlie successful executive work. It is supplemented by current business surveys and carries the privilege of confidential consultation on specific business problems. Write on your business letterhead for full particulars.

Name

Present Position

Address



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*  
*of the United States of America*  
**Official Circular Number One**

*Boston, Mass.*  
*August 8, 1927*

*To the Officers and Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

**MY BROTHERS:**

In this, my first official circular, I thank you for the honor and for the opportunity of serving as Grand Exalted Ruler. I appreciate fully the confidence and the good-will which prompted you to entrust me with the leadership of our great fraternity. You may be sure that I am alert to the possibilities and to the responsibilities of the position. I look to you for cooperation—join me in a determined effort to make this a year of real accomplishment. Let us face every problem courageously and unselfishly, with steadfastness for the right. Let us do all things with true Elk spirit for the good of our beloved Order.

The Grand Lodge Convention was a great success. I request that you read again very carefully the account of the proceedings and the reports of the Grand Lodge officers which appeared in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The overshadowing achievement of the year just closed was the spontaneous and generous response of the Lodges to the cry of distress. We should be proud of our membership in this Order which so effectively exemplified its cardinal principles by contributing \$70,000 to the Florida Relief Fund and \$90,000 to the Mississippi Valley Flood Relief Fund.

**Junior Elks—Constitutional Amendment**

The Grand Lodge approved an amendment to Article 4, Section 8 of the Constitution, as follows:

"Section 8—The Grand Exalted Ruler shall have power to grant dispensations to organize subordinate Lodges and to grant permits to subordinate Lodges to institute organizations of young men under twenty-one years of age in the manner provided by statute."

In accordance with the provisions of Section 1 of Article 8 of the Constitution, and Section 240 of the Statutes, the Grand Secretary will submit this amendment to the subordinate Lodges for adoption or rejection, and "every subordinate Lodge shall, at its first regular session in October, vote upon the same." I impress upon the officers of subordinate Lodges the duty of familiarizing themselves with the above-mentioned sections of our laws, of presenting the amendment to the membership in accordance therewith, of recording the vote and of reporting the result to the Grand Secretary.

This is a most important matter and should have the careful consideration of every member of the Order. If a majority of the votes cast by the subordinate Lodges is in favor of the adoption of the above amendment, it will become part of the Constitution of the Order. Thereupon, the Grand Exalted Ruler will be empowered to grant dispensations to subordinate Lodges "to institute organizations of young men under twenty-one years of age." No subordinate Lodge will be under compulsion to apply for such dispensation.

For many years the subordinate Lodges of California have fostered an organization composed of youths from ten to twenty-one years of age with excellent results. The purpose is to reach the youth of America, to draw them into favorable and congenial environment, to guide them to manhood and good citizenship by inculcating habits of clean-living and straight-thinking, and by engendering patriotism and love of high ideals. You now have the opportunity of saying whether an organization of this kind shall be given legal status in our Order.

**Elks National Foundation**

The Grand Exalted Ruler has been given authority to appoint a committee of five to make a survey and report upon the advisability of establishing a national endowment fund, from the income of which all approved Elk activities may be given financial assistance. This is a proposition of far-reaching importance. I call to the consideration of this plan the best minds of the Order. Necessarily the committee has been limited in membership, but whether or not you are a member of the committee, I ask you to assist by constructive suggestions and helpful criticism. We are striving for the best plan which the best thought of the Order can conceive.

**Constitution Day—September 17th**

The Grand Lodge approved a ritual for the observance of Constitution Day by subordinate Lodges during the week of September 17th. This observance is not mandatory. The ritual may not be ready for distribution and use by the subordinate Lodges this September. Nevertheless, I recommend that the subordinate Lodges observe Constitution Day by public ceremonies of a patriotic character during the week of September 17th.

**Ritual**

There is nothing so inspiring to the membership as the dignified and impressive exemplification of the ritual. I urge the officers of the subordinate Lodges to perfect themselves in their ritualistic work. I recommend that the State Associations appoint ritual committees to promote excellence in the initiatory work of the subordinate Lodges by arranging interlodge contests for suitable trophies.

**Good of the Order**

Our Order must grow stronger in quality and in membership. What is your Lodge doing to help? Look over the statistics of recent years, study the conditions in your Lodge and in your State. If your Lodge is not on the upward trend, find out the reason, apply the remedy and strive to move forward. My own observation is that subordinate Lodges progress while they keep their members interested in some worth-while undertaking. Learn the needs of your Lodge and your community. Make your plans carefully and then go into the work energetically and enthusiastically. "There is so much to do. There is so little time."

My concluding thought is that while we should be mindful of the serious purposes for which we are organized, we should retain all the cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit that have made our fraternity unique and attractive. Let us give and do and play, bringing joy to each accomplishment, finding a bit of heaven in each day.

Fraternally,



*Attest:*

*Ed Robinson*

Grand Secretary

*[Signature]*

Grand Exalted Ruler.





## TO PRESIDENTS *who want more leisure*

IT IS SAID that John D. Rockefeller once startled a man who had recently joined his company by the blunt statement: "*You mustn't work so hard.*"

The man was amazed. He thought that the way to impress Mr. Rockefeller and get ahead was to show that he *was* working hard.

"Hire an assistant and teach him to do your work," Mr. Rockefeller continued. "Then you put your feet on the desk and think up some new ways for the Standard Oil Company to make more money."

There are thousands of executives who would make more money for their companies and themselves if they could free themselves from pressure. But the gap between them and their assistants is too great; the assistants are only assistants, with neither the training nor self-confidence to seize large responsibility.

For such men the Alexander Hamilton Course and Service is almost as great a discovery as the telephone or

the typewriter. For the business of the Institute is:

1. To provide a ready reference library of ideas, plans, and advice to the man at the top of the organization, and
2. To give that systematic training in the fundamentals of all departments of business which fits younger men to accept more responsibility, act with greater confidence, and be right a greater percentage of the time.

We should like to send to every company president in the United States a copy of the little book which answers all questions regarding the Institute Course and Service and contains the written experience, briefly summarized, of 38,000 presidents who have enrolled.

We should like to send the same little book to every younger man in business who realizes that he can handle bigger things, provided he

has the knowledge and experience and confidence, and who would like to shortcut the long road of practical experience by taking the plans, ideas and methods of successful men who have already been over the road.

The book is free; it involves no cost except a half-hour's reading in the evening. It explains why this Course, so different from anything else in present-day education, has grown steadily in favor with business men who are not at all impressed with *claims* but are very much impressed with the Institute's remarkable record of results.

You need this information, Mr. President; it is the secret of abler assistants and of a sounder business, and of more leisure for yourself. Mail the coupon and read the little book.

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Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature ..... *Please write plainly*

Business Address .....

Business Position .....





*She was an extremely pretty girl, small and vivid. "Why," she was saying, "I can't help remembering what it used to be like when I lived out here. Then you came along. And what have you done? Built up a wonderful money-making machine and one of the horriddest looking communities I've ever seen—"*





# A Matter of Terms

## *Time and a Courageous Girl Balance the Books of Life*

I

By Holworthy Hall

Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen

ORIGINALLY, the house was situated on the very outskirts of the city. It was a great, sturdy brick house encircled by pleasant fields, and when Dr. Fernie had drawn his final check to the contractors he remarked to his wife: "Now, dear, if this doesn't become an ancestral homestead, it isn't *our* fault! And, by the way, I've bought that orchard you admired so much, over on Titheradge Lane. Some day it may come in handy for a pair of honeymooners, eh? Put up a cottage there."

Mrs. Fernie eyed him with adoring disapproval. "George!" she said. "Did you actually buy that lot just because I said it was *pretty*?"

"Yes, I did!" conceded the doctor, cheerfully.

She pointed out to him that it was a quarter of a mile away, and on a side road. She added that since their only offspring wasn't quite four, the vision of a cottage was premature. She ended by telling him that in spite of his professional success he was the worst business-man in the world, and that anybody forty years old should have known better.

The doctor chuckled. "Know enough to be darned happy, anyhow," he said.

For the next five years they were happy indeed. Then, suddenly, the city thrust out new tentacles in the form of trolley-lines, to capture the countryside. Two furlongs to the east, a settlement of machine-shops sprang up; an equal distance to the west, land was broken for Bradburn's Chemical Works, Inc.

"My heavens!" said the doctor, dismayed. "A chemical plant? I'll have to look into this!"

The result of his inquiries sent him shuddering, to a lawyer. "My goodness!" he said. "Just think what that may mean in warm weather, when the wind's right!"

The attorney stared at him. "But my dear sir, that whole district was allocated—oh, way back in 1900 or 1902—as available for any sort of manufacturing! Who represented you when you took your title? Didn't he warn you what you were getting into?"

Dr. Fernie winced. He did recall, now, that something had once been mentioned about this: but he had promptly forgotten it. What? Why not? When his house was six crow's miles from the City Hall? . . . But what, in the name of conscience, was he going to say to his wife?

That evening, after dinner, he broke the news to her; and although she took it heroically enough, yet he was glad to have the session interrupted by a caller. The caller was Mr. John Bradburn.

Mr. Bradburn was thirty-five, handsome and impressive, and both the Fernies liked him at sight. They also liked his motive for the visit. Mr. Bradburn had come to express his personal regret that the doctor's estate was liable to be prejudiced by the near-by operations. To be sure, Mr. Bradburn could scarcely feel any individual guilt, but he did feel sympathetic.

"My products are highly profitable," said Mr. Bradburn, with a smile, "but they're also highly perfumed."

To conceal their distress, the Fernies asked questions. It then appeared that Mr. Bradburn was a widower with a small child: the child was left temporarily in New York. It further appeared that he was a man of unlimited ambitions. His new factory would have three times the floor-space of his present building in Hoboken: nevertheless, he had purchased long options on much of the neighboring property. For if he went on prospering, and if this region went on developing, why, he might easily need additional terrain for his company, and for housing accommodation for his employees.

"Now, that," said Dr. Fernie, brightening, "happens to be a hobby of mine. Industrial housing, I mean. Would you care to hear my theories?"

"I'd be only too delighted," said Mr. Bradburn, with much animation.

The Fernies found him so attractive that when he departed, he had an invitation for Sunday night. And from Sunday night, their acquaintanceship evolved very rapidly. Mr. Bradburn was still compelled to spend

five days of each week in Hoboken; the Fernies urged him to be their guest for the other two days. Wouldn't that be more convenient for him than to stay at a hotel in town? Accordingly, he passed with them several days in February, and in March, and in April. In April, Dr. Fernie invested \$50,000 in Bradburn's Chemical Works, Inc.

"He's a live wire," declared the doctor, enthusiastically, "and he's going to make sparks. And par's a hundred dollars a share, and I only paid fifty. Of course I can't expect any dividends for a couple of years—but you wait!"

"George," said Mrs. Fernie, thoughtfully, "aren't you putting almost too much confidence in John?"

"Nonsense, my dear! Don't you suppose I can judge character and ability? Didn't you ever notice his jaw?"

"Yes," she said, "often. But when every agent in town had had this place listed since February, and we haven't had one serious nibble? So if we *have* to move out, when they start cooking up smells, why, we've either got to sell at an enormous loss, or else wait indefinitely—and that's *another* \$50,000 tied up, and—and dearest, you're just not a business-man!"

"PERHAPS I'm not," said the doctor, a trifle tartly, "but John is, anyway! And I'm getting pretty tired: I won't mind having a rest, and still have a good income."

Just before the factory was completed, in June, Bradburn offered to trade a thousand shares of stock for the ancestral homestead and its score of acres, and the doctor signed a memorandum agreement on the spot.

"Why, my dear!" he argued to his thunderstruck wife, "I'm absolutely convinced that one of these days you'll see that stock at 250 or 300! Why, I've made a killing! And it's really too far out for a practising physician, anyway—and I'm working harder than I like to—and as soon as we're on a dividend basis, why—"

Her eyes were wide. "Oh, George! Tell me: have you put anything *else* into this company?"





He had. He had supported his judgment with every penny of his savings.

"But you wait!" prophesied Dr. Fernie. "And as soon as we've got 200 workmen, we're going to push my housing scheme, and we'll have a model village that'll set a standard. You wait!"

Obediently, Mrs. Fernie waited. She waited until the holiday season, when she astonished her husband by demanding abruptly, how much he could realize on his Bradburn stock.

"Why, I don't know," said the doctor, who was looking even more tired than usual, "Why?"

"George," said Mrs. Fernie, soberly, "the last time John was here, he said something that disturbed me. And then he's written me two or three notes that disturb me. I've told you you're no business-man. I—"

"What was it he said?"

"I couldn't repeat it, dear, but it was more his manner than his words. I hate to have you think I'm silly, only—I'd feel a lot better if you'd get out of it."

The doctor petted her. "Yes, my dear, you're silly. John's as overworked as I am, right now, and it's perfectly natural for him to spill over—especially to you." Then, because his nerves were snapping, he snapped at his wife. "And besides, I'm in this thing to stay, and I *do* wish you'd give me a little peace!"

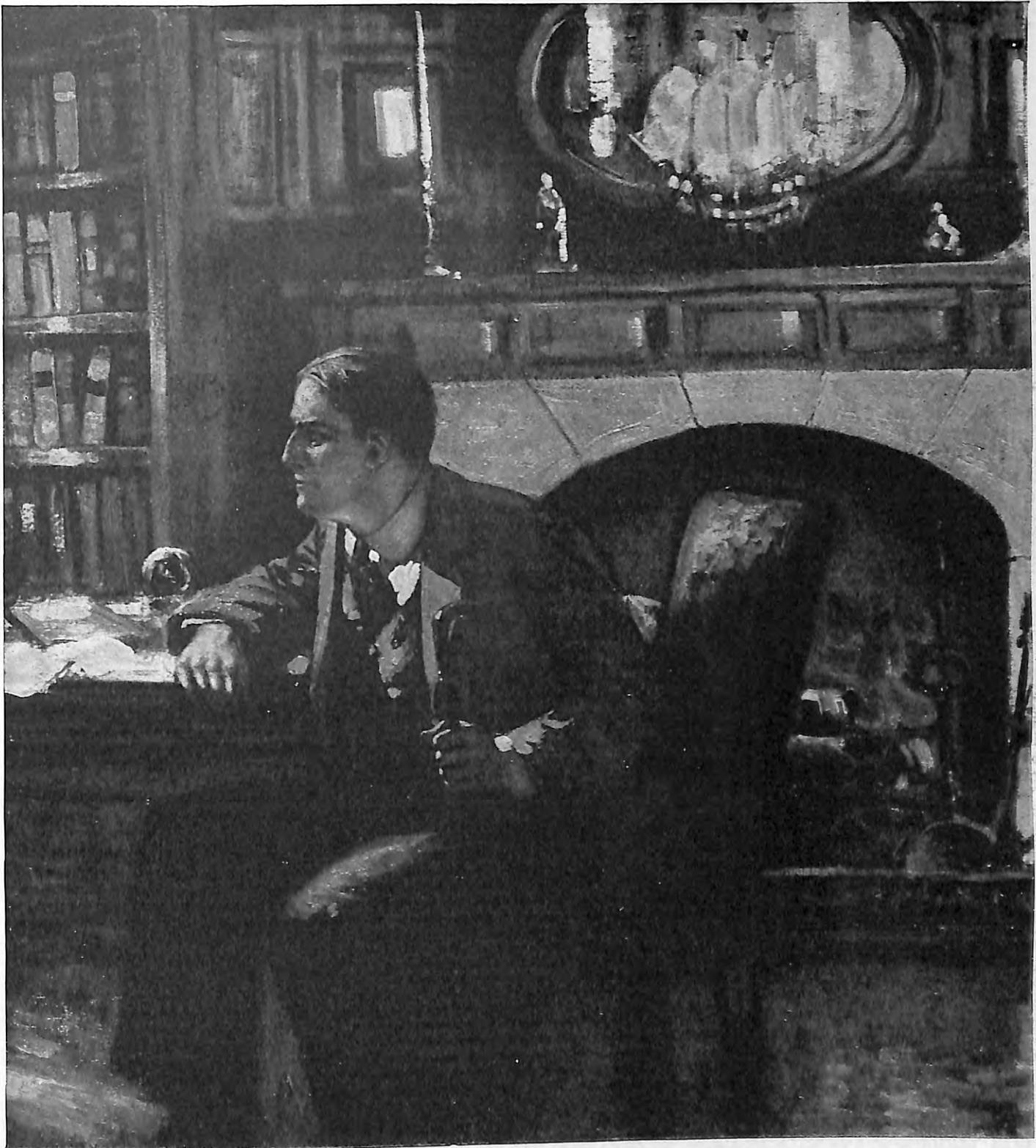
But she didn't. She continued to harass him until, in mid-January, his poise flew away from him, and his colleagues ordered him to take a long vacation. To finance it, he had to dispose of some of his chemical stock, and, naturally, he first sent for Bradburn.

"Please go, dear," said the small girl. "Your cuss with me privately." Bradburn shot his son. "Do as you're told, sir." And then

Even to the doctor's unsuspecting eyes, Bradburn seemed ill at ease. But this was apparently explained in Bradburn's first sentence. "I'll tell you frankly, doctor," he said, "that we've had a bit of hard sledding, and for the moment your stock isn't worth what you paid for it. But you get in touch with the local brokers, and get their best bona-fide bid, and then I'll pay you three points more than anybody else will. And that goes from now 'till Doomsday. Is that fair?"

The doctor was grateful for this evidence of sportsmanship: but when he telephoned the brokers he was somewhat startled to learn that the best bid was 11. Between





*father has something that he wants to dis-lightnings at her, and then switched them to Bradburn waited silently for his son to go*

11 and 50 there is a considerable difference. "Well," said the broker, cautiously, "didn't you see their statement, first of the year? I don't say it won't straighten out in the long run—but the price is 11."

The doctor sold Bradburn 500 shares at 14, and assured his wife that the company's troubles were purely transient, and that his own confidence would some day make him a millionaire. Her swift reaction included a plea and a vow. The vow was that she would never speak to John Bradburn again as long as she lived. The plea was for the doctor to liquidate his capital while he had the chance. But her vehemence sent him into a relapse, and delayed their sailing for the

south of France, and—as he feebly reminded her—his return to a lucrative practice.

Long before his vacation was done, however, he perceived that his practice would never again support his family. His health was broken, and he knew that few patients will endure a physician who is obviously a patient, himself. Furthermore, the California climate was now recommended for him. But he needed funds, and he had nothing in the world but 3,200 shares of Bradburn common.

He sold Bradburn a sizable block at 12; but when, later, he telegraphed from Los Angeles, the best local quotation was  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , so that Bradburn paid only  $10\frac{1}{2}$ . At last the doctor became demoralized, and the upshot of it was that he cleared out his entire holdings at 10, in order to have a fixed income. On this fixed income, and a

scattering of meagre fees, the Fernies lived doggedly, and Mrs. Fernie never again reminded her husband that he was no business-man. She didn't have to. Because for the first few seasons it would have hurt him too cruelly, and after that it would have been too tragic for herself. For in 1914, that stock was already returning 5 per cent., and then there was a war.

Six years after the Armistice, the Fernies both died in the same month, which was the same month that Bradburn Chemical soared to 470 on the New York Stock Exchange—and cheap at that.

## II

May, 1926, fair and warmer: the barometer rising, and the clock running well into  
(Continued on page 52)



## An Empire Builder: Edward Henry Harriman

By William Almon Wolff

### Part I

I NEVER really knew Edward Henry Harriman. You don't know a man you have met perhaps half a dozen times; with whom, on that many occasions, you have held brief, one-sided conversations; to whom, really, you have listened.

And that was the extent of my actual, personal contact with Harriman. I was a newspaper reporter, twenty years ago, and I had occasion, in the course of my work, to see him, sometimes, as I saw any number of other people, of every degree of importance.

I saw Harriman for the last time nearly twenty years ago; he has been dead for nearly eighteen years.

Yet he stands out in my memory. He is a more vivid figure in my mind to-day than men and women I know well, whom I saw yesterday and shall see again to-morrow. I still think of him as the greatest man with whom I ever talked; I do not expect ever to know a greater one.

The ability to make an impression of that sort on the minds of those with whom he comes into even the most casual contact is, of course, one of the manifestations—I was going to say, one of the attributes, but that is not so—of greatness in a man. It is something wholly divorced from what we usually think of as personality.

Theodore Roosevelt had that ability. But Roosevelt belabored one with his vivid, forceful, picturesque personality. His speech was full of color; his manner was vigor incarnate; wherever he appeared he became, at once, the most conspicuous figure present.

The Harriman of his amazingly brief day of greatness, of the few years in which he stamped himself upon his time, was a little, drab, unimpressive looking man. He wore big glasses. He was homely in a trivial way, not ugly in the grand manner. You got an impression of a small man, with a mustache that he treated abominably.

HE HAD, to be sure, a forceful personality, but he didn't keep it continually turned on as Roosevelt did. There was nothing vivid or spectacular about him. He loathed being conspicuous in any way. He had a keen, a subtle, a delicate humor. It was always painfully easy for him to see the comic aspects of a situation involving himself, wherein he differed from most really great men, and from none more completely than Roosevelt. Roosevelt had humor, and plenty of it, but it never so much as occurred to him that there could be anything comic, much less anything ridiculous, about him or anything he did.

*E. H. Harriman at the height of his career when he was a great power in the railroad world*



BROWN BROTHERS



*Stuyvesant Fish, Harriman's friend and associate in the early days*

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Harriman would have lived longer had he been in that respect more like Roosevelt. The man capable of seeing himself in a comic light has the corresponding ability, always, to see the tragedy of his own position, when it is tragic. Harriman died at sixty-one, with his work, naturally, unfinished. The doctors can, as, indeed, they could and did, explain the reasons for his death in medical terms. But there were mental and emotional causes, as well as physical ones. Harriman was one of your thin-skinned stoics; one of those men who suffer the more keenly from injustice and misunderstanding because they insist upon doing their suffering quietly.

### II

Who and what was Harriman? Why, nearly twenty years after his death, is the man to be described, here and now? Why is this banker and reorganizer of railroads, chosen, from among many, as the subject of this sketch? What did he do?

Well, to put it briefly, Harriman was an American, of English descent, born in Hempstead, Long Island, where his father was an Episcopal rector, and a very poor man, on February 25, 1848. He was, for a number of years, an obscure and unimportant, a distinctly minor, figure in the financial world. He was a stock broker, a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He was a comparatively poor man at forty; when he died he controlled one of the great American fortunes. His real career lasted a little more than twenty years.

In that time he restored at least two great railways to life. He played a dominant part in the reconstruction of others. He brought a new spirit, a new thought, into the business of transportation. He foresaw, and tried to initiate, with some success, but not with complete success, for reasons he could not control, and that no man placed as he was could have controlled, a movement for the reconstruction of the entire railway system of the United States that is practically certain to be completed in the present generation. This country is, even now, groping, painfully, at enormous expense, toward the solution of a problem that, in his lifetime, only Harriman properly envisaged. And the project that is taking form is, substantially, the one Harriman's mind evolved a quarter of a century ago—and which he was denounced almost as a traitor for contemplating.

Harriman was a baby when gold was found in California—a discovery that changed the entire trend of American history. He was a boy and a young man while the pioneers were building the first great American railways. He was a keen and shrewd stock-market operator while, with money borrowed in Europe, a network of steel rails was being thrown all over the United States. He had grown somewhat in stature, he had become a figure of some small importance in the railway world, when the bubbles began to burst and the inevitable price of corruption, of rashness, of extravagance, of unsound financing, had to be paid.

But he was still, in the black years of the early nineties, when panic stalked abroad, when men stood in line at soup kitchens, when the country was in the grip of a depression such as it has never seen again, when Coxey led his army toward Washington, a man almost unknown.

He did, then, what J. Pierpont Morgan, the arch human symbol, in that day, of



American wealth, and power, and financial genius, had said could not be done. With all the odds against him he reorganized the Union Pacific and put it in the way of becoming one of the greatest railway properties the world has ever seen. He made of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific the nucleus of an enormous railway empire, that brought vast riches to him and a prosperity undreamed of to millions of people.

He dreamed great dreams, and went to work to make them come true. Stuyvesant Fish, one of his best and oldest friends, came into conflict with him, and Harriman deposed him from the presidency of the Illinois Central, in which, twenty years before, Fish had made him a director. Fish's friends, and many who had no personal interest in their struggle, denounced Harriman; they called him an ingrate, a treacherous friend; they painted him as a monster of cruelty, selfishness, disloyalty.

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, denounced Harriman. From that denunciation phrases crept into the common speech; men use them, still with faint quotation marks, to-day, who would be put to it to tell you that it was concerning Harriman that "malefactor of great wealth," "undesirable citizen," were first said. At Roosevelt's instance the whole power of the government of the United States was turned against this one man, for his destruction.

There was a time, not twenty years ago, when Harriman was an ogre in the minds of many men; when cartoonists made him their prey; when he was the chosen whipping boy for all the wicked money barons. But even within two years, after he died, the tide had begun to turn. Men were beginning to ask themselves if this silent, active little man, who never replied to an attack, who never essayed to disprove a calumny, had not, perhaps, been misjudged. A note of doubt crept into the editorials that commented upon him at his death.

It is worth while, do you not think so, to look a little way into the life and doings of a man like this? A man who could do the things Harriman did; of whom the things that were said of him could be said; who could be the center of such storms as raged about him. He had, as you shall see, great friends as well as great enemies. But, in the last analysis, it is not what is said of a man that determines his final place, but what he has done.

What Harriman did persists. He was a creator. Much of what he died too soon to do, what he would not, in any case, perhaps, have been allowed to do, will, in the coming years, have to be done. Harriman dreamed great dreams, but he dreamed them logically; he post-

poned his dreaming until he had done his work with rule and compass, facts and figures.

There is an example, relatively small, yet singularly perfect, of the way Harriman saw into the future.

He was, first and always, and to the end, a New Yorker. As soon as he could he withdrew, for a part of each year, to a house he had in Orange County, New York—a house that, with the part of him that was a poet, he named Arden. It was his delight, for many years, to make, with that house for its center, a great domain of lake and forest. For years he planned his home—the great house, high on a mountain, that you may see as you drive down toward Tuxedo through Central Valley. That house was nearly enough finished, when he came back from Europe, in the summer of 1909, to shelter him until he died.

But, always, for all the love he had for Arden and the growing wilderness of forest and wild land that was coming into his ownership, Harriman was a New Yorker. He was an old New Yorker, one of a vanishing breed. He had, for the city that he had seen through the time of its greatest growth, an affection that only real New Yorkers can hope to understand.

He knew, none better, the cost of life in New York. He knew the drain the city imposes on those who live and work within it. He knew the greatest need of New Yorkers, for generations to come, would be

recreation—not simply exercise, not simply amusement, but, very literally, a new creation, from time to time, of nervous and physical resources.

IN THAT last summer of his life he gave to the state of New York ten thousand of his wild acres and a million dollars of his money for the making of a park. Mountains on the Hudson; wooded hills and valleys, dotted with lakes and ponds. A park that the automobile, just coming into use, would put at the back door of New York.

He made the beginning, as he had done often. Mrs. Harriman has continued the work; added vastly to his gifts. His name is not associated with the great park that has been made, with Bear Mountain as its focal point. But it is all of his creation. Steamboats ply to it from the city. Beside its streams and lakes are camps that, all summer long, house thousands of young people. Miles of roads open it to all comers. It is a breathing spot such as is boasted by no other great city in the world.

### III

Inevitably, when you look back upon a man like Harriman, you begin at the wrong end. You see the man whole, in the light of his accomplishment, his career. But for understanding you have to go back; back to his earliest days; back, even, beyond those. For what is profoundly interesting, what most stirs curiosity, is the unending, always new speculation as to what it is that makes a man a great man. Environment? Opportunity? The trend of his mind, always. But what gave his mind that trend, rather than another?

When greatness is the result of special endowment, natural talents, a superficial answer, at least, to these eternal questions is relatively easy. In the case of a great artist there is an obvious predestination to accomplishment along a definite line. It isn't possible to imagine Wagner becoming anything but a composer, Michael Angelo anything but an artist. But a Harriman might well have chosen some other field.

You will find little to explain Harriman in heredity. His great grandfather, William Harriman, came to New York in 1795. There is a clue to Harriman in him—just as, a little later, you come upon a clue of the same sort in his own father. William Harriman was, in a quiet, modest fashion, of the great line of the English adventurers; the men who carried the British flag and British trade around the seven seas.

He was not driven from home by failure, by the need to seek a new opportunity. He was a city



BROWN BROTHERS



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



Commodore Vanderbilt (left), John Jacob Astor (above), Jay Gould (right), and Wall Street when they were powers in Harriman's apprentice days



merchant in London; a stationer. He was successful and prosperous; the man to whom he sold his business became Lord Mayor of London.

Here he did well. He had some money; quite a good deal, in fact, for those days. He went to New Haven, and engaged in the West India trade. In 1800 he returned to New York; though he stayed in the West India trade, he undertook, also, a commission business. The family lived comfortably in Broome street; when William Harriman died he left to Orlando, his only surviving son, a prosperous and thriving

*Harriman on the box with his daughter Cornelia in the days of coaching. Below, Arden, his beautiful home in Orange County, New York*

BROWN & BROTHERS



business. But in 1837 the great fire of New York almost ruined him; though he did, later, retrieve his fortunes to some extent, he was never thought of, after that, as a rich man.

His namesake and oldest son broke away from the commercial tradition of the family, and, after winning distinction as a student at Columbia, went into the Episcopal ministry. His choice of a calling was not, apparently, an altogether happy one. A sincerely devout man, and a fine scholar, he lacked warmth; the austerity of his manner kept him from becoming a popular rector.

**H**E MARRIED Cornelia Neilson, who came from an old and prominent family in New Jersey, related to the Stuyvesants and the Bleeckers, of the line of the patroons. And it was while he was rector at Hempstead that Edward Henry Harriman, his fourth child and third son, was born, on February 25, 1848.

Times were hard for the Reverend Orlando Harriman and his growing family. And, in 1850, spurred by the need of mending his fortunes, he undertook an adventure the daring of which it is, in this time, a little hard fully to understand.

They had found gold, by then, in California, and there was talk everywhere of the new El Dorado. A California parish sent a call to Mr. Harriman, and he accepted it, and sailed in 1850, by way of Panama. Misfortune dogged his footsteps. He had a savage crossing of the isthmus—there was neither canal nor railway in that day—and in Panama, on the Pacific, he fell ill, and was delayed a month. His place had been filled when he reached California; after a year of wandering, seeing no hope of success in California, he finally returned to the East.

Young Harriman, naturally enough, grew up in a poor home. He went to school in Jersey City, where the family lived, and for two years attended Trinity School, in New York—walking to and from school each day, except for the ferry crossing of the Hudson. But, at fourteen, he had had enough of school; the stern realities of life had been brought home to him, very literally. So he went to work—as an office boy in the stock exchange house of D. C. Hays.

Plainly enough, there isn't much in heredity to explain Harriman. The tradi-

tion of his family was trade, not finance. He took, no doubt, the first job he found; it might have been in a wholly different line. But, once he had that first job, environment and his peculiar gifts began at once to shape his future.

He had an unusually good memory, of the photographic type; he had the ability to carry any number of figures in his head. He possessed, moreover, a keen and shrewd mind; he was always interested in the significance of facts. Even as a boy he was never satisfied with the knowledge that the prices of certain stocks had risen or fallen; he wanted to know why. Almost from the first he saw that the stock market was not simply a gambling place, but a part of a world-wide machinery of trade; his mind, from his boyhood, was active in separating the speculative results of stock-price fluctuations from their non-speculative causes.

Harriman, in later years, was a daring and extensive operator in stocks. It would be easy to call him, at times, a speculator, a gambler, on a great scale. But he was never a gambler in any real sense of the word.

In 1870 Harriman borrowed three thousand dollars from his uncle, Oliver Harriman, and bought a stock exchange seat—one of those seats that, just the other day, was sold for \$210,000. He was, from the first, a successful broker; his clients included many of the great men of that time; the

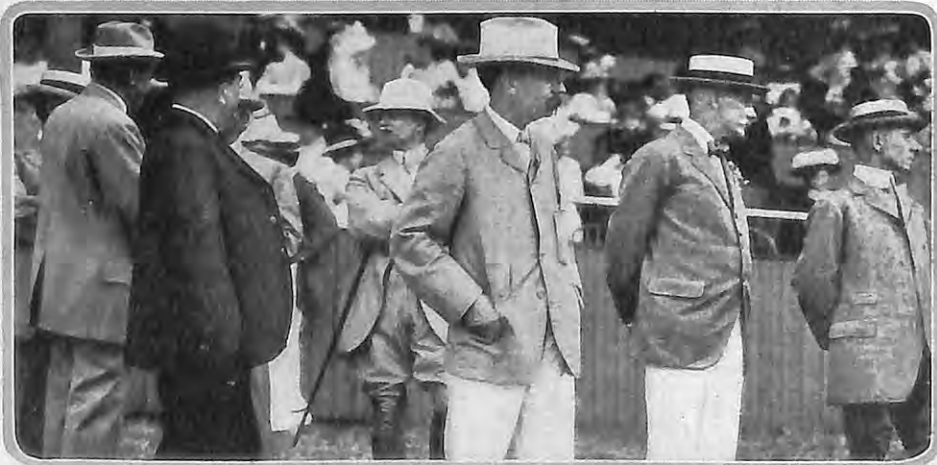
Schells, August Belmont, Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, among a score of others.

In 1874 Harriman observed a fantastic upward movement in the shares of the anthracite carrying railways. He was convinced that the price of these stocks was greater than their intrinsic worth, and, at what seemed to him a psychological moment, he sold stock he didn't own. He was right; he was able, on a falling market, to buy in the shares he had sold at a profit of \$150,000. But soon afterward he drew a similar conclusion about Delaware and Hudson stock. This time, however, John Jacob Astor happened to be buying that stock, and Harriman lost most of his earlier profits.

**H**OWEVER, his business continued to yield him a comfortable income, and, in various small speculations, he recouped his losses. He was, at this time, a typical young New Yorker of that vanished day. Among his friends were Stuyvesant Fish, the younger Belmont, the Cutting brothers, Dr. E. L. Trudeau; he knew, more or less well, nearly all of the men who were coming into prominence.

He was a member of the Seventh Regiment, and of the Travelers, Union, and Racquet clubs. He always loved horses, and used to drive a trotter on the Speedway. He was an amateur boxer of some note; he spent his vacations, as a rule, in the Adirondacks, being fond of fishing and hunting. And it was at this time that he founded the Boys' Club, on the lower East Side of New York, which held his interest and enjoyed his attention and support until his death.

But Harriman, through these years, was no more prominent than any number of other young men of his time; no one would



BROWN & BROTHERS

*Harriman rarely missed being present at the famous Tuxedo Park Horseshow*



have dreamed, for instance, of predicting for him a career comparable to that which was obviously destined for Stuyvesant Fish. He was just Harriman, a competent, successful stock broker; a good enough fellow when you knew him, but a man already rated rather hard to know and a bit mysterious.

His mind, of course, was at work. He was beginning to be a little bored by the business of buying and selling stocks and bonds. His habit of going behind the surface persisted; he began to see, behind the stock certificates of a railway, the railway itself; its right of way, its rolling stock, the territory it served. And his critical faculty, always keen, always alert, was busy with railway management. He isn't on record, but it is a safe guess that Harriman had little respect for the railway management of that day. He could see what lay ahead. His own opportunity he couldn't see yet, but he was getting ready to grasp it if it ever came.

He married, in 1879, Mary Williamson Averell, of Ogdensburg, New York. The Averells were rich people, and people of weight in northern New York. And, becoming interested in that section, Harriman, two years after his marriage, enlisted some friends and their money, and bought a small, decrepit, thirty-four-mile-long railway, called the Lake Ontario Southern. He reorganized it; renamed it the Sodus Bay and Southern, and began to improve it. In 1883 he bought out his associates, and controlled the road himself. He promptly put it in first-class order—and then put it on the market.

He never had intended to keep it. He knew then, what he never forgot, that no railway, no matter how short, is a one-man affair. Thirty-four miles of railway, as he saw them, were valuable only if they bore a definite relation to a larger system. And he had seen, from the first, what, seemingly, had been generally overlooked, that this railway of his, touching Lake Ontario and crossing both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, had an important strategic position. He was right; he sold it, when he had put it in order, to the Pennsylvania, at a considerable profit. It was his first taste of real success.

HERE, almost certainly, was the actual turning point for Harriman. He was, it goes without saying, ambitious. He wanted to be rich; most men do. Here was the road to riches—a steel road. Circumstance had set his feet upon it. But it was, in any event, a road it pleased him to travel; he found himself embarked upon the beginnings of enterprises that served not only as means to a livelihood, and more, but that afforded him interest, a keen and growing pleasure.



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

New York, America, have changed vastly, incredibly, since those days when Harriman, still a young man—he was in his early thirties, remember—began to turn definitely from the business of brokerage to the industry, the basic industry, of transportation.

The era was one of great expansion. America had 93,000 miles of railway in 1880; 70,000 miles were to be built in the next ten years. Europe, after a long period of peace, was rich; it sought investment for its surplus funds and homes for its surplus peoples. The American people took both, freely.

Originally, railways were built to join two cities; they were short; so nearly as they could they represented the straight line that is the shortest distance between two points. Now, all at once, the importance of connections, of feeders, of contiguous territory, became apparent.

New York merchants, in the fifties, built



KEYSTONE VIEW

*J. Pierpont Morgan, whose firm failed to reorganize the Union Pacific, which Harriman accomplished later with dramatic success*



BROWN BROTHERS

a railroad they called the Illinois Central. They retained a measure of control, though they sold much stock to Dutch and English investors. William Henry Osborne, who had made money in the Philippines, practically directed the road. He was one of the first imperial dreamers; he conceived the grandiose plan of meeting the growing competition of railways pushing westward from the Atlantic coast by getting a coastal outlet of his own, at New Orleans.

OSBORNE made Stuyvesant Fish, his neighbor at Garrison, on the Hudson, a director of his road. Fish's connection interested Harriman; they were great friends. He helped to place a bond issue for a subsidiary road; Fish, in turn, helped him through a bad spell; Harriman's interest in the Illinois Central grew apace. He won a directorship, partly through Fish, partly through an acquaintance he formed with the Dutch bankers, the Boissevains, who voted the Dutch holdings by proxy.

Stuyvesant Fish, a great figure of a man, handsome, big, the type of the aristocrat, was a bold man; Harriman was a still bolder one. Harriman egged Fish on in his policy of expansion; the Illinois Central grew fast. They were criticized; the old, conservative New Yorkers looked askance at them, and, more especially, at Harriman. There was much distrust of Harriman in those days. The legend about him that was to make so much trouble for him later was in the making; that legend that made him a sinister, reckless figure.

But Harriman was right—as he nearly always was, throughout his career. He based his advice to Fish on facts, not on guesses. The Illinois Central was a big, profitable system, with sound credit. It could borrow money cheaply—sell bonds at three and a half per cent. Touching its system, here and there, were small, poorly run railroads. They could be made to yield six per cent on the money it would cost to buy them and put them into first class order. Obviously, if you can borrow money at three and a half per cent, and put it to work to earn six per cent, you are going to make money. That was what Harriman advocated, and what was done.

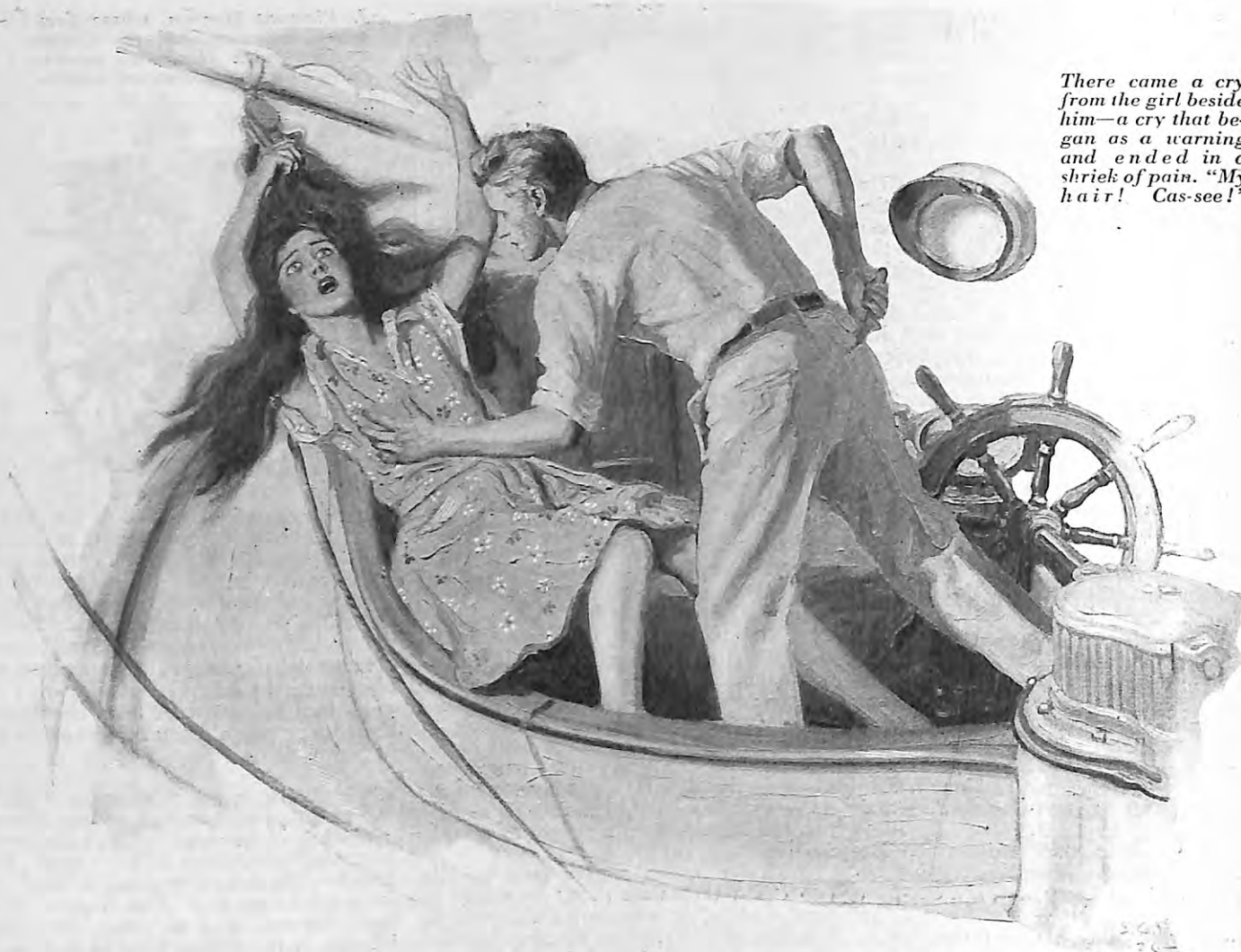
Harriman was showing here his mastery of two sorts of knowledge—a mastery that was to shape and control his whole subsequent career. He understood money, and he was beginning to understand transportation and the technique of railway management. He was soon to show still another of his dominant qualities, a

(Continued on page 86)



*Jacob H. Schiff (center figure), whose firm, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., came into conflict with Harriman over the Union Pacific. Otto Kahn (above) was a young member of the firm then*





There came a cry from the girl beside him—a cry that began as a warning and ended in a shriek of pain. "My hair! Cas-see!"

## Five Thousand to Go

*A Gamble for Far Higher Stakes than the Title Indicates*

By Alfred F. Loomis

Illustrated by George Phillips

MARK CASSON and Violet Rush. Their names had been linked together almost from their infancy, and when their combined age was only thirty-two some of the good people of Edgeport found themselves making a mental transposition to "Violet R. and Mark Casson."

It seemed inevitable. Give them three years apiece (or only two) and Mark in that cool, detached way of his would say. "Well, Vi, what say we stop at the parson's and then shove off for a honeymoon in my little yawl?" And Vi, whose impetuosity was boundless, would nod that wonderful tawny head of hers and reply. "Corking. Why didn't you speak of it sooner?"

But the Edgeportians were wrong as usual. Boy and girl friendships which take everything for granted and leave every sentiment unspoken can be cut off in a moment. And that's what happened to the Mark-Violet alliance.

It was the last day of their sixteenth summer, and Violet, charming, piquant, was sailing with her unprofessed swain in his yawl, the *Termagant*. The day had been warm for late September, and Mark's casual "I dare you to hop over the side as is" had been accepted without an instant's hesitation. Violet had leaped in clothes and all, had climbed out exhilarated to drop into the cabin and change into the spare outfit

always carried for emergencies, and was now stretched at ease in the cockpit, allowing the declining sun to dry her tawny hair.

"What did you dare me to do that for?" she asked, bringing the battery of her hazel eyes to bear on Mark—eyes that would one day mow them down by the dozen. "Didn't you know that I couldn't dry my hair before we got in?"

Mark, crouching as he always did when at the tiller, one knee hunched up under his chin, wide blue eyes steadfastly ranging along the little vessel's course, made laconic answer. "You didn't have to take the dare, Vi. Though if you hadn't, I'd have thrown you in. And if you'd done as I'm always saying and bobbed your hair it would be dry by now."

"I WON'T bob my hair," declared the girl, shaking her head so violently that her mane cascaded on the deck behind her. "It's my only feature. Would you want me to look like all the other girls?"

"Don't know what they look like. But I should think you'd like the comfort of it."

Mark was not inclined to be argumentative—nor, for that matter, appreciative. Given a warm afternoon, with a trim little

boat running up-river before the wind and a bewitching Lorelei sunning her hair beside him, almost any other male would have feasted his eyes upon her, showered her with compliments. But young Casson had his mind on the business of sailing.

As he ceased speaking he raised a battered fish-horn to his lips and emitted four raucous breath-taking blasts. The call echoed back from the river banks and a few seconds later was answered from the railroad draw that spanned the stream.

Forgetting that there had been the beginning of an argument between them, Mark spoke again. "Old Johnny Smith is waving us away," he announced to the girl. "Well, we can run on like this for a mo' and then double back. Just our luck if it's a freight train a mile long."

Violet also forgot. "I wouldn't mind. It's our last day together before you go off to college and I to France. Need any help, Cassy, when you come about?"

Mark's eyes were on the water, estimating the distance to the draw-bridge. "Thanks, no. I'll just jibe her over and come up under the left bank. The wind's fresh, but not too much. Watch the boom."

With his last words the boy drew the tiller over and hove in on the main sheet—that length of rope which, working through compound blocks, controls the lateral movement of the mainsail. But as he pulled there came



a cry from the girl beside him—a cry that began as a warning and ended in a shriek of pain.

"My hair! Cas-see!!"

The boy stopped hauling, his heart in his throat. Hanks of Violet's hair—handfuls of it—were inextricably tangled in the sheet, interwoven in the blocks. Already the pull of it had stretched her forehead, arched her brows, brought tears to her lovely eyes. With clutching hands she sought to free herself before the sheet could follow the main boom across the deck and carry her with it.

**I**NSTANTLY Mark put the helm the other way, kept the boom from jibing, headed the *Termagant* directly for the bridge. By so much he saved his shipmate from permanent disfigurement. But she was still held prisoner by her massy hair, and no amount of disentangling would free it from the hungry sheaves. One wasted moment of that was enough for Mark. Collision with the bridge was now inevitable and he would not have Violet tethered to the deck, perhaps to be pinioned beneath the falling mast.

A knife whose blade was kept at razor sharpness whipped from his pocket and savagely hacked the leonine locks. Violet cried again and then was free. Too late Mark leaped to the tiller and tried to swing the *Termagant* across the stream.

The crash came and amid snapping stays and splintering spars he surveyed the destruction of his treasured craft. A train jangled overhead and stretched his nerves to banjo tightness. It was not his moment to say the tactful thing.

"Doggone it, Vi," he shouted above the roar of the train, "if you'd bobbed your hair you wouldn't have wrecked my boat."

And she, knowing injustice when she encountered it, was stung to retort, "I'll

pay the damages. If you knew how to sail a boat you'd have looked to see that your gear was clear. You're a rotten sailor and—and I'm glad you wrecked your boat."

Hurt, defiant, she opened her anger to him, standing up to him like a badly cropped terrier at bay before a lumbering St. Bernard. Crooked horns of hair hung down from her head and bald spots ranged between. For a moment the tableau held, and then as the train passed with a final clatter, Mark drove the wedge that split their friendship. Said he, coldly. "If that's the way you really feel about me you'll never get another bid from me to go sailing. I'm through."

That was the end. She stayed aboard until the *Termagant* was extricated from the girders of the bridge and towed up-river for repairs; but she left Mark with no more than a nod of her pathetically dishevelled head.

Silly, youthful pride kept them apart, and their intimacy, for years so warm and glowing, cooled and the embers died to ashes. Mark continued to spend his summers on the water, but Vi ranged from Estoril to Ragusa, and never once in four years set foot on the reconditioned *Termagant*. Generally her spirit was there, and occasionally on a night watch Mark caught a glimpse of her elfish face smiling at him from the tipmost end of the bowsprit. But the good people of Edgeport no longer linked the names of Mark Casson and Violet Rush. They commenced to try out "Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Clayton" to see how it would sound. Rumors of a new alliance were coming from abroad.

**M**ARK concluded his college course with relief. Engineering initials had been added to his name, but if he paused once to wonder how they got there he had to think again to remember what they were. Frankly put, he hadn't made a hit of college. He had

got by, but if he had been a fundamentalist he would have been caught by the tail as the college door slammed behind him. Or a particularly violent blast of wind on the day that he stepped up for his diploma would have blown him out the back door. The wind was his trouble. If it blew a fresh gale outside a lecture room he imagined himself out in it with the *Termagant*. Or if it blew soft his books were embellished with marginal illustrations of the yawl flying her light weather kites.

On the day after graduation while Mark was still in the first flush of elation, he passed a barrage of accountants and draftsmen and found himself in his father's downtown office.

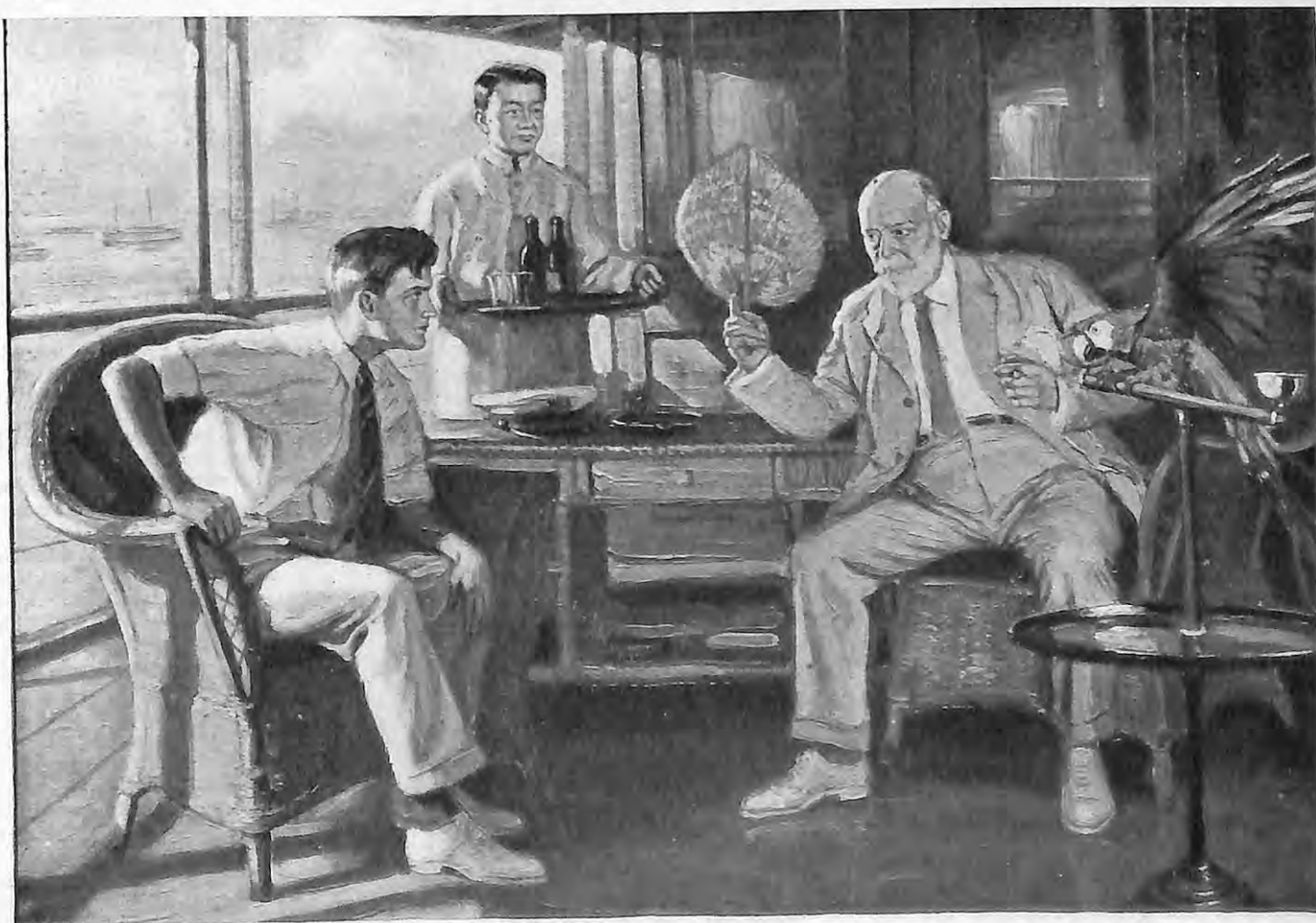
Mark Casson, Senior, had given his tall, loose-jointed build to the son, and his adventurous blue eyes and a square chin and a set of the head that suggested tenacity of purpose. But age had provided the older man with certain things that were not common to the two—ability to see both sides of a question, for instance, and graying hair, and a tendency to stoutness. Beyond these things habit had endowed Mr. Casson with an air of prosperity, a narrow black tether for his nose glasses, and a realization that his son could be better led than driven.

**S**O ON this epochal occasion Mark heard no speech of welcome into man's estate, no grandiose preachment on the duty that sons owe to fathers and college men owe the world. Casson Senior turned from a window that commanded a view of the lower East River, and with a wave of the hand inquired. "Son, what do you think of when you see those three mighty spans across the river?"

Mark joined his father at the window.

"I think," he replied, "of the ships that have passed under them."

Mr. Casson laid a hand on the young man's



"Oh, you're Casson, are you? Well, you're the kind I'll do business with, but I won't take a cent less than \$40,000"



shoulder. "You don't feel inspired to build bridges and follow in your father's footsteps?"

"Frankly, Dad," replied the son, "all I want to know about bridges is how many toots it takes to open them, or whether I can pass under without blowing for the draw."

"Hmph," ejaculated the older man, withdrawing his hand. "If that's the way you feel about it, who's going to do the designing for the firm when I'm dead?"

"Perhaps," suggested Mark, hopefully, "all the bridges will have been built before then?"

Mr. Casson narrowly missed launching into a sermon. It was a close squeak, but he got a grip on himself and declared, still affectionately:

"Mark, I offer you a job here in the office, commencing a little way up from the bottom. I'll put you in the drafting room on a salary of \$35 per week." He seated himself and swung his glasses slowly from their narrow black cord.

Mark remained at the window, eyes following the shipping on the river. "Except for the man at the top, engineering is a dull profession, full of formulas, devoid of originality. I don't want your job, Dad."

"What? You've jolly well got—No, I won't say that. What do you want?"

"Boats are my interest. I think them, dream them." Mark left the window and seated himself on the corner of his father's desk, and an abstracted look passed from his eyes. "Since I've been in this office, four yachts that I know by sight have passed under those three bridges. Each one of them gave me a separate thrill. Boats are my friends. I'm at home on the water. If you want me to be reasonably happy you won't chain me to a job I detest."

"What do you want to do?"

"Eventually become a naval architect—at present, to feel the public pulse, a yacht broker."

"A middleman! A parasite!"

"Not much. He earns his little seven per cent.—in hard work, cold perspiration, and bitter disappointment."

"Yes," jeered Casson, Senior. "And he chains himself to a desk and never sees a boat except when he is unloading it on some poor landlubber for twice its worth."

"I'll make my headquarters on the *Termagant* and go where the boats are. I've fixed it up with a broker friend of mine to work for him on a fifty-fifty basis."

"You've already made the arrangements?" inquired Casson, Senior, ominously.

"Tentatively. You say you'll pay me \$35, and during the summer I'll undertake to make four times that selling boats—say \$2,000—which figures splitting the commissions with my boss. If I don't clear it by September 15 I'll call myself a failure and start here at the bottom."

The builder of

bridges reflected. "You have spirit," said he, "but let's make it a worth-while proposition. Set yourself a goal of \$5,000 profit and if you make good I'll advance you a like amount to start you off in business for yourself."

"But five thousand's a lot of money, Dad."

"Which five—yours or mine?"

"Mine has to come first."

"You bet it does," said Casson, laughing.

"I've spent twice that to buy you a diploma that's not worth a cigarette coupon. But I'll play the game with you."

"I'm on."

"Then clear out and hustle. On September 15 there will be a new drawing-board for you in the outer office. With a lock and chain beside it. Watch out for it."

**B**EFORE taking train to Edgeport Mark stopped in to see his friend the broker and in five minutes made \$5,000. That is to say, Joe Olmstead, a youngish man whose vast experience with the buying public had made him bald and care-worn, refused to let Mark split his hypothetical commissions with him.

As he put it, "I'll turn over to you only the prospects that I've failed to bring around—with perhaps an occasional good one thrown in for friendship and encouragement. If you were to split with me seven per cent. on every sale, you'd have to sell about \$140,000 worth of boats to meet your father's terms. It can't be done. Even when you pocket the full seven per cent. you'll have to scare up \$70,000 business, and that doesn't grow on every bunch of seaweed. You're liable to chase a man a month to sell him a dirty little launch, which will net you the imposing sum of \$67.50. So if you can do \$70,000 worth of business in the off season I want you as a partner and not as a competitor. You can invest your father's

bonus in my business and we'll both be jake."

"Suits me right down to the keel bolts," said Mark enthusiastically. "And look Joe. I'm five thousand berries to the good already." But he was still five thousand in the hole so far as cold hard cash was concerned, and he wasted no time in getting to the *Termagant* to dig it up.

Wasted no time? Perhaps that is a euphemism. Mark wouldn't have been himself if, on arriving at the Edgeport yacht club, he hadn't stopped a minute to watch the *Termagant* swing at her mooring, enclosed by the green arms of the harbor and offset by the lesser charms of the other local craft. For many years her lovely lines and slender spars had been etched indelibly in his memory, but he never missed the chance to view her beauty from some new angle. Stepping into his shiny cedar dinghy, he rowed it backward to the yawl, his eye still appreciative, and, climbing aboard, rested his hand affectionately on the cabin house, hot with the accumulation of a day of sunshine. He threw the doors open, pushed back the slide and breathed deep the up-burst of close, super-heated air. Paint and bilge water—the sweetest perfume to his nostrils. Nevertheless, he quickly opened all the ports and let the fresh air in.

**A**ND then in making room in a drawer for the specifications of salable boats which Joe Olmstead had given him, he came across a middy blouse, skirt and pair of woolen stockings that had lain there for five long years. Which meant time out for introspection. The *Termagant* hadn't been quite the same since Violet Rush had left it. It had been a good friend, but soulless. Occasionally in a hard chance when the little yawl had rushed down the back of one wave to dip half her length in the next one, Mark

had shouted, "You are a *termagant*. You're mad because Vi has left us. Well, get it out of your system if you can." And he had driven her and himself without shortening sail. . . .

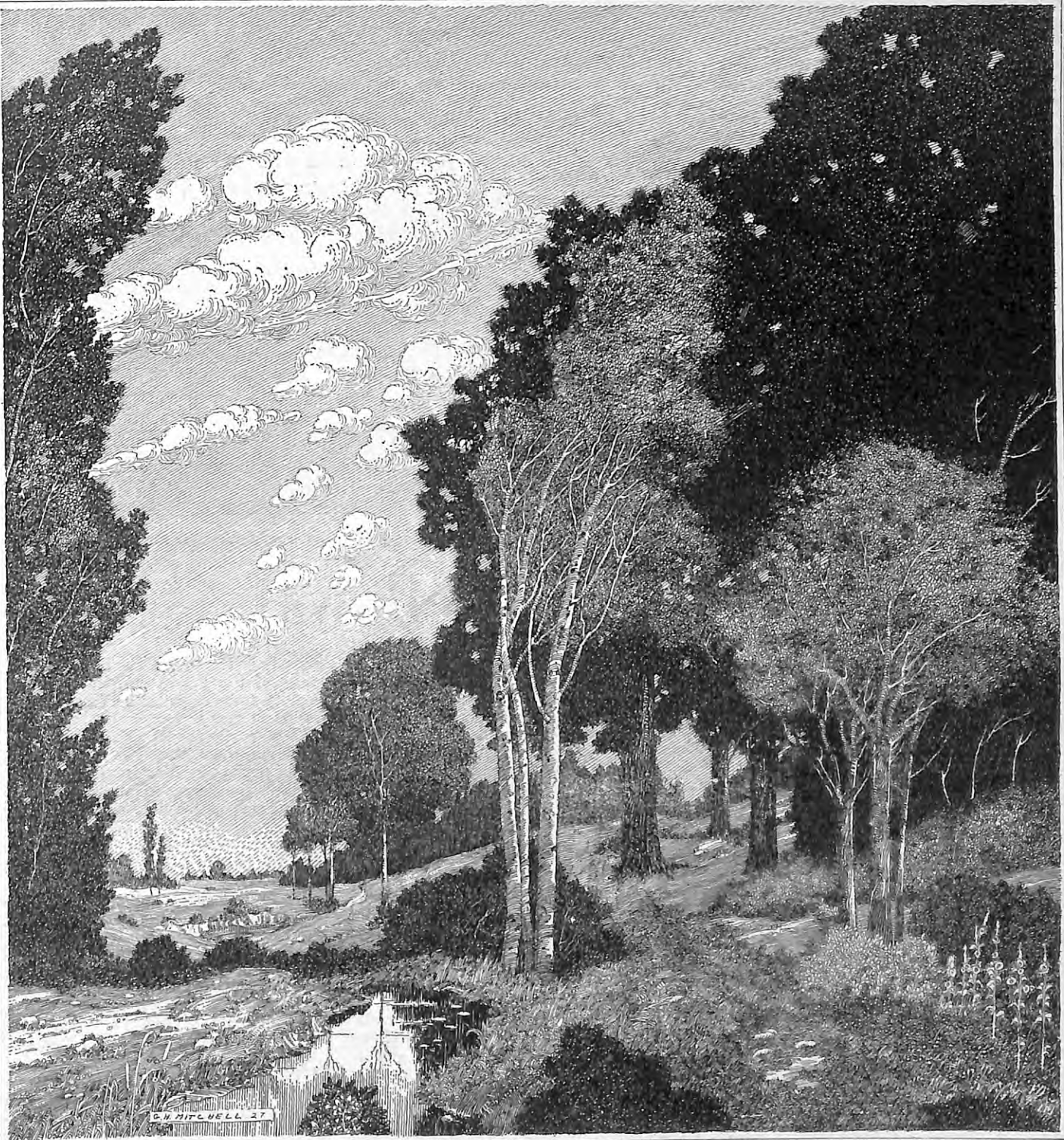
There was talk in town that Vi was coming home, engaged to Osborne Clayton, a noble son of Edgeport (the blighting adjective was Mark's) who had been traveling abroad to let a stock-jobbing indictment blow over. He would steam into Edgeport in his yacht with Vi (suitably chaperoned, of course) and set the harbor afire with his magnificence. A handsome dog was Clayton, admitted Mark, a sea rover, hard and domineering, but a suitable flint to the steel of Vi's adventurous disposition.

"This isn't selling boats," said Mark, and slammed the drawer shut on his papers. In fifteen minutes his sails were spread and he was weaving his way out of Edgeport. One week later from a town on the Connecticut shore he wired an exuberant telegram to his father, (Continued on page 60)



There was white-hot rage behind the blow, and Clayton fell





Decoration by G. H. Mitchell

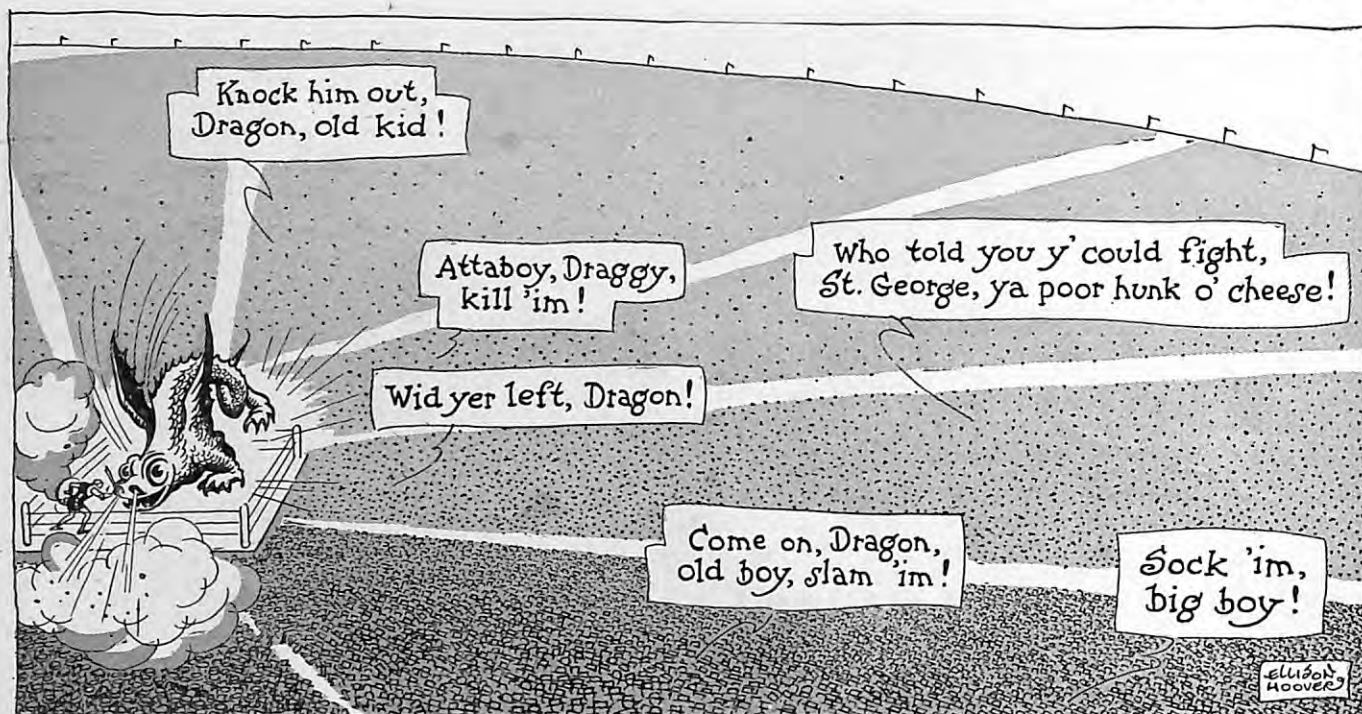
## When, Any Morning—

By Harry Kemp

*WHEN, any morning, I wake up, and say  
 "Well, this is only just another day"—  
 Blaspheming so the most unusual sun—  
 May Fate herself, with keen shears sharply  
 ground,  
 Clip the last thread with which my life is bound!*

*Forty years of my dawn and day have gone,  
 And forty years of star-enchanted night  
 Have brought to me their sorrow and delight—  
 Yet I would still go on—would still go on,  
 Marvelling still at everything I see,  
 And glad of the great gift life brought to me.*





*If the fight between St. George and the Dragon were staged to-day, a large majority would cheer for the Dragon*

## The Big Fellows

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Ellison Hoover

WHEN Gene Tunney made his first trip to Canada as heavyweight champion, the Windsor Station was crowded with the curious of all ages and of both sexes. There were a thousand or more in the informal reception committee of Montreal, and he ran the gauntlet of the committee, smiling amiably. It was a quiet crowd, so that the blurted disappointment of one small boy who had been brought to the station by his mother was quite audible.

"Why, mother, he isn't so big," the youngster complained. "He isn't big at all." The lad almost became tearful.

Afterward at the Balsam Lake Hunt Club, where we spent a few days fishing in accordance with a pact that Tunney made with me a year before he became champion, I heard something of the same sort. Pete Millejour, the guide who went through the Laurentians with us, suddenly confided, "By gosh, I thought he would be big like a giant. He is not so big."

I happened to recall having seen a photograph of Tunney standing beside James J. Jeffries just before I left New York. In this picture Tunney looked much bigger than the former boiler-maker, who never was called anything else but "The Big Fellow." As a matter of fact the camera, which sometimes can lie considerably, was telling the truth. Tunney is a bigger man than Jeffries.

With one exception the reigning heavyweight champion under the Marquis of Queensbury Rules has been known as "The Big Fellow." Familiarly they give him the title of "Champ," but ceremonially he is "The Big Fellow" just as the former Kaiser was "All Highest." Only the late "Ruby Robert" Fitzsimmons never was spoken of by this title because you can not very well refer to a middleweight as The Big Fellow.

Fitzsimmons must have realized that he was missing one of the titles that went with the heavyweight championship because he took a grim sort of revenge for that slight. He met the biggest man, as far as sheer bulk was concerned, of his day, one Ed Dunkhorst.

Dunkhorst weighed close to three hundred pounds and had the build of a Japanese wrestler. The bout was short and comical to all present with the possible exception of Mr. Dunkhorst. Fitzsimmons sank a fist and most of his forearm amidships into Mr. Dunkhorst, who doubled up and spilled flabbily to the mat with a very audible grunt.

"There," said Mr. Fitzsimmons scornfully. "The bigger they are, the 'arder they fall." Which was Mr. Fitzsimmons's graphic fashion of displaying his utter disregard for sheer bulk. This should have been convincing enough, but it was not. Fitzsimmons was beaten by James J. Jeffries, the shaggy boiler-maker, who satisfied the popular craving for a truly big fellow to occupy the post of The Big Fellow, restoring the legend which had been shattered by "Ruby Robert."

John L. Sullivan, the first of The Big Fellows, lacked a trifle of six feet in height, yet the Boston Strong Boy always seemed a giant, and he looms bigger and bigger with the years. I always believe that it must have been Mr. Sullivan's own tremendous ego that made him appear to bulk bigger even, physically, than he really was. Men of his own height instinctively turned their eyes upward in his presence. He seemed to be towering above them.

There were two exceptions to this inclination. One was Charlie Mitchell, who was a smaller man than Sullivan, yet who refused to consider Sullivan a giant and consequently annoyed Mr. Sullivan no little. The other was James J. Corbett, who looked down upon Sullivan from the first round to the last at New Orleans.

Subsequently Mr. Corbett became The Big Fellow, having really been the bigger all the time. But after a bit when the years had transformed John L. Sullivan into something of a myth, Sullivan in retrospect

began to be recalled as The Big Fellow again, a sort of Big Fellow emeritus, destined in memory to be regarded as The Biggest Fellow of them all.

Then along came Jeffries, lowering of countenance and shaggy of chest, an "abysmal brute," something from the caves, and Corbett, the young giant of New Orleans, became only an average-sized male human being by comparison. Outwardly and by way of accomplishment the boiler-maker filled the post of The Big Fellow with great satisfaction.

It is a strange paradox that the heavyweight champion who was the biggest of them all physically was known as The Big Fellow almost in a contemptuous fashion. This was Jess Willard, who was six feet six inches in height and who weighed something like 250 pounds. Ring Lardner at Toledo used to write of him as "Jess Willard, who I have nicknamed The Big Fellow—"

THIS particular Big Fellow's victory over Jack Johnson was received with only mild enthusiasm, even though it brought back with it "the heavyweight championship to the white race" and removed the "dark cloud of Fisticana" and all that sort of thing. When Willard, matched with Frank Moran, himself a six-footer, bulked over him like a mountain peak over a hillock, there was no reverence for The Big Fellow. He seemed to look ridiculous rather than impressive, and a Big Fellow who looks ridiculous shrinks visibly before the naked eye.

There was general rejoicing among those who revere the office of Big Fellow, when Jack Dempsey hammered the physically big one out of the position. With the sudden shrinkage of Willard, Dempsey became The Big Fellow, increasing steadily in his Big Fellowship with the years.

The legend of this prize-fighting business, and the one through which they justify its existence, is that it is intended to develop mind over matter in the matter of physical conflict. The ideal heavyweight champion, according to the fiction, is an intelligent



young man who, through sheer courage, force of will and clean-living, will overcome The Big Fellow, who represents mere brute strength backed by the instinct of the killer.

In this regard Gene Tunney should have satisfied from the start. He beat The Big Fellow through the assets which the ideal champion is supposed to possess. In a measure he lives up to all of the requirements of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron."

Tunney delights the British, who still have illusions about the business of prize-fighting, and who call the game which is known here as the manly art of modified murder, the sweet science. But I am forced to admit that he does not fulfil what the vast majority of his countrymen—and even his countrywomen—expect in The Big Fellow.

Perhaps much of this is due to the fact that Tunney has a sense of proportion or a sense of values, even in regard to the heavyweight championship which 99 per cent. of the male human beings crave. He wears the honor modestly, which is no way to wear such an honor. He does not try to expand his chest for show purposes. He has no inclination to strut. The championship has inspired in him no desire for self-inflation into proportions that would make them say, "Ah, here is The Big Fellow."

For Tunney all along has aspired to be the heavyweight champion of the legend. Even now, when with his natural intelligence he realizes that this is purely legend, he is stubborn enough to stick to those ideals. He even has enough quiet faith in himself to believe that in the end he will be able to put it over and make the legend a reality.

I recall a few impressions of Gene Tunney that were voiced very vociferously prior to his acquisition of the heavyweight championship.

"Look at him," demanded one fight follower. "He looks too much like a blankety-blank altar boy ever to be a heavyweight champion of the world." As a matter of fact Gene Tunney had been an altar boy, which showed discernment upon the part of this particular critic. Yet according to the legend of the prize-ring there would be nothing anomalous in an altar boy becoming heavyweight champion of the world. Far from it. Such a consummation would be carrying out the legend with a vengeance.

There was another critic of Tunney who was located in the Dempsey corner at Philadelphia. As the bell rang and the fighters circled around each other this man stood up and shouted to Dempsey, "Come on Jack. Knock the blankety-blank book-reader into my lap." He shouted this with such insistence and with such savage resentment of the fact that Tunney, a prize-fighter, had been charged with reading not one book but

many, that the constabulary was forced to hustle him to the rear of the stadium until some of his fury had abated.

If there had been anything in the legend, the fact that Tunney was lacking in savagery of expression would not have been held as a mark against him. Nor would the fact that he did a little reading of books cause him to be looked upon as queer from the point of view of the prize-ring. Instead of making his chances look slim, these impressions should have brought about the belief that he had a fair chance of winning the championship, which was a demonstration of human intelligence backed by strength and courage over the sheer strength of the jungle.

**B**UT all in Tunney that should have made him the favorite champion worked to the contrary. They could not regard him as The Big Fellow, for he gave no evidence of having any of the attributes that made the others Big Fellows.

If I were asked to draw a composite Big Fellow who would fulfil all of the requirements for the worshippers of the ideal Big Fellow, I am afraid that he would have nothing of Gene Tunney in him. He would have the physical bulk of Jess Willard, the inflated ego of John L. Sullivan, the shaggy chest and lowering brows of James J. Jeffries, the reflexes of James J. Corbett and the killer concentration of Jack Dempsey. (See right)

That would make a Big Fellow that would cause them to say, "What a man! What a man!" It would not matter that it would be impossible to develop any one to stand against such a Big Fellow. The more rapidly he battered down all opposition, the more satisfactory he would be for the followers of prize-fighting who go to see the Big Fellow do his stuff, even as the followers of bull-fighting go to the Plaza del Toros to see the matador knife the bull.

This will cause considerable resentment from those who believe in the legend of the "manly art," but why can we not be frank once in a while? It never would occur to the crowds at a bull-fight to root for the bull, the under-dog of the exhibition, and it would spoil the afternoon if the bull should succeed in defending himself against the matador.

I did hear of one man who favored the bull, an eccentric friend of mine who was so outraged at the unfairness of a bull-fight in Mexico City that he rose in his seat and shouted, "Come on, cow! Hook the Mexican blankety-blank!" But he was considered very much out of order, and was ejected, calling encouragement to the bull over his shoulder. Any one at a prize-fight who

would resent the easy victory of an ideal Big Fellow would be held to be out of order almost in the same degree. A prize-fight obviously quite as one-sided as a bull-fight, has given quite as much satisfaction, as witness the Dempsey-Miske fight at Benton Harbor, where Miske had even less chance than the bull.

I might as well incur a little more re-



sentment. It is my notion that if the fight between St. George and the Dragon were staged to-day at Boyle's Thirty Acres or at the Stadium of the Sesqui-centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, a large majority of the spectators would be cheering for the Dragon, who would step into the ring a pronounced favorite in the betting.

To the fight-followers St. George would not look like a fighter. The Dragon, from all accounts, would

fill all of the popular conceptions in this regard. He, naturally, would be a Big Fellow.

They want bigger and more ferocious Big Fellows, and they care for no fistic action that does not involve prospective Big Fellows. I have this on the best authority, that of Mr. Tex Rickard, who knows more about what they want in the line of prize-fights than any promoter that ever lived.

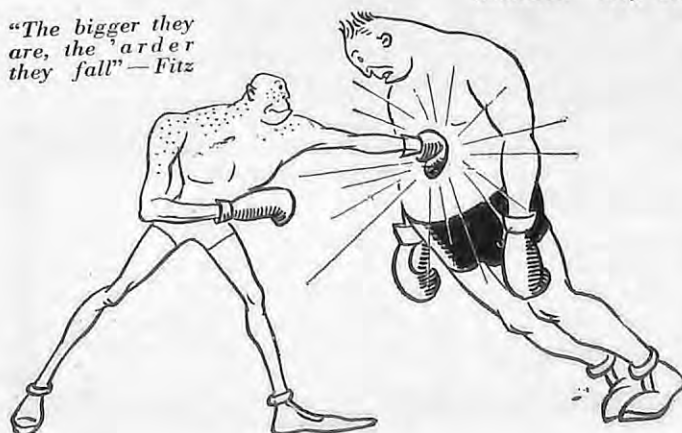
A few of us were asking Mr. Rickard if he intended to do anything in the near future about bringing out some possible and worthy successors to Gans, Dixon, Wolcott and Ketchel.

"Oh, the little fellows," said Mr. Rickard lightly. "I do not even know who are the champions in the lighter divisions, and I do not think that very many do. The way that the lighter classes have fallen into the discard, I do not think that even the champions themselves know whether they are champions or not. At any rate, none of them are any too sure about it. They want money, but anybody who makes guarantees to these champions that nobody knows will lose money, and I do not care to lose money in trying to put over what the people do not seem to want. I am trying to give them what I know that they do want. They want big fellows and nothing but big fellows. This is a show business—nothing else but—and they must come big to make big shows. Sometimes I think that the little classes never will come back."

Now, Mr. Rickard should know. This sounds like a trend back to the days before the Marquis of Queensbury, when little thought was given to anything but the heavyweight division, which might or might not indicate that prize-fighting was retrograding instead of advancing.

(Continued on page 89)

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall"—Fitz





# Man-Size

## We Plunge into Some Gorgeous and Spacious New Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

### Trader Horn

By Alfred Aloysious Horn. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

A GREY-BEARDED peddler of some seventy-three years, down—and to all intents and purposes—distinctly out, appeared one morning at the South African stoop of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, a well-known writer.

Old Horn was selling wire kitchen utensils—gridirons, toasting forks, and such things. Mrs. Lewis tells us that she had no use for any of these, but the peddler took her refusal to buy so gently, so courteously, making no effort at all to argue, that it struck her woman's heart like a blow.

"There was something I could not bear in seeing that easy acquiescence with failure," she says. So—she purchased a new gridiron, and in the moments that followed she discovered that she had almost let slip through her fingers something very stirring, very rare, very great. The peddler talked. Mrs. Lewis listened. She knows a tale when she hears one. It is due to her intense interest, her encouragement, her practical help, that the "old visitor," Trader Horn, came to write what has developed into the most unbelievable true romance that has ever been written about the Ivory Coast. He has set down his reminiscences as a boy-trader of the "Seventies" in Africa—"when the old breed of traders were like Kings along the Coast." The whole thing is so extraordinary that you have to lay the book aside once in a while as you read, simply to catch your breath.

It is also due to Mrs. Lewis that Mr. John Galsworthy read with leaping joy the manuscript of the book, and insisted that he be allowed to write the "Foreword" of what he terms a "gorgeous piece of work."

All that remains now is that we, for whom this volume of blazing tales was put together, shall know enough to accept it with gusto. That's the word—"gusto." You will shout a bit to yourself as you read, and you will call your neighbors in and say: "Listen while I read a little of this giant story. Here's a fellow who at seventeen began, a most amazing career in Africa, helping get out the ivory, ebony, rubber, skins—"

Once you get them all gathered about you, you'll not be able to drive them away in a hurry. Who would go back to dull life when he can hear the story of how young Horn stole a girl, who had white blood in her veins, from a jungle village where she was worshipped as a goddess? This feat meant death if his plans slipped up. If you saw this incident in the movies you'd twist your mouth and feel a little ashamed of yourself for giving your good money to see such "madness" enacted on the screen. "Why can't they give us something plausible?" you'd moan. Yet, this happened! This girl did exist—the daughter of an Englishman of high social connections and of a negro mother. She lived, guarded as in a convent, in a cannibal village, worshipped by huge, wild, naked black people who believed she would live forever. Nothing out of Hollywood could equal this tale. This romance of "Nina" runs throughout the brave volume—the goddess was a high

light in Trader Horn's life—like a strain of weird music.

And the things the man saw! Armies of elephants at monumental leisure. Hippos scurrying from the papyrus swamps into deep, dark waters. Kingfishers—"bonny birds, finer than dream-size. Threading to and fro in front of your canoe like bobbins of bright silk."

You perceive the artist's eye, the indefinable touch of the true writer in all this. Yet here is a man who waited until he was seventy-three, for the psychological moment and the friendly inspiration that would turn him into an author.

"What's any book," he asks, "but a compilation of facts plus ideas?" And he,

**"THOSE Good Old Minstrel Days," an article by Earl Chapin May, which will be published soon, is something that will interest every reader of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It's full of amusing episodes out of the lives of the great black-faced comedians, and it pictures a time now gone forever, but sweetly remembered in the hearts of many.**

more than any other recent writer, has a huge store of both.

Again: "A book must have edge. Give it ferocity." This book of his has both edge and ferocity. But how did the old chap know so well what was needed? Last year, scratching a meager living through his little wire utensils, face to face with want—this year, one of the most-talked-of authors of the day. For Trader Horn can write. Not only is his book overflowing with audacious incidents and drama of the old Ivory Coast of fifty years ago, but it is lighted with the most brilliant reflections on life and the riddle of both Africa and the civilized world. Let us quote:

"There is nothing so savage as a creature forsaken by his kind."

He, himself, was pretty much forsaken when Mrs. Lewis discovered him. Yet here was no savagery. Only a deep, ineffaceable dignity.

Mrs. Lewis had given him a stove. "A man's not to be called homeless while he can kindle a flame of his own and call another feller in to it."

"You forget the animosities of religion when you're living a life close to nature."

"Like children calling for someone to answer when the house is too quiet. They fear stillness like all primevals. Nature must a-smiled when she heard the first harp—whether it might be Orpheus or a Pangwe warrior patrolling his river."

"The cannibal lives as nature taught him—kill only to eat, keep your woman moral, hold no man a slave, be content with your side of the river, and cast no eye across the water. . . . Rome never went down till she was pulled down by slaves and fancy women. Marble baths and so on, 'stead of a good fetch in the river at dawn."

After a rough and dangerous life along "rivers without names and in countries without maps," the grand old fellow has preserved a quaint sense of humor. He drags out of age-old dust the legend of Nelson's body being sent home to England after the fatal battle, in spirits. When it was unpacked in London by the Admiralty, the keg and poor Nelson were both "bone dry." The sailors on the ship, says Horn, had evidently not been too particular about where their liquor came from. So, thinks the wise old Trader, no shipping back in alcohol to England for him. If the tars didn't respect the great naval hero, what treatment could he, Horn, hope for!

No—" . . . sometimes I think I'll walk straight out over the veld as the eagle flies and when my legs stop lie down to a natural end. I'd sooner be picked by the vultures than by life in this so-called city."

Of all the memories of those far-away days when he, as a young man, charted those silent, African rivers and traded along their impenetrable banks, the one shining most brightly through the years—aside from the auburn-haired goddess Nina—is the American Presbyterian missionary girl who dared go places that the explorer du Chaillu hesitated to approach. Horn went with her—a hand on his pistol, a smile on his face (he must look confident before the natives) through African villages where mounds of painted skulls confronted her and horrible possibilities lurked behind every tree.

The whole truth of the matter is that falling into this book, head first, which is the only way one can fall whether he wants to or not, is like finding yourself, suddenly, in a gold-mine, surrounded on all sides by riches to which you have only to turn your eyes and they are yours, gleaming and solid and rare, in deep veins and strangely shaped nuggets. This book is the biggest thing that has hit the reading world in a year. There is not, on any book-shelf, anything quite like it, and Mrs. Lewis is deserving of the highest praise for her discovery. Her fine hand is seen throughout. Her notes, her conversations with the old Trader—all make a story within a story. Piling up the treasures, as it were. The "grand" style of the author and Mrs. Lewis's sympathetic modern insight into the old man's heart form a happy combination.

All we plead is that no one with a spark of imagination, of life, of intelligence will hesitate to send today for his copy of "Trader Horn." No, we are not an agent for this book. We almost wish we were, for then we could with propriety go through the country in a gayly be-postered wagon shouting through a megaphone:

"Here you are! Here you are! Here's your 'Trader Horn.' Step up, ladies and gentlemen. Don't push."

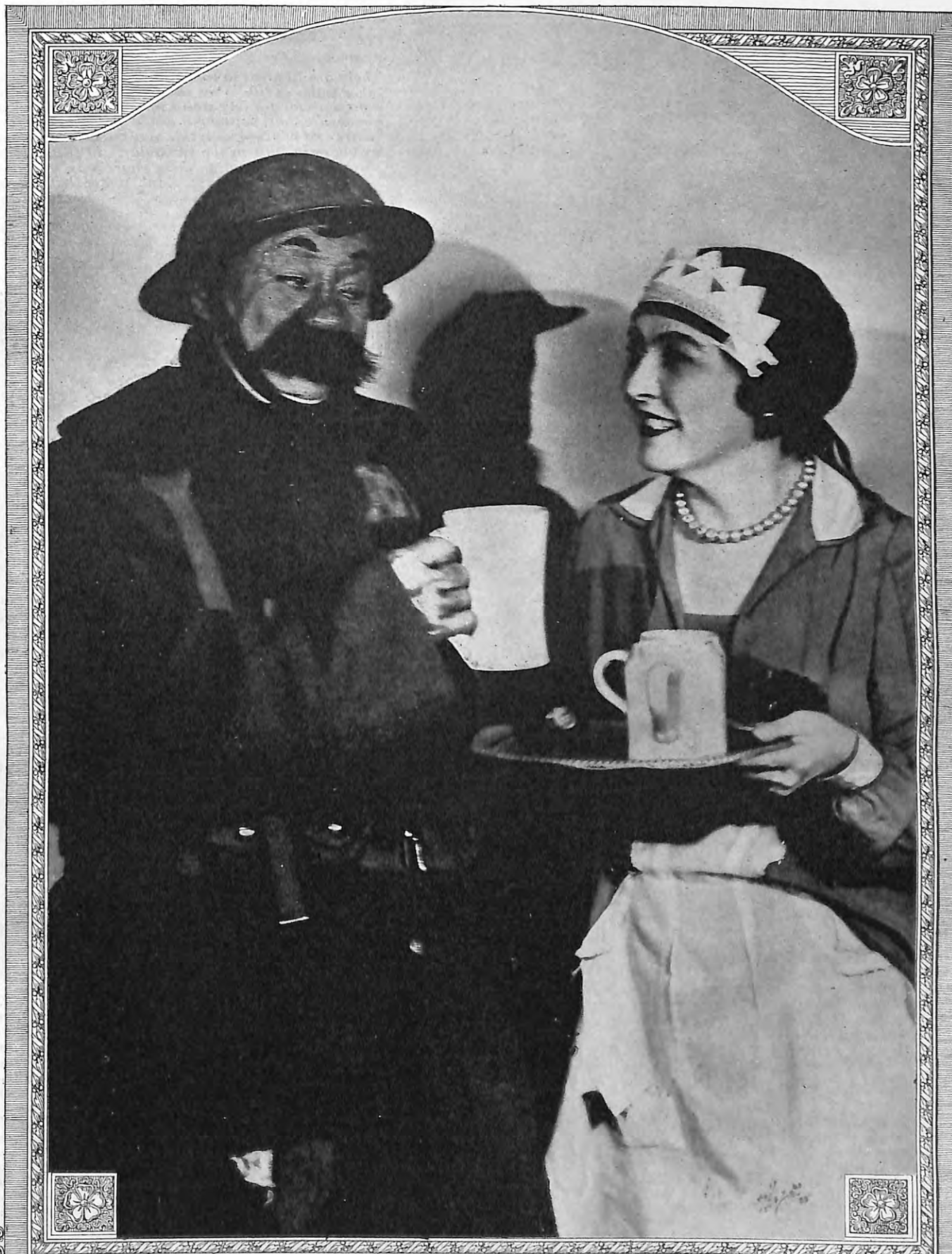
"We"

By Charles A. Lindbergh. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

SOMEWHERE along about page 279 of this book by the world-famous "Lindy," we come across these words of Calvin Coolidge:

(Continued on page 91)





### The Coburns in Vaudeville

FLORENCE VANDAMM

ONE of the plays of recent years that seems to have a genuinely perennial appeal is "The Better Ole." The Coburns have played it all over the country, and now they have made a tabloid version and taken it into vaudeville—with great success. But when the cool weather comes, along in October or November,

they are bringing out a new play. No less than Tom Cushing's dramatization of Booth Tarkington's very popular novel "The Plutocrat." Mr. Coburn will have the title rôle, a flamboyant but impressive and lovable Mid-Western magnate, and Mrs. Coburn will play the charming but elusive Mme. Momoro.—E. R. B.





FLORENCE VANDAMM

There are fashions in the theater just as there are in other walks of life. Not so many years ago it was most unusual for any well-known actor to appear in vaudeville, but nowadays whole flocks of leading ladies and matinee idols tide over the summer season by taking a turn in the two-a-day. In fact, all the theater folk pictured on these pages have so slaved away the past few months. Edith Meiser (left), whose fresh young charm was one of the great assets of "Peggy Ann," has a sketch called "A Song Cycle," which she plans to stay with until round the New Year



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Eddie Cantor's coy pose (above) is the effect of having been caught by a camera without his black-face make-up. Of course he is now back where one has come naturally to look for Mr. Cantor: to wit in Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," but when this picture was taken he was dividing his time between a vaudeville act and rehearsals of Irving Berlin's new tunes



FLORENCE VANDAMM

It's rather easier for Odette Myrtil (right) to shift from the legitimate stage and back again than for most actresses. She just has to pack up her violin and her gipsy costume—and there she is. Some time this month she rejoins the "Countess Maritza" company in Boston when it opens there for its winter tour of the country





Charlotte Greenwood (above), of the long legs and the bubbling humor, who did so much last winter to enliven the scenes of "Le Maire's Affairs" has taken over part of that review into vaudeville with her. She remains with the two-a-day until late in the winter, when she is scheduled to appear in a musical version of James Forbes' old play, "The Chorus Lady"



FLORENCE VANDAM

Moran and Mack (above) who were an outstanding feature of the "Earl Carroll Vanities" last winter, will rejoin that show when it goes on tour late in September. In the meantime they are playing in a vaudeville sketch called "Old and New Sayings." The emphasis probably belongs on the first word of the title but such is the talent of this team that it is the manner rather than the purport of their lines that keeps you hilarious

Some actors are so fortunate as occasionally to find rôles that are not only dramatically effective but also have the happy quality of endearing them to their audiences. This lot fell to Leo Carrillo (right) in "Lombardi Ltd." which he revived this spring, "Gipsy Jim" and "The Padre". During the summer many cities have seen him in a sketch called "Little Stories from Life" and next month he will open in New York in a piece called "The Brigand" by Paul Fox and George Tilton. From the title it should be something of a thriller



WITZEL STUDIOS

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



# The Mystery Of The Axes

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

## Part II

EVIDENTLY impatient to get to work with the hounds and attracted by the delay which the detective's curt dealing with Mr. Fair was causing, one of the riders touched his horse and came over, joining the Chief Constable just as Detective-Inspector Meek was about to make sure of his prisoner.

The newcomer started as his eyes took in Prosper, and he spoke very quickly indeed.

"Good God, Inspector, what do you think you are doing?" he barked. "You're not arresting this gentleman?"

It was Sir Gatsby Thorburn of King's Halt Hall.

"I am," declared the detective.

"Well, I'd strongly advise you to think again," snapped Thorburn. "At any rate, until you are sure of his identity."

"He's acknowledged that already," said the Chief Constable.

"Really? But, my dear Colonel—" Sir Gatsby leaned close, whispering.

An extraordinary change came over the Chief Constable's face, and he called the detective to him.

"I withdraw my sanction to this arrest, Inspector Meek," he said, and dropped his voice, whispering, "and I advise you neither to arrest nor detain Mr. Fair. Do you know who he is?"

"No—nor do I care!"

The Chief Constable smiled dryly as he whispered again.

"Don't you? Well, Mr. Fair is the Duke of Devizes on a holiday tour. You may have heard of him. Before you arrest him for a crime of which he is incapable, and for which he can have no conceivable motive, I'd suggest that you telephone to Scotland Yard for special instructions."

The detective thought. If he was angry or disappointed or puzzled he gave no sign.

But he was no fool. On the contrary, he was one of the best if most ruthless detectives in Scotland Yard and though, as it chanced, he had never seen Prosper, he, like most of the big detectives, knew a good deal about him, and his common-sense told him that the odds against the Duke of Devizes being the man he sought were colossal.

"I'll take your advice," he said, and returned to Prosper.

"I've come pretty near making an error of judgment, Mr.—er—Fair," he stated concisely, with no suggestion of regret or apology in his voice. "But a man who travels under a name that isn't his proper name takes risks.



I am an official detective, and I am paid to do my duty. I don't intend to arrest you—but I'd like to point out to you that you, too, have duties as a member of the public—and it's your duty to explain how that axe came into your possession and why you were posting it away so quickly from the place where it seems to have been used."

Prosper nodded.

"Quite so, Inspector," he said and added, quietly, "Perhaps it would have been a little more efficient to have thought of asking that before you jumped so very violently to your conclusions. Have you the axe here?"

THE detective produced the parcel, torn in several places, so that the end of the wooden haft and part of the sharp stone head were exposed.

"There is a law relating to the abstraction of parcels from the mails without the expressly obtained permission of the Postmaster General," he said. "Detectives who do that without authority do so at their own risk. However, since you have taken that risk, Inspector, I will aid and abet you."

He cut the string, unwrapped the axe, and took out the letter enclosed with it.

He showed the axe to the craning group.

"This thing is badly blood-stained," said Prosper crisply. "My dog brought it into my camp last night. If you will read the letter enclosed with it, you will see that in it I request Mr. John Morrison, a well-known analyst, to test these stains and telegraph to me his report. I do not believe them to be human blood-stains at all. Indeed, I am satisfied that they are not."

A quick glance at the letter to Morrison corroborated that.

"I see." Inspector Meek scrutinized the axe for some time, using a magnifying glass.

"Why do you think that, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper pointed to the cleft where the flint was wired into the handle.

There were short, black hairs sticking in the dry blood there.

"Miss O'Mourne was fair-haired," he said quietly.

Inspector Meek nodded. "But it may have been used twice."

"Quite," said Prosper. "That is why I was sending it for an analyst's examination."

He smiled.

"Send it yourself to Scotland Yard for examination, if you prefer."

"Thanks, I will," said the detective rather dryly.

The Chief Constable broke in. He was a bluff, burly, red-faced, white-moustached man well past middle age—and rather obviously an old army man.

"Well, that's that—and let me remind you, Inspector, that the sooner we get the hounds laid on the likelier we are to find the right scent!"

They turned back to the holly clump.

But Sir Gatsby Thorburn lingered with Prosper for a moment.

"Rather lucky I chanced to come, Duke —"

"Fair, please, my dear Thorburn. Yes, I'm tremendously obliged," said Prosper. "Though I should have sent across to you—or Crystal Sheen, whom I met this morning—in any case."

"Good." Thorburn's eyes wandered across to the hounds. "This is a tragic business. But between us all we ought to run down the savage that killed this poor girl."

Prosper nodded, his eyes on the hounds.

Sir Gatsby followed his gaze.

"They're wonderful hounds—Floyd Sterne's Nemesis and Black Shadow."

Prosper nodded.

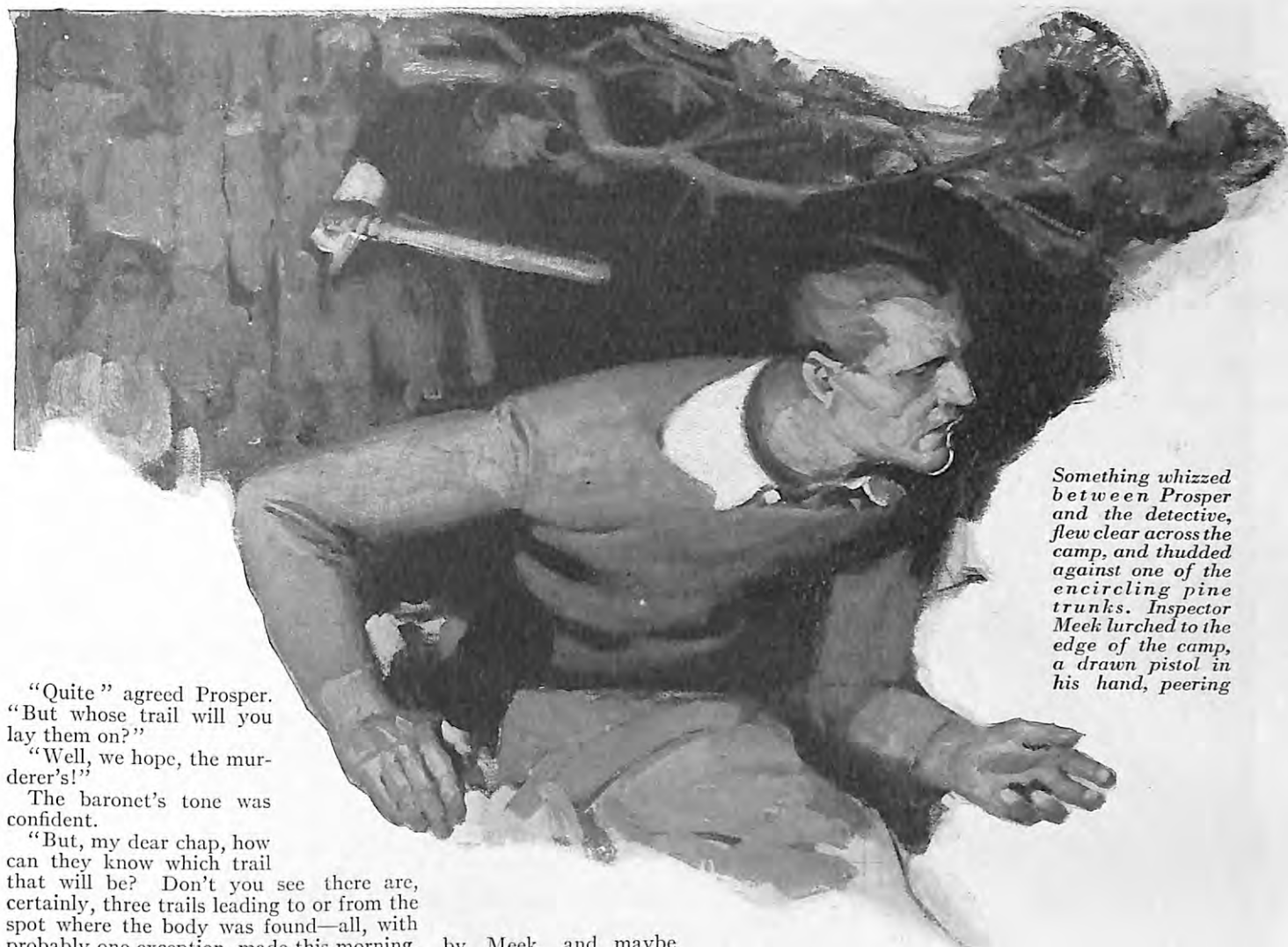
"Yes. I fancied I recognized their action. The grandparents of both were bred at Derehurst—"

"By Jove, yes, of course. I'd forgotten. You have a kennel of them there. Why, you're a bloodhound expert, of course. Well now, will you help us over there—Floyd Sterne is on the continent and it's his kennel man in charge—a good man with the hounds at home, but not an expert at the tracking."

"I can't help you much," said Prosper. "Nor, for that matter can the bloodhounds."

"Eh? But they're first class—"





*Something whizzed between Prosper and the detective, flew clear across the camp, and thudded against one of the encircling pine trunks. Inspector Meek lurched to the edge of the camp, a drawn pistol in his hand, peering*

"Quite" agreed Prosper. "But whose trail will you lay them on?"

"Well, we hope, the murderer's!"

The baronet's tone was confident.

"But, my dear chap, how can they know which trail that will be? Don't you see certainly, three trails leading to or from the spot where the body was found—all, with probably one exception, made this morning. There is the trail of the murderer, obviously the first made, some hours ago, and therefore the faintest. Next there's the trail left by Hambledon the forester when he carried the girl away from the spot to her home. I see he's one of the party over there. Next there is my trail coming from my camp and to this spot. And for all we know there may be others" (he did not mention the Japanese). "None of us—not even the severe Meek—know the murderer and he seems to have dropped nothing that will give the hounds a start which will send them off on the scent of the person who dropped the article. If the murderer had dropped, say, a handkerchief, which would normally bear his individual scent, then there might be just a chance that they could pick up out of that criss-cross of tracks the scent pertaining to the owner of the handkerchief and follow it up—"

Sir Gatsby scowled.

"Ye-es—there's that. Queer that never occurred to anybody. Sterne would have known, of course."

His face brightened.

"BUT, man, there's the axe! The very thing!"

But Prosper shook his head.

"The dominating scent on the axe will be the scent of drying blood," he explained. "And the scent of blood is the one scent which is of all most likely to foil the powers of the bloodhound. Even if the axe were carried away by the murderer it would leave no scent for the hounds to trail. It would reek of blood—not necessarily that of the dead girl. Moreover since the moment when it was first stained it has been mouthed by my small tyke, handled by me, handled

by Meek, and maybe others—all scents superimposed upon that of the murderer, which in any case, must be superimposed by the blood scent."

He was absently rolling one of his shabby cigarettes as he explained. Thorburn was watching him, listening open-mouthed.

"And, further, my dear Thorburn," continued Prosper, half-absently, as if he were thinking of more pressing matters, "I think I can assure you that there is no human blood on that peculiar axe at all. Unless I am mistaken it will be found to be the blood of an animal—a goat, a black goat, which belonged to Eli Lovell, and was killed last night."

Thorburn stared.

"It seems to me that you should be the detective in charge of this affair instead of that half-curbed brute, Meek," he said.

Prosper shook his head.

"Oh, no. But while I am here naturally I mean to—er—keep my eyes open. In an amateur sort of way—without making myself a nuisance, of course."

"I see. Well, I hope you'll look on King's Halt as open house to you at all hours of the day or night while you are camping here. Everything's at your disposal there."

Thorburn pulled his horse round.

"I shall see you again?"

"Oh, yes. My camp is close by," said Prosper.

"Good. Would you care to come over and help us with the hounds?"

But Prosper shook his head, smiling. "Forgive me, Thorburn, but I assure you that to ask those hounds to track the murderer is akin to asking a painter to paint without colors and brushes. I can do more good, I think, in—another direction!" he said.

"Right! You know best. We shall see more of each other, I hope!"

Thorburn touched his horse and rode over to the hollies, muttering as he went. A Master of Foxhounds does not love lessons about scent—even though he is sportsman enough to realize their value.

"ALWAYS a man who went his chosen way without consulting others or sharing his thoughts—until he was ready," he said. "Yes—for all his charm he was always like that—cool customer—a splendid friend—and I should say a keener and more dangerous follower of a trail than any bloodhound."

Sir Gatsby looked back.

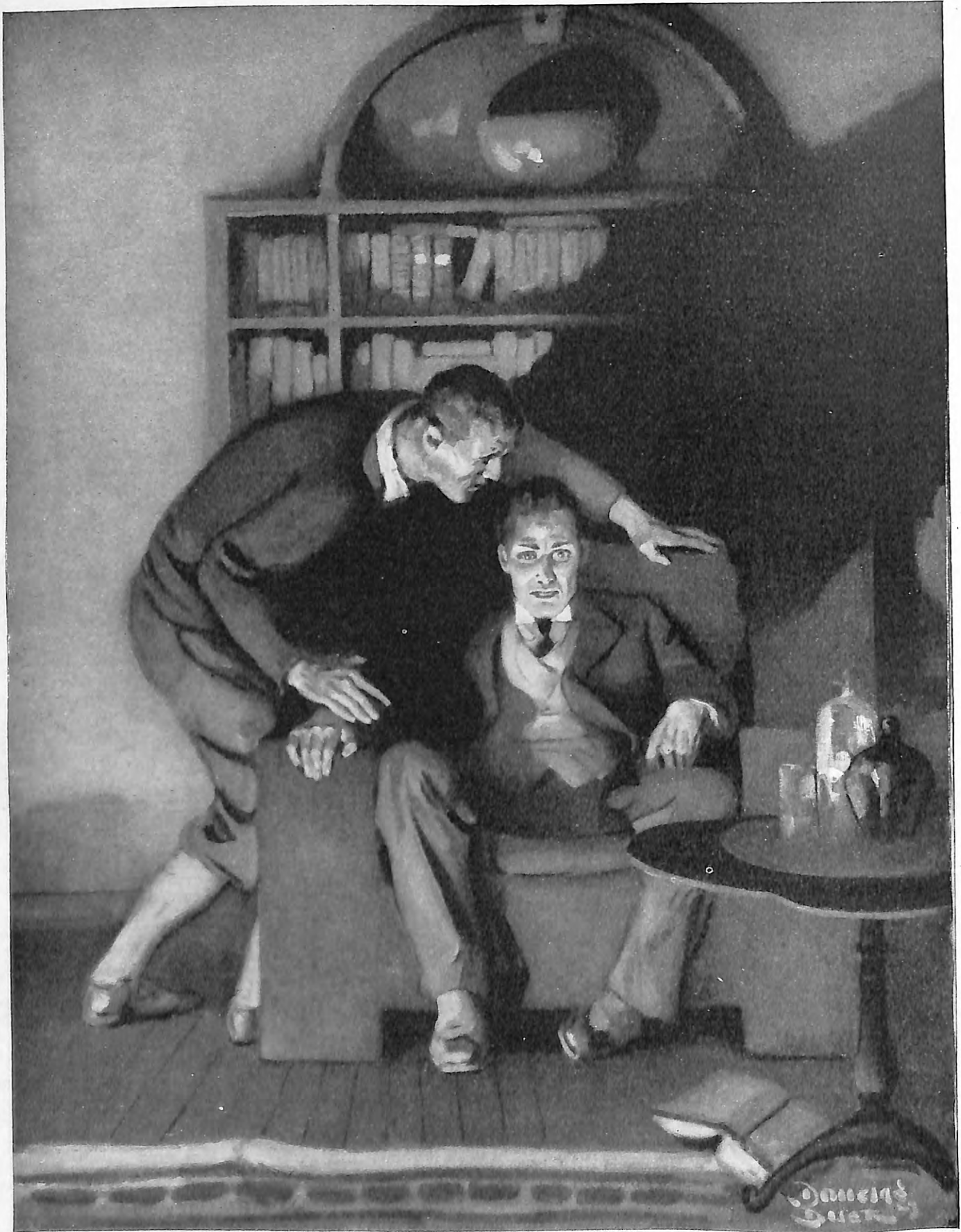
But the shabby, bare-headed, baggy-kneed Mr. Fair was moving away in the direction of the house of the O'Mournes, his "small tyke" flickering at his heels.

In that wide expanse of moorland he looked a small and lonely figure—almost insignificant, compared with the group of stamping horses and intent and serious men anxiously watching the couple of black and sinuous hounds nosing about the stain in the clearing. . . .

But Prosper was to see the bloodhounds again that day.

It was nearly two hours later, when he was almost at the end of the fairly long walk from his camp to the cottage of the resting playwright, Alan Byrne.

He—and Plutus—were walking along the edge of a small stream that passed the hill called Tufter's Wait, on the brow of which Byrne's cottage was built, when from behind and to the left he heard the



faint far note, muted by distance, of a bloodhound. It brought his head round with a jerk.

Far across the forest plain he saw the riders bearing down toward him.

He shortened his glance to the middle distance, waiting. Within a few seconds both hounds came running out from behind a patch of heather, moving swiftly, with noses to the ground, heading, as it seemed, directly to him.

*When Prosper spoke to him directly, Byrne neither moved, nor answered, nor shifted his fixed stare. The attack was upon him*

For a moment his brows knitted, then he smiled, and sat on the low bough of a stunted tree, one of a few lone firs standing on the slope down to the stream, to watch.

"There is, friend Plutus, in the sight of a bloodhound running a trail, something which strikes cold on the stoutest and most

innocent heart," he observed. "That is one of the uneasy things which we have inherited from the dark days, my little. But there is no harm—trust Prosper and all will be well. All will be very well——"

A voice, remotely familiar, spoke softly behind him—so unexpectedly that he started a little.

"What have we here, Mr. Fair—hounds! Hounds in August! Impossible!"

The tall and portly form of Major Giles



Wakeling, come apparently from nowhere, ranged alongside. But though the Major addressed Prosper, he did not look at him. He was staring intently at the rider.

"I heard the note of a hound," he said nervously, and then his eyes picked out the black hounds gliding across the turf between the heather patches on the slope to the stream.

"Bloodhounds!" said Major Wakeling, with a tremor in his voice. "Eh—bloodhounds, by God—they're bloodhounds, man!"

Prosper said nothing then. He was watching intently. Once he turned to look at Tufter's Wait Cottage, slewing his head a little with half-closed eyes like a man trying to align things from a difficult angle.

He must have satisfied himself, for suddenly his brows disengaged and he smiled a little.

"They're hot on a scent—somebody's trail—" ejaculated Major Giles Wakeling, his big hand quite unconsciously gripping hard at Prosper's shoulder. "What's this—what's this! Whose trail are these hounds running, man?"

There was a touch of panic in his voice.

"Wait—wait," said Prosper. "We shall see—when they come to the water."

But he had guessed whose trail seconds before he spoke.

**T**HE bloodhounds checked at the water, threw up their great heads, nosed the trail again, broke across the water, quested eagerly about the bank, hesitated, faltered and were beaten.

"Checked!" said the Major excitedly.

"Yes. But fine hounds—splendid hounds," said Prosper, in the tone of one who soliloquizes. "They hunted a trail, three hours old, to the water—and a craftsman's trail at that—a craftsman, yes—"

He rose. A drift of the changing unstable wind bore their scent down to the hounds who threw up their heads, baying uncertainly and came on.

"By God, they're after us!" said the Major in the voice of a frightened child.

But Prosper steadied him.

"Oh, no—but they're baffled. And they're a gentle strain. Nothing to be startled about. Just stand still!"

The big hounds came up, nosing them uncertainly, but without attempting to harm or to hold them.

Close behind came the riders, Detective-Inspector Meek, wallowing in an unaccustomed saddle, at the head of them.

"You, again!" he said sourly to Prosper, and turned his eyes on the Major.

"And who are *you*, sir?" he demanded, hardly attempting to conceal the threat of force, of brutal menace, of cold ferocity and conscious authority that was ever latent in his voice, and which he had probably found effective.

Prosper felt the hand of Major Giles Wakeling trembling as it gripped his shoulder.

But the Chief Constable drove his horse alongside the detective.

"No need to be noisy, Inspector Meek," he growled. "I will answer for this gentleman—Major Giles Wakeling—"

"Eh?" broke in the detective, sharply. "Major Giles Wakeling—the private enquiry agent of Savoy Chambers, Strand, I believe!"

The old Chief Constable flushed.

"Enquiry agent be damned. I know nothing of that—this gentleman is Major Giles Wakeling, V.C., D.S.O., and M.C., late of the Coldstream Guards—desperately

wounded and badly shell-shocked in France. I tell you that I will answer for Major Wakeling—bloodhounds or no (qualified) hounds!" said the Chief Constable, an old soldier, and nodded reassuringly.

But Meek was a man of the world, and he,

**BEN LUCIEN BURMAN'S**  
*"The Adventure of the Reappearing Numbers," to be published in an early issue, is one of a series of stories based on actual experiences of great European detectives. To get this material, Mr. Burman visited the capitals of Europe and saw the leading police officials.*

too, had seen something of France in her less attractive period.

He stood back, carefully and precisely saluting the Major.

"Didn't connect you and him somehow, sir!" he said, harshly as ever. "I'm sorry—but every trail leads nowhere to-day!"

"That's all right—quite all right—assure you—quite all right," said the Major nervously.

The detective turned abruptly on the kennel man.

Prosper glanced at the Major's boots. They were completely dry.

If Major Wakeling had crossed the stream that day it had not been anywhere near the spot where the man whom the black bloodhounds had tracked crossed it.

Casually, Prosper pointed this out.

"Why, no—I crossed a couple of hours ago by the footbridge near the village path to the main road, a mile higher up," said the Major.

Inspector Meek shrugged.

Then they went back to the stream to try to pick up the trail.

Prosper and the Major watched.

"A hard man, that detective—very hard—" muttered the Major.

"Very," agreed Prosper.

But he smiled as he agreed, for he was well convinced that he knew who had made—and, at his own leisure, had broken—the trail that had baffled the hounds.

To the mind of Mr. Fair the trail which the bloodhounds had chosen to follow was clearly that of the Japanese he had

seen in the clearing among the hollies and whom he expected presently to find was valet to Alan Byrne. This did not prove the Japanese to be the murderer—but the ease with which he had broken his trail certainly proved him to be a man of foresight and one equal to emergency.

"A craftsman," said Prosper to himself, as he watched the bloodhounds quest in vain for the trail. "Yes. But we shall see."

He waited till the little crowd gave it up and moved away toward Normansrood.

Then he turned to the broken Major.

"Well, Major, an interesting if slightly awkward episode," he said. "I am going up to ask my friend Byrne for some tea. I believe he will welcome us both. Shall we go?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Fair!" said the Major.

"Mr. Byrne is a great friend of mine, too."

So they went off together, slowly climbing the easy slope to Tufter's Wait.

**F**OR a few moments they walked in silence.

Then, with that air of embarrassment which characterized him, the Major spoke.

"By the way, Mr. Fair, I'd feel obliged if you would—er—dismiss from your mind the remark of that—um—infernal detective. I mean, what he said about my having a private enquiry agent's business in Savoy Chambers."



The big hounds came up, nosing them uncertainly, but without attempting to harm or to hold them. Prosper waited.

Prosper reassured him very heartily.

"Why, certainly, Major. No business of mine. It was a lie—well, say a mistake, of course?"

The Major glanced rather furtively at Prosper—and ignored the question.

He tugged nervously at his moustache and continued even more awkwardly.

"And if you'd oblige me even further, I'd be—well, terribly grateful to you. Would you mind forgetting—or rather, not referring to those—er—things—well, decorations—the Chief Constable—old Colonel Swayne—rather harped about. What I mean to say—that—er—V. C. and—um—so on."

PROSPER did not answer that immediately. But in a few seconds he stopped and half turned, facing the Major.

"Forgive me, Major," he said, "If I do not hasten to promise that. . . . But it happens to be a cherished conviction of mine that any man who is entitled to write after his name the letters V.C. is—or should be—exempt from much—from most—of the uncharitable criticism to which we are all liable. Because he has probably earned such exemption by risking his life to save another—and perhaps a less valuable life. It chanced that the Fates who deal the hands with which we are all provided at birth, dealt to me, in the hand I was destined to play, an excellent memory and I happen to remember something of the circumstances in which by a sheer cold-blooded, self-sacrificing courage, which I am not ashamed to say I envy, you won your honours. Why do you want me to help conceal the fact that you are a V.C.?"

"Well, you see—do I behave like one?" stammered the Major, agitated. "I was given—they gave me—the V. C. out there, it's true. But to tell you the truth I'm scared nowadays—scared all the time. You don't know, Fair—you can't realize. I assure you What? Damn it, you know, it took every ounce of pluck I'd got just to walk into your camp—a stranger—this morning. I would have sooner given you a miss. Yes. I had to drive myself at it. Drive myself. I tell you, Fair—you're a good chap, a decent sort of chap and you understand things—it's just hell to me, this Forest work. Eh? The owls. Prowling about this Forest in the way I have to. I tell you, Fair, it's hell for me. . . . My nerve's gone. I tell you, sometimes when I've been watching at night down in the valley or in Wolf's Hold or by this hill, the sudden cry of an owl has chilled my blood! Eh? That sounds queer to you, doesn't it? Just a damned owl hooting overhead all of a sudden in some pit of darkness in Wolf's Hold and where's Major Giles Wakeling V.C., Private Detective, Et Cetera? Sweating with fear—underneath the owl's bough! Eh?"

The Major ground his teeth. He was fearfully agitated.

"Eh? Would you believe that! . . . It's true, Fair. And what about the man in skins? He comes like a ghost and goes like a startled deer. Half naked! With his game on his back and a wolf at his heels and riding like a madman! . . . You need some courage if you're going to be much about Wolf's

Hold these days. And me—I'm no good. Lady Crystal doesn't know it. Alan Byrne doesn't know it. Nobody seems to see it—though old Swayne guesses it—but the truth is, Fair, that since I was caught in those mines in France I'm no good. It was the mines—I've been up twice in the mines—heaven high, My God! I could stand the shells but it was the mines—the ground under your feet going up—that broke my nerve. Mr. Fair—I haven't the pluck of a barnyard fowl. Not nowadays. And it seems to me that everybody that looks at me knows it. I shall have to do something about it. Why—those black-jowled hounds—they frightened me. I was scared of them. I thought they were after me. If you hadn't been there it would have been pretty serious—it—"

He broke off abruptly, as he caught sight of two people on the veranda of the big bungalow close by.

"But never mind all that now—never mind—" he said hurriedly. "There's Lady Crystal—and Byrne—they're looking—"

Prosper gave a queer little gesture that was remotely like a gesture of despair.

It was his habit and his hobby to go about doing good or what he sincerely conceived to be good. But daily it seemed to him that he encountered fresh evidence that he was trying to dam back a tidal wave with spadefuls of sand thrown by a child's spade.

So many people needing help—encouragement—a cheery word—comradeship—

He caught back his thoughts, and smiled at the Major.

"Why, that's all right," he said. "People understand, you know, Major. Everybody knows what nerves are nowadays. Half the world is living on its nerves. We'll chat it over some time. Just a question of time—building up. Meantime, they're beckoning us."

Something in his gay and confident and comradelike tone steadied Major Wakeling who shook his head, seeming by that abrupt action to clear his mind a little.

"Yes, yes, quite—oh, quite. I see that, Fair," he said. "I think you're right. Come along, then."

They went on to the bungalow.

It was Lady Crystal Sheen and Alan Byrne awaiting them, but the girl was drawing on her riding gloves and a groom was bringing her horse round as they stepped on to the veranda.

Her face lit up as she drew Byrne impulsively to Prosper.

"Alan, here is Prosper come to see you as I told you he would. He's camping near here for—oh, a long time—and he says he means to come in and see you just as often as he can. You'll like that, Alan? Of course. You have lots in common, you two. I wish you could have been here an hour ago, Prosper. I must go—I shall be lucky if I catch my train to town."

The two men were shaking hands and she dropped both hers on theirs and held them so for a few seconds.

"Be good pals to each other, you two, please—my two best pals. It will be rather jolly for me to know that you and Prosper are getting on well together."

Prosper smiled.

"If to call in on a man as often as I propose calling in on Alan—pretty often, that is to say—is going to make you happy, cousin, you may be quite sure that I shall do it. If Alan can stand so much of me!"

Byrne nodded.

"This place shall be open house to you—and I shall be grateful for every second of your company you can spare," he said, rather dully. "I—I have had a baddish time since I saw you last—er—Fair—but you will forgive a certain dullness in a convalescent?"

Prosper tightened his grip for a second, then drew back his hand.

"One has to be half a gipsy to escape an occasional spell of dullness in the Forest—" he said lightly.

Lady Crystal broke in. "Oh, you understand each other—you're not strangers—and now I must go—good-bye—"

Major Wakeling muttered something about a short stirrup leather, moved quickly toward the horse, and a second or two later Crystal Sheen was in the saddle.

THE Major, apparently still busy with the stirrup leather, walked by the side of the horse for a few yards, Lady Crystal bending down talking quickly and rather urgently to him.

He answered with some eagerness. The girl nodded, then, as the Major stood clear, touched her horse lightly with her heel and galloped away across the Forest en route to King's Halt Hall.

The Major stared after her for a few moments, then came slowly back to the veranda, walking rather wearily.

"Give me a whisky and soda, Byrne," he said. "The Forest air is good but it's a tiring country to walk in."

They were evidently good friends.

The three went indoors together.

"Tiring?" echoed Byrne. "That's true enough, Major. I have not spent a waking minute in this place when I was not heavy with fatigue—or seemed so."

Prosper dropped into a chair.

"That's because you're both a bit run down. You'll pick up, I assure you. We shall get a different air in the Forest—an east wind pouring under a blazing sun comes over the Forest occasionally—and it's wine—and tonic—and healing all in one."

He spoke lightly, but his eyes, steadily on Byrne, were grave.

(Continued on page 67)





# Let the Buyer Beware

## Two Business Rivals Stake Their Fortunes Against an Ace in the Hole

By Cushing F. Wright

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THE billiard-room of the Tonopa Club was crowded; green-shaded lights glowed above green-baize tables, the air was streaked with tobacco smoke, and filled with a subdued hum of conversation punctuated by the soft clicking of balls and the snap of counters shoved back and forth along the wires.

Standing near a corner table Evan McKnight slowly rubbed the tip of his cue with a little square of green chalk and watched critically as Meier hitched his stomach above the rail and strained forward. Then he remarked, dispassionately:

"Why should they buy your machine? You haven't a chance."

The effect was disastrous. Meier bungled, and scowled as he backed off the table.

"Have you any money that says so, chatterbox?" he growled.

The other grinned as he stooped and squinted over a thin carom. The two called to mind a fox-terrier and a bulldog. McKnight, thin, lean-faced, spry, his gold-rimmed spectacles glinting over deep-set humorous blue eyes, the blue of which was accentuated by his stiff bristle of snow-white hair; Meier, ponderous, most of his two hundred and fifty pounds concentric, his wide face heavy-jowled, small eyes a cold gray, and his head bald, save for a thin strip of iron-gray hair that wandered across the back of his fat neck a few inches above his collar. Men had erred in believing that Adolph Meier's fat involved his brain; a calamitous mistake, for that part of his anatomy was keyed by the cold gray eyes, and McKnight knew it. There was no love between these two, but a deal of that wary respect, close to affection, which a fighter has for a foeman against whom there is no need to slip a button on the foil. And they were fighters; rivals in the adding-machine business; with their two big plants, the Infallible and the Triumph, dividing—in those days—the whole field between them.

Douglas McKnight had wandered over and climbed into one of the long-legged chairs against the wall by their table, and his father turned to him as he added a string of six to his score with a sweep of his cue.

"It's the Government order, Doug. Adolph is tempting me to lay a big wad."

"I'm not tempting you, I'm daring you," Meier chuckled.

"Bet him a thousand," said Douglas. He was a youthful replica of his father—the same lean face and hooked nose, the same deep blue eyes, laughing now, for he had spoken jokingly. But between McKnight and Meier the bet was not a joke, it was a challenge, involving the honor of their two big factories, and McKnight took no chance of ridicule by balking at the figure; he simply chalked his cue, and looked with



*Douglas measured him coldly. "Styles," he said, "you're a liar. Stand away from that door and let me out of here this minute"*

smiling inquiry at Meier. Meier's gray eyes flickered momentarily toward Douglas, who was sales-manager at the Infallible, and then he came back strong:

"Make it two," he said. "That's how sure I feel."

Evan McKnight and Douglas were sitting, a few days later, in two of the great leather chairs ranged in squat semi-circular groups before the wide windows of the lounging-room in the Tonopa Club, when Meier rolled across from the dining-room and joined them.

"Evan," he said, after he had tugged a chair around and sunk into it with a little whistling escape of wind from the collapsing upholstery, "if you want my opinion, the adding-machine business is going to the demnition bow-wows."

McKnight sized up their visitor with a shrewd smile. It was the part of wisdom, he had learned, to have a pinch of salt at hand when Meier held forth.

"We're not ringing any bells," he admitted. "I thought everybody must be buying 'Triumphs'; perhaps we're getting our share after all."

Meier grunted humorously.

"I guess so," he rumbled—"it's slim pickings—slim pickings." He settled deeper into the chair, which just seemed to fit his

great body. "I'm glad to get you two together," he observed, with an appreciable pick-up in the warmth of his heavy voice—"there is something I want to talk about." He gave a precautionary glance to either side, and dropped to a lower and more confidential note. "We control the adding-machine business," he said, impressively, marking off each word with a poke of his thick finger on the arm of his chair—"and we're throwing away our profits—fighting each other. Now—" he paused and leaned forward heavily, resting his hands on his knees—"if we should merge—" He left the sentence unfinished, but there was, in the way in which he sank back and interlaced his fingers over the swelling curve of his vest, while he looked from one to the other, the suggestion of unlimited opportunity. Douglas sat up with a startled jerk, but old Evan McKnight took it without the quiver of an eyelash.

"AYE," he said, with the hint of a drawl in his dry voice, "it would be profitable, no doubt; but a great deal would depend, Adolph, on who was the merger and who the mergee."

"Bosh," Meier brushed at the suggestion as though it were a buzzing fly. "Results are what count. There would have to be



compromise, naturally; our Company is larger, but—"

"And could out-vote ours on a share for share basis," interposed Douglas.

His father nodded.

"It isn't a new thought, Adolph; I've played with it myself, day-dreaming; but if we came in three things would have to be understood." He rested his elbows on the arms of his chair and placed the tips of his fingers carefully together as he ticked off his points. "First, we'd not be willing to adopt your name. Second, I wouldn't consider stopping the manufacture of our machine, and it would have to be called the Infallible. Third, we would insist on an equal share in the management." He stopped there, with a questioning smile, as a checker player does when it's the other fellow's move. Meier looked at him soberly, cracking the knuckles of his interlaced fingers one by one, then a ripple passed over his pillow-like figure and a throaty chuckle came forth.

"THAT, I suppose, is your Scotch idea of a compromise. Think of the advertising value in our name."

"And ours?" added Douglas.

"And the waste of making two machines practically alike."

"Then make ours."

Meier glanced at Douglas with a frown of irritation.

"It would be discussed, that question, but it could not be a promise to a merger."

Evan McKnight shook his head.

"We won't get anywhere, Adolph," he remarked. "Why should we have arguments? It is a grand idea, but we're not wanting a merger so much that we are willing to give up our identity."

Meier's fat shoulders rose in a heavy shrug, and he spread his hands.

"Well, then—" his voice became more incisive—"would you care to sell your business?"

McKnight's eyes twinkled behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I couldn't, if I wanted to. I don't own enough stock."

"Rubbish," said Meier, expansively. "You two own enough to swing the rest of it, if you are willing to sell."

"We're not in the market," Douglas, whose anxious eyes had been shifting back and forth between the two, let go the words impetuously, and Meier looked at him in slow amusement.

"A man with a piece of merchandise, who can't set a price to it, is a fool," he observed bluntly. Douglas flushed, but his father, with a dry chuckle, took the statement to himself.

"You're right," he said, "I'll set a price—for what I own; but you won't buy it."

"Maybe not."

"You can have my stock for four million dollars."

"Four—" the receptive expression on Meier's face changed to bewilderment, and then to sudden mirth, and he threw back his head and pressed his hands against his sides. Douglas braced himself for a bellow of laughter; it was like waiting, with your hands over your ears, beside a ten-inch gun; but not a sound issued forth, and yet Meier's body was shaking convulsively, and his red cheeks rose so as to almost conceal his little gray eyes. "Oh," he gasped, finally, "that's funny. Why—your—whole capital stock—is only four million."

Evan McKnight, taking his time about it, carefully extracted a twisted stogie from a tin-foil package, and smiled back as he licked down a loose section of the wrapper.



"I know," he said, "mine's a sentimental price."

"And I can't pay for Scotch sentiment," Meier scoffed. "It comes too high. I can buy cheaper in the open market."

"No doubt," McKnight drew comfortably on his stogie, "there's little sentiment about the market."

"Damn little!" Meier agreed, succinctly. "Well—" he leaned forward, preparatory to rising, "I'm sorry you can't see it."

McKnight waved his deformed cigar with an apologetic gesture.

"WE'RE needing the plant a bit longer, Adolph," he said, his left eyelid drooping for the fraction of a second as his glance fluttered briefly toward Douglas, "for that Government order."

"If you get it."

"We're at work on it now."

"Like hell you are!" the words rumbled explosively from Meier's great chest as he struggled to his feet.

"Tut—tut," chided McKnight, "you should congratulate us."

Meier glowered down on them, and then temper made way for a sardonic leer.

"How much do you lose on the order?" he asked.

McKnight hitched one thin leg over the other and smiled as he examined the tip of his cigar.

"I was counting on your bidding our cost, Adolph. We have analyzed your machine, and I took it for granted that your experts had analyzed ours. But it happened that on this particular order there was a little extra profit; in fact—" the expression on his brisk, wrinkled old face as he glanced up, was as mischievous as a small boy's—"there was nearly two thousand dollars extra profit—you furnished it."

There was an ugly hardening about Meier's mouth, and his cheeks reddened.

"Why you Scotch Shylock—" he began, and then gave a short mirthless laugh.

"Doesn't that make you see the common sense of my proposition? No? Well—" and he swung away, with a lift of his heavy shoulders.

Evan McKnight took off his spectacles and began polishing them, a habit he had when thinking.

"I shouldn't be surprised if we heard from this again, Doug," he observed. "That was a pretty stiff jolt for him to take—all in one dose."

It was a week following the conversation at the club that Douglas McKnight, glancing casually at the financial page of a morning paper, noticed a sale of Infallible at forty-seven. The stock was listed on the New York Curb, but it was inactive—what is known as a "sleeper"—and had hung for months within an eighth of forty-eight. Next day the selling was vicious. Like a pebble rolling and bouncing down a mountain-side, that single sale roared into an avalanche that carried Infallible crashing to thirty-two.

With a paper spread before him on his desk Douglas scowled savagely at the figures, and mixed with his anger was the confused bewilderment of a man who doesn't understand what is happening. Why were they selling? Who was selling? He got up restlessly and walked to the window where he stood with his lean fingers clasped tightly behind his back. Below him, at the back of the factory, was the broad shipping platform, and as he glanced down he saw their shipping clerk checking out a consignment of machines. The window was open and he leaned out.

"Pat," he called, "come up here a minute."

"Pat," he said, when the short, black-haired, blue-jawed Irishman came into his office, "you used to own some stock in this concern. Have you sold it?"

Pat's black eyes twinkled craftily.

"Not I, me boy. With me fingers on th' pulse of th' business? Not a share. But there's plenty of dumb fools that have."

"Why?"





*"Your board of directors, as at present constituted, will probably not ratify the exchange of stock, and I am therefore unwilling to vote for any one of them until this question is cleared up." The silence that followed was ghastly*

For answer Pat took from his pocket a battered spectacle case and opening it hooked on a pair of steel-rimmed specs that gave an oddly owl-like expression to his round face. Then from an inside pocket he extracted a folded circular. This he spread in front of Douglas and pointed with a stubby, black-nailed finger at a certain paragraph.

"'Twas seeing it in print," he said, "that scared them."

The circular was on good paper, and purported to be a sample of the service offered to its customers by a market-letter house located in New York—a tipping agency. It gave first the names of stocks suggested for a rise, with plausible reasons why they should go up ten, twenty, or a hundred points; and below these it listed other stocks with advice to sell. Tucked in here, most damning in its indictment, was a paragraph about Infallible Common. "This stock," it said, "should be sold short for a profit of from fifteen to twenty points. With the factory only running at from forty to fifty per cent. of capacity the huge overhead is eating rapidly into surplus. The loss of business, which can be traced to increasing competition, is apparently permanent, and we feel that the dividend is in grave danger. Holders of this stock should sell at once, and get out from under."

DOUGLAS' right hand, resting beside the circular, shortened into a white-knuckled fist.

"It's a damn lie, Pat," he growled. "Where did you get this thing?"

"Sure I know it." Pat bent his bullet head and peered out at Douglas over the top of his glasses, "I told th' old woman so, but I had to fight her to keep from selling. It came in th' mail a couple or three days ago."

A half-hour later Douglas, his eyes blazing, stormed impetuously into his father's office. Evan McKnight, with his back to

the door, was sitting before an old-fashioned roll-top desk, on the high surface of which stood a framed photograph of his wife, and one of Douglas at the age of six. Behind him, emblematic of the newer order, was a massive mahogany table, his chair being in a little lane between the two. He twirled about as the door opened, and faced his son with an expression of mild inquiry.

"Do you know that our stock is selling at thirty-two?" Douglas drove at him. "That it has dropped fifteen points since yesterday?"

"Why, no," the old gentleman looked his surprise as he rasped a bony chin thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger. "What's happened?"

"Plenty," Douglas snapped. "Take a look at this," and he threw the circular onto the table. "Pat Donovan got that through the mail three days ago." His father picked it up and read it through deliberately.

"Hm—m," he said, his eyes lifting from the mimeographed sheet, "I don't suppose you got one of these?" Douglas shook his head, and the older man pursed his lips. "No," he mused, reflectively, "you wouldn't." Then, glancing at the printed heading, "Who are 'Fitch & Smathers'?"

Douglas scowled with exasperation at his father's calmness. Apparently he was far from worried, and there seemed, indeed, to be a twinkling gleam of understanding in the back of his shrewd old eyes. It was therefore with a certain grim enjoyment that he rapped out:

"There is no such concern. I've had New York on the wire. That whole thing is a trumped-up fake."

Hartley came in as they were talking. He was a slight man, of about the same age as Evan McKnight, thin, clean-shaven, with gray hair and rather shy brown eyes.

Formerly he had been with Meier—the Triumph machine was, in fact, his invention—but there had been trouble between the two, and he had joined McKnight, and together they had built the Infallible. He was now vice-president of the company. McKnight turned to him.

"You get one of these, Joe?" he asked, pushing the circular across the table with the rubber tip of his pencil. Hartley picked it up, frowned, then dropped it back on the desk with a contemptuous smile.

"I guess I'm not on that sucker-list, Evan," he answered.

"This particular sucker-list, Joe," said Evan McKnight, ominously, "happens, with a few notable exceptions, three, I should say, to be a list of our own stockholders." He tilted back in his chair with a frosty smile touching his thin lips. "In this," stabbing at the circular with his pencil, "I seem to recognize the fine Italian hand of our fat friend, Meier, who is apparently out gunning for us."

"Would he dare to send a thing like that through the mail?" asked Douglas, incredulously. His father simply turned to Hartley, half sitting on a corner of the wide table, and Hartley's mild eyes became suddenly rather unpleasant to look at.

"AND think it a joke," he said, harshly, answering the question. "Anything is fair with Meier, if he can get away with it. He's after something; I don't know what, but he doesn't do things for fun."

"He's after this Company, Joe," said McKnight levelly. "We're crowding him, and when Meier's toes are stepped on, he fights. This circular is a bugaboo to scare our stockholders and break the price, and it seems to have worked."

To Douglas there recurred the scene at the club: the angry look in Meier's eyes, the red bulging back of his neck as he strode away.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

McKnight unhooked his spectacles and began to polish them. "I generally fight," he observed, holding the glasses off at arm's length and squinting through them carefully, "but I can't match dollars with Meier on the Stock Exchange—competitive buying; that's what it would mean—his guns are too heavy. This is just a preliminary. You watch the stock. Buy some if you can—you'll make money."

There was, Douglas thought, a touch of weariness in his father's voice, and he saw him suddenly, thin, wrinkled, white-haired, as an old man. It was almost in the nature of a revelation, and brought a lump into his throat.

"We can at least tell our stockholders the truth," he suggested, "and keep them from being fleeced."

"We can, yes. You do it. Tell them not to be damn fools," replied McKnight, fretfully.

Douglas was sick at heart when he returned to his own office. He called their New York Transfer Agent over the telephone, hoping for some information, but all they could tell him was that the stock was going to a man named Styles. They knew nothing about him.

"Styles, eh?" Evan McKnight looked sharply at Douglas who had brought him the information, then began to draw little squares and crosses on a white pad that lay before him. "Tell New York," he said, after a moment of consideration, "to let you know whenever that stock is switched."

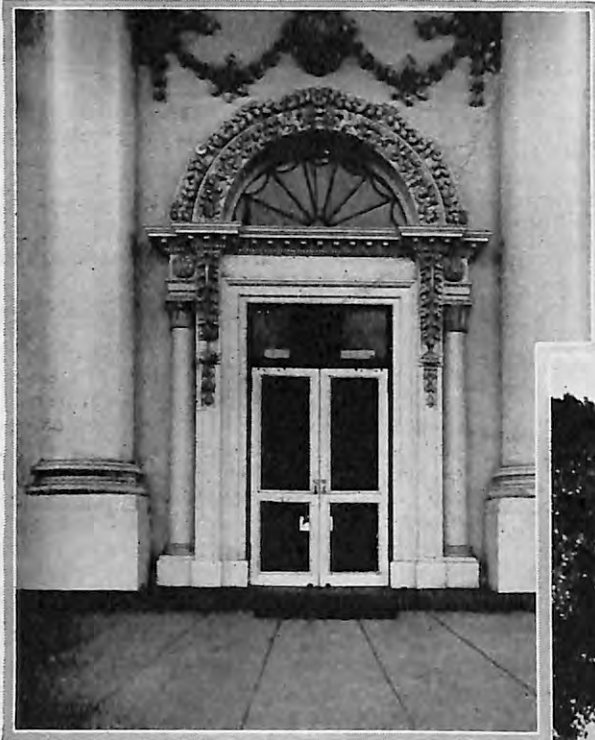
It was useless for Douglas to think of sales. He sat at his desk next day with the

(Continued on page 74)



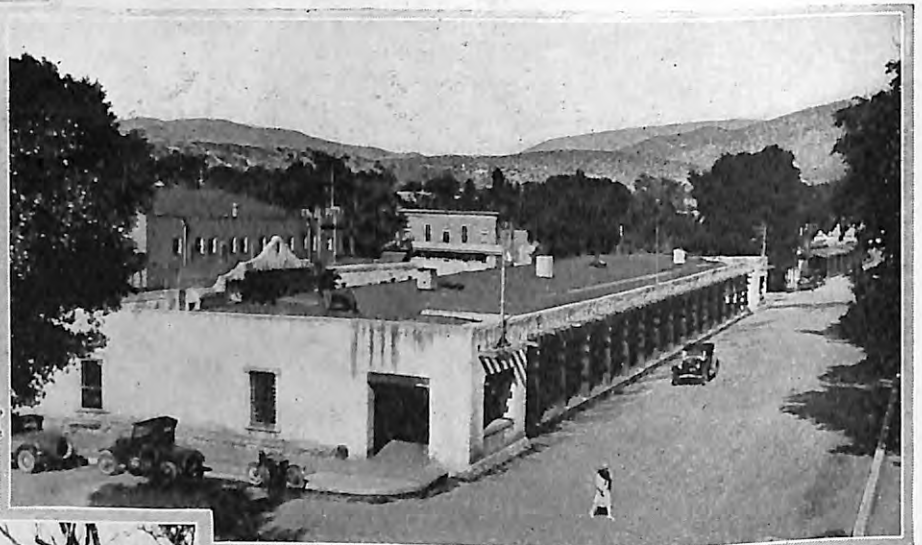
# How Well Do You Know Your Country?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing  
The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 82



KEYSTONE

1. Every fond mother in America thinks her son is destined to enter this doorway



EWING GALLOWAY

2. For more than 300 years successive governors from three nationalities were proud to rule in this palace of sun-baked mud



KEYSTONE

3. The venerable church at the left lives in history for a fiery political speech: "Give me liberty or give me death—"



GAUFIELD &amp; SHOCK; FROM GALLOWAY

4. A marble temple houses this old log cabin. Perhaps you know the reason why—and in what State to seek for it



EWING GALLOWAY

5. No, this isn't the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It deserves to be well known, but the reputation of Grand Canyon has dwarfed it in popularity





KEYSTONE

7. (Above) Sea gulls, because they saved a precious wheat crop seventy-nine years ago, are honored by this monument in one of our public squares. In what old inland city is it to be found?



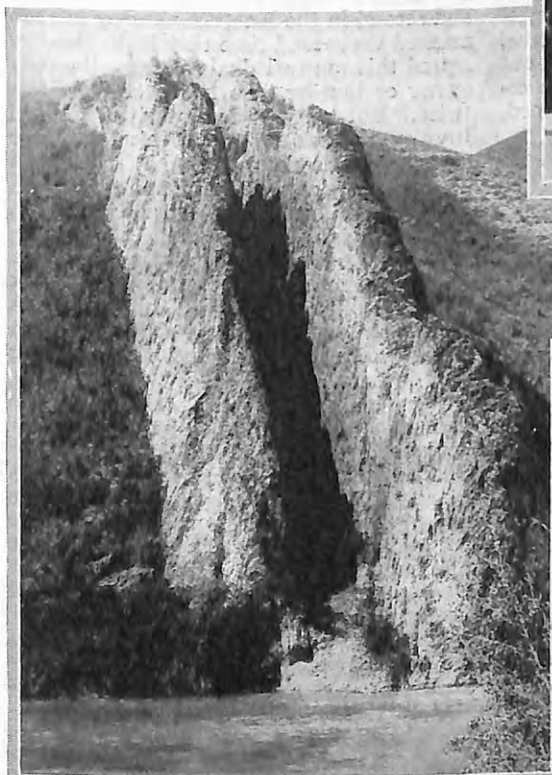
EWING GALLOWAY

6. Surely, so wonderful a natural bridge as this one above—111 feet high, with a span of 200 feet—should be world-famous. Name, please?



KEYSTONE

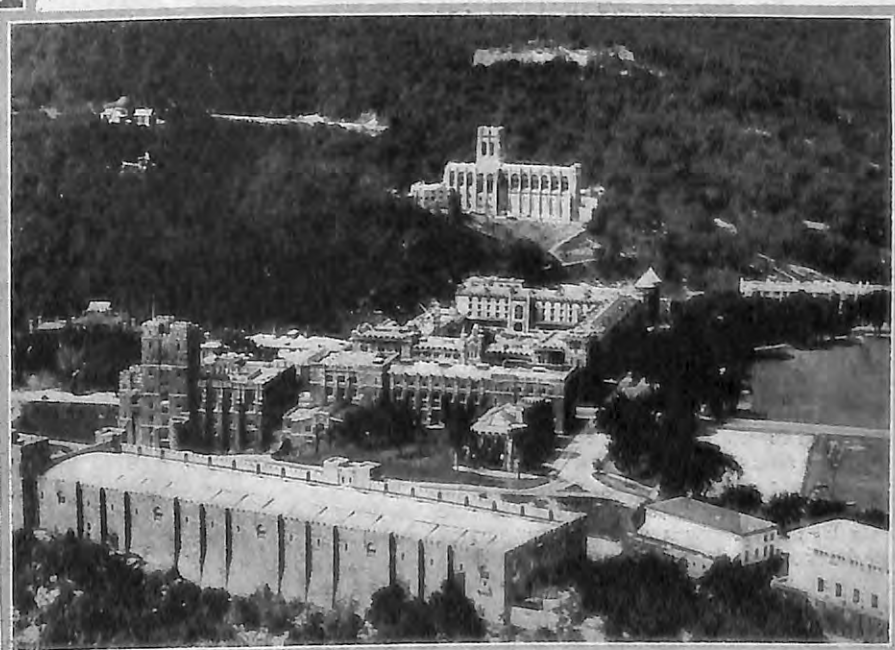
8. A famous New England seacoast town cherishes this old house because one of her sons, once surveyor of the port, wrote an immortal novel with the name of the house as the title of his book



EWING GALLOWAY

9. Many remarkable freaks of nature are named, as this one above is, for "His Satanic Majesty." Now can you guess what this is called and tell what State it's in?

10. A world-famed school whose graduates have lead multitudes of Americans in the most troubled times of our history (right)



KEYSTONE



# From Start to Finish

By Jack L. Dempsey

Drawings by Baroness Dombrowski

## Part III

I HAVE put off until the last possible moment, in these random reminiscences, any discussion of individual races, as races. I suppose there is rarely a day passes but what some one asks me: "What is the greatest race you ever saw?" And invariably I am compelled to give the same old reply, which is: "I don't know." Consider, if you please, that in more than thirty-five years of almost daily race-track attendance, I have seen nearly eighty thousand horse-races. How, among that number, is it possible to pick out the "best," when the entire effort of race-track officials is given over to the task of making practically every race as evenly matched a contest as is possible?

I honestly suppose the best race was some obscure selling or claiming race of which I now remember nothing, and to which nobody paid any particular attention at the time because the contesting horses were of inferior quality, though so well matched that the resulting race was, in its way, a classic. And if I start digging into all the close but otherwise obscure races I've called in three decades there'll never be an end.

Aside from the big stakes, the foremost of which, through the glamour that tradition has woven around it, is the Kentucky Derby, of course. Public interest is particularly engrossed always in a match race. It is difficult to tell why, for most of the big match races are so one-sided in the running that long before the race is over the result becomes a foregone conclusion. And yet no other sort of turf event rouses such feverish interest as a well-advertised match race. This is probably due to the fact that individual opponents are pitted against each other, and the contest becomes, so to speak, a partisan affair, with all the local turf world divided into two opposing camps. This is not the case in a race where each of five or six leading contenders has his supporters and backers, and where opinion can logically be divided along many lines.

It was this feeling which made the Kentucky Derby of 1926 one of the high lights

of public interest of all time. There is never any need to brighten the public spotlight so far as the Derby is concerned, but this past year the race developed, so far as the public was concerned, into an inter-sectional affair, with the East on one side and the rest of the country on the other. The East pinned its hopes to Pompey. The rest of the country followed the standard of the Idle Hour entry of E. R. Bradley—Bubbling Over and Baggenbaggage. True, there were sixteen horses carded to start out of some 160 nominations. But in its essentials, so far as the public was concerned,

the Kentucky Derby of 1926 was a match race between Bubbling Over and Pompey; and when both Bubbling Over and his stablemate, Baggenbaggage, beat W. R. Coe's eastern standard-bearer, one can hardly blame the Kentucky contingent for going properly demented.

In this connection it might not be amiss to mention that the placing of horses first and second in the Kentucky Derby in 1926 marked the second time that E. R. Bradley scored this unusual dual victory—the only owner or breeder who has ever done this twice. But the year 1926 was, for Colonel Bradley, even as this was written, with the year but little more than half run, such a year as is given to few turfmen to experience, for he placed his horses first and second in the Louisiana Derby, the Kentucky Derby, and the Latonia Derby; won the Ohio Derby, and missed the Fairmount Derby by a matter of inches. His Derby successes culminated with a victory in the American Derby worth \$80,000.00, the richest racing prize in the world.

The best known of the match races of the American turf was the four-mile heat event between Ten Broeck and Molly McCarthy at Churchill Downs, July 4, 1878. This race is still mentioned by the old-timers as one of the outstanding milestones in the progress of American racing, and important turf happenings are still dated by them as having occurred before or after the Ten Broeck-Molly McCarthy match.

An immense attendance crowded Churchill Downs on that Independence Day to view an expected titanic struggle between Kentucky's foremost racing idol and California's peerless, undefeated heroine. As a contest the race was farcical for Ten Broeck galloped on after two and one-quarter miles of the first heat to register an easy victory. Molly McCarthy being shut out, it was needless to race any other heats.

The match was for \$5,000 a side and the Californians were mulcted in goodly additional sums by the Kentuckians who even wagered that Ten Broeck would distance the mare in the first heat.



FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Tod Sloan at the height of his career



The Californians evidently were sadly astray in their judgment of Molly McCarthy's powers, for Billy Walker, who rode Ten Broeck, and who is at present assistant trainer to John E. Madden, recently said that Ten Broeck was far from his best form on the occasion of his triumph over Molly McCarthy.

However, this match is by no means the oldest of the big matches. Look back in the record books and you will find a very famous match race, run in the days when horses were raced three four-mile heats in an afternoon, when, in 1855, Lecompte and Lexington were pitted against each other on the old Metairie track in New Orleans. This famous course is no longer in existence, but the old bell with which horses were summoned to the post there is one of the treasured relics of the Louisiana Jockey Club at the New Orleans Fair Grounds. This match race was the sequel to Lecompte's victory in the previous year in the Great State Post Stakes when he defeated Lexington in straight heats. Lexington had subsequently raced four miles against time much faster than Lecompte had ever performed and there was great clamor for a return meeting of the two champions. They met on the Metairie course April 24, 1855, for a purse of \$1,000 and a side wager of \$2,500 by the owners. Lexington was an easy winner in the fast time of 7:23 $\frac{3}{4}$ , which was then a new record for four miles.

Match races, among racing officials, are not so very popular in spite of the public interest that notable ones arouse, and the general effort is to check the tendency of owners to challenge each other to matches. Only occasionally, where the two horses are outstanding performers who have never met, is a match carded, though formerly it was no uncommon thing for two owners to meet in the evening, begin to speak with pride of their respective horses, and wind up by carding a match for so much a side. Only one big race of this sort, as I recall, was ever run publicly for the pure sportsmanship of it—a match race between Worth and Sprite as two-year-olds at Latonia in 1911, the only prize being a silver cup of little intrinsic value, offered by the Association. There was no public betting on the race. The respective owners, however, made a \$10,000 wager with each other. Worth was an easy winner. The following Spring he won the Kentucky Derby.

The biggest of the latter-day matches was the race between Zev and In Memoriam. This race was an indirect outgrowth of the "invasion" of the United States turf by the famous English racer, Papyrus. Papyrus was to race in New York, and the Jockey Club was to pick an opponent. Admiral Grayson, President Wilson's physician, owner of My Own, advanced the claim that his horse was the logical opponent for Papyrus, but a late-hour conference of members of the Jockey Club selected Harry F. Sinclair's Zev.

The resulting match race was really no contest, and the much heralded English jockey, Donoghue, was in no sense of the word a match for Earl Sande. Zev sprinted away from Papyrus after half a mile and went on to win as his rider pleased. The alibi offered for Papyrus was that he had raced in smooth plates and was unable to give his best on the muddy track that day at Belmont. However, this carried little conviction to those who saw the unequal contest, as to the relative merits of the two horses or their riders.

Admiral Grayson and his trainer, the late William Burch, who died on July 8, 1926, both continued to insist that My Own should have been the logical opponent for Papyrus, and that My Own was better than the conquering Zev, and they backed this up with a declaration of readiness to have My Own meet Zev for money, chalk or marbles at any time and place.

General Manager Matt J. Winn of the Kentucky Jockey Club, the late Colonel Andrew S. Vennie, resident manager of Churchill Downs, and myself, had journeyed East from Latonia to witness the international match between Zev and Papyrus. When Colonel Winn heard of the desire of the My Own connections to have their champion meet Zev, he sought out the parties at interest and informed them he would offer an added financial inducement if they would both start their horses in the Latonia Championship that was to be run in about two weeks. Both horses had already been entered for this stake. In order to give the public of the Midwest that opportunity to see a possible decision between the two stars that were holding the focus of interest of the entire racing world, Colonel Winn offered to make the purse \$50,000 net to the winner in the Latonia Championship, and after some conference he received assurance from Admiral Grayson and Trainer Burch on the My Own side and from owner Harry F. Sinclair and

Trainer Sam C. Hildreth of the Zev side, that they would ship their respective colts to Latonia to start in the race. It was a big news "story," of course, and I immediately broke it through the sports pages of the *Enquirer* and the other newspapers I represented.

Later that same day, at the Empire track where racing had followed the duel of the two horses at Belmont, I unhesitatingly



Author Jack L. Dempsey ready to broadcast the running of the 1926 Kentucky Derby

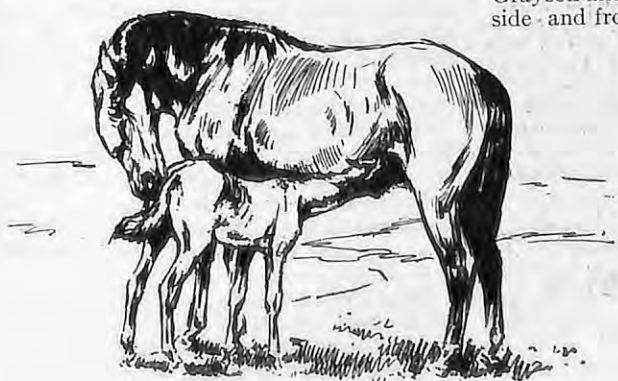


voiced the belief to a number of my friends that In Memoriam, a colt owned by Carl Weideman, would beat both Zev and My Own. The result of the famous race, now a matter of history, bore out this prediction. In Memoriam was the hollowest kind of a victor, finishing many lengths in advance of Zev, with My Own trailing the pair distantly.

Trainer Hildreth was very much dissatisfied by the result, and even in the face of

Zev's decisive defeat by In Memoriam, insisted Zev was the better horse. As a direct result a match race for the two was arranged for the closing day at Churchill Downs. Glamor attaching to this meeting of two equine champions brought to the Downs an attendance almost rivaling that of Derby Day. The two colts raced for \$10,000 a side, and \$10,000 added by the Association. The finish of the race was about as intensely thrilling as anything I have ever seen in more than thirty years. Earl Sande's superiority as a rider over Mack Garner was really the decisive factor in determining the result, and the latter added no luster to his fame by his handling of In Memoriam who, in the opinion of many of even Zev's staunchest supporters, showed in defeat as the better of the two horses.

However, of all the famous match races and specials ever run on American courses, the memory of that between James B. Haggins' Salvator and D. T. Pulsifer's Tenney at Sheephead Bay in 1889 will probably endure as long as racing. Both colts were superb racers—Salvator always ready and willing to give his best, and Ten-





ney frequently roguish, but when in the mood, able literally to dazzle the beholder with the speed he could command. They had met once in the Lawrence Realization, a famous stake feature for three-year-olds, and Salvator had been the winner by a matter of inches. There was some doubt as to the correctness of the judges' award, and Pulsifer proposed a match for \$5,000 a side. The Haggin connection instantly accepted the challenge.

Isaac Murphy, then riding for Haggin, was astride the big chestnut, and Snapper Garrison had the mount on Tenney. Both horses were dispatched evenly, and for a space they measured strides so closely aligned that there was no advantage to either. Then Salvator shot away from his opponent so suddenly, and into so long a lead, that Tenney's backers were convinced their horse had broken down. Yet this was not the case; Tenney, in one of his inexplicable fits of temper, had merely turned sulky. His "ears were still pinned" and apparently he refused to exert himself even by the time three-fourths of the mile-and-a-quarter trip had been completed. However, at this point, by some cajolery or other, the Snapper succeeded in reawakening his mount's interest in the race, and then began a flight of speed that will never fade from the memory of those who witnessed the race. As Salvator turned into the stretch Tenney was five lengths behind. At the eighth pole this lead had been cut to three-lengths. Tenney seemed to be taking two strides to Salvator's one, partly encouraged by the roars of the inspired crowd, and partly to get away from the sting of the whip which the Snapper was plying desperately. But Tenney had come out of his sulks a fraction of a second too late, and he was beaten by a short neck, amid an uproar that was simply indescribable.

Other matches of lesser note, but around which vast interest centered at the time, were Kingston's victory of Tula Blackburn at Brighton Beach, the races of Cleophus and Suisson at Churchill Downs, Henry of Navarre and Domino at Sheepshead Bay, and the three-cornered sweepstakes with Henry of Navarre, Domino and Dobbins, of which mention has already been made in a previous article.

In this connection, a question which is put to me almost as often as the one about which I consider the best race I ever saw is: "What is the best piece of riding you ever saw?" I think I can answer this definitely, by declaring that the best piece of horseman-

ship that ever came under my observation was displayed by Willie Martin, who made what was regarded as purely a three-quarter-mile sprinter—Star Ruby—last out to win a four-mile Thornton Stake in San Francisco. In common with the rest of the turf world I had poo-pooed the idea that a sprinter could run a four-mile distance successfully, but by cajolery, by coaxing, by an uncannily perfect piece of rating to reserve speed for the final dash—in short by pure, superb jockeyship, Martin did it.

This brings to mind the rather melancholy reflection that the present dearth of good riders is literally appalling. Not only that, but for some years past has this condition obtained, and there is no prospect for any present relief. Arthur Mortensen, who topped the list of American riders in 1925 had 187 winners to his credit—thirty-five more than "Goldie" Johnson who was second on the list, though he had a much higher percentage of placed mounts. Ivan Parke led in the two preceding years with 205 winning mounts in 1924 and 173 in 1923, M. Fator leading in 1922 also with 173 winners. In 1921 Chick Lang captured the honors with a total of only 135 winning mounts—the lowest score in some thirty years.

There is no comparison, quite literally, between these riders and those of by-gone days—Jimmy McLaughlin, the greatest jockey of all time, who died this spring while a patrol judge; Snapper Garrison, Isaac Murphy, Billy Hayward, Fred Littlefield, Geo. Odom, Tod Sloan, Danny Maher, Tommy Burns, Eugene Hildebrand, Walter Miller and others. The only present-day rider who is brought to the fore occasionally by a really outstanding piece of riding is Earl Sande, and usually this is really because of the way in which he can take instant advantage of the mistakes of others.

His notable success in snatching victory from defeat in landing Zev home in front of the superior In Memoriam has already been cited in this article. More recently, at Fairmount Park near St. Louis, he checked Baggenbagg's amazing Derby progress when he won over the Idle Hour representative with Joseph E. Widener's Haste by the margin of an inch. It was Eric Blind's momentary mistake

in lying too far out of the race and depending on his stable mate, Boot to Boot. Sande simply outguessed—and that means outrode—both the other riders; even so it was an amazingly close call.

But they're a great crew, take them all in all, these game little chaps who win their victories in spite of physical hardships, fearfully hard work, and very real danger. At the end, few of them retire with a large bankroll. Tod Sloan made a fortune in his day, and wasted it; Walter Miller retired with one, and Earl Sande will always have one. But the list is not a long one.

IN ANY sphere where the chance of large rewards is offset by the equal hazard of large losses, the losers must have an alibi. Usually this alibi is "crooked work." The small investor who has purchased a highly speculative stock on a slender margin



Eugene Hildebrand, a star of the early 1900's



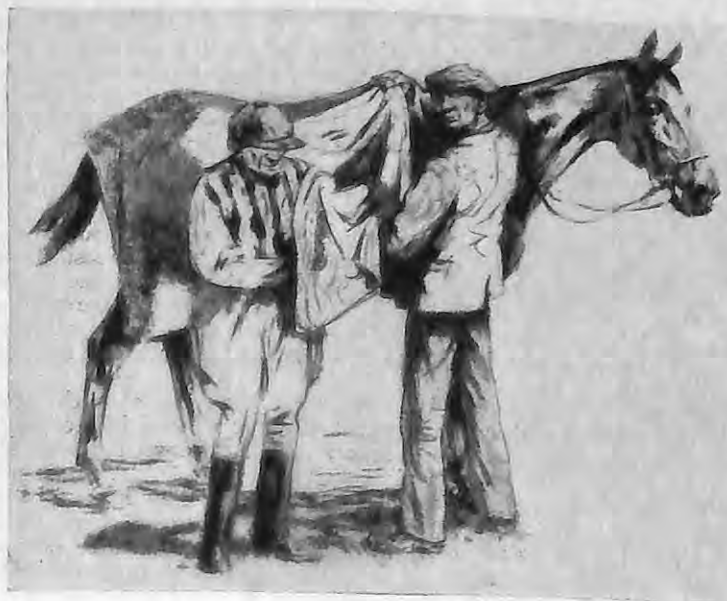
Above is Earl Sande, the greatest of the present-day riders, who has brought many of his mounts in ahead of horses that were really their superiors

and who has subsequently been wiped out is more apt than not thenceforth to refer to the financial center of his country as "them Wall Street crooks." And so it is with racing. For every winner there is a loser, and the loser is generally willing and frequently eager to salve the fiscal sore spot with the balm of "they're all crooked, anyway."

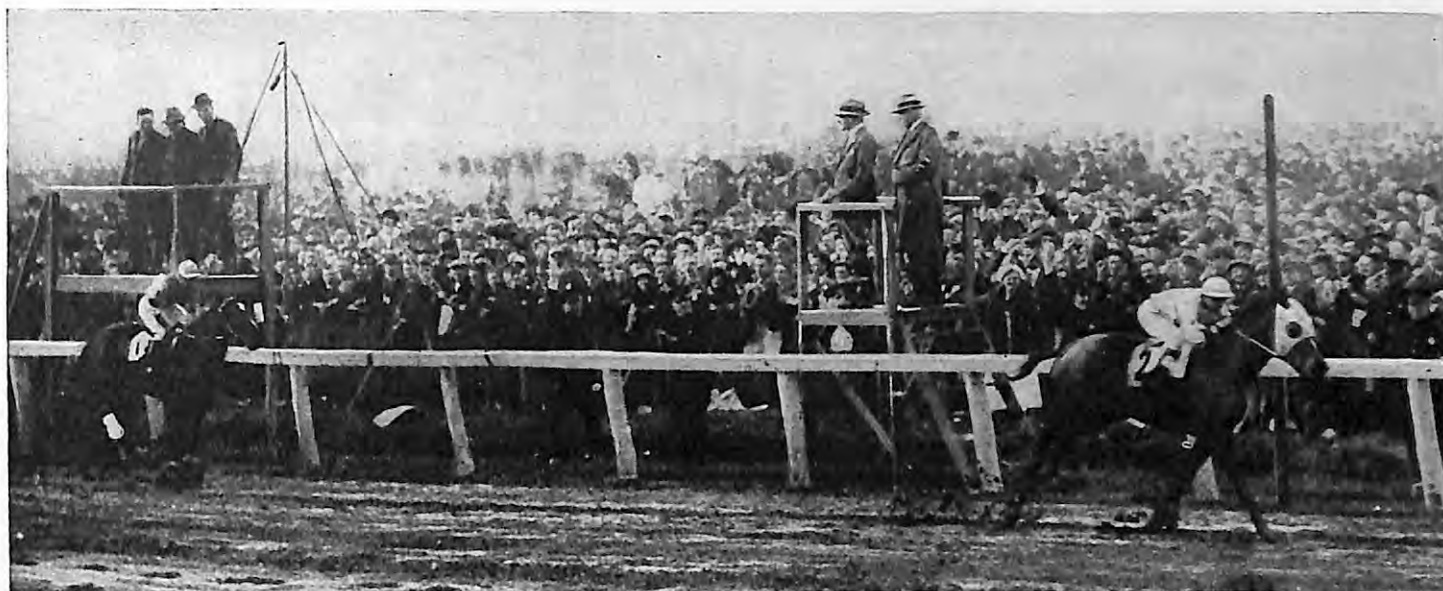
Through the years and decades this has gone on, and the old story of "give a dog a bad name" has once more been exemplified. It is on a par with the conviction held by many persons that all street-car conductors "knock down" fares, and all policemen are grafters, that all capitalists are exploiters of the poor, that all motion-picture actors are moral lepers.

How often I have been asked the question! It is: "Just how much crooked work does go on around the races?" And always I have answered in the same way, that 99.99 per cent of the races were honestly run, and that in the very nature of things it could not be otherwise.

Figure it out—ten horses in a race, and to fix the race ten riders, ten owners and ten trainers would have to know all about it. Thirty pairs of lips to seal, where a whisper would mean a tremendous profit! Try it







*Zev, owned by Harry Sinclair and ridden by Earl Sande, beating the English horse Papyrus, piloted by Steve Donoghue*

some time. Take any thirty men of your acquaintance from any stratum of society you choose. I do not even suggest that a third of the number be half-grown boys, with a boy's sense of responsibility, or lack of it. Tell each one of them some secret which is readily salable at a tremendous price. See how long it would remain a "secret." And a secret it must remain, remember; for racing officials, as is demonstrated at every hint of a "scandal," are only too quick to use the limitless powers the rules of the Jockey Club have placed in their hands. "Ruled off the turf for life" is no idle phrase.

However, it is always a thankless task to apply reason to prejudice, and as long as popular fiction in which the hero circumvents the bookmakers by practices which could not possibly work outside the magazine pages finds a ready market, so long will those who are seeking an unguent for bruised purses be eager to believe that their losses were due to the fact that the "race had been run in a hotel room the day before." And under the circumstances no discussion of racing would be complete without mention of this phase.

As a matter of fact the most blatant thing of this sort that ever came to my notice was not a matter of premeditation and the only person to reap a reward from it was the jockey, who got a \$25.00 winning fee instead of just a \$10.00 fee for riding a losing mount. It was at Clifton, N. J., back in 1891 or 1892. The track was a three-quarter-mile affair, so that in every mile race the start was at the head of the stretch. The winter season was very foggy, and on specially foggy days it was the practice of the officials to send a man with a megaphone down to the start, to announce to the crowd in the Grand Stand and betting ring that the horses were off.

On one such occasion, when the fog was dense enough to cut with an axe, this practice was followed. The starter dropped his flag, the megaphone blared "They're Off," and off they went—all but one horse, which



was left at the post. Leaping tardily after the other contestants, this colt was speedily lost in the fog. His jockey, under the spur of sudden inspiration, pulled him up short, and then instead of pursuing the others in a hopeless chase, calmly waited, invisible, until the others came around to him again, when he spurred his mount to a fast and deliberately close finish. The story leaked out later, of course, as all such stories do, and the late Charles E. Van Loan based one of his best race-track short stories on the incident.

There is, of course, a vast difference between deliberate sharp practice and an honest mistake, though the latter frequently has, to the uninformed, all the seeming of "dirty work at the cross-roads."

I call to mind a very striking parallel by way of illustration. On February 2, 1890, at the Clifton, N. J., track, Ruby, ridden by Vignes, and supposedly carrying 140 pounds, won a sensational victory. In those days, winners were not brought back into the winners' circle before the Judges' Stand to be unsaddled, but were unsaddled on the track. On this day, while Ruby was being unsaddled near the clubhouse, it was noticed that the attendant who held the blanket ready to throw over her as soon as the saddle was removed, handed Vignes a weight-pad, under cover of the blanket. A great outcry was raised at once. A number of witnesses testified to what had taken place. It developed that instead of carrying 140 pounds, Ruby had carried only eighty—the weight of her jockey—and no lead-pad. Not only was Ruby immediately disqualified and the race given to J. J. O'B., but her owner, C. W. Richcreek, was sharply disciplined.

Almost the same thing, without any hint of intent to engage in deliberately foul practices, occurred in the spring of 1926 at Jefferson Park. "Goldie" Johnson, mounted on Pride,

won a race by commanding margin. As the jockeys weighed in under the Judge's stand, the scales revealed that Pride, instead of carrying the scheduled 104 pounds, had carried only 96. Yet the jockey and his accoutrements, when weighed in the paddock before the start of the race, had just as undeniably weighed the requisite 104 pounds. A hurried investigation disclosed this situation:

Each jockey, in the closely guarded jockey room at a race-track, is attended by a valet, who sees that he is supplied with the correct silks, the proper number tab and number cloth and his other accoutrements. It is customary for the valet, and not the jockey, to carry weight pad, pommel pad, saddle, surcingle, etc., from the jockey room to the scales, where the jockeys steps onto the weighing platform, is handed his tack by the valet, and is weighed. The jockey then retires to the jockeys' room until the saddling bell is sounded, when the valet carries his tack to the proper paddock stall for him, and assists him until he is mounted and ready to leave for the track.

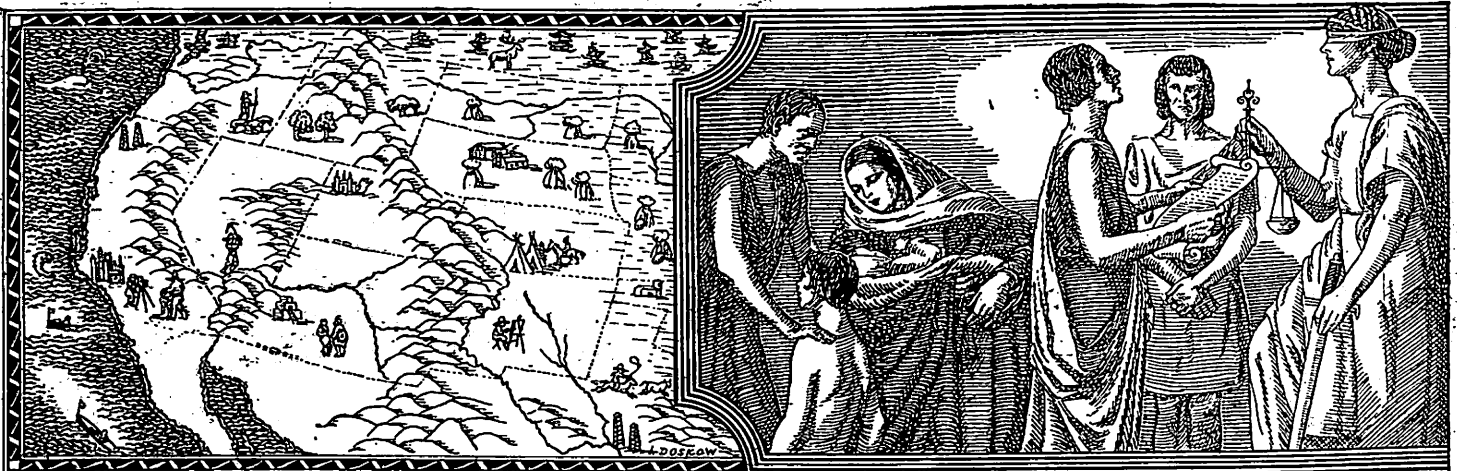
This had been done in the case of Pride. Johnson and his valet had gone to the scales, here the rider had been weighed and all was found to be correct. They had returned to the jockeys' room and when the saddling-bell sounded, the valet hastily assembled Johnson's equipment to accompany him to the paddock. But instead of picking up the lead-pad with which Johnson had just

*(Continued on page 90)*

*The great Man o' War as he looks to-day*







## EDITORIAL

### SUGGESTED USE OF THE MAGAZINE

FROM an article in a recent Bulletin issued by one of the subordinate Lodges, it is learned that the Lodge had adopted the plan of placing copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE in the hands of prospective candidates, "in the hope that a perusal of its issues would incite a desire for membership in the Order." It was not stated what effect had been noted from this use of the Magazine, but it is hoped that good results were obtained. Certainly such a plan should prove helpful.

The Magazine is the official journal of the Order. It reflects and represents the fraternity as a whole. And every number carries to its readers some message of the lofty ideals of the Order, convincing evidences of its dignity and power as a great benevolent organization, of its attractive social features, and current news of some of the splendid things that are being accomplished by the subordinate Lodges. Apart from its value as a literary periodical, it would seem that any person who reads any issue of the Magazine must be led to a sympathetic interest in the Order which it represents, to a friendly attitude toward the fraternal activities of its members, and to a desire for the associations which are incident to membership.

It is in no spirit of self laudation, but with a sincere conviction of its peculiar value for such use, that it is suggested that other Lodges, with profit to themselves and to the Order, might well adopt the plan of placing the Magazine in the hands of those whose applications for membership are desired.

### CONFERENCES OF STATE ASSOCIATIONS

FOR the past three years the officers of the several State Associations, who were in attendance upon the Grand Lodge Convention, have seized the opportunities thus presented for conferences, of a more or less formal character, upon matters of mutual interest and concern. Each year an evening was set apart during which, after a dinner limited to those specially interested by reason of official relationship, they discussed their peculiar problems and exchanged ideas

upon the activities of their respective organizations. It bids fair to become a fixed event upon convention programs of the future; and it is hoped that it may.

The State Associations of the Order have awakened to their capabilities for the performance of worth-while benevolent service in their respective jurisdictions. Many of them already have real achievements to their credit in this field. Practically all of them are displaying an ever increasing interest in such service as a definite State Association activity.

Much practical good can be made to flow from conferences of those charged with leadership in such Association activities. Those which have been held have demonstrated their value. And it is hoped that those planned to be held in the future may be more generally attended.

### A FLAG CODE

THE flag of a country is its symbol of sovereignty. It is an emblem that in itself carries something of the dignity and pride of the nation it represents. Quite usually, as in our own Stars and Stripes, its design is significant of the nation's birth and of its aspirations. It is proper, therefore, that in its use and display its symbolic character should at all times be recognized and respected. It should never be regarded as a mere inanimate piece of bunting or silk, but always as an object of reverence and devotion.

These considerations have led to the formation of certain rules for the use of the national emblem. They are based upon good taste, and a purpose to insure a consistent reverential attitude toward it and to protect it against thoughtless disrespect. They deserve to be more generally observed. But, because they have never been authoritatively promulgated, they are not so widely known nor so universally obeyed as they should be.

It is understood that, at the next session of Congress, an effort will be made to incorporate these rules into a definite Flag Code, to be adopted by appropriate Congressional Resolution that will thereafter have the force of law in governing the use of the nation's flag. It is to be assumed that such a proposed Code will meet





with the approval of all Elks as patriotic Americans, and that the Order and its members will loyally comply with its provisions.

It is appropriate to observe, however, that certain features of our ritualistic use of the flag do not accord with the letter of some of the suggested regulations. In view of the deeply reverential treatment of the national emblem in all our ceremonies, and because it is never used by the Order, publicly or in Lodge sessions, except to accentuate its character as an object of patriotic devotion, it is much to be hoped that the proposed Code will sanction the continued use of our rituals unchanged. They have been so long a feature of the Order that they are established in the hearts of all Elks as fraternal traditions. It would be regretted by many thousands if they could not be preserved as such.

The subject is one in which the Order of Elks has a peculiar interest. As a patriotic organization it could not countenance any breach of authoritative regulations adopted by Congress. But as a fraternity conscious of the unfailing reverence and devotion which characterizes its use of the flag, it naturally desires that such use may be definitely sanctioned by the proposed Flag Code.

#### THE OBLIGATION OF WEALTH

IT IS to state a mere accepted truism, to say that the possession of wealth carries with it the obligation to use it for the benefit of humanity. This does not mean that a rich man should impoverish himself and his family to bestow his accumulations upon others. While some ideals of conduct might lead to this extreme, those same ideals, carried to a logical conclusion, would prevent any such accumulation. But it does mean that wealth brings a special capacity for service to humanity; and that such capacity and the duty to perform that service go hand in hand.

But wealth is a relative term. To the poverty-stricken and helpless, the man who has any surplus above his present personal needs is rich. And, speaking thus relatively, he is rich. Every member of the Order of Elks is wealthy, in the sense that his possessions and earning capacity enable him to be helpful to those in want and distress; and the obligation to be thus helpful follows.

Indeed his very membership is itself an acknowledgment of that capacity, and a declaration of his purpose to observe the incident obligation. These are the true basic reasons for his connection with the Order. In our variant activities, too often self-centered, we sometimes forget this fundamental object of our fraternity. It is well that we be occasionally reminded of it.

We may not be able to establish a hospital; but we can help to secure treatment for the crippled kiddie in our community. We may not be able to endow a great institution of learning; but we can help some deserving young chap in our town to better educational opportunities. We may not be able to establish homes for the aged poor and the helpless orphans; but we can help to keep those about us from being hungry and cold and shelterless.

It is the ability to do these little things that constitutes the wealth that imposes the obligation to do them, as much so as the possession of millions. It is merely a matter of comparison; and a true Elk does not evade his responsibility.

#### THE CINCINNATI PRESS

IT IS to be expected, perhaps, that the local papers of any city would contain editorials in welcome of a convention of the size and importance of that of the Order of Elks. But it is pleasing to note the unusually gracious, and obviously sincere, tone of those which appeared in the Cincinnati dailies during the recent Grand Lodge session in that city.

The editorial greetings were not only markedly generous in their expressions of hospitable welcome, but, without exception, they contained most gratifying comments in praise of the Order's demonstrated patriotism, in commendation of its benevolent achievements, and of appreciation of the splendid character of its membership.

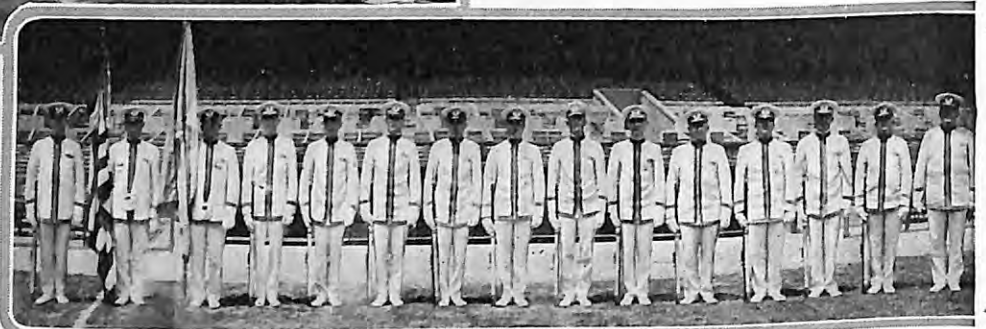
However conscious the members may be of these things, and though they do not seek public acclaim because of them, it is gratifying to have them so graciously acknowledged as they were in the Cincinnati press. It was one of the most pleasing incidents of the recent Convention, and one of which the whole Order is keenly appreciative. THE ELKS MAGAZINE speaks for the entire membership in giving this expression of that appreciation.



# Cincinnati—the Social Side of the 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion



On the left is the crack band from Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, which carried away the first prize



The fine team from Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, winners of the drill contest

NEVER has a city devoted itself more completely or more graciously to the entertainment of a Grand Lodge Reunion than did Cincinnati. Twenty-three years ago, in 1904, Cincinnatians and Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, were hosts to the annual convention of the Order. The memory of that splendid meeting was still bright to many of the Grand Lodge members when, last year, at Chicago, it was voted to return to the Queen City for the 1927 gathering. Assurance of a successful reunion was made doubly sure by the fact that Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, who had been Chairman of the 1904 Convention Committee, would again serve in that capacity. And to Mr. Herrmann and the chairmen and members of the general and sub-committees are due the thanks and congratulations of the Order for the execution of a program of welcome and entertainment that exceeded even the most sanguine expectations; one that made every visitor feel that he was a special and honored guest who had but to express his wishes to have them met. Each member of Cincinnati Lodge, whether named to serve on a committee or not, seemed to feel himself a host, and no out-of-town Elk turned to him for assistance or advice without meeting with a hearty fraternal greeting and a proffer of his services. The committee chairmen were, of course, the busiest of Cincinnatians during the reunion. They were Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, Chairman of the General and Finance Committees; Sunday Services, Francis R. Healey; Visiting Delegations, Wm. Petri; Advertising and Publicity, Ren Mulford, Jr.; Opening Session, Max Friedman; Grand Lodge Sessions, Henry W. Morgenthaler; Grand Lodge Entertainment, James S. Richardson; Parade, John G. Maycox; Prizes, Chas. R. Hall; Badges, Ben May; Grand Lodge Registration, Jas. S. Richardson; General Registration, Jos. E. Sweeney; Decorations, C. R. Wooten, Chas. E. Dornette, William Littikin, John L. Horgan, Alfred Vogeler; Entertainment, John F. Fussinger; State Associations, A. Bart Horton; Trapshooting Contest, J. H. Ferris, Chairman; L. J. Squier, Vice-Chairman; Bands, Karl B. Finke; Music, John C. Weber; Automobiles, Ernst Von Bargen; Floats, John Rettig; Golf, W. R. Hughes; Reviewing Stand, William Miller; Placards, Harry O. Roth; Representing Hamilton Lodge, Charles Howald; Representing Covington Lodge, Geo. E. Phillips; Representing Newport Lodge, Chas. A. Patzold; Transportation, F. H. Wipper; Press, W. F. Wiley; Uniforms, Harry Neal Smith; Tents, Cots and Blankets, Robt. J. Patton; Hotels, E. A. F. Porter; Joint Dances, Jacob Krollmann, Jr.; Concessions, Charles M. McDonald; Tickets for Reviewing Stand, Charles J. Schuh; Garage Space, Matty Schwab; Country Clubs, Fishing Camps, etc., George F. Schott; Competitive Drill Contest, Col. Paul M. Millikin; Barbecue, Adolph A. Gruber.

The earliest arrivals found the city well prepared for their welcome. The railroad stations, the hotels, the streets, business buildings and residences were profusely decorated with the national colors and the purple and white of the Order. Further evidence of the interest of the city generally in the meeting was the generous front-page space given to it by all the Cincinnati newspapers, both before and during its conduct. Nor should the excellent police arrangements be overlooked. With registered visitors to the number of many thousands and, on the day of the parade, thousands more who did not register, the traffic and other problems facing the force were real ones. That they were superlatively well-handled will be testified to by every Elk, whether he rode or walked about the city and its environs.

The Sixty-third Grand Lodge Reunion was formally opened on Monday evening, July 11, with public exercises at Music Hall, as reported in last month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Registration, however, had started on the preceding Friday and the intervening days had been

full of interest and activity for the early comers—sight-seeing, golf, boating and swimming and, of course, the traditional church services on Sunday. A number of the many excellent Lodge bands which attended the meeting were on hand and their impromptu concerts in the hotel lobbies and in the squares were harbingers of the carnival time to come. The first formal event of the session was a reception in the art gallery at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phelps Taft, to the Grand Lodge party, the members of the General Reunion Committee and the officers of Cincinnati Lodge and their families. Following their view of one of the finest private collections in America, the visitors were escorted to the offices of the American Book Company, where refreshments were served.

TUESDAY morning saw the opening business session of the Grand Lodge, and the start of the Elks National Trapshooting Championships at the race-track at Coney Island, some twenty miles up the Ohio River. Those visitors who were not busy with one or the other of these events spent the day on the river, among the amusements at Coney Island, shopping in the city or picnicking in the beautiful grounds of Cincinnati's Zoological Garden, where there were orchestra and band concerts and a special ice-skating show. One of the favorite recreational places of native Cincinnatians, this garden is also one of their especial prizes, and it was here, on Tuesday evening, that the formal banquet to the Grand Lodge party was given, followed by an open-air performance by the splendid Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company. Music, by the way, as might be expected in a city of Cincinnati's cultural traditions, held a prominent place throughout the week.

Due to a change in the program which brought forward the drill-team contest to Wednesday morning, this was one of the busiest days of the week, for there were, in addition; the band contest, the great Kentucky barbecue and burgoo at Coney Island, and the final events in the trapshoot. By eleven o'clock the brilliant uniforms of the drill teams from Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24, Hammond, Ind., No. 485, and Detroit, Mich., No. 34, dotted the field and grandstands at the



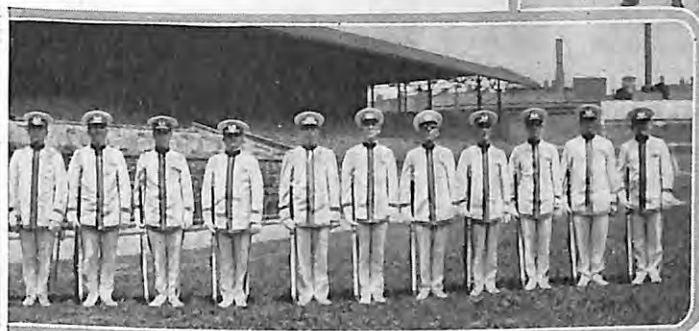
This beautiful float won for the Indiana State Elks Association its second successive first prize



## Some of the Varied Happenings of the Busy Week of the Convention

J. R. SCHMIDT

On the right is the color guard of Cincinnati Lodge in the parade on the last day of the meeting. The picture in the circle below gives an idea of the crowds that turned out for the event



playing-ground of the Cincinnati Reds, of the National Base Ball League, and the lusty cheers of their supporters proved that it takes more than even record-breaking heat to mitigate the enthusiasm at these annual affairs. Under a sun that might have taken the starch out of veteran outfits, the four teams went through their intricate evolutions with snap and precision. It was a fine display of Lodge spirit, and one of which every member may well be proud. Since the appearance of the competitors in the parade was to count in the final rating, the official designation of the winners was deferred until Friday, when the judges awarded first place and the substantial cash prize to the team of Buffalo Lodge, which scored a total of 1,125 points, while second and third prizes went to the Detroit and Rochester teams, respectively, with scores of 1,015 and 900.

Hardly had the drill teams left the field when the bandsmen began to arrive, and again an enthusiastic audience of several thousand persons forgot the heat in their enjoyment of the splendidly rendered program. Five bands had entered the contest, but one, that of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, withdrew, having failed to bring with them the score of the required overture. The four which participated, and gave as delightful an afternoon to the audience as they did a difficult one to the judges, were those from Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, under the leadership of Edward F. Mumm; Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, conducted by Eugene LaBarre; Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, conducted by William W. Nelson; and Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, led by Albert Cook. Each of these able, well-trained aggregations had been a prize-winner at former Grand Lodge conventions, and the rivalry was as keen as the execution of the selections was excellent. Judging from the applause which greeted each number, there was little or no choice, to the layman's ear at least, between them. Following the parade, however, where their presence was required to qualify for the prizes, the musicians from Minneapolis, winners last year of the Class B championship, were adjudged the best and awarded first place and the prize of \$1,000. The Detroit band, winners in Class A for the past three years, won second place and \$500, while the Chicago representatives, second to the Detroiters at the Portland convention, were third, and took the prize

of \$300. There was no fourth prize, but there is a place in this account for mention of the splendid spirit of the Lodge in a city of 25,000 which sends a fully equipped, magnificently trained band to compete at national conventions with the musicians from the largest Lodges in the Order. The band from Appleton Lodge, second in Class B at Chicago, did not win a prize this year but, as before, they did win the admiration of their rivals and of the audience for their musicianly proficiency and enthusiasm.

KENTUCKY, lying just across the river, two of whose Lodges—Covington and Newport—had representatives on the Reunion Committee, furnished the inspiration for the great barbecue and burgoo at Coney Island which drew thousands upon thousands of the visitors that afternoon and evening. Kentucky burgoo, prepared after an immemorial formula, occupies a high place in the affections of Kentuckians and on the State's roster of fame. Though the list of its ingredients is a long one, still, it could be written out. But to what avail, when the taste of the finished product would still be indescribable? Suffice, then, to say that thousands of visitors from the North, East and West experienced a new and delightful sensation with their first sip of the famous old dish. In addition to the burgoo there were great joints of barbecued beef, prepared under the expert eye of Chef Frank Krippner, who presides over the club kitchen of Cincinnati Lodge; delicious relishes and fresh-baked bread. Eaten in the comforting shade of a splendid grove of trees

on the banks of the Ohio, it was a memorable picnic, with plenty of entertainment to follow in the amusement devices of the park and the magnificent display of fireworks later in the evening. It was no small task to prepare and care for such a crowd as came to the park that day by boat and motor, but those in charge of the affair had so well laid their plans that it is safe to say that no visitor was inconvenienced, went hungry, or had to wait more than a reasonable time for anything he wanted.

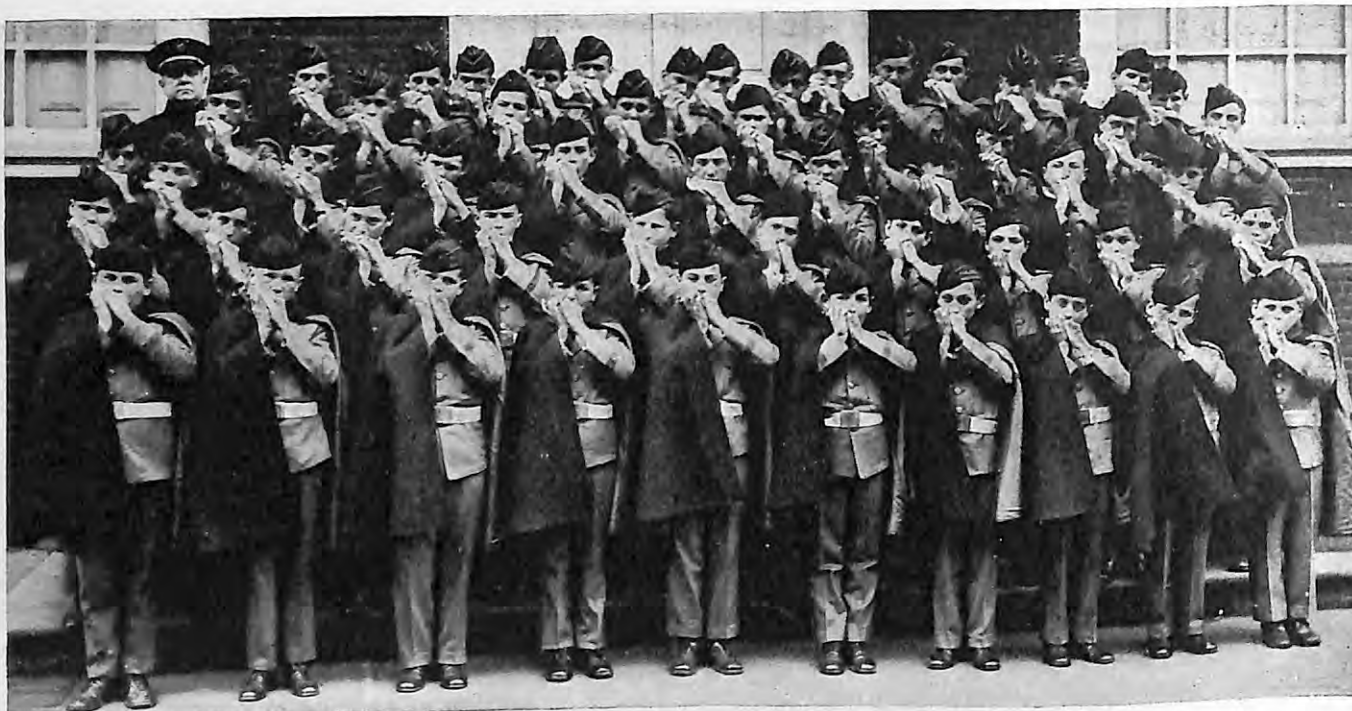
Thursday, the day of the parade, was the first on which a brilliant sun had not shone, and those who were to march looked forward to a cool afternoon. It was cooler, but just at four o'clock, when the scheduled start of the procession took place, a light rain began to fall. This, however, while it dampened costumes, had no such effect on the spirits of the marchers. Down through Eden Park they came, colors flying, bands playing and brilliant uniforms all the more brilliant for the gray background.

It is always difficult to report this annual pageant of the Order. To say that there were 5,000 marchers in line, that the costumes and floats represented great ingenuity and taste and many months of work; that the bands and delegations from distant Lodges meant the expenditure of thousands of dollars; that the whole was significant of the spirit and purposes of the Order, is to give nothing of the feel of the occasion to the reader who was unable to attend. Yet how select for special mention, in necessarily limited space, among the scores of interesting units which passed in review? Shall we start with Cincinnati Lodge's elaborate float, its huge marching delegation and the advance guard of horsewomen in white habits; or Rochester, N. Y., Lodge's representation of 76 players from its Boys' Band, its drill team, float and uniformed delegation of more than 100 sturdy marchers? Or shall we take the file of nine men dressed in plain white whose only touches of color were in the purple and white wreaths about their necks and their purple sashes, but whose banner proudly proclaimed them members of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, 5,000 miles from home? Or the eighteen members from Panama, Canal Zone, Lodge, and the eight ladies in the beautiful native costume of the Republic of Panama, who accompanied them? And if we do, what of Cleveland Lodge's marchers, one of the most colorful units of them all, with flowing red, white and blue capes worn over white suits, or Newport, Ky., Lodge's realistic log cabin float, and delegation in pioneer costume? And still there has been no mention of the fully equipped and uniformed band of 15 pieces sent to Cincinnati for the duration of the convention by Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, which has a membership of 400 in a city of 5,000 and a spirit second to

(Continued on page 90)







*The Philadelphia Wizard Harmonica Band, composed of real youngsters who know music and play it well*

## The Spell of the Magic Pipes

IN PHILADELPHIA alone to-day there are more than 70,000 boys and girls who play the harmonica. The story of how this has come about is one of the most fascinating in the history of musical development in America. That the harmonica, or mouth-organ—the lowly and ancient friend of newsboys—should be the means of awakening so many youngsters' interest in good music, is perhaps hard to believe of that humble instrument. Yet such is the case in the City of Brotherly Love and in many other communities where the harmonica movement has won the indorsement and support of educators, city officials, welfare societies, and many fraternal organizations. It is because of the large and generous interest of the Order of Elks in the youth of America, an interest that saves many a boy from an unfortunate environment and puts him on the path of happiness and good citizenship, that part of this remarkable story is told here.

The harmonica movement was conceived in the summer of 1922 by Albert N. Hoxie, director of the Musical Division of the Boy Council of Philadelphia, as a means of interesting boys in the study of music. It was introduced by the Philadelphia Music League, at his suggestion, during the fall and winter of that year in several community centers to study its possibilities. In the spring of 1923 it was adopted by the Boy Council of Philadelphia and became the outstanding feature of Boy Week the following year.

Because of its many-sided possibilities it gained the interest of the leading citizens of Philadelphia. Expert harmonica players, engaged to give demonstrations of the instrument in over 100 schools and public gatherings, awakened a tremendous interest, and the spring of 1924 found 10,000 children in line for the second Annual Contest.

More attention was given the work in the fall of 1924—which resulted in the teaching of over 5,000 boys each week in schools, churches, community centers, institutions for the crippled, blind, Homes and penal institutions, which has been continued with increasing interest.

Realizing that the movement was destined to become national in its scope, together with the undisputed fact that it was working a mighty miracle in the lives of thousands of boys, Mr. Hoxie determined to give up his successful business career and devote his entire time to the study and development of the scheme.

The object lesson of service is emphasized in all of Mr. Hoxie's devoted endeavors, and

hundreds of boys pledge themselves every year to teach and play wherever and whenever possible, with the result that the amazing total of 40,000 boys was conservatively estimated as having mastered the instrument by the spring of 1925—in the third year of the movement. To quote Mr. Hoxie:

"It naturally followed that a large number of boys had become virtuoso players and from our many classes we selected these wizard players to form an organization known as the Boy Council Harmonica Band. These boys readily adapted their playing to work in many parts, creating a new sensation in the field of music by their unique interpretation of the classics as well as the folk and popular songs.

"Through the effort of Mrs. Frederick W. Abbott, of the Philadelphia Music League (spring of 1926), a tour of the band was sponsored by The National Federation of Music Clubs, with the result that a most wonderful interest was gained for the movement in New York, Massachusetts and Ohio. Aside from the educational advantages of travel and the meeting of the most distinguished citizens of the cities and States visited, they did much to create a wholesome interest in the City of Brotherly

Love. As an example of this for instance, through the interest of Mrs. E. A. Deeds, the City of Dayton, Ohio, sent six boys to Philadelphia this summer to absorb the ideals of the harmonica movement in order to inaugurate the work for the boys of Ohio. Mrs. William Arms Fischer, of Boston, President of the New England Music Festival Association, arranged for the 1926 champion of Boston to likewise spend three weeks with us, and he completed his course and returned to do his bit for the cause.

"The Mayor of Philadelphia, W. Freeland Kendrick, has sponsored the harmonica movement with the Boy Council of Philadelphia, and in May, 1926, with 70,000 boys interested, we selected sixty of the most capable players and formed them into the only official band of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, at the mayor's request.

"Through the generosity of a prominent manufacturer, uniforms were provided for the boys and military routine and discipline was introduced as an added feature of the work. The boys volunteered for daily service throughout the summer and fall—and with the Exposition at an end, this organization was booked for many weeks ahead to carry the message of music to half a hundred towns in the State of Pennsylvania. During the Sesqui they played for every occasion that opportunity afforded. They assisted in many dedications and events of paramount interest. They placed themselves at the disposal of the Sesqui and city officials and played for notable personages from President Coolidge to Queen Marie of Rumania.

"In August of that year, the management of a local theatre made it possible for the band to play a week's engagement, which netted the Boy Council a most generous contribution to help sustain their work. And aside from the daily grind, the boys spent one day of each week in forty recreation centers of Philadelphia teaching the 'at homes' the art of playing and living."

This is only a bare outline of the movement as developed during the past five years. It does not tell of what went on behind the scenes, of the many boys who found their way to higher musical expression, or the individual youngsters who learned not only to play the harmonica but to play the game of life, of boys who exchanged gutter tactics for the code of sportsmanship, selflessness for service, and so came through to opportunity and success.

Take the case of "Algy," a blind colored boy  
(Continued on page 81)







### *Plans of the Welfare Committee Of New York, N. Y., Lodge*

AT A recent meeting of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, various plans for additional activities were discussed. One, having to do with Americanization, included the possibility of inviting to special ceremonies, notably Flag Day, the 35,000 individuals of foreign birth who each year become American citizens in New York City. Another, in which Hon. Murray Hulbert, President of the A. A. U., Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1 and a Justice of the Grand Forum, is greatly interested, is the supplying of athletic equipment to deserving school-boys. A report read at the meeting disclosed that the work of decorating the roof of Misericordia Hospital in the name of the Lodge had been completed. Trees, flowers, plants and chairs have made it a place of beauty and comfort for the patients.

### *Western Elks Visit Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building*

In response to a telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Chairman of the California delegation en route by special train to the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati, the Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission instructed the caretaker of the Memorial Building in Chicago to open the doors for the visitors on Sunday, July 10, between the hours 8 and 10 P. M. The California members, and members from Honolulu and Utah who accompanied them, availed themselves of this opportunity, and a hundred of them with their wives visited the building. They all expressed their delight at the beauty of the structure, and were especially impressed by the recently placed mural paintings. The thanks of the visitors were extended through Mr. Abbott to the Commission for the courtesy shown them, and all were loud in their praise of the building.

### *Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Presents City with Children's Playground*

A two and one-half-acre playground located in a good residential district, was presented to the city of Aberdeen recently by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593. The ground will be equipped later by the Elks with playfield apparatus, and will be operated by the city. In boys' work Aberdeen Lodge is also operating a six-team boys' baseball league. Recently the Lodge conducted a kite-flying contest, in which nearly 500 boys under fourteen years of age participated.

### *Many Distinguished Members Guests Of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge*

During the recent convention of the New York State Elks Association held at Troy, Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, entertained many of the distinguished members who attended the meeting. Among those who visited the Lodge were Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice

of the Grand Forum; Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland; John T. Gorman and William E. Fitzsimmons, Past Presidents of the New York State Elks Association.

Watervliet Lodge also had the honor of winning first prize in the convention parade for being the best attired Lodge in line, with 75 per cent. of its membership represented.

### *Marianna, Fla., Lodge Has Good Record for Charity Work*

Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516, continues to show marked progress in all of its departments. This Lodge, which was instituted in 1925, has set a fine record in charitable work. In the first year of its existence it expended over \$10 per capita and has shown equally generous contributions every year. It owns a handsome Home, which all traveling members are invited to visit whenever they are in the region.

### *Denver, Colo., Lodge Delegation Visits Idaho Springs Lodge*

Some sixty members of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, made the journey over Lookout Mountain to take part in the initiation of a large class of candidates by Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, recently. It was a gala occasion, with a splendid banquet and entertainment following the formal ceremonies. Denver Lodge had officiated at the institution of its sister Lodge, and its members and officers were the special guests of the evening. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. J. Woodward, assisted by the officers of No. 607, conducted the initiatory ritual, and there were brief addresses by Exalted Ruler Charles Ginsberg and other members of No. 17, and by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas M. Hunter.

### *Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home*

The beautiful new Home of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, was recently dedicated by Walter P. Andrews, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Justice of the Grand Forum. Mr. Andrews was assisted in the ceremony by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. C. Broyles, Secretary of the Lodge, and J. Turner Pitten, Exalted Ruler.

The Home is a handsome structure located at Peachtree and Fourth Streets, in one of the loveliest sections of the city. It was recently acquired by the Lodge from J. C. Carroll Payne, now president of the Atlanta Art Museum, who personally supervised every detail of construction, and permitted only the finest of materials to be used.

The main floor, in addition to reading and reception rooms, contains a spacious dining-room furnished in solid white, a kitchen and pantry large enough to hold the average small house, and the secretary's offices. The second floor contains conference rooms, recreation rooms, shower baths, and a large billiard room, which is the result of almost the only remodeling work that was done. The top floor has several handsomely furnished apartments for members.

The lot extends sixty feet behind the Home, and it is contemplated to construct a ballroom in this space.

At the conclusion of the dedicatory services, the building was open for the reception and inspection of the public.

### *Report of Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge*

The recently published report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, signed by Chairman Eugene Gallaher, and the other members, shows a splendid amount of good work done at an extremely low cost. Here is a tabulated list of the benefactions achieved for a total expenditure of \$1,083.57: Medical treatments—645; Violet and Sun-lamp ray—385; Operations—21; Operations waiting—7; Wasserman Test—6; X-ray pictures—17; Plaster Casts—11; New braces and repaired—19; Dental attention—14; Optical attention—9; New shoes supplied—65 pairs; Shoes repaired—19 pairs; Clothes—20; Crutches loaned—29 pairs; Crutches supplied—11 pairs; Magazines to hospitals and institutions—675; Sanitarium—4; Sanitarium applied, non-admissible—4; Widows' pension—4; Institutional and private homes—11; Institutional under observation—5; Seashore outings—1; Theatre parties—2; Christmas presents—110; Employment secured—7; Luna Park outing—1; Wheel-chairs—2; Visitations by nurses and committees—1,125; Number of patients examined—110.

A short time ago more than 80 automobile loads of Millville members, with their little wards and their attendants and parents, made the trip to Ocean City, where they were received by the Mayor and given the freedom of the town and all the concessions of the famous resort. It was a day of unalloyed joy for the youngsters and those who accompanied them.

### *Picnic of Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge a Great Success*

Some 1,000 Elks and the women and children of their families, from Yakima, Ellensburg and Wenatchee, enjoyed the splendid picnic held by Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, No. 1102, a short time ago. It was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the summer months for those who attended, and the committee of Ellensburg Lodge was heartily congratulated on its success. The sports held during the day furnished plenty of amusement for the onlookers as well as activity for the participants. There were baseball games, a tug-of-war and horseshoe pitching, with prizes about evenly divided between the three Lodges taking part.

### *Calumet and Hancock Lodges Stage Joint Picnic*

Calumet, Mich., Lodge, No. 404, and Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, recently revived the old custom of joint family gatherings by holding a large basket picnic at Electric Park, located between the two towns. Members brought their own baskets and the entertainment committee furnished coffee, cream, ice-cream and candy. Fun was provided for all, the special feature of the outing being a ball





*The recently acquired Home of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, dedicated a while ago*

game between the two Lodges, Calumet winning by the close score of 10 to 9.

Upward of 300 members and their families enjoyed the day.

### **Big Swimming Contest Sponsored By Pasadena, Calif., Lodge**

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently sponsored the A.A.U. Pacific Coast Swimming and Diving Championship meet which was held in one of Pasadena's city parks. This was the largest aquatic event ever held in the West, and all championships were at stake. The meet was open to all amateurs from Seattle, Wash., to San Diego, Calif., and entries were received from over 20 different Pacific Coast Clubs.

### **Camden, N. J., Lodge Caring for Crippled Children During Summer**

The Crippled Children's Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, has been active on the behalf of its little wards during the summer months. With the closing of school a number of youngsters were dispatched for treatment to various convalescent homes at the seashore, while others went to hospitals for the operations that, it was hoped, would straighten crooked bones and restore the handicapped children to full activity. Several clinics and many outings were held for those remaining in the city, and parties were taken to circus performances, to the Philadelphia Zoo, and on other similar jaunts.

### **Work of the Welfare Committee Of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge**

One of the most active committees of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, is that on Social and Community Welfare. Among its regular work is the constant cooperation it gives the Juvenile Court, particularly in care of boys placed on probation. Other recent activities which the committee has indulged in have been a number of outings for the underprivileged children of the city. The youngsters have been taken to the country, supplied with bountiful refreshments, and given a day that was full of pleasure.

### **Tri-State Association to Meet in Wilmington, Del., This Month**

Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, is making elaborate preparations to entertain the delegates and visitors to the annual convention of the Tri-State Association, comprising the Lodges of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, to be held in its city September 12 to 15. The sessions of the convention will be held in the beautiful new Home of Wilmington Lodge, recently completed and representing an investment of a quarter million dollars. This

convention will be the fifth held by the Association, and thousands of visitors are expected to attend.

The program of events includes an automobile tour to the famous gardens of Pierre S. duPont at Longwood, and visits to Coatesville and West Chester Lodges in Pennsylvania, just over the state line; a trip on the Delaware River Bay on the big steamer "State of Delaware," theatre parties and special entertainments for the ladies, and a parade of all visiting Lodges.

### **Crippled Youngsters Have Circus Brought to Their Hospital**

Two hundred crippled and deformed children at the New York State Orthopedic Hospital at West Haverstraw could not go to the circus that was held recently by Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, so the circus went to them. After the show had been given outdoors, the performers went through the wards and entertained the bedridden little children. This consideration of the unfortunates was in line with many other thoughtful acts on the parts of the Elks of Haverstraw.

### **Colorado State Elks Association To Meet This Month**

On September 6, 7 and 8 the Colorado State Elks Association will meet at Longmont for its annual convention. Longmont Lodge, No. 1055, has prepared a program that provides for plenty of amusement and an excellent meeting is looked forward to.

### **Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge Initiates Distinguished Class of Candidates**

At a recent meeting of Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, Hon. H. Hector Paquin, Mayor of the city, was initiated into the Order. He was one of a large class of candidates which included many other prominent members of the community. A banquet, following the ceremony, was attended by 300 members and visitors.

Woonsocket Lodge has also been active in welfare work of various kinds. One of its chief acts recently was to assist the Americanization Committee of the city in its work, and to present over 100 flags.

### **Rahway, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary**

More than 300 members and visitors gathered at the Home of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, recently, for the celebration of the Lodge's twentieth anniversary. A banquet, speech-making, and a number of entertainment acts were on the program arranged by the committee. Hon. Edward S. Savage presided as toastmaster, introducing as the first speaker Exalted Ruler A. F. Quinlin, who made an address of welcome.

Mr. Quinlin was followed by Sidney Harris, senior Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, President Henry A. Guenther of the New Jersey State Elks Association, State Association Secretary E. T. Reed, State Association Vice-President Daniel Kearns, and others.

Sixteen of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were among those present to enjoy what was undoubtedly one of the pleasantest and most successful affairs in the Lodge's history. As a memento of the occasion each guest was presented with a handsome bronze Elk mounted on a pedestal stamped with the name and number of the Lodge and the dates 1907-1927.

### **Sullivan, Ind., Lodge One of Strongest and Most Active in State**

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, with a membership of 416 in a city of 5,000, is one of the strongest and most active Lodges in Indiana. Its record at the Grand Lodge reunion was a notable one for a Lodge with such a small population from which to draw its membership. Some forty, or approximately 10 per cent., of its members were registered at Cincinnati, in addition to a fifteen-piece band and a uniformed quartette in attendance throughout the convention. Miss Frances Bays, Queen of the prize-winning float of the Indiana State Elks Association brought further honors to the Lodge. She is a daughter of Past Exalted Ruler Fred Bays and a niece of Past Exalted Ruler Lee F. Bays, of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Sullivan Lodge is frequently called upon to send its band, orchestra, quartette, degree team and entertainers to other Lodges of the vicinity for assistance at initiations and social functions, and is now even receiving invitations from Lodges outside of the State.

### **Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge is Instituted by District Deputy Maze**

In the presence of representatives from Lodges all over the State, Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Elmer B. Maze of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240. Harry M. Ticknor, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, made the principal address of the meeting at which Howard B. Kirtland, Past President of the California State Elks Association, and other prominent California members also spoke.

The incoming class of 102 candidates, after leading a parade through the principal streets of the city, were conducted to the Santa Maria Club, where a barbecue was held. At the same time a banquet at the Santa Maria Inn was given for the visitors. In the evening the first Lodge session was opened by the officers of San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, the Mother Lodge, which also had charge of the initiation of the class of candidates.

Santa Maria Lodge is off to a good start with eighty charter members, all of whom were members of other Lodges. With initiation of this first class of 102 candidates, it now has a fine body of men to launch it on a successful career.

Louis N. Crawford is Exalted Ruler, and F. W. Illestine, Secretary of the new Lodge.

### **Kiddies' Day is Big Event with Members of Sayre, Pa., Lodge**

The annual Kiddies Day conducted recently by Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, was one of the largest in the history of this popular event. Close to 7,500 youngsters gathered on the grounds of the Interstate Fair Association to enjoy the refreshments and fun provided by the Lodge.

This annual event has grown by leaps and bounds. The first year 1,000 youngsters were the guests of the Lodge. In order to accommodate the crowd the following year, the use of a small park adjacent to the town was procured for the occasion. The next year, when 4,000 children had to be provided for, the Coleman Athletic Field and Playground was used. This sufficed for two or three years, when it again became necessary to have something larger. This led to the donation by the Fair Association of its grounds, where the event has been held the last four years.



Sayre Lodge does not forget the children who are confined to hospitals. When Kiddies Day is staged, a special committee is appointed to look after these unfortunate youngsters, and entertainment is provided for them also.

### Mayor Brown Gives Handsome Picture to DeLand, Fla., Lodge

Hon. E. W. Brown, Mayor of DeLand, Florida, recently presented DeLand Lodge, No. 1463, of which he is a member, with a handsome oil painting, the work of Harry Davis Fluhart, Chaplain of the Lodge and one of Florida's foremost scenic artists. In donating the picture, which will occupy a prominent place in the Home, Mayor Brown complimented the Lodge on the large and inspiring part the membership has played in the life of the community.

### Nelsonville, Ohio, Lodge Gives Aid to Cloudburst Sufferers

When a cloudburst recently struck the small mining town of Murray City, Ohio, located about ten miles south of Nelsonville, great damage was done to the business section and to the miners' homes, many families losing all their possessions. The Exalted Ruler of Nelsonville Lodge, No. 543, immediately made an investigation on the spot, wired Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow as to the extent of the destruction, and called a special meeting of his Lodge. A fund was collected from the members and from other citizens of the town, and additional money was obtained for the sufferers by a charity ball. In addition to their cash contributions and the sum of \$500 donated for relief by the Grand Lodge, Nelsonville Lodge saw that the miners were provided with food, bed linen and blankets, shoes and clothing, and gave other assistance to the destitute. It was a fine expression of the charitable spirit which dominates this progressive group of Elks.

### Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Organizes A Successful Drill Team

On July 4, the drill team of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, entered its first competitive parade and celebration since its recent organization, and had the pleasure of winning a beautiful loving cup offered as second prize.

This fall the team will be prepared to give drills at sister Lodges. The team will also enter the contest at the next annual convention of the New York State Elks Association in Buffalo next spring, when it is hoped that it will have a much larger personnel.

### Charter Members of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge Celebrate Anniversary

Nineteen of the twenty-eight living charter members of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, recently met in the Home of the Lodge, following a banquet given in their honor. They marched into the Lodge room, as sprightly as when they were initiated into the Order twenty-five years ago, on the occasion of the institution of the Lodge.

The delightfully located Home of Garden City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1404



The beautiful new modern Home which is owned by the membership of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307



The "quarter-century" Elks were greeted with tremendous applause as they were ushered in and introduced by W. H. McClain, first secretary of the Lodge. Among the large group at the meeting which also celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lodge were many Past Exalted Rulers and other past officers.

Following the adjournment, a program of excellent caliber was presented by a group of professional entertainers from Los Angeles.

### Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Large Class at Pulaski

A large class of candidates was recently initiated into Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, at Pulaski, N. Y., through a special dispensation. Members of the Order from all over northern and central New York were present for the ceremonies which began with a large parade and closed with a banquet following the initiation. Among the prominent members of the Order present were: Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association; Captain Stephen McGrath, Vice-President of the Association; Charles M. Bedell, Past Exalted Ruler of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, and a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and F. A. J. Dunwick, Past Exalted Ruler of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 81. Interesting speeches were made by several of the distinguished candidates and by the visiting members.

### Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Has Night for Comedy Star

The Joe E. Brown Night held recently by Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, was a huge

success. Nearly 400 members with their ladies went over to the Colonial Theatre to see the musical comedy "Twinkle, Twinkle," in which Mr. Brown, of Cambridge Lodge, is the star. After the performance the whole company were brought over to the Home where a reception, luncheon and dance were held in their honor. A midnight show, the Lindbergh Clown Review, was presented by Mr. Brown and others of the cast. Following the show came the supper to the company, at which the guests were the recipients of various souvenirs of the occasion. After the presentations the gathering danced to the strains of George Smith's orchestra. The evening was a delight from start to finish, and one of the most successful events conducted by Cambridge Lodge in recent years.

### Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Active In Many Fields of Endeavor

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, continues its activities in many fields. During the past year the Lodge passed the 1,000 mark and is regularly adding a large number of new members to its rolls. Recently the Lodge opened its Health Camp for the inspection of the public. Over 800 people attended the function. Lunch and other refreshments were served throughout the day, and there were dancing and entertainments for the visitors. This is the fourth year of the Camp, and since its establishment over 450 undernourished children have been taken care of, and brought back to health. The camp covers eighty acres of land, and is under the supervision of nurses trained in this particular type of work. Many improvements are planned for camp next year in addition to the installation of new water and lighting systems.

The Lodge has also built recently a new gun-club house which has increased the members' interest in trapshooting, so that an excellent team will represent the Lodge at the next Grand Lodge Reunion contest.

### Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Having Large Membership Increase

Two hundred and five applications were presented to Russell Mack, now serving his second term as Exalted Ruler of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, on his return from the recent Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati. The candidates were all written during Mr. Mack's five weeks absence in the East. The presentation of the candidates was made at a home-coming banquet given in the Elks gymnasium. The Exalted Ruler responded by presenting Dan Bowes, who secured over 50 of the 205 applications, with a gold card-case, suitably engraved





*Located thousands of miles away in the Pacific is the comfortable tree-shaded Home of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281*

Last year Aberdeen Lodge showed a net gain of 322 members and ranked tenth in the Order for increased membership. The total gain for the first half of the present term is 283.

### **Eugene, Ore., Lodge Shows Big Progress in Last Year**

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, has made some big strides in the past year. The remodeling of its Home (which was only ten years old) to make more room and to keep abreast of the growing activities of the membership, was one of its outstanding achievements. The building, now handsomely decorated and furnished, is one of the most comfortable Homes in the region.

The Lodge recently cooperated with Elks Lodges in Corvallis and Albany, holding a joint picnic at Bryant Park near Albany, which drew a large crowd. A varied program of sports and outdoor pastimes made for a happy day. It is planned to make this picnic an annual affair and to establish other joint events among the Lodges of the upper Willamette Valley.

### **Old-Timers Guests at Anniversary Of San Diego, Calif., Lodge**

At the recent celebration of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168's thirty-seventh anniversary, all members of twenty and more years standing were the honor guests. Out of the 130-odd surviving of the first 500 members, sixty-seven were present, including five charter members. The early days of the Lodge were recalled in speeches by the old-timers, while the Chanters and Orchestra rendered old-fashioned numbers. A bounteous supper in the banquet room closed the festivities.

### **Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Loses Past Exalted Ruler Piper**

Charles Harvey Piper, Past Exalted Ruler of Niagara Falls, N. Y., No. 346, and one of the best-known men on the Niagara frontier, died recently after a long illness. Judge Piper was initiated into Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, before the institution of Niagara Falls Lodge. He demitted to Niagara Falls Lodge on October 5, 1911, and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1914. Subsequently he served as trustee for a number of years. Judge Piper was active in all the affairs of his Lodge, and was known to thousands of Elks in all sections of the country. He was a prominent member of his community, and served for more than forty years as Justice of the Peace and Police Justice, holding the latter office at the time of his death. His passing is a real loss to his Lodge and to his many friends both in and out of the Order.

### **Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Helps Work on Recreation Park**

Perhaps one of the most ambitious things which Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, has attempted in recent years was done in connection with the preliminary work of the City Forestry Committee, appointed this year.

Plans were perfected for the acquisition of nearly 4,000 acres of mountain land near the base of Mount Wilson, the vast tract to be used as a recreation park for Pasadena. This land, covered with wonderful fir and pine trees, is within easy reach of the community. All negotiations for securing the park were carried on through a special committee of the Lodge up to the time of formal application, which, necessarily had to come from the City Management itself.

The action of Pasadena Lodge in this laudable movement has won the praise of the press and of the leading citizens of the community.

### **Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge Gives Large Party to City's Orphans**

Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1350, recently staged a large party for the orphans of its community. More than 2,000 youngsters were entertained at its annual circus. They were given the best seats in the house and provided with all sorts of refreshments. The Lodge was

More than 500 Elks witnessed the dignified and impressive rendition of the ritual by the officers of No. 142, and greeted the new members at one of the memorable affairs of the Lodge calendar. Following the ceremonies, refreshments were served to the members and visitors by the entertainment committee.

### **"Shut-in" Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge Entertains Hospital Patients**

The "Shut-in" Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, gave a beach picnic for those patients at Firlands who were able to make the trip in the automobiles furnished by members. Hot sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream and cake were served the guests while the splendid band of Seattle Lodge, which had previously given a concert for those unable to leave the institution, played lively airs. The committee in charge has been doing splendid work among the crippled and sick at various institutions and has brought much happiness into dark corners, and much credit to the Lodge.

### **Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Marks Record Initiation with Parade**

The initiation of a class of 163 candidates was the occasion for a monster street parade by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, members, which was witnessed by some 25,000 spectators. A record was set, too, when the big procession got away exactly on schedule time—a tribute to Chairman Meyer, of the Big Initiation Committee, who was in charge, and a proof of the keen interest of the membership at large in the event.

Following the parade the candidates and their sponsors, officers of the Lodge and the band and entertainers enjoyed refreshments and a jollification in the banquet-room. The formal ceremony of initiation later in the evening was beautifully performed by the officers of No. 6 and the large class was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

### **Lodges in Bergen County, N. J., Doing Good Work with Crippled Children**

The report of the Bergen County Committee on the work of the Lodges in this New Jersey district among crippled children shows a large amount of good work efficiently accomplished. There are no known cases of crippled children in the county which are not receiving attention, and each Lodge has contributed its full share in bringing about this state of affairs. So successful has the Bergen County plan been found that it was recommended to all New Jersey Lodges at the convention of the State Elks Association at Long Branch in June.

### **Springfield, Mass., Lodge Gives Outing to 1,000 Children**

One thousand and sixty-five youngsters, by actual count, streamed through the gates of Riverside Park when Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, held its annual children's outing a short

### **What Are Your Plans For the Winter?**

**ON February 11, 1928, the S.S. Megantic will sail from New York on the Second Elks Magazine Cruise. What are your plans for the winter?**

*No, it is not too early to think of them. Remembering the great success of the first cruise, last year, Elks from all over the country are already eagerly making their reservations. The cruise membership is limited to 480 passengers: Elks, their families and their friends.*

*For the second cruise, under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., the Megantic has been chartered. She is the most popular vessel for tropic travel, and offers every conceivable comfort feature. And the date of the cruise—February 11 to March 3—is more convenient than the earlier date of the first one.*

*The cruise will take you, at the most unpleasant stage of our own winter, into the glorious warmth and sunshine of the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America, visiting some of the most romantic spots in the new world.*

*For further information fill in and mail the coupon on page 73 of this issue.*

complimented on all sides for its generous thoughtfulness and for the manner in which the party was conducted.

### **Record Class Was Initiated By Portland, Ore., Lodge**

The largest initiation of the year in Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, took place when some seventy candidates were admitted to the Order.



time ago. Through the generosity of Frank B. Perkins, a member of No. 61, and owner of the park, the grounds and amusements were thrown open to the underprivileged children who were the guests of the Lodge, and what a time they did have! Gallons of ice-cream were consumed, and thousands of sandwiches, doughnuts, bottles of milk and pop, oranges and apples. Field events were held, with all sorts of prizes for the winners, from bicycles to baseballs, express wagons and bathing-suits contributed by members and merchants of Springfield. It was one of the most gratifyingly successful affairs of its kind ever given by the Lodge, and the members of the committee in charge had almost as good a time as the youngsters themselves.

### **Hancock, Mich., Lodge Has Had an Active Summer**

Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, has had an active summer which included many interesting events. One of the most delightful was the Father-and-Son banquet. This was attended by over 100 members and sons. A program of good music, speeches, and other entertainment, was carried out in fine style by the Committee in charge of the event.

At the meeting of the Michigan State Elks Association held at Marquette, Hancock Lodge brought thirty Boy Scouts, members of the local Boy Scout Fife and Drum Corp, to the convention. The youngsters appeared in the parade, escorting the representatives of the Lodge who marched.

### **Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Conducts Highly Successful Circus**

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently staged one of the most successful circuses ever conducted in its part of the country. The show was presented in one of the large city parks and lasted an entire week. Twenty thousand dollars was netted as a result of the fine handling of the event by the members of the Lodge. Every department of the city administration cooperated, and the community at large backed the enterprise to the utmost.

### **Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge to Hold Meeting this Month at Oroville**

Arrangements have been made by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, to hold a Lodge session this month at Oroville. The North-country membership of No. 1186 is a large and loyal one, but because of the considerable distances involved many of these Elks are unable to attend Lodge as often as they would like. The Oroville meeting has been arranged to stimulate closer acquaintance and to emphasize the interest of the Lodge in all its members, no matter how distant they may be from the Home.

### **Medford, Oregon, Lodge in Large Membership Drive**

Fine progress is being made by the Greater Elks Committee of Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, in its membership campaign. Results so far would seem to promise a more than successful termination to their efforts to enroll 100 new members by the end of the year.

During the summer, while Lodge sessions are held only once each month, Exalted Ruler Lemmon and the Greater Elks Committee are holding a number of social activities which keep the Lodge well to the fore among the city's attractions. The newly acquired Elks band is holding weekly rehearsals in the Home, and is planning a number of concerts, minstrel shows and so on, for the fall and winter months. Among the outside activities of the Lodge has been the sponsoring, and conducting, of the Salvation Army's Heart Fund campaign in Medford.

### **Information Wanted Regarding Missing Lodge Member**

Efforts are being made to locate Tex P. Dimmitt, of Betzwood Farm, Ft. Kennedy, Pa., who has been missing since June 28, 1927. He is a member of Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, a former resident of that town and of Philadelphia, Pa. His height is about 5 ft. 10½

inches; weight, 150 pounds. He has brown hair, blue eyes, and is clean shaven. There are two scars on his right hand; two lower front teeth are missing, and he wears spectacles with brown rims. He is about forty-seven years old, but looks older. He had been ill and suffering with severe headaches during the past few years.

Any information that will assist in locating this member will be greatly appreciated by his family. Communications may be addressed to Henry J. A. Newton, Secretary of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, Broad Street at Vine.

### **Underprivileged Children Given Outing by Denver, Colo., Lodge**

Nearly 1,600 orphans and underprivileged children of the city were given a day of glorious fun by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, when they were entertained at the White City. Coming in automobiles provided by members, and in buses and street cars generously run as a compliment to the Elks by the transit company, the youngsters were given the run of the park by owner Phil Friederich, a member of No. 17. The committee in charge were assisted by officers and members of the Lodge, and by a number of Elk wives who devoted themselves to seeing that no child was overlooked in the general good time.

### **Crippled Kiddie Program Held In Seattle Church**

The Crippled Children's Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, was responsible for a special program at the Columbia Congregational Church, which set forth the fine work of the Washington State Elks Association among the unfortunate youngsters of the State. A moving-picture film depicted the various phases of the work and the Rev. George V. McClure, pastor of the church, preached a special sermon on the movement. The occasion was an inspiring one and awoke deep interest in the large congregation.

### **Daughter of Grand Treasurer Morris To Study Music Abroad**

Miss Willie Morris, the talented daughter of Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris of Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, recently sailed for Europe, where she will remain for two years, studying piano in preparation for the concert stage.

### **Flag Day Celebration on The Island of Guam**

Flag Day—the anniversary of the birth of the American Flag—was celebrated on the Plaza in Agana, Guam, by Agana Lodge, No. 1281, on June 14, 1927.

A large audience, consisting of naval officers,

service men, school-teachers and children and the public at large witnessed an impressive pageant showing the historical development of the Flag from the time the first Englishman set foot on American soil until the present day. This was something entirely new in Guam and was most instructive and interesting.

As the story of the Flag was unfolded, flags representing the different periods in American history were carried by schoolboys across the plaza between the audience and the officers of the Lodge and placed in stands back of the officers, thus forming a semicircle of flags. They added a pleasing touch of color to the general effect of tropical lights and shadows. The services were conducted in accordance with the ritual of the Order and were interesting, instructive and impressive. The history of the Flag was told by Harry Moore in a most creditable manner. Past Exalted Ruler James H. Underwood's reply was very appropriate, while the patriotic address of Chaplain W. R. Hall, U. S. Navy, was one of the outstanding features of the services. Music was furnished by the Naval Station Band.

A delightful and much enjoyed dance was given the same evening in the commodious Home of the Lodge, over two hundred members and guests, including Governor and Mrs. Shapley, being present.

It might be worthy of note that the Guam Lodge of Elks is located on the Island of Guam and is 1,500 miles from the nearest sister Lodge, Manila, P. I. It is the first Lodge west of the International Date Line, the 180°, and it is therefore the first of the Lodges of the Order to see the new day, for the new day starts from the date line. It is always the first Lodge to celebrate Flag Day, Honolulu and Hilo, Hawaii, the last two Lodges east of the 180th meridian, observing this festival of the Flag twenty hours later.

### **Lynn, Mass., Lodge Entertains "Boys and Girls of Yesterday"**

Recently Lynn, Mass., Lodge, No. 1117, conducted an outing for the benefit of the residents of the Old Ladies' Home, Old Men's Home and Old Married Couples' Home in the city of Lynn. By prearrangement modern, luxurious buses appeared at the doors of these Homes shortly after 1 P.M. with banners attached inscribed "Outing of the Boys and Girls of Yesterday." The committee in charge accompanied the guests on the motor trip along the beautiful North Shore Boulevard, carefully attending to their comforts and needs. Stops were made for refreshments provided by the committee at historic points along the route. At 6 P.M. the guests were returned to the Home of the Lodge where they were graciously received by the officers and a committee of ten ladies, members of the recently formed Emblem Club in this city. These ladies served a very appetizing

*This is the very attractive Home of Middletown, Conn., Lodge, No. 771*





luncheon to the guests. After luncheon Frederick E. Shaw, Exalted Ruler, delivered an address of welcome, briefly pointing out the principles for which the Order stands and dwelt at some length upon the zeal which the Order manifests in social and community welfare work. A very pleasing entertainment was then given by talented members of the Lodge.

### **Tribute to Louis Heineman, Charter Member of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge**

The funeral of Louis Heineman, charter member of Jamestown, N.Y., Lodge, No. 263, and one of the leading spirits of his city, was conducted recently in the Home of the Lodge. Rabbi Jacob B. Krohngold of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Hon. Frank H. Mott, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 263, delivered addresses, and the services were impressively conducted by the officers of the Lodge. Fellow members and friends from all over the State were present at the ceremony to pay last tribute to one who always stood for the advancement of the Order and the happiness and development of his community.

### **Rahway, N. J., Lodge Entertains Crippled Children**

Some 60 crippled children, wards of Rahway, N.J., Lodge, No. 1075, enjoyed the annual outing given for them at Olympic Park, in Newark. The youngsters assembled at the Home early in the morning and were carried to the Park in buses and private cars, escorted by motorcycle police. They enjoyed the numerous attractions as the guests of the Committee in charge, and returned in the evening a rather tired but entirely happy group.

### **California Elks Preparing for State Association Convention**

On October 6, 7 and 8, Monterey, Calif., Lodge, No. 1285, will entertain the annual convention of the State Elks Association, and its plans for a gala meeting are now practically complete. Monterey Lodge entertained the 1917 reunion and the California members who attended are looking forward to another equally

interesting time. Lodges throughout the State are preparing to send their bands and drill teams to compete for the splendid prizes offered and, in almost every case, record delegations will also be sent.

### **Sympathy Extended to the Grand Exalted Ruler on His Mother's Death**

The Order extends its deepest sympathy to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley on the death of his mother. Mrs. Malley passed away at her home in Springfield, Mass., at the age of eighty, after an illness which began last September. She died the day following her son's return from the Grand Lodge Convention, where he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. Her life had been an interesting and active one, and up to the time of her illness she was extremely energetic for a woman of her years. She was born in New Haven, Conn. Before her marriage she taught school in that city. Later she went to live in Springfield, Mass., where her husband had his business. All who came in contact with her felt her personal charm and the fine idealism and optimism which motivated all her human relationships.

### **Officers Elected by Oregon State Elks Association at Baker**

Meeting for their annual three day convention at Baker, the Oregon State Elks Association elected the following officers to serve for the coming year; President, Connie J. Grabb, Baker; First Vice-President, Harry B. Cusick, Albany; Second Vice-President, S. J. Halsen, Astoria; Third Vice-President, Perry DeLap, Klamath Falls; Secretary, J. E. Thornton, Ashland. Astoria was chosen as the 1928 meeting place.

### **Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge Gives Elaborate Entertainment for Sanitarium Patients**

It took more than 100 cars to carry the 450 members and entertainers of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, when they visited the State Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Wallum Lake to furnish the finest entertainment that has

ever been given for the patients. The procession, escorted by city and state police, broke up into three units upon arrival at the sanitarium, one of them going to the children's ward, one to the wards of the sanitarium proper, and the third to the hospital. Dancing and musical numbers and other specialty acts were given simultaneously. Several truck loads of fruit, candy and gifts had been distributed and the atmosphere was the cheerful, exhilarating one of a three ring circus. It was a red letter day for everyone who took part, entertainers and audience alike.

### **Camden, N. J., Lodge Holding Series of Trapshoots**

Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, has been holding a series of trapshoots at the Gloucester Gun Club which have proven immensely popular with the gunners of the Lodge. Prizes are given at each meet, and a number of excellent scores have been registered.

### **News of the Order From Far and Near**

The Glee Club of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, were recently the guests of Pasadena Lodge, when they presented a musical program.

On September 6, the bowlers of Rahway, N. J., Lodge will meet to roll for averages, in preparation for the coming season's tournaments.

Members of the Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Bowling Club have presented to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge a check for \$116. The money will be used in the charitable work of the Lodge.

The Elks Band of Portland, Ore., Lodge, was a feature at the Multnomah County Agricultural Fair and Live Stock Exposition last month, playing two concerts daily.

While in Chicago, July 15, T. J. Orr of 26 South Gilette Street, Tulsa, Okla., exchanged suitcases, by accident, with R. Nelson, also a member of the Order. As he is anxious to return the suitcase and to obtain his own, he will appreciate hearing from Mr. Nelson so that this can be done.

(Continued on page 91)

## Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown Dedicated

AT ELEVEN o'clock on Friday, July 15, the Grand Lodge Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown was dedicated in the cemetery at Russellville, Ky.

Conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Chairman of the Committee on the Brown Memorial, the ceremonies were attended by a delegation from Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, of which Mr. Brown was a member, and by members of the Grand Lodge who went to Russellville direct from the Cincinnati Convention. Mrs. Robert W. Brown, widow of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was present, having come from her residence in San Diego, Cal., by way of Cincinnati. The Grand Lodge was represented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin, Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart, and Past Exalted Rulers Fred O. Nuetzel, of Louisville Lodge, and W. A. James, of Galveston, Texas, Lodge, No. 126, both members of the committee in charge of the Memorial.

The ceremonies were opened by the singing of "Beyond the Hilltop," by a double quartet, followed by a prayer offered by Grand Chaplain Dysart. The unveiling of the memorial, by Miss Sally Elizabeth Flowers, was preceded by an appropriate address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin. After the unveiling came the dedicatory address, delivered by Exalted Ruler Roscoe Conkling of Louisville Lodge, following which the quartet sang "Crossing the Bar." Dr. W. O. Sadler, representing the mayor of Russellville, who was abroad, and Past Exalted Ruler Isaac T. Woodson, of Louisville Lodge, also spoke in tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Brown, one of the best-loved members of the Order. The double quartet of Russellville next sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought,"



Grand Chaplain Dysart pronounced the benediction, and the services were closed with the impressive bugle notes of Taps.

Robert W. Brown, first editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, was born at Otter Creek, Hardin County, Ky., November 13, 1862, and entered newspaper work at an early age. He served on the Louisville Commercial and on the Courier-Journal in various capacities, and was managing editor of the Louisville Times for twenty years. He joined Louisville Lodge of Elks while in his twenties, and was elected Exalted Ruler in both 1899 and 1900. In 1901 he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; in 1902 he was appointed to the old Committee on Appeals and Grievances, and was elected Grand Trustee in 1903, serving two years. Mr. Brown was elected Grand Exalted Ruler at Buffalo, in 1905. While in office he was largely responsible for the creation of a new Constitution and the adoption of a new Ritual. Following his service as Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Brown was appointed a member of the Grand Forum, serving continuously from 1907 to 1921 inclusive, being Chief Justice in 1911, 1916 and 1921. His knowledge of the law of the Order was second to none.

After THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established, by action of the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles in 1921, Mr. Brown, because of his long experience both in publishing and in the affairs of the Order, was chosen its first editor. Unfortunately, however, illness beset him shortly after the inauguration of the publication, and his health was such as to preclude his doing sustained work in the office. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Brown died, December 28, 1924, in San Diego, Cal. Burial was at Russellville, where the Memorial just dedicated marks the grave.



# The Elks National Trapshoot

## Third Meeting Is Marked by High Scores



*R. R. Stevenson,  
winner of the  
All-Round  
Championship*

THE third annual Elks National Trapshooting Tournament, held at the Coney Island race track, outside of Cincinnati, during the course of the Grand Lodge Reunion, was even more successful than last year's. During the two days of practice shooting and the two of registered events some 230 marksmen shot at approximately 100,000 targets. The weather was extremely hot throughout the tournament, but the shooting conditions were excellent and a large number of phenomenally high scores were made. The ten traps rigged in the infield of the Coney Island race track, in full view of the grand stand, were operated by A. T. A. pullers and scorers under the supervision of J. H. Ferris, vice-president, and L. J. Squier, treasurer, of the Elks National Trapshooting Association, assisted by a number of A. T. A. referees. It was one of the most ably conducted shoots held anywhere, and those in charge were warmly congratulated by the shooters who took part. Mr. Ferris and Mr. Squier are particularly grateful to Leo Schott, general manager of the Coney Island Jockey Club grounds, for his courtesy in allowing the use of the field and grandstand and for his unfailing assistance during the meet. Prize money to the amount of \$5,000 was distributed among the winners according to the Lewis class system.

On Tuesday, July 12, the first day of registered events, the Elks National Singles Championship, the Women's Championship, the Lodge team race, and the National Doubles Championship were shot. High scores were the rule, four tying for high on 100 straight—R. R. Stevenson, Dayton, O.; R. S. Peotter, Milwaukee; H. W. Karnes, Princeton, W. Va.; and W. H. Hall, Maysville, Ky. In the 25-target shoot-off, Peotter broke 24, Karnes and Hall, each 23, while Stevenson, a member of Xenia, O., Lodge, went straight, winning the championship trophy, a large cash prize, and the Captain Billy Fawcett trophy, which went to the highest score in the Lodge team race.

The scores for the field were extremely high. There were twelve 99s, ten 98s, fourteen 97s, twenty-five 96s and fifteen 95s. Ideal weather helped, a cool breeze from the Ohio River tempering a hot sun.

Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., won the Women's Championship on 90, with Mrs. Harry Harrison of Rochester, N. Y., runner-up on 89. Each received mag-

nificent trophies, donated by H. R. (Hy) Everding, founder and honorary President of the Elks Trapshooting Association.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Lodge, No. 531, won the Lodge team race on 482 x 500, and received THE ELKS MAGAZINE Trophy, emblematic of its victory, and a large cash prize. The team was composed of William Deathridge, Hancock, Ia., and R. A. Metzger, W. V. Mayne, D. C. Beck and George Larsen, all of Council Bluffs. The Springfield, O., Lodge, No. 51, team, C. A. Young, R. A. Puterbaugh, R. G. Johnson, Roy McGregor and B. Saxbe, and Xenia, O., Lodge, No. 668, represented by R. R. Stevenson, B. J. Leveck, Dick Denison, G. R. Spahr, and Ward Sharp, tied for second on 480, splitting second and third moneys. Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, C. W. Olney, L. D. Frint, Leo Host, R. S. Peotter and F. Sudington won fourth prize on 479, and Kenton O., Lodge, No. 157, M. Justin Meyer, C. R. Swartz, J. D. Claypool, R. W. Smoots and K. E. Mitchell, fifth, totaling 478.

J. D. Claypool, member of Kenton O., Lodge, No. 157, won the doubles championship on 49 out of 25 pairs. It looked as though he were going to make a perfect score, but his last target got away from him. C. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee, also broke 49; E. L. Hawkins, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Frank Wilmas, St. Louis, Mo., 48; R. R. Stevenson and C. D. McGary, professional, of Hammond, Ind., 47 each.

The State team event, 100 16-yard targets, with cash prizes to the five high teams, was the opening event on the program on Wednesday, the last day. There were eight teams, the selection having been made from the high scores on the previous day. Other shooters than those on the teams to the number of about 100 took part in the program and the scores were high, but not quite so high, on the average, as on Tuesday.

*Mrs. Walter P.  
Andrews, who  
won the Wo-  
men's event*



W. H. Hall and C. D. McGary, professional, went the route for 100 straight. C. C. Mitchell, R. A. Metzger, J. D. Claypool and E. C. Boice were down but one, while there were fifteen 98s and a bunch of 97s. The Ohio State team, J. D. Claypool, 99; R. A. Puterbaugh, 98; R. R. Stevenson, 97; P. A. Romig, 96; and Charles A. Sargeant, 93, totaled 483 for winner. The Iowa team, with R. A. Metzger scoring 99 and G. R. Beno, 98, assisted by George Larsen, D. C. Beck and William Deathridge, totaled 479 for second place, while the Wisconsin team, with L. D. Frint and R. S. Peotter leading, with 98 each, with their team-mates C. W. Olney, F. Ludington and D. C. Hayward, totaled 475, for a tie on third with the Virginia team of H. R. Cox and E. C. Watson, top men at 98, and L. G. Richards, R. R. Burnette and J. E. Fitzpatrick.

Then came the Elks handicap, the last event on the program, 100 targets, 16 to 25 yards. Late in the afternoon it was found that two men from the same town were tied at 96 for high. They were R. L. Adamson, 19 yards, and C. R. Swartz, 22 yards, Kenton O. They shot off at 25 targets, with H. L. Sullivan of Cincinnati, acting as referee. Swartz won with 23 to 22, and carried away the largest cash prize of the shoot.

William Kurtz, 20 yards, and R. R. Stevenson, 23 yards, finished with 95; Harry Harrison, R. W. Smoots, C. A. Young, O. L. Cartwright, J. C. Rader and F. W. Young broke 94; J. B. Goodbar, S. D. Geddes, Frank Wilmas and H. E. Furnas totaled 93.

When all scores were in R. R. Stevenson and W. H. Hall of Maysville, Ky., stood out as the finest shots at the meet, Mr. Stevenson winning the All-Round Championship and the President's Trophy presented by Charles S. Hart with 242 x 250 and being high over all, 339 x 350, while Mr. Hall went straight in the singles, followed this with another century in the State team event, and broke 6 in the handicap before missing, for long run honors and the Lloyd R. Maxwell trophy.

The Elks National Trapshooting Championship has become, in three years, one of the major events of the annual Grand Lodge reunion. Its growth, since it was first placed on the program at the Portland, Ore., Convention, has been phenomenal, and it now rivals the Grand American in the number of gunners taking part and in the scores made. In 1925 there were 108 entries, last year 226, and this time more than 230.



*The gunners who won the Lodge Team Championship for Council Bluffs, Iowa, Lodge, No. 531. They are, left to right, R. A. Metzger, William Deathridge, D. C. Beck, George Larsen, W. V. Mayne*





ARIZONA  
Flagstaff, No. 499

ARKANSAS  
Fort Smith, No. 341

CALIFORNIA  
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Bakersfield, No. 266  
Fresno, No. 439  
Grass Valley, No. 538  
Los Angeles, No. 99  
Oakland, No. 171  
Pasadena, No. 672  
Sacramento, No. 6  
San Francisco, No. 3  
Santa Ana, No. 794  
Santa Monica, No. 906  
Susanville, No. 1487  
Vallejo, No. 559

COLORADO  
Florence, No. 611  
Lamar, No. 1319  
Walsenburg, No. 1086

CONNECTICUT  
Bridgeport, No. 36  
Meriden, No. 35  
Rockville, No. 1359  
Torrington, No. 372

FLORIDA  
Lake City, No. 893  
Lakeland, No. 1291  
Pensacola, No. 497  
Tampa, No. 708

GUAM  
Agana, No. 1281

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IDAHO  
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ILLINOIS  
Aurora, No. 705  
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Champaign, No. 398  
Chicago, No. 4  
Litchfield, No. 654  
Quincy, No. 100  
Rock Island, No. 980  
Springfield, No. 158  
Sycamore, No. 1392

INDIANA  
Decatur, No. 993  
East Chicago, No. 981  
Indianapolis, No. 13  
Muncie, No. 245

KANSAS  
Wichita, No. 427

KENTUCKY  
Hopkinsville, No. 545  
Louisville, No. 8

MAINE  
Portland, No. 188

MASSACHUSETTS  
Boston, No. 10  
Gloucester, No. 892  
Haverhill, No. 165  
Marlboro, No. 1239  
Middleboro, No. 1274  
North Adams, No. 487  
Pittsfield, No. 272  
Plymouth, No. 1476  
Quincy, No. 943  
Springfield, No. 61

Newark, No. 21  
Passaic, No. 387  
Paterson, No. 60  
Phillipsburg, No. 395  
Rutherford, No. 547  
Trenton, No. 105  
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NEW MEXICO  
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Buffalo, No. 23  
Cohoes, No. 1317  
Freeport, No. 1253  
Haverstraw, No. 877  
Hempstead, No. 1485

OREGON  
La Grande, No. 433  
Pendleton, No. 288  
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The Dalles, No. 303

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Erie, No. 67  
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UTAH  
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Bellingham, No. 194  
Bremerton, No. 1181  
Centralia, No. 1083  
Hoquiam, No. 1082  
Olympia, No. 186  
Seattle, No. 92  
Walla Walla, No. 287  
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Lorain, No. 1301  
Salem, No. 305

Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99



Omaha, Neb., No. 39



Boston, Mass., No. 10

San Francisco, Calif., No. 3

A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks.  
Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

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



# America's Newest Masterpiece!

## The Servian Rug by Bigelow-Hartford

**H**ERE at last is the rug you always longed to possess!

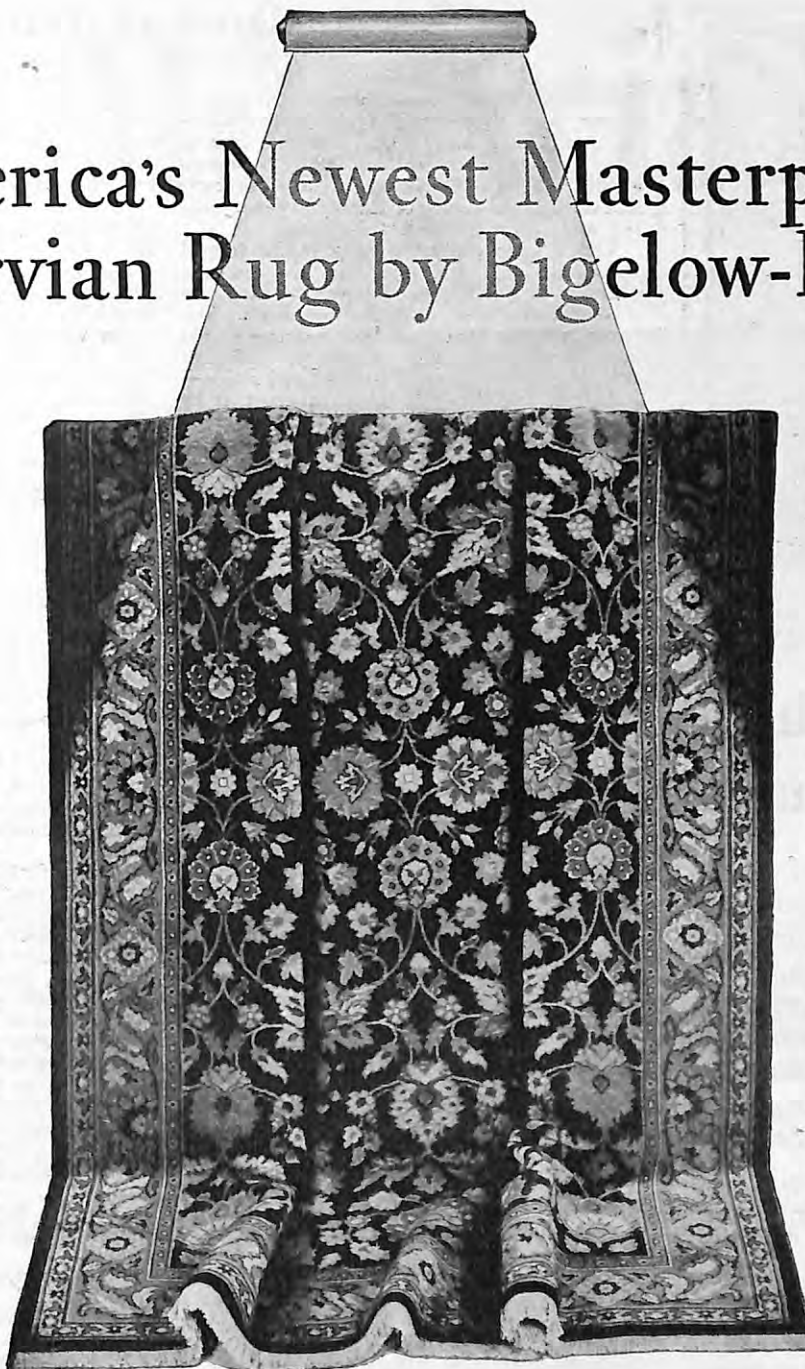
A rug such as you have seen only at some extravagant price . . . soft and deep in fabric, with a seamless weave which shows the pattern through to the back . . . rich, lustrous colors patterned and shaded into the rarest designs of the ancient Orient.

The Servian Rug by Bigelow-Hartford is an outstanding American achievement in rug weaving.

Such a rug as this brings to any room a fresher beauty and more friendly comfort. You will find patterns for the living room, dining room, the library, and graceful designs in cooler tones for the bedroom.

Ask your dealer to show you his collection of Servian Rugs. Feel the depth and richness of the fabric, pliant as a heavy fur, yet close-woven and sturdy. See the original of pattern No. 11, illustrated above, and think how beautiful it would look in your own living room!

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Ask your dealer to show you the original of this beautiful rug. It is Servian Rug pattern number 11. The soft, rich colors and graceful design make this rug ideal for the living room, dining room, or library. Made in these sizes: 27' x 54', 4' 6" x 6' 6", 6' x 9', 9' x 12', 9' x 15'.

service in your home. Always look for the name "Bigelow" or "Hartford" woven in the back—your guarantee of fine quality.

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## Bigelow-Hartford

RUGS &

CARPETS







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**A**T the first touch of Aqua Velva's cool, sparkling drops, you can feel your skin wake up with new life. Any little nicks of the razor, seen or unseen, are quickly soothed, sterilized for easy healing.

Flabby tissues are stimulated, and the skin is made buoyant with a new feeling of vigor that sets up a man for the whole day.

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Aqua Velva is the scientific result of 87 years' study of what the skin requires to keep it in perfect condition. Its daily use is the finest possible protection against irritations caused by wind, sun and weather.

Large 5-ounce bottles, 50c in the U. S. A. By mail post-paid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

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# Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

**FREE Trial Size.** Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 79, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

## A Matter of Terms

(Continued from page 9)

the afternoon: the scene a library—the library of Mr. John Bradburn, the president of Bradburn's Chemical Works, Inc., director of seven other industrial corporations, trustee of a university, holder of honorary scientific degrees, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, fifty-one years old, and still a live wire.

The President was sitting at a flat-topped mahogany desk and regarding his son, the Secretary of the Works, who was frowning into a loose-leafed book of production-sheets. Between the two men there was a strong family resemblance, but the Secretary, although palpably a young man of thought and action—indeed it was only two autumns ago that he had earned a Y on his sweater and water on his knee—had the milder eyes, and a jaw which was the more becoming because it wasn't quite so squarely mitered.

The President, regarding his son, smiled complacently. A splendid youngster, Philip—industrious, amenable, intelligent and affectionate. What more could a father want?

He glanced at his desk-clock and was about to speak, when suddenly his expression changed, and for many seconds his face was extraordinarily hard and blank. Then, with a sharp intake of his breath, he relaxed.

His son looked up quickly. "Foot bothering you, Father?"

"It's all over," said the President, shortly. "Why, this interview with—what's his name? Kent? Noel Kent?—it was for three, wasn't it? And it's ten minutes of. Well, I'll give you a useful tip, Phil. When a man really wants to sell, he's right on the dot. That's my experience."

The Secretary preserved his frown. "Then from the tone of that letter you showed me, I've got a hunch that Noel Kent's going to be late."

"What?" Mr. Bradburn sorted out a sheet from the pile on his blotter, and struck it belittlingly with his knuckles. "You don't suppose this ballyhoo means anything, do you? That's just a smart-Aleck trying to be smarter. Besides, if he *wouldn't* sell, then what's he coming out here for? No, Phil: he *is* coming out, so it's only a matter of terms. And if he's on time, they're *my* terms. Ever know me to start after anything and not get it?"

"No, but—" "Stop right there! That land's exactly what we want for a new Administration Building, and that's all there is about it!"

The Secretary closed his book, and stood up. "I wouldn't bank on it, Father."

"If you don't bank on things," said the President brusquely, "you don't get 'em. That's the way I built up this company." Here a manservant came in with a card on a silver tray. "See who it is, Phil, will you?"

The Secretary crumpled the card in his fingers and grinned. "Well, as a matter of fact, it's Noel Kent."

"**H**AH!" said John Bradburn. "Take it from me, Phil, I'll close at my own figure!" He nodded to the servant. "Say I'll be at liberty in a couple of minutes." He selected a cigar from the humidor at his elbow. "He's so punctual I guess I'll let him stew awhile. Make him fidgety. It all helps. Want to stay and see how it's done? No?"

"Sorry, Father. I'm on the wing."

"Oh! Be back when?"

"Oh, not too long."

"All right. Send in somebody, will you? Who's next—the insurance fellow? And have Kent come in next after that."

The Secretary went out to the drawing-room, where six or seven people were, by special dispensation, awaiting the pleasure of Mr. John Bradburn, imprisoned in his own house with rheumatism. He recognized the insurance fellow, and set him on his way; he also saw a girl he recognized, and crossed over to her. She was a girl of excellent family, but by reason of circumstances she had gone into business. This, however, was her first raid upon Bradburn, senior, and she looked even more apprehensive than did the other petitioners—who, as Philip approached her, looked also darkly jealous.

"Well," said the Secretary, "why this air of a delicate martyr who hears the lion being paged?"

"Because I'm scared!" she announced in an undertone. "So I do hope your father's in a temper. Men are at such a gorgeous disadvantage when they're in a temper. Then I could cry. Do you think it would do any good?"

"Never saw it tried out. But his foot's fairly skittish to-day: is dampness the best thing for it?"

Her upward glance was appealing. "Can't you park a minute, Phil, and cheer me up? Honestly, I'm scared!"

She was an extremely pretty girl, small and curvy and vivid. He sat down and chatted with her, in the lower register, until the insurance fellow carried a gloomy visage past the portières. Then he arose. "It'll be all right now, I guess," he said. "Better get it over with, what? He's not so bad really. It depends on how you get at him. But if anybody can handle him, you ought to. That's supposed to be a compliment."

Pursued by envious eyes he escorted her to the fatal door, gave her arm a little squeeze, said: "Good luck, old lady!" and strolled away down the hallway.

**I**NSIDE the library, Mr. John Bradburn, leaning on a stout cane, was standing by a bay-window and smoking a cigar, and he held this poise for several seconds. When at length he turned, his eyebrows lifted almost imperceptibly.

"I'm afraid there's some mistake, madam," he said, gravely. "I am seeing no one to-day except by previous appointment."

"But I did have an appointment, Mr. Bradburn."

He stared at her. "The name was—"

"Noel Kent."

"What?" he said. "Are you Noel Kent?"

"Why, yes."

He limped toward his desk. Just before he reached it, he stopped short and caught his breath: the girl caught hers in swift compassion. Bradburn eased himself into his seat, and gazed at her, not too unkindly.

"So—you're a woman?"

Smiling, she said: "Yes, indeed. But please go right on smoking. I don't mind it a bit."

The President, unwounded, motioned to the chair at his right. "Sit down, please. So you are Noel Kent! It's an unusual name for a woman."

She kept her smile alight. "In my vainer moments I like to believe that I'm an unusual woman."

"So it was you who wrote me those extravagant letters?" His eyes twinkled. "I suppose I should have suspected something like this."

"But how?"

"From the spelling."

"Oh! What did I misspell?"

"Well, for one thing 'octopus.' The majority of us content ourselves with one 's.'"

She laughed. "Did I really do that? If I did, it was a slip of the typewriter. Still, you must have known who I meant, no matter how I spelled him. And it wasn't a personal description anyway: it just applied to your methods."

"Ah!" he said, as an indulgent schoolmaster might have said it, "and what's wrong with them—in your expert opinion?"

"Why, I just implied a sort of spreading, grasping tendency, that's all."

"Hm!" said Bradburn, with a trace of sarcasm. "Did you ever hear of any sound business that didn't expand?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. But things that expand too far, sometimes burst."

"Do you think that Bradburn's Chemical Works is likely to burst, then?"

"I certainly hope not," she said, "because my land's too close to it for comfort."

"Ah!" said Bradburn. "That brings us to the matter at issue. Your land—I'm going to buy it."

The girl made a tiny grimace. "Don't you mean you hope and pray I'll sell it to you?"

The President threw away his cigar. "My dear young woman, will you accept a little practical advice? And that is, that flippancy can be overdone, both in business correspondence and in business conference. Now, I won't beat around the bush. Your property out here is

(Continued on page 54)



# Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



"My happiest discovery  
in fifteen years—  
Old Briar Tobacco!"\*

Here are words of sincere appreciation that reach right out to every pipe smoker. Every day, from everywhere men are writing that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing back to them all of the old pleasure, solace and contentment of pipe smoking.

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\*The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried "them all."



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They use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.

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Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.

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# Twinplex

## Stroppers

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

## A Matter of Terms

(Continued from page 52)

assessed at ten dollars a front foot: call it \$3,000. My original offer to you was \$5,000. Since then, I've gone up as high as nine—and nine is my last word."

She smiled at him pointblank. "Yes," she said, "you told me so two letters ago. But if it was really your last word, then why did you ask me to come out and see you to-day?"

He leaned forward with an aggressive thrust of the shoulders. "Then why did you come?"

"Well," she said, "it was largely from curiosity. I'd heard so much about you, and your way of doing business, that I thought it might be a stimulating experience."

He shook his head. "Your humor is refreshing. I asked you to come here—instead of sending a lawyer or one of our own personnel to see you—because I thought that possibly I could explain the situation to you better than anyone else could. To put it briefly: except to myself, your land isn't worth a counterfeit dime. I've got it flanked on two sides, and anybody else who tried to flirt with it would have his troubles to a fare-you-well. You'd have hard work to make anybody else a present of it. So, because you've got common sense, you're going to transfer it to me for precisely three times its assessed valuation, plus a thousand dollars for your expenses. Ten. Am I right?"

The girl drew a long and rather catchy breath. "I know as well as you do, Mr. Bradburn, that if I don't sell to you, I probably can't sell at all. But I'm not here to be told what I'm going to do: I'm here to tell you what *you're* going to do."

THE President was grimly amused. He opened his mouth to reply: then his eyes dilated, and he sat utterly rigid. Inch by inch he relaxed, and wiped his forehead. "S all right. Go on."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bradburn."

"Go on. You're clairvoyant, are you? You know what I'm going to do, do you? Sure of it? *How* sure?"

She hesitated. "Well, sure enough to bet on it, anyway."

He started to glower at her, and then changed his mind and laughed at her. "Oh, is that so? What are you betting?"

"Why, I'll bet—I'll bet everything I've got in this bag." She displayed it to him: a neat contrivance of pin-seal leather, with a ripper frame. "And among other things, there's a twenty-dollar bill."

Now, he inspected her as though she had been an insufferably conceited child. "Well?"

"You're going to buy my land—"

"Ah!"

"At my price. And it's much more than yours—infinite more."

His jaw tightened, and into his eyes there crept a slow, cold hostility which fascinated her. "In that case," he said icily, "good-afternoon, Miss Kent." Then, since she didn't stir, he repeated it with slightly more stress. "I said—good-afternoon."

Presently she rose and moved toward the door, but at the threshold she paused and looked back—and quietly returned.

"My gloves," she said, apologetically, and retrieved them from the corner of the big desk.

He made an imperative gesture to her. "What price *is* it that your supernatural powers tell you—incorrectly—that I'll pay?"

She sat down again. "Perhaps I ought to tell you, Mr. Bradburn, that before I kept this appointment to-day I'd gathered a good deal of information about you. You settled here about fifteen years ago, didn't you?"

"What of it? I asked you what's your price."

"I understand that you needed more capital, so you got it from the man who owned this very house. He—"

"Miss Kent, you're wasting your time."

"No," she said reflectively. "I'm not even wasting yours. This man was apparently a lovable sort of person, but rather a goat—wasn't he?"

"Goat?" echoed the President, astounded. "Goat?"

"Well, wasn't he? He lost practically every cent he had—and since then, *you've* had a brilliant career. Haven't you?"

Bradburn transfixed her. "I see the idea. You've been collecting gossip. You hear I'm a close buyer, so when I offer you three times what that dump is worth, you think this is Miami, Florida, and you're going to be in on the boom. Wake up!"

"Oh, of course I know," she went on, "that the business wasn't paying, then. You made it pay, later—after taking the precaution to buy his stock for next to nothing. I ought to know, hadn't I. Hadn't I? Don't you remember when you used to give me pill-boxes full of mercury to play with, and bits of sodium and potassium to burn on water, and let me send packages down the chute—and one day I slipped and went down the chute myself? And—"

He half-raised himself from his chair. "No! you can't be George Fernie's little girl!"

"Oh, but I can, though!"

"But her name wasn't Noel! It was—it was—"

"It was Ada Noel Fernie. I dropped the 'Ada.'"

Impulsively and cordially, he had put out his hand. "Ada! That's right. But—"

"And then I was married. It didn't last so very long, but—anyway, that's how the land got recorded in the name of Noel Kent."

Much of the heartiness went out of his manner. She hadn't taken his hand; and moreover, he was thinking rapidly. "But then this land must have belonged to George! George must have willed it to you. Why, yes! And yet you've stayed under cover all this time—even this afternoon, and—why, I don't grasp this at all!"

"You see," she said, "I'd always been in a branch advertising agency in Los Angeles, but after Father and Mother died I went to the main office in Chicago. I was in Chicago when the title was recorded in my own name. It was all the inheritance I had, except a few thousand dollars. Daddy'd kept it because he thought that some day it might be worth something. Well, then I had a chance to come home—in another agency—and I'd always wanted to come back, anyway. I came a month ago, and your first letter followed me from Chicago, just a day or two later. Evidently you'd found my address there."

"Ah!" said the President, sinking back. "Yes, you're quite right. And quite naturally I was in the dark—and you didn't choose to enlighten me until you could do it with some effect. You have a keen sense of the drama, Miss . . . Mrs. Kent."

She ignored the comment. "It seemed that your plant had grown so much that you wanted to absorb my land, just as you did Father's. By the way, I see that you've kept this place intact—and it doesn't smell, either. It's too bad that Father didn't know it wouldn't—*isn't* it?"

BRADBURN had resumed his glacial attitude.

"I preferred to live here, so I made it possible for myself to live here. I have paid very dearly for the privilege. . . . And so you imagined that you'd have some mysterious advantage by hiding your identity, and then allowing me to call you 'Miss' Kent, and then springing your bomb? What did you expect to gain by it? And what do you expect to gain by all those innuendos in regard to myself and your father? Did he ever remotely hint that I'd been unfair to him in any way?"

"Oh, never! But after I was old enough to hear the bare facts, he didn't have to. No, he never said a word. But I've had lots of experiences myself, Mr. Bradburn, so I know what generally happens when there's a clever, powerful man on one side, and a trustful simpleton on the other."

The President nursed his foot. "Mrs. Kent, George Fernie was once my friend—but that's no excuse for me to swallow any such impertinence from his daughter. In 1910 I made him a proposition for this house. He accepted it. In 1912, when he was determined to get rid of his stock, I made him a proposition for that. He accepted it. You say yourself that he never criticized my fairness. Well, may I say, then, that I consider your present language—and also

(Continued on page 56)





... before the  
shingle is laid

**T***ry*  
*an' burn it!*

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Leave the old roof on. Lay these beautiful everlasting shingles right over it. No fuss, no dust, no litter, no danger from rain while the work is in progress.

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Then forget your roof. It will be everlasting—no costly repairs. It will be fire-proof—you need never fear flying sparks. Re-roof for the last time with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles.

P. S. Have you priced asbestos shingles lately?

## New colors, new textures, new shapes, in these famous shingles

Now! Everlasting fire-proof asbestos shingles in more shapes and colors than ever before, and, best of all, at prices to suit everybody!

Beautiful blue-black shingles, rich and velvety; soft mottled reds, warm and colorful; shingles with the gay cheerfulness of variegated color; or cool, dignified natural grays. Choose from these colors, choose them in shape and texture you most prefer.

Do you know these shingles cost less than ever before, although they are more beautiful, with many more styles and colors? Their absolute protection against fire, their absolute permanence, ease of application, their beauty, need now cost you no more than a roof of flimsy, combustible material.

Make sure your next roof is Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

# JOHNS-MANVILLE

## RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES





**DURHAM - DUPLEX**

*The Blades Men Swear By—not At*

EITHER SET ~

**\$1.50**

With Two 50¢ Pkgs of Blades



Interchangeable Blades 50¢ for package of 5

## AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade—nothing else—that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—cutting your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.  
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;  
Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

### Special Offer 25¢

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25¢.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.	
(Address for Canada; 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25¢ for razor and blade. Check type preferred.	
Name .....	E9
Address .....	
Town or City and State .....	
I prefer Long-handled Type.....	Safety Type.....

## A Matter of Terms

(Continued from page 54)

the subterfuges which led up to this interview—distinctly shabby?"

She made a little movement of her shoulders. "I don't doubt it. But to get back to the main point, I'm ready to sell you my land for \$10,000—and conditions."

"Conditions? What conditions?"

She looked away from him, and out through the big bay-window to the lawn. "Why—I can't help remembering what it used to be like, out here, when I lived in this very house. Why, the bit of lawn we're squabbling about was just an orchard on a country lane. Then you came along. And what have you done? Made a model village? No, you've built up a wonderful money-making machine—and one of the horrid-looking communities I've ever seen in my life. It—"

"I happen to be a manufacturer," said the President, caustically, "and not a sentimental philanthropist. And what concern is it of yours?"

"Why," she said, "in two ways. One is the thing that you'd have done here if my father had kept his stock—and you'd kept your promises. The other—well, to tell the truth, I couldn't afford to buy such a very fine monument for him. So it occurred to me that maybe you'd like to combine these two ideas, and put up that monument yourself. I'm speaking only figuratively, of course. I mean for you to do what he'd have done, himself. His housing scheme, and—"

"I make no conditions whatsoever," said Bradburn, deliberately. "State your price in cash."

The girl sighed. "You just can't think of anything but money, can you?"

"Mrs. Kent," he said, "I have never yet confused sentiment with business."

"Still, that doesn't say you're not going to begin, does it? Because if you don't meet my terms, you'll never have that land, never, never, never! And I'm not fooling, either!"

The President, tortured anew, closed his eyes. "You think you can dispose of it to anybody else? Do you realize that all I've got to say is, 'Change such-and-such a vent-pipe—move such-and-such an exhaust'—and so and so on—to poison that miserable little acre with gases and cover it with soot and make it one of the sweetest-scented spots in this whole country? Mrs. Kent, only one building will ever be erected on that land—and it'll belong to me!"

HER breast was rising and falling rapidly. "That may be so. But I'll still own the last scrap of clean, decent, honest soil in this horrible village that you've made! And I'll put up a marble shaft on it: I swear I will! And I'll have carved on it: 'Sacred to the memory of George Fernie, M.D.—who would have died of shame if he could once have stood here to-day and looked around!'"

Blindly, the President reached for the bell. "That's about enough," he said. "The man'll show you out."

She stood quivering. "Oh, you needn't bother your servants! I know the way. I used to live here."

Behind her, Philip exclaimed: "Why—why, Noel! Why, what's the matter? What's he been saying to you?"

The President clambered to his feet. "What the devil has it got to do with you?" he roared. "And—and you knew this woman, Phil? You knew she was a woman? You knew she—"

Speech failed him, and he stood mute. There was a tense silence. The Secretary came bravely forward and put his arm around Dr. Fernie's daughter.

Bradburn's voice was very low and menacing. "You've been pretty smooth, Philip—haven't you? Pretty smooth—both of you. How did this—happen?"

Philip cleared his throat. "I ran across Noel in town, sir—three weeks ago. We—remembered each other. We talked. She'd already heard from you. But she didn't want you to know—yet—who she was. She had an ideal that she wanted to put over. It's been one of mine, too. You know that Dr. Fernie's plans are still in my files. She thought she could convince you—in her own way. So I didn't think

I had any right to interfere. Especially when you wanted to close this deal yourself. So—"

The President's voice cut like a knife. "So you've seen enough of her to get on a pawing basis? This has been going on for three weeks? You framed it between you to club me into this scheme—with sentimentality as the club? And you, Phil, not an hour ago took her card, and—oh, you're a good actor, Phil! Far too good to be tied down to the chemical business!" He leveled his arm at his son. "And therefore you have my permission to quit my room—and my house—and my employ—with this woman that you've ranked ahead of your loyalty to your own father and to your own company!"

The girl flushed. "Listen to me, Mr. Bradburn—"

"I've listened to you quite enough," he said in the same cutting monotone. "I begin to realize what your methods are, now. If you fancied you could use my own son as a lever against me, you were never so thoroughly mistaken."

"One would imagine," she said, "that methods so like your own would appeal to you. The fact that I love Phil had nothing whatsoever to do with my coming here this afternoon. I came because you asked me, and—"

"Will you leave for the same reason?" he demanded.

Philip wet his lips. "Listen, Father—"

THE President inclined his head formally. "You've kept your mouth pretty tight shut about this affair, Philip, and you don't need to open it now. Get out!"

The Secretary had lost color. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes, get out."

The silence lengthened. The girl said: "Perhaps we'd better go, then, Phil."

Bradburn's voice came to her. "You've forgotten your bag, this time!"

She turned back. "No, I hadn't forgotten it. I left it for you purposely. I lost my bet."

"Take it away from here."

"But I always pay my bets—when I lose."

The President was granite. "Give your twenty dollars to Philip. He'll probably need it."

The girl, however, had already opened the bag, and was depositing the contents on the desk. "But I said 'everything in it'—didn't I? Of course. Money. Powder-puff. Stamp. Lip-stick. Handkerchief. I don't suppose they'll be much use to you—but *this* might interest you, though. Mightn't it?" And she held out a little packet of letters.

The President's eyes never flickered. "Philip," he said curtly, "go and wait in the drawing-room until I send for you, or send you a messenger."

"But, Father—"

"Please go, dear," said the small girl. "Your father has something that he wants to discuss with me privately."

Bradburn shot lightnings at her, and then switched them to his son. "Do as you're told, sir."

The Secretary went out, leaving the older man and the girl facing each other. The clock ticked a third of a minute. Bradburn still stared as though mesmerized by the packet which she was holding.

"And where," he asked frigidly, "did you find them?"

She flushed again. "In—in a tin box."

"You are either very clever, Mrs. Kent," he said, "or unscrupulous."

She mismanaged a smile. "I thought that eventually we'd understand each other."

"Have you read them?"

"Yes, of course."

"So this is refined blackmail?"

She stepped back. "Your worst fault," she said indignantly, "is thinking that everybody else thinks as you do! If I'd only wanted to hold you up, I could have done it ages ago! I only brought them in case I *had* to show them to you—and to remind you that we Fernies can't be browbeaten!"

He allowed his lips to curl a trifle. "Are you laboring under the delusion that I'm afraid of you?"

(Continued on page 58)

# W H E N   A P P E A R A N C E   C O U N T S



*The Kenton—a styleful creation in the Alumni Group. Available in the popular new grays, tans and red-browns.*

## Two-Pants Suits *in the* Height of Fashion



STYLE triumphs anew this Fall in Adler Collegian "Two-Pants Suits at One-Pair Prices." Daring, exclusive weaves. Subtle, distinctive touches. Authoritative to the last detail. The variety of styles is wider this Fall — and the fabric values, throughout the line, are greater than ever before.

All the popular new shades—grays, tans red-browns—at your Adler Collegian dealer's. Ask him to show you the new Kragmont weaves, Shadowlane and Surf stripes. See how brilliant, new style achievement has raised still higher the standards set by makers of Adler Collegian Two-Pants Suits.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

# ADLER COLLEGIAN

## C L O T H E S

*they*  *Keep you looking your best*

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## The final touch of hospitality

**T**RUE hospitality goes beyond the commonplace welcome or the usual menu. It adds such evidences of personality that, to the guest, an evening becomes an event.

Many a hostess knows the effect of tasty Beech-Nut Mints after the dinner. And how refreshing they are throughout the evening! A detail, it is true, but one that gives a touch of distinction to your hospitality.

Incidentally, every meal may be improved if followed by pure candy Beech-Nut Mints. They are deliciously flavored.

# Beech-Nut Mints

## A Matter of Terms

(Continued from page 56)

"No! I never flattered myself that you were! And I'll prove it!" Forthwith, she tore seven letters into the smallest fragments, and strewed them into the convenient basket. "That's because I don't like the word blackmail!"

The President swallowed hard. "Why," he said dazedly, "Why, I don't believe you had read them, then!"

"But you're wrong. Do you want me to prove that, too? They were all written just before Daddy broke down in 1911. Shall I tell you what they said?"

He didn't answer. After a moment she went around the desk and stood at his side. "It seems," she said, gently, "that you loved my mother very much, didn't you? It seems that you tried to persuade her to leave my father, didn't you? But you found that persuasion wasn't any good, so you tried force—didn't you? One of those letters that I've just torn up contains the threat to make her life a misery by ruining her husband. Well, you did it, didn't you? Oh, I know how book-keepers can juggle figures so as to make a company look rich or bankrupt, just as they like! And Daddy needed money, and he owned too much stock to suit you, so you made it look as though you were on the ragged edge of nothing, and shook him off, and as soon as he was shaken off you began to pay dividends. And it's interesting to see that after all these years your style of attack hasn't changed in the slightest." Now, the President shifted his position so as once more to meet her eyes. His own were larger and less steely than before, but the girl went on with soft relentlessness.

"I love your son, and even the fact that he is your son doesn't make any difference. You can make my land unsalable: what of it? You can disinherit Phil: what of it? I've got a little money, and both of us know how to work. You can't spoil our lives. Why, you're in a terribly bad way, Mr. Bradburn—there's nobody left for you to frighten—not unless you hire them."

**S**HE was aware, then, that he was wrestling with an emotion. "This threat you speak of," he said, unsteadily, "did your mother—do you know if your mother—assumed that I had carried it out? To injure George?"

"Certainly she did! All her life. Wasn't it plain enough?"

The President's lips trembled a little. "Is that true?"

"Certainly it is. She told me when I was sixteen. She never told Daddy, though. It would have killed him."

His breathing became audible. "Then I will tell you the truth," he said, with increasing huskiness. "I wrote that—threat—in a mood that I regret. I never meant it. I cannot conceive, now, how I could ever have written it. But I did *not* carry it out. I wrote George twenty different letters—when he was here, when he was in France, when he was in California—begging him to hang on to some of his stock. I can show you carbon copies of those letters—it's unfortunate that you didn't find the originals . . . in some other tin box. Because I knew what I could do with this business! But your mother influenced him—or so I suspect—to sell out. I bought what stock he had—and paid him three points above the market. I lived in this house, yes; but there were many times when I couldn't pay the servants. I worked eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. But I hung on. I made it go. I *knew* that I could make it go. And I never

juggled figures. They were bad enough of themselves. Did you ever know that I had to borrow the money to buy George's stock? I did, though, and paid 2 per cent. a month for it—and went without a good deal. You see, I was in it even deeper than George was. If he'd have suffered with me for another year or two, I'd have made him rich. But he chose to suffer alone. And now you tell me that your mother thought I swindled him! I never knew she thought that! I never knew it. I supposed she knew that I'd written her—in a sort of desperation. That was the last time I ever wrote her—or saw her. And now it's too late, it's too late!"

Eventually she said, subdued: "That's pretty awful. I think I'm going to cry. That's terrible. Think what it cost us. Not just money, but Daddy's comfort and Mother's feelings. All those years. It's awful. Yes, it's too late. I believe you, though. I don't believe you tried to swindle Daddy out of his money. But, anyway, you tried to swindle him out of his wife!"

"The passion of a young man," he said dully, "is sometimes difficult to control."

"Is that your excuse?"

He threw back his head. "I never make excuses. I make statements—and take the consequences."

"And kick your son into the street for following your good example?"

He would have responded, but at that instant he was engulfed by another wave of pain. The spasm passed, lazily.

"Considering what you have thought of me," he said, still gasping from the shock, "I can hardly blame you for your behavior—or your camouflage—or your phrases. You have courage—which you may have inherited." He set his jaw. "I should like to buy your land. On your own terms. As you suggest, a kind of memorial to George." Then he turned his head away, and she saw that his shoulders were shaking. "I didn't know she ever thought I could really be swine enough to do that!" he said brokenly. "I didn't mean it. And I'd have made them rich!"

The girl dropped on her knees beside him. "Oh, you poor old thing!" she said. "Don't you suppose I could read into your letters all the loneliness and strain and worry and heart-break? Even when I loathed you? Mother just didn't understand you, but I do. She thought you meant what you said. I know you just pretend to be a porcupine, so nobody'll guess what's underneath. You were a perfect *nut* to write like that—but can I blame you for loving my mother? No; I've seen enough of life to make allowances. And do you suppose I'd tell a single soul about it—even Phil? Why, I wouldn't do that—any more than Mother told Daddy! But perhaps you'll want to, yourself. Take the darned old land—but won't you please be nice to Phil and me? Why, we're all you've got, aren't we? That's all we can do, isn't it?—to stick together and try to make up to each other, somehow, for everything that's happened? We can't bring Daddy and Mother back, but isn't this the next best thing? Isn't this what they'd want—if they knew as much as you and I do, now? Don't you owe it to them—in a way?"

After a certain time, he stretched out his hand, sideways, and touched her cheek. His face still averted.

"So—in spite of the fact that he's my son—you're going to marry him?"

She rested her head on his knee. "Not going to," she said, just above a whisper, "but did yesterday."

**C**COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER'S stories of circus life have all the thrill of the big top about them, for he knows whereof he writes, having spent years with the traveling shows. "Sisters of the Air," a new tale by Mr. Cooper, full of drama and action, will appear soon. Look for it.

# Smoking and Throat Protection

As viewed by 9651\* Doctors

**W**HAT is the quality that so many of those whose voices are precious have found that makes LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes delightful and of no possible injury to those voices?

For the answer, a number of physicians, many of them leading physicians, in various parts of the United States were recently asked these two questions:

*Q1—In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?*

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

*Q2—Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?*

11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



**Joseph Caillaux,**  
Noted French Orator,  
writes:

"I have found your Lucky Strike Cigarettes very agreeable. They do not hurt my throat in the least and are very soothing to my voice."

*J. Caillaux*

\*WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9,651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two.

LYBRAND,  
ROSS BROS. &  
MONTGOMERY

Accountants  
and Auditors

New York, July 22, 1927







Splendid patterns and materials in many styles—and all first quality solid leather construction.

IT HAS BEEN SAID of many a man and maid. It happens when a man's good taste in dress reflects the qualities fine women most admire.

It has been said, as well, concerning the makers of Lewis ROYALS—the shoes such men elect to wear. Splendid patterns and materials—imported and domestic upper leathers—sole leather counters—and the best of soles—all expertly combined!

Lewis PLUS FIVES, Lewis BIG SIXES, Lewis ROYALS are always made to precise standards of quality—not to fit a fixed price. So the prices range from \$5—or a few cents more when the best of leather costs us more—up to \$7 and \$7.50. Nearby dealer's name on request.

**THE LEWIS SHOE COMPANY**  
Division of the Lewis A. Crossett Co.  
North Abington, Mass.

The  
**Lewis**  
Shoe

## Five Thousand to Go

(Continued from page 16)

"LIKE MAKING BEE DRINK HONEY," ran his day letter. "SOLD KETCH *ARIADNE* TO EXROOMMATE FOR SIX THOUSAND STOP COMMISSION FOUR HUNDRED TWENTY STOP CHARTERED SAME BOAT NEW LONDON BOAT RACES COMMA GANG OF HARVARD LADS COMMA NETTING ME FORTY MORE STOP BET FORTY ON RACE AND WON STOP FIVE HUNDRED TO GOOD AM SPENDING DAY RUNNING THROUGH OPEN DRAWBRIDGES TO CELEBRATE STOP HOME TOMORROW."

His father wasn't overjoyed to see him when Mark got home.

"In the first place," said he, "I'm not disposed to admit that your \$420 is well earned, as anybody can sell a boat to a friend."

"Oh, can he?" asked Mark. "It takes two to make a sale, and the former owner of the *Ariadne* had told Olmstead he wouldn't take a cent less than \$8,000. That's why Joe gave the job to me. The boat was only worth six."

"Well then," said Casson Senior, "betting money isn't making it."

"Not if you lose," agreed Mark. "But I see your point and I'll set that forty aside for exes. Now, Sir, on the way back I saw a chance to make some money for both of us—a little for you and a lot for me. Have you got a floating derrick?"

"Two. One of them will finish the Bridgeport job (which is Greek to you) and be towed to New York next week."

"That's the one I want. What do you get for it?"

"I don't charter it."

"Not to me? Even if I use it for only a day?"

"Yes. You may have it for what it costs to tow it down. But what does a successful yacht broker do with a twenty-ton derrick? Lift money from his clients' pockets?"

"This is very mysterious. Leave it to me."

As a matter of fact the deal was not mysterious. The chance of a lifetime, perhaps, but open as the day. On the run up the Sound, Mark had sighted the hulk of a schooner yacht lying in Smithtown Bay. He remembered the circumstances of the wreck. The *Baggala*, fully insured, and chartered to a prominent onion man from the Connecticut River, had run aground half a mile from shore. Owner and crew had rowed in for help and returning at midnight had found the *Baggala* on her side, let down by the fallen tide. Gasoline had spilled from her tanks and created an explosive mixture in the cabin. One match, carelessly ignited, concluded the usefulness of the *Baggala*. Owner and crew escaped with their lives, but the insurance writers penned the requiem of the schooner.

She had lain there a month, burned to the water's edge, the tide flowing at will among her charred ribs. One day her remains would slip off into deeper water—if Mark didn't get them first. He had dived down, open knife in hand, and had emerged excited.

Next day Mark left the *Termagant* at Edgeport and went to town by train, called up Joe Olmstead, and proceeded to business. On the twenty-first floor of an insurance building—an open floor littered with flat desks and fat filing cabinets—he met the marine adjuster.

"Mr. Jessup?" asked Mark, shaking hands. "I'm Mark Casson. You don't know me."

"Sorry not to have had the pleasure," said the round-shouldered, bespectacled Mr. Jessup. "What can I do for you?"

"You underwrote the schooner yacht *Baggala*, totally destroyed in Smithtown Bay?"

"We did, and reimbursed the owner. This company is one concern that meets its obligations promptly."

Mark was all business. "Have you made any arrangements for realizing on the wreck?"

"None. It had been stripped before we got there. What is left might be worth \$50 for firewood—if you had a camp site on the beach, an ax and a rowboat."

"I'll pay fifty for it," said Mark. "Can you give me title now?"

A LOOK of condescension tempered by toleration showed in Mr. Jessup's friendly eyes. "You're sure you want to throw your money away, young man? It would cost you at least \$500 to charter a wrecking tug and barge to tow

it away. Perhaps more. They always contrive to miss the tide at Hell Gate, you know, and it's a long run down the Sound."

"I'll take the wreck for nothing if you'd rather."

"No," said Mr. Jessup, a shade less amicably. "Sorry to have been officious. I'll take your money and make you out a bill of sale."

The owner of the late *Baggala* left the insurance office and made his way to Harlem where he completed satisfactory arrangements with an individual in overalls—an honest, wealthy individual who sighed when he realized what an extraordinary opportunity he had missed; but he knew an ordinary bargain when he saw it.

Whereupon in the days that followed young Casson sailed with his father's floating derrick from Bridgeport, superintended the salvaging of his fifty-dollar investment, and delivered it intact to the Harlem River. With all these matters successfully concluded he called at his father's office.

"Your bill for the tug, son," said Casson Senior, handing over a slip of paper. "The captain missed the tide at Hell Gate and it's a little more than I had expected."

Mark pursed up his lips and whistled. "Two hundred dollars! That's pretty steep."

"Yes, you'll have to work seven weeks to make that up. Now, if I'm not too inquisitive, what are you going to do with your precious wreck?"

"It isn't mine any more," replied his son nonchalantly. "There was fifteen tons of lead on her keel, and I let it go at seven and a half cents a pound—a cent under the market." He drew a check from his pocket and passed it over.

Like son, like father. Mr. Casson pursed up his lips and whistled.

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars! But that doesn't count, my boy. That's not yacht broking. It's pure genius."

"Could I have made it if I had been figuring strains and stresses?"

"No," Mr. Casson made a mental calculation. "You have about \$2,500 to go and ten weeks in which to make it. Don't stand here all day talking."

LEAN times followed for the floating yacht broker. He chased a man to Portland and wasted two weeks selling him a 30-foot day cruiser. By way of commission he received a radio outfit, slightly defunct, which Mark admitted sadly was not negotiable. He threatened suit, but the new owner's wife, an ample, perfumed lady, put her head on his shoulder and shed saline tears of poverty. Having a premonition that she would weep again in court, Mark withdrew his threat.

Up and down the coast he sailed, pursuing will-o'-the-wisps, meeting with disappointment. The weeks went on and deal after gold-lined deal fell through despite Mark's growing familiarity with his subject and a personal popularity that made the *Termagant* a floating rendezvous. Visitors rowed out or swam over to inspect plans and specifications and to talk boats and sailing until even the broker thought he had heard enough. But when it came to doing business there was always some excuse.

This one would be in the market next summer and if Mark would jot down his name and address for future reference he'd find him a red-hot prospect. That one found nothing wrong with the price—he'd go a thousand higher to get what he wanted—but the boats that Mark offered were a shade too small (or large).

Nearing Edgeport again Mark was boarded by a man who actually had a boat to sell—a house-boat. He would take \$25,000 for it. Mark multiplied that by seven per cent. and saw his troubles nearly over. He wired Olmstead and learned the name of a Chicagoan who wanted that very boat—but would pay only \$20,000 for it. The owner held out for twenty-five, the would-be buyer for twenty, while messages singed the wires. The deal was left in thin air and Mark kissed his commission definitely goodbye.

Then on a heaven-sent day in late August the Chicagoan came aboard at Edgeport, mopping his forehead with a huge silk handkerchief. He

was fat, jovial, palpitant. The crows feet of good nature irradiated from his sparkling eyes.

"We've had some correspondence," said he. "I'm J. A. Bates."

"Golly," said Mark, hopefully. "I'm awfully glad you came. You don't know how glad. In a personal interview with the owner of the house-boat you'll probably be able to split the difference."

"But I don't want to do that."

"Oh—" falling inflection.

"No. I've brought a certified check for \$25,000 with me."

Mark looked at the check with eyes that swam and dived and did unusual tricks. Elation buoyed him up. Regret that his goal was so nearly achieved dragged him down. He got a grip on himself.

"Come ashore at once," he said. "The owner moors his boat at Larchmont. We can get there by taxi in twenty minutes."

IN THE Larchmont yacht club, comfortably installed in a leather chair with a newspaper rack before him, they found the owner of the house-boat, peacefully asleep.

"Look," shouted Mark, disturbing the sacred silence of the reading-room. "Mr. Bates is here from Chicago with a certified check for the price you asked."

"What's that?" demanded the slumberer, blinking hurriedly. "Oh, hello, Casson. How do you do, Mr. Bates. Sorry to say, gentlemen, that I've sold my boat to my brother-in-law."

Mark groaned. J. A. Bates turned pale.

"And what," asked Mark, "if it's a fair question, did you get for it?"

"Oh, twenty-two and a half, I believe. My brother-in-law simply had to have it."

Mark began to understand why his broker friend was bald. He bade Bates and his certified check a sorrowful good-by.

Into his gloom the next day came Violet Rush.

The cabin of the *Termagant* was crowded at the time, but Mark welcomed the interference as giving him opportunity to collect his senses. She who had been pretty in her teens was ravishing. Her close-cropped hair rippled in tawny waves back from the graceful arch of her forehead. Wide, hazel eyes with flecks of amber in them swam between lids that had been deftly darkened by nature's forefinger. The nose, delicately chiseled, might be a shade too short, but the lips, full and bowed, softened its austerity. Vi, hatless and clothed in amaranthine green, sat in her favorite corner and with amusement watched Mark's successful efforts to clear the cabin.

To one he hinted darkly of the likelihood of a blow from the northeast—which, since Mark was weather-wise, sent that visitor away to put out another anchor. To another he promised a personal call in the morning. Finally he saw the last of them over the side, swore thankfully and joined Violet in the cabin.

He stood over her big, tanned—and bashful.

"I owe you an apology," said he.

"Accepted."

"I—I see, Violet, that you left your hair short."

"Observant Mark," she laughed. "Nothing escapes you."

Not such a good beginning, he thought; but she added, "Didn't I always follow your instructions?"

"It used to be fifty-fifty, Vi. We've had pretty good times aboard the *Termagant*. She's full of memories of you."

Strange that his throat would say only the obvious things.

She rose quickly and roamed the cabin and the galley forward of it, while he looked on. The curve of her neck as it left the slim straight shoulders—the alert poise and the sleek roundness of her head—wonderful! Usually when a girl was blessed with a delicious, close-bobbed head like that her face would stop an engine. But not Vi's face. . . . He had never been afraid of her before—but this was not the girl he had known in childhood. She was a stranger, exquisitely fashioned, remote. Princes and tigers had eaten from her small capable hand and her will had carried her through hard experiences as well as silken ones. He wished she'd get through rummaging and talk to him. She did.

"Poor little old *Termagant*," she said. "How small she seems. And I had thought of her as a huge, swan-like creation."

(Continued on page 62)

## Now—for a good night's Sleep



**This new Swiss food-drink usually brings sound sleep instantly . . . in a natural way . . . Make this 3-day test and see!**

Tonight—you can get 8 hours of solid sleep. Tomorrow—you should awaken abounding with new-found vigor. No matter how sleepless your nights have been in the past. For modern medical science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) that usually brings *instant*, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body. Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

*That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.* A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

### Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to

the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

### Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—and *absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

### A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

# OVALTINE

© 1927  
T. W. Co.

*Builds Body,  
Brain and Nerves*



I took Ovaltine to help make me sleep at night, to add up some energy and quiet my nerves. After taking I slept fine, felt like a new man during the day.  
W. Louis Ryan  
Waldorf, Md.



I took Ovaltine to get a good night's sleep. I noticed that I slept much better, getting up with more vigor. I consider Ovaltine a sturdy, healthful food.

Louis Martino  
Port Reading, N. J.

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. G-1  
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.  
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

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

(One package to a person)

**Send for 3-day test**

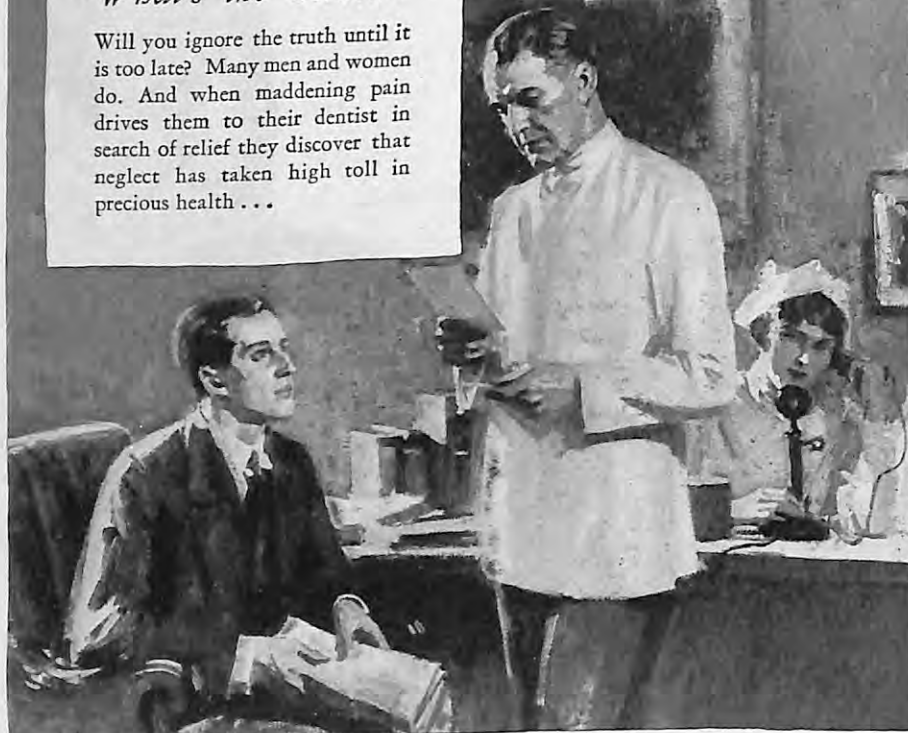


## Five Thousand to Go

(Continued from page 61)

*"What's the verdict?"*

Will you ignore the truth until it is too late? Many men and women do. And when maddening pain drives them to their dentist in search of relief they discover that neglect has taken high toll in precious health...



## 4 Out of 5 Invite Dread Pyorrhea

If let alone, Pyorrhea reaps a rich harvest. Its poison forming in pockets at the base of the teeth ravages the system, threatens good health and often causes such serious ills as rheumatism, neuritis and anemia.

It marks 4 persons out of 5 past 40 and thousands younger. These uneven odds can be bettered.

You can safeguard good health and keep your teeth and gums sound by practising these simple preventive measures. Have your dentist make a thorough examination of teeth and gums at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, forestalls Pyorrhea if used in time, as well as preventing trench mouth and gingivitis. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this disease.

It firms gum tissue and keeps teeth white and free from acids which cause decay.

As a measure of safety, start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children to use it. They'll like its taste. And it is health insurance for which they'll thank you in the years to come. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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



We make  
this promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouth-washes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Nobody—not even Vi—could disparage the *Termagant* to Mark.

"She's lovely, Vi," he said. "You've only forgotten. Take a sail with me to-morrow and you'll see."

"How about the northeaster and your business? I heard you make appointments."

"They can wait. Anyway, I hadn't dared hope that you could spare an entire day."

From old habit Violet resealed herself in her usual place, on the port side aft, and swung her slim legs along the bunk. That was the mate's side, he had told her in the old days when he was the skipper of their friendship.

"As a matter of fact," she said. "I'm going on a short trip Down East on the steam yacht *Procyon*. Osborne Clayton wants to start this afternoon and will call for me in a few minutes. I'd like awfully, Mark, to have you like him—and he you."

"I've met him," said Mark shortly. "But not he me. Er, he's older, you know, and we hadn't anything in common. He doesn't remember me."

"Oh, I'm sure he does. The floating yacht broker of Edgeport? Everybody knows you. Since my home-coming yesterday I've heard of nothing else but."

"Well, Vi—" Mark paused as the whine of a speed-boat in the distance touched his eardrums. He began again. "I was only going to say that you and I used to be thick as thieves and you can't blame people for talking about me to you. It isn't my fault."

Violet laughed. "That old Mrs. Curtiss—do you know what she said to me? That I had always had wayward tendencies and that I needed your strength and adventurous temperament to tone me down. She accused me of having taken to paint and roulette—and Osborne Clayton—for lack of a safety valve. I could have sworn."

THE *Termagant* rocked as a boat brushed her side, ungently. With a hasty apology Mark took to the deck. A motor-boat lay alongside and from it without the customary by-your-leave stepped Osborne Clayton. There was about him an air of habitual assurance, in his smoldering, long-lashed eyes a look that made people quick to serve him. The face was clean-cut and if the mouth had the fullness of self-indulgence it was at least partly masked by a black mustache of military aggressiveness. Attired in unexceptionable serge and flannels Clayton reflected success that he had been born and bred to.

"Mark Casson, I suppose," was his form of greeting. "Miss Rush was to meet me here."

"Yes. She's below. Won't you come down?"

"Thanks, no. Jolly little craft you have here—but we must go while the tide serves."

A good nautical phrase, thought Mark, but why be pompous? To a full-powered steam yacht of the *Procyon's* description the tide made no earthly difference. He stepped to the companionway and said, "Mr. Clayton, Vi."

"Coming. I heard." She was in the act of closing a cabinet drawer—the one where he kept his boat specifications—and she stepped hastily up the ladder, a mounting flush in her cheeks, a softened expression around her eyes. But Mark was looking overside at where the Clayton tender was rubbing her brass chafe strip against his smooth white paint.

The parting was as formal as the greeting. Vi and Mark shook hands and hoped to see each other soon. So did he and Clayton, tonelessly. But Clayton, before he engaged his clutch, spoke an after-thought.

"You're a yacht broker, I understand—a quaint profession. Some time before the season's over I want to pick up a big house-boat for Florida inland cruising. Something exceptional. See what you can do—there's a good fellow."

Mark watched the speed-boat as it skimmed out of Edgeport to the *Procyon*, big, white, and (in his philosophy) incredible, lying to anchor in the Sound. His thoughts were mixed, the sweet with the bitter. Though she had barely spoken two words to him, Vi was more adorable than ever. But what chance had he to win back her affection—with Clayton up to windward and pressing his advantage hard? And a captivating puissant devil he was, if the gossip of the anchor-

ages had foundation in the truth. . . . The meeting with Vi had not come up to expectations. She had been aloof, he dumb. Why the devil did she go cruising on a steam yacht—the worst of all abominations!

ON THE last day of August Mark made his first sale in six weeks. Neither party to the contract had died, gone insane, or been called hurriedly to China. Neither had haggled too much about the price. The purchaser's check had been sent without delay and been honored without protest at the bank, and the seller had accepted Mark's check without last-minute change of mind. It seemed too good to be true.

But, counting up his gains, Mark realized that he was still \$1,400 shy of his \$5,000 goal. If it hadn't been for that early, lucky deal in lead he'd be less than half-way there, and the season now was dead. Yacht owners were hauling out their craft, putting canvas covers on them, postponing thought of trading to the spring.

Particularly scarce were house-boats, for the fall migration to the South was about to get under way and plans for the winter had already been formulated. By combing the market clean, however, Mark found four that offered a good selection, and when Clayton returned from his Down East trip their specifications awaited him. But the days of the month had not waited and it was September 13—only two days short of the deadline—before Clayton received the broker on the *Procyon*.

Sitting in wicker chairs on the quarter-deck, mint juleps at their elbows, the two men had it back and forth.

"That one," said Clayton, oracularly, "draws too much water, and that one hasn't half the speed I want."

"But here's a hundred-footer," said Mark, "that's both fast and shoal. You could hardly expect anything better."

"I've seen pictures of her interior. She's finished in atrocious taste. A woman cares for such things. Everything must be perfect."

"Of course. Well, you've decided against the other, and they're all the known market offers." Mark finished his julep, which tasted weak and flat, and in the bottom of the long glass saw a picture of a high stool chained to a drawing-board—the board engraved with the figures 35. He was free, white and twenty-one, but he had given his word. Damn it. He rose.

"There is still a possibility," said Clayton, remaining seated, "that you can be helpful to me." He drew a clipping from his pocket. "There. I don't know her, but she is exactly what I want."

Mark inspected the clipping—a page torn from a boating magazine. The *Endymion*, he declared. "Owned by Jasper Saunders and just now over in Port Jeff. He's an eccentric. A broker friend of mine approached him a while ago and Saunders nearly kicked him down the gangway."

"See him by all means," said Clayton, rising, a thin smile lurking under his mustache. "Money talks. I'll go as high as forty thousand."

Forty thousand! The commission on a sale like that was twice the necessary amount. But Saunders had a reputation. He had showered handfuls of money among boat-yard workmen who in their proud, democratic way had scorned to pick it off the ground—when he was looking. But, conversely, he had fired his entire crew because a steward had overcharged him ten cents on a pound of butter. A queer dick.

Entering Port Jefferson harbor two hours after leaving the *Procyon*, Mark found the *Endymion* lying at anchor, a boarding gangway down her starboard side. So that was the ladder that his broker friend had been hustled down. It might be well to board her with ceremony and circumspection. But no. If old Jasper Saunders was eccentric he should watch an eccentricity.

Although the *Termagant* was no light racing boat she knew her owner's touch on the tiller. Down the *Endymion's* port side she flew, running straight before the lusty breeze, around her stern in a wide sweep, and up into the wind. All sails flapping she forged ahead a dozen yards and poised, trembling with achievement, her midship section two scant inches from the house-boat's gangway.

"An egg-shell landing, Sir," said a gruff voice from the *Endymion's* deck. "Pass a line and lower away before you spoil it. Captain, why

(Continued on page 64)

# Made for You, Sir

Do us the kindness  
to try it



## GENTLEMEN:

One thousand men were consulted as to what they sought in a shaving cream. From them we learned four things in which they said others had failed.

With these as our goal our laboratories started in. Time after time they failed, only to try again. The 130th formula brought success. Brought, too, a fifth feature to assure still greater shaving joy.

Now we ask you to try this shaving cream we've made for you. In simple fairness let us send a 10-day tube to try. We believe we'll win you.

## We know how

Our laboratories are competent, superlatively equipped. For 60 years they have studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

Before we would consent to put our name on a shaving cream we had to know

that, in this highly competitive field, our cream would be outstanding. And today millions are flocking to it, deserting preparations that never quite satisfied.

## These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

## Don't buy—yet

Now we ask that for 10 days you shave our way. At our expense. If we have excelled, you will want to know. If we have not, you will know that, too. You can't fool men about shaving.

Do us the courtesy of a 10-day test. Cut out the coupon now.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

## 10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1390, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)



## Five Thousand to Go

(Continued from page 63)

the devil don't you take this young man's line?"

In two minutes Mark was aboard the bigger boat, a welcome, appreciated guest. Facing his white-whiskered, hearty host, he said, "I suppose if I'd bungled it you'd have booted me clear across the harbor?"

"What! So that story's got around?" boomed Jasper Saunders, throwing back his head until all that showed of his face was its outlying fringe of whiskers. "Here. Have a couple of chairs. Rest your keel and your feet. Why, that fool broker came aboard and talked to me about 'upstairs' and 'downstairs' and 'floors' and 'mops' and it's a living wonder I didn't throttle him for the land-lubber that he was. But you're different. You can have everything I've got."

Mark flushed with pleasure and seated himself in two chairs as directed. "Fine," he said. "I want to buy your boat. My client will pay \$35,000 for it."

"Oh, you're Casson, the floating yacht broker, are you? Well, you're the kind I'll do business with. Not these meaching, maundering mannekins. Hey, steward, for God's sake bring drinks. But I won't take a cent less than \$40,000."

"And my client won't pay a cent more than \$40,000—but my commission comes out of that, which means that his top price is \$37,200."

"Why argue about trifles, son? Have a drink. I'm tired of this hooker. Though tomorrow at 8 A. M. I'll curse myself for a blithering idiot for giving her away."

"You mean you accept a price of \$37,200 net to you?" asked Mark, incredulously.

"Why not? I like you. But this deal can't hang up forever. I give you an option until 12 noon two days from now."

"That's the 15th."

"I don't care about the date. Have another drink. Or I tell you what. Stop aboard to dinner and tell me why I ought to build a bang-up schooner yacht to take the place of this one."

MARK CASSON and Violet Rush were again together on the *Termagant*. They had left the Edgeport yacht club where the season's closing dance was violently in progress, and unobserved had drifted from the harbor for an hour's sail on the moonlit waters of the Sound. He had told her of his summer's struggles, happily to be concluded on the morrow when Osborne Clayton handed him the money for Jasper Saunders's house-boat. She, clad in a silver gown, but with a ship's blanket thrown casually over her gleaming shoulders, had lounged in a corner of the cockpit, listening and smoking. She seemed abstracted, Mark thought, and when the wind died the talk died with it, while the clock in the cabin tolled off the half hours.

Finally the moon, reeling dizzily through the western sky, hid her face in desperation behind a veil of cumulus. It outraged her instincts to see a man, a maid, and a boat—with the man lighting a cigarette between hands that showed not the slightest trace of impassioned tremor.

Vi, shifting her position, suggested lazily, "Hold up the match when you've finished with it."

Silently Mark obeyed orders, and the unsheltered flame burned slowly down the splinter, revealing a circumscribed silhouette of drooping sails.

"Not a breath, Vi," said Mark, flicking the match overboard, "and it's two o'clock."

The girl laughed softly. "Out all night with my old shipmate, Cassy," she murmured. "How furious Osborne will be if he hears of it."

Mark pondered that. She had told him of her thirst for excitement—of her arrest for speeding at fifty miles an hour through London's midnight streets when treasure hunts were new—of her ascent of the Matterhorn when the ice was rotten and she had missed death by an eyelash—of a voluntary call on Raisuli in his Moroccan fastness and her narrow escape from an involuntary visit. But she had spoken only of her impersonal self.

He asked, "Has Clayton the right to be jealous of you? You haven't told me."

She reached out and softly touched his hand. "We are engaged, Mark, if that's what you mean."

"I was afraid so." Silence, and a darker sky.

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To correct  
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physical problem

Chew it  
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A COOL, mint-flavored tablet . . . apparently just a bit of chewing gum . . . you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Your whole body refreshed, invigorated, purified within—for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone *without shock to the system*—without injury to the digestion, without any of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

That is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

THE "active principle" of Feen-a-mint is phenolphthalein—a compound whose remarkable laxative properties were discovered in Europe shortly before the World War.

Mild, pleasant, yet wonderfully effective—almost at once the scientific world adopted it.

Then, quite recently, an American physician made this new discovery still more effective by combining it with a delicious mint chewing-gum.

Not simply because this was a pleasant, easy way to take it—but because

this combination made possible the advantage which experts had long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the saliva before it reaches the stomach.* Feen-a-mint was the result.

TRY it tonight yourself—your favorite druggist has it. Simply chew one of the little mint-flavored tablets until the flavor is gone.

The chewing mixes the phenolphthalein with the mouth fluids which aid digestion. The result is easy, natural, complete laxative action in the morning. No unhealthy violent "flushing" of the system—yet complete elimination, such as the usual mild laxative so often fails to give.

And for children, especially, you will find Feen-a-mint invaluable—accepted as eagerly as candy!

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Toronto, Canada—London,  
England—Frankfort, Germany—and representatives in all principal countries.



"But, Mark, he was drinking heavily to-night at the dance. We quarreled."

"Perhaps"—gallantly—"you can patch it up in the morning."

"It's not the first time, but I had told him that if he drank again—badly, I mean—he would have to give me up."

Unwarily Mark followed the lead she seemed to have given him. "That makes a good 'out' for you, Vi. Take the advice of an old friend and chuck him. You've seen him on his best behavior, and you don't know the truth about him."

"Do you?" The question was put in the same quiet tone, and Mark stepped deeper into the quicksand of his own fashioning.

"I know what I've heard and if half of it is true—" He checked himself, getting one foot back on solid ground.

"Then he isn't fit for me to associate with? Is that what you were going to say?"

"Something like that, Vi. Although it's none of my business."

SHE wrapped the blanket closer about her as her manner became icy. "I haven't said, Mark, that our engagement is broken. Do you think it is a part of friendship to whisper half-told lies to me?"

"No, but, Vi—I meant—"

She caught him up. "Whatever you have intended you have maligned my friend—my fiancé."

Mark was now engulfed to the lips, which exclaimed. "But, Vi, you led me to expect—I mean I—" He floundered.

Icicles formed and dropped from the boom overhead. "Oh, of course it's my fault, Mark. But, frankly, however I feel about the man I am engaged to, I don't like to hear you belittle the man who—who by your own admission is making your success possible."

Mark rose, physically. Figuratively he went down for the last time. (Oh, the inconsistency of woman.) "I'll do business with any man," he said. "There's only one I'll willingly see married to you."

Her lips tightened. "If that is a proposal, Mark, it's ill-timed. To change an unpleasant subject, you might whistle for the wind."

"Sorry to have offended."

He stamped forward and in the darkness stood with one arm encircling the mainmast, waiting for the wind to blow.

A troubled dawn was breaking when Mark, having escorted Violet home, returned to the yacht-club landing. From the club-house veranda a man approached him, swaying slightly. Mark advanced to meet him.

A moment later—"Oh, it's you, Mr. Clayton. Been spending the night up?"

"Been waitin' for you. Li'l matter of the house-boat. Don't like your way of doin' business. 'Cided buy direct from Saunders."

Mark started. "I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "Last evening you were satisfied with the arrangements."

"This is the mornin'. Soon as I see Vi'let, the li'l devil, I'll tell her what I think of her."

"You're drunk, Clayton. Go back to the club and sleep it off."

Clayton's flushed face paled. Uncertainly he waved his fists. "You tell me sleep it off, do you? Well, I tell you stand clear if you know what's good for you. You spend the night on a boat with my girl and then try to tell me what to do." He laughed thickly. "That's manners for you; that's morals; that's sh-salesmanship. You're a dirty skunk, you are. And she's a deceitful, sneakin' li'l—"

Mark's open hand caught the other's mouth. There was white-hot rage behind the blow and Clayton, eyes wavering, staggered and fell.

His antagonist stood over him, fists clenched, breath stertorous. "I saved you from suicide," he said. "But if you want a beating stand up and take it."

"S'nough," wheezed Clayton through fingers held protectingly before his face. "I'm drunk."

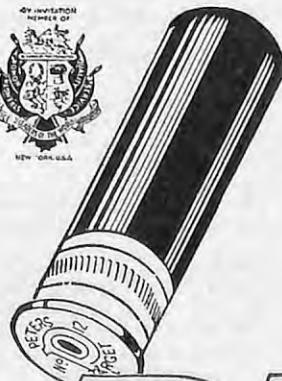
It was ten o'clock when Jasper Saunders, conforming to a promise previously given, brought his house-boat *En Zymion* to anchor at Edgeport Harbor. Mark Casson watched her coming with listless eye. On this day with this boat he was to have made good his spring-time boast. But he had mixed personalities with business—a dangerous thing in any line of work—and had spoiled

(Continued on page 66)



## "A Gray One— right in that cluster of leaves"

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34725B

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Fine full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, richly carved and exquisitely pierced

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## Five Thousand to Go

(Continued from page 65)

his chance. Not, thought Mark, that that open-handed blow hadn't been worth it—nor (looking at it the other way) that it had given him the weathergauge with Violet. He couldn't see himself saying to her, "Look here, Vi, I think your fiancé was on the point of calling you some uncomplimentary name. And as I hate him like poison I knocked his teeth down his throat and threatened to kill him. Now will you kindly marry me for old time's sake?" . . . Not much. He'd fix up his accounts and go down to report failure to his father.

But the sight of Osborne Clayton boarding the *Endymion* a few minutes after her arrival and the conference which ensued on her after-deck kept him aboard the *Termagant*. There was a third person there who seemed to be taking part.

IN A few minutes the conference broke up, and Clayton in his speed-boat darted out of harbor toward the *Procyon*. More leisurely in a row-boat came Saunders toward the *Termagant*, and Mark, seeing a grin hiding behind the old man's whiskers, stood at the boarding ladder to receive him man-o'-war style.

"Your hand up, Sir," he said. "Welcome aboard."

Saunders, seating himself gingerly on the cabin house, came at once to the object of his call.

"Yesterday afternoon," he said, "a stranger paid me the honor of a visit. Before I had time to throw him overboard I discovered that I liked him. It appears that he wanted to buy my boat. I told him that I dealt only with Mark Casson, the floating yacht broker of Edgeport, and it developed that he, by a strange coincidence, was in the same situation. You had neglected to give me the name of your client. I asked Mr. Bates—"

"What! J. A. Bates, of Chicago?"

"The same. I asked him if he knew of the option I gave you and he replied that you had failed to inform him. With matters in this state I happened to think of a bottle or two of Baccardi and we turned in last night warm friends, he aboard the *Endymion*.

"This morning we came over from Port Jeff expecting a call from you. I was about to send a man over when along came Oswald or Osborne Clayton."

"Yes," said Mark. "I thought that let me out."

"It did. What a detestable person! You have no idea what a strong dislike I formed for him. Without preamble he said, 'I've come to buy your boat.'"

"This is not a department store," I told him, 'where you can order a boat and have it sent home by express. What makes you think you can buy my boat?'

"Because," said he, 'I have the price.'

"That," I told him, 'is no reason at all. Here is another gentleman,' and I introduced Mr. Bates, 'who wants to buy my boat and he also has the vulgar lucre. However,' I said, 'are you dealing with me through Mark Casson, that consummate sailor and floating yacht broker?'

"I am not," said he, and swore, 'I'll see that young polecat in hell before he ever gets five cents' commission out of me.'

"And you, Mr. Bates," I said, turning to my new-found friend. 'Do you deal through that master seaman and floating yacht broker, Mark Casson?'

"None other," said he.

"Then," said I, 'the *Endymion* goes to Mr. Bates. Neither he,' said I, 'nor you, Mr. Clayton, has the option on my boat. That option is held by Mr. Casson, and in his absence I choose to act as his proxy and sell the boat through him.'

"So a moment hence I accepted Mr. Bates's check for \$40,000, and here, Mark, is my check made out to you for the amount of your commission."

Mark, whose hands had automatically closed behind him, exclaimed, violently, "I can't take this money. It isn't done. Some buyers and sellers get together behind a broker's back to cheat him out of his commission, but nobody has ever heard of their conniving to give him one he doesn't deserve. Keep it."

"Don't blush and don't refuse it," declared old man Saunders, rising. "If you hadn't made

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me like you I wouldn't have sold the *Endymion* to anyone. Let's go aboard and have a drink."

Still Mark voiced his protests but in the middle of them Saunders cut him short with pointing forefinger.

"A lady coming in the club launch," said he. "Come over later and see Bates. Mark, I dropped your check down the cabin hatch. Don't be idiotic."

He was gone and Mark stepped across the cockpit to receive Violet, alluring in pale green flannel, sparkling eyes shadowed by the brim of a soft felt hat. Without a word he followed her to the cabin, where she discarded her hat with an impulsive gesture and placed both hands upon his shoulders.

"Mark," she said, "I had to find out how you are." There was emotion in her voice, but he answered, prosaically. "I'm all right. How are you, Vi?"

"I mean—did Osborne hurt you badly? He came up this morning while I was at breakfast, his eyes bloodshot, lips bruised, and told me of the fight you had. He—he said you had defamed me."

"He said that, did he, Vi? What did you tell him?"

"I said—"

"Wait." Mark began to see the light in Violet's hazel eyes. "You told him that I have loved and worshipped you since I was three years old and that I am going to marry you before you're three hours older."

"Well, no. I didn't dare to tell him that. I called him a liar. After the door had closed behind him I went to a window that looks down on the harbor and saw you on deck, and I said, 'Cassy, dear, I adore you and if you're too bashful to ask me to marry you I'll have to come down and take the *Termagant* by force of arms. . . . Ouch! I didn't mean your arms.'"

Aloft there was a gentle tapping of the halcyons in the wind—which, though neither of them thought to interpret it, was the beatitude of the yawl's recaptured soul.

## The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 28)

For the playwright had changed greatly, almost terrifyingly, from the man, flushed and gay with great success, that Prosper had last met some four months before.

Perhaps thirty years old, something over six feet tall, proportionately broad, beautifully balanced and symmetrical, with a lean, handsome face, a quick and happy wit and a ready, infectious laugh, Alan Byrne had then been a man of great attraction and charm.

But since then he had suffered something like a nervous breakdown—and that had changed him rather shockingly.

Except for a keener leanness of the face, and a singular quenching of the brightness of his eyes, he had altered very little in appearance. But in spirit he seemed to have changed terribly.

He was dull and heavy, sleepy and almost witless. A slow, almost uncomprehending smile had taken the place of his quick laugh, and a species of absent-minded moroseness had blotted out his charm.

He was like a man desperately anxious to be left alone to sleep, but too mechanically polite to let his desire manifest itself too plainly.

And, somehow, behind all that, Prosper Fair, trained and experienced, a "mixer," accustomed to all kinds of men, sensed, or seemed to sense, a great misery, a secret sorrow, even terror.

"Yes—terror!" said Prosper to himself. "But it is a different terror from that of Major Wakeling. No wonder Crystal is uneasy and—"

The door opened and a man servant came in, answering Byrne's ring.

Prosper leaned back studying the man through a veil of cigarette smoke.

As he expected it was the Japanese he had seen in the little clearing among the holly bushes that morning.

"Clear away the tea things, Asana, and bring some whisky and soda."

"Yes, sir," said the Japanese, softly, deferentially, and moved, velvet-footed as a cat, to the tea-table.

His black eyes passed over the Major and Prosper in one darkling expressionless sweep

(Continued on page 68)



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## The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 67)

as he moved forward and quietly carried out his duties. The semi-terrier, Plutus, he did not seem to see at all.

Yet Plutus, his bright eyes fast on Asana, moved slowly toward Prosper, and settled down, his small body pressing against Prosper's ankles. He remained quiescent—his eyes following every movement of the Japanese.

FOR half an hour the three chatted—and said nothing throughout that time which was not a commonplace of conversation.

Byrne spoke, dreadingly, of his nerves; Major Wakeling spoke, resentfully, of his; Prosper advised yet a little patience and as a result prophesied for both restoration to their normal.

The Major, as is usual in cases of his kind, fidgetted a good deal, wandering about from his chair to a table of periodicals, to the window and back again—whereas Byrne sat still, heavily, talking with a sort of half-concealed effort, like a man lightly drugged.

Prosper, talking quietly, easily, about obvious things, watched both. And Plutus watched the door through which the Japanese had disappeared.

Presently, Major Wakeling, at the window, stiffened a little, staring out rather intently.

Prosper, talking about Byrne's last play—a big success, still running—saw that, and continued talking.

Then, rather abruptly, the Major turned, crossed over to Alan Byrne and said that he must be going. He shook hands, promised to call sometime at Prosper's camp, and was gone.

"A good fellow, Wakeling," said Prosper. "Though he paid a heavy price for his magnificent war record."

"Yes—so heavy that he thinks—he has said to me—he would—just as soon have remained in France," murmured Byrne dreamily.

He moved his chair round so that he could look out across the heathery moor squared off at corners by the heavy blocks of woodland—Wolf's Hold looming darkly away to the south east.

"Quite," said Prosper. "But that's a form of depression. Some day he will be amazed that he ever entertained that idea."

Byrne nodded heavily, staring over the Forest.

"I wonder—Prosper Fair," he said oddly. "There are strange things that happen to—in the human mind—strange things." His speech dragged. "Some men—many men—myself—myself among them—would be better dead—I wonder—better dead—yes—dead—myself—dead—like Molly—Molly—O'Mourne—"

His voice died away like that of one who has drifted into sleep.

But Prosper, watching him intently, saw that his eyes were wide—wider even than normal—and he was staring with a strange and remotely dreadful fixity across the moorland.

His long, sinewy-fingered brown hands were lapped in a tight grip over the ends of the arms of the lounge chair in which he sat, and his whole body had become rigid.

Prosper sat silent for a few seconds, studying him. Plutus, the small dog, turned his gaze from the door to Alan Byrne, glanced up at his owner, then resettled himself, his lower jaw flat along the floor, to watch the door through which the Japanese had passed.

"When one is suffering from mental or nervous fatigue it is, of course, conceivable that one should imagine strange things," said Prosper slowly, very distinctly, and a little more loudly than he usually spoke.

Alan Byrne did not answer. Nor did he turn to look at Prosper.

Mr. Fair began quietly to roll himself another cigarette, lit it, and turned again to the playwright.

"Yet a little rest, a little patience, and you will be as well as ever you were, my dear Alan," he said.

No answer

Prosper tried a direct question.

"Who is your doctor, Alan?"

Silence.

Prosper's face grew very grave. He rose and crossed over to Byrne.

"Tell me, Alan, why did you bring in the name

of Molly O'Mourne just now—in connection, more or less, with that of Major Wakeling and yourself?"

Byrne neither moved, nor answered nor shifted his fixed stare outwards over the moor. He would have been like a tranced or cataleptic man but for the fact that Prosper could see the slight quiver of those hands strained over the ends of the chair arms.

"I am here to help you—you and Crystal Sheen—"

That name seemed to penetrate the consciousness of Alan Byrne.

He turned slowly with the air of one who listens intently. His gaze did not meet Prosper's but seemed to be directed over his shoulder in a blindish stare. He muttered the name to himself, in a low, rather hoarse voice, with a queer, coarse, slurring pronunciation.

"Grisda Zheen—Grisda—"

A chill touched Prosper's spine, and Plutus growled softly.

Byrne's head jerked swiftly toward the sound and his gaze settled on Plutus.

He seemed to listen again.

Prosper drew back. He went to the window and looked out, thinking hard. As he stared out absently it occurred to him that something stirred slightly in the heather growth that ran right up to the outbuildings—a garage, stables and a small house that contained the electric lighting and water-pumping engine. He picked up a pair of binoculars that lay on the top of a bookcase close by, and focussed them on the spot.

The tall heather rippled and swayed softly.

"Somebody crawling through toward the house—" he told himself and waited, watching. The ripple reached a patch of taller bracken, and ceased.

Presently, half-screened by the ferny fronds, Prosper saw a face appear.

THANKS to the binoculars he was able to recognize it at once, as that of Major Giles Wakeling. He was staring intently not at the house but toward the stables.

A few seconds passed, then the face disappeared.

Prosper turned to Byrne.

"Alan!" he said sharply.

Byrne ignored him—as a deaf man ignores one who speaks too softly.

Prosper touched the bell.

It was answered by a woman servant—a superior-looking person, who evidently had once been a beauty but now had become *passée* and haggard. Evidently the cook-housekeeper.

"Mr. Byrne seems unwell—" said Prosper.

"Yes, sir?"

She nodded, crossed quickly to Byrne, looked closely at him, then turned.

"It is one of his attacks," she said composedly. "They come—and pass. The doctor knows about them and we have instructions to leave Mr. Byrne quietly to himself when he is—taken so. It is a kind of trance, sir."

"I see. Will you wait with him for a few moments until I return," said Prosper.

He smiled.

"My name is Fair and I am a close friend of Lady Crystal Sheen and of Mr. Byrne."

"Yes, sir—I have heard of you," she said, with a strange flash from her smouldering eyes. "I shall be back almost at once—"

Prosper went silently out, moved soft-footed along the veranda, paused at the corner of the house and, screened by a big evergreen shrub looked toward the small yard between the house and the buildings—the spot, as nearly as he was able to judge, at which the Major was looking. Nobody was there—the little paved yard was bare and deserted.

But he caught a faint murmur of low voices from the small porch at the back door of the bungalow, and he moved very quickly and silently down to this porch. There was a small window of irregular glass bits set in a thin, vein-like pattern of lead and through this he peered.

Two men stood in the porch—a stranger and the Japanese valet.

Through the tiny triangle of clear glass he selected, Prosper could see quite plainly that the stranger was engaged in passing over to the

(Continued on page 70)



"Très bien—Je vous rencontrerai à l'entrée de la bibliothèque à cinq heures et demie  
N'oubliez pas... C'est bien....  
Au revoir"



## The Grim Mr. Haley Sat Amazed —as Stevens casually broke into French

"HERE, Stevens, this call is for you," Mr. Haley said.

"For me?" Young Stevens was visibly surprised—and embarrassed.

"Yes, for you," Mr. Haley answered rather curtly.

In a flash Stevens remembered. He had been expecting a call that morning, and now it had come to the last place on earth he wanted it—in Mr. Haley's office. It was the first time, too, that he had been called into the President's office. He took the receiver and spoke.

"Hello, René, how are you?" Then, to the complete amazement of his employer, Ralph started to speak in French! "*Très bien—Je vous rencontrerai à l'entrée de la bibliothèque à cinq heures et demie. . . . Pouvez-vous bien trouver le chemin? . . . C'est bien . . . N'oubliez pas . . . Au revoir.*"

When Ralph put down the telephone Mr. Haley was gazing at him curiously. Ralph felt an explanation was necessary.

"I'm sorry the call came here," he apologized. "A friend of mine telephoned to make an appointment. He hasn't been in this country long and he doesn't speak much English."

"I see. You're not French yourself, are you?" "No, indeed, Mr. Haley," Ralph smiled. "But I have always wanted to speak French, so a short while ago I began spending a little of my spare time in picking up the language."

Mr. Haley was impressed. Here was an unusual chap, he thought. He was *accomplished*.

For a few moments they chatted together about French. Haley mentioned a trip he had recently made to Paris.

"A buyer whom I met in France is coming to see me tomorrow evening," he said. "Do you think you could come to my home and help me

entertain him? I know even less French than he does English."

"I'll be delighted," said Ralph.

The following evening Ralph helped entertain M. Francois Glenneau, Mr. Haley's French client. Glenneau took an instant liking to young Stevens, largely, perhaps, because of his knowledge of French. The conversation was animated and continuous—Ralph responding to the Frenchman's keen wit and sprightly observations with complete confidence. While Haley listened, understanding little, but edging in a cautious word now and then, Stevens and Glenneau discussed business and other subjects dear to the Frenchman's heart.

Haley was delighted. "Imagine," he told the Vice-President of his company next day—"Imagine what a 'find' for us that boy Stevens is. He doesn't know it yet—but he sails in two weeks for Paris to close a deal with the Marchand people. Stevens is going far with us—you can bet your life on that."

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## The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 68)

Japanese banknote after banknote, counting softly as he did so.

They were, Prosper thought, ten-pound notes, and over twenty of these passed while he watched. He strained his ears—

"—twenty-nine—thirty. That's three hundred, Asana. And that's the wind-up of a very sweet little bit of New Forest chess," said the stranger, in a hard but educated voice.

"No, no—listen. It is the beginning."

The voice of the Japanese dropped low—so low that some of the words were indistinguishable. But some were not—and among them Prosper caught these—

"O'Mourne—girl—murdered—axe—axe—chess—move—careful—money—tact—craft—Lady Crystal—Byrne—bloodhounds—operate—patience—"

SOMEBODY whistled from behind—a clear shrill whistle. Prosper turned like a cat. Nobody there—though he fancied he had just caught as he turned, a hazy, shadow-like flicker as if one had withdrawn sharply behind the corner of the house.

Prosper turned back to face both men who, evidently disturbed, or warned, by the whistle (of the housekeeper, Prosper suspected), had darted out from the porch.

He spoke swiftly.

"Asana, I have been seeking you. Come quickly—Mr. Byrne is ill," he said anxiously in the manner of one flurried.

The rigidity of the Jap's face seemed to relax infinitesimally, and he veiled the sudden cold glitter of his eyes, half closing his oblique lids as he bowed.

"Yes, sir—I will go to him. It is one of his attacks!"

His English was perfect.

He hurried along the veranda.

The stranger spoke, eyeing Prosper with an easy, half-smiling regard that was neither definitely bold, indifferent, nor insolent, but which seemed to blend all those qualities.

"I fear I have detained the Japanese from his duties," said the man, carelessly, with something of the air of one who snaps his fingers. "I am sorry," he continued, "for I know of these curious trance-like attacks to which Mr. Byrne is subject. You see, until recently, I was his secretary."

Prosper smiled faintly.

"Yes, I know. I recognize you now. You are Dillon Mant."

"That is so"—Mant smiled—"and you, I believe, are the Duke of Devizes—probably touring under your favorite *nom de r ule*—shall we say?—of Prosper Fair. I hope that you will have a delightful holiday, and that the weather will keep fine for you!"

He looked past Prosper for a second. Then his face hardened, and his cold, steely eyes returned to Prosper's.

"And—if I may venture upon the familiarity of proffering advice—I would suggest that it is extremely improbable that you will add to the enjoyment of your holiday by spying upon the valets and the ex-secretaries of your friends."

A curious wild glare lit itself in Mr. Dillon Mant's pale eyes—an almost mad light that is rarely seen in the eyes of any but the dangerously criminal or those who are *berserk*.

"You have witnessed me in the act of repaying that little Jap money borrowed from him during the period I acted as secretary to Mr. Byrne—before your relative Lady Crystal Sheen deigned to notice me, to dislike me and to procure for me the Order of the Boot from Byrne. Very well. I do not know—nor do I care—what the views or feelings of Asana may be. But this I do know, Mis-ter Pros-per Fair," he added, his thin lips writhing back in an ugly and menacing smile, "let me discover you prying and spying upon *me* again, and I will empty a magazine into you before you have time to guess I am armed."

His pocketed hand moved and the pocket shaped itself into a peak as the muzzle of the concealed weapon was thrust a little forward.

Prosper nodded slowly, thoughtfully.

"You are evidently in an aggressive mood this afternoon, my bloodthirsty friend," he said quietly, glancing aside toward the garage and





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motioning almost imperceptibly with his right hand—much as one signs a well-trained dog to heel.

Mant's mad eyes instinctively followed Prosper's—and Prosper's fist took him on the angle of the jaw in a swift and smashing punch that sent him down half-stunned.

A bullet tore past Prosper's head, seeming to roar as it went, so close was the explosion, chipped a reddish puff of brick dust from the corner of the house and went whining malevolently out across the heather.

A half-inch nearer and the interest of Mr. Fair in the case of Molly O'Mourne would have been forever checked.

Prosper stooped quickly and disarmed the man. He was all but unconscious—making a peculiar snoring sound. Prosper bent over him, feeling to ascertain if his jaw were broken. Prosper's face was quite pitiless—for he had seen in those pale glaring eyes enough to know that the man was a natural killer, the more dangerous because he was perhaps just a shade abnormal.

Hurrying footsteps sounded close behind him, and Prosper rose, speaking half to himself.

"Yes—I had to hit. The man was really dangerous," he said, and found himself facing five people hastening down on him. Two of these were Asana, the Japanese, and the thin, hawkish, *passée* housekeeper, who evidently had hurried out at the sound of the shot. Another running across the yard was the old groom who had held Lady Crystal's horse.

From the direction of the moor two men were running—one was Major Wakeling, the other, carrying a gun, was Hambledon, the dour and gigantic forester who evidently had detached himself from the party with the foiled bloodhounds.

BUT it was no intention of Mr. Fair to permit anything in the nature of a prolonged enquiry.

He faced the little crowd as they came with rather cold and very steady eyes. He was completely self-possessed and rather authoritative.

"You had better take your friend into the kitchen, Asana. He is suffering from a temporary indisposition due, I suspect, to a rush of blood to the head—or possibly he has had a shock of some kind. One rather wonders which."

For a moment his chill glance pressed upon that of the Japanese.

"Yes, sir," said Asana, submissively, dimming the black gleam in his own eyes.

He helped Mant to his feet.

For a second or two the man glared at Prosper, evidently meditating an attack. But he thought better of it. Normally gentle-mannered, Mr. Fair had not spared his punch—and he was a trained and skilful boxer.

Prosper dropped his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Be wise, my friend, and learn something—even a little—about controlling yourself if you really care about avoiding a truly unattractive and probably extremely sudden end to your career."

"My pistol, please," said Dillon Mant, hoarsely.

Prosper shrugged.

"No, no," he said. "You haven't quite the kind of temperament which goes well with loaded pistols. You had better apply at the nearest police station—where, in due course, I will leave the thing."

Mant hesitated, then yielded, and went with the Japanese and the woman into the house.

The groom hung fire for a moment, peering inquisitively at Prosper, then touched his cap, muttered something and moved back to the stable.

The forester, Jack Hambledon, faced Prosper.

"Anything I can do, sir?" he said. His dour face was less dark and grim than it had been that morning at Prosper's camp. "We're supposed to help keep order in the Forest, sir—though God knows we don't always manage it."

A spasm crossed his face.

"No thanks, Hambledon," Prosper said. "It was just a small misunderstanding. Nothing to bother about. Did they have any success with the bloodhounds?"

Hambledon shook his head, scowling.

"No, sir—worse luck. They didn't have much of a chance. But there's time yet—there's more kinds of bloodhounds than one, sir."

(Continued on page 72)



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## The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 71)

Prosper nodded gravely.

"Yes, indeed."

The forester half turned, then faced round again.

"Should like to apologize for the things I said to you this morning, sir. I understand more about you now. I was—dazed—"

"I know—I understand—why, man, don't give it another thought," said Prosper quickly.

"Thought I'd like to explain, sir," muttered the forester, turned again and headed for the heather.

"Not a bad fellow that, at heart—" said the Major. "A quiet, reserved, taciturn customer—but not bad when you know him."

"No," agreed Prosper.

"It was a race between him and young Berkeley Morris for Molly O'Mourne—and the struggle worried him."

"But where's Byrne?" asked the Major—making no reference to his own curious tactics in the heather.

Prosper explained and the Major promptly set his mind at rest by corroborating all that the housekeeper had said.

"Queer things, these trances—if you can call 'em that. Poor Byrne gets them a good deal—not so often as he used to, but they last longer," he explained. "The doctors know about them. It's something pretty complicated to do with the mental strain he's been through. But they say it will pass—with mental rest. Queer how it takes people. Personally, I think Byrne had a very narrow escape from real trouble. But he's recovering. There's nothing much to do but to leave him to himself—quiet, tranquil. It's better than worrying him. I've found that—I've seen him in this state before. There's nothing physical about it. Presently he will be himself again. Asana and the housekeeper know exactly what to do. They'll leave him be—leave him be. It frets him to fuss. They'll just keep an eye on him in an unobtrusive sort of way."

"I see, Major."

Prosper faced the moor.

"Well, I'll be moving back to my camp," he said. "It's been an unexpectedly sensational day for me. Shall we go?"

But the Major regretted that he was going in the opposite direction.

Prosper looked in to see Alan Byrne before he went.

THE playwright was still sitting in the same place. But now he was leaning back in his chair, restfully, with his eyes closed, seeming asleep. He was breathing quietly, and his strong, nervous hands were still.

Prosper moved silently out again and halted on the edge of the veranda, listening.

All was quiet at the back save for the occasional stamp of one of the horses in the stable. The Major had vanished.

He stood there thinking for a few moments, then sauntered off the veranda to the moorland track that wound a serpentine course across the heather toward Wolf's Hold, Plutus trotting at his heels. . . .

He did not look back until he was a long way from Tufter's Wait.

Then he half turned, carelessly, casually, bending to pluck a fern frond as he turned.

In that quick glance back he saw that there were at least three people on the veranda of the bungalow—all watching him.

At that distance he could not identify them—but he could guess. He straightened up, smiling, without much amusement in his smile.

"We are the cynosure of all eyes, Plutus—don't you think?" he murmured, and sauntered on to Wolf's Hold, moving like a tired man.

It would have been excusable if he had been really tired, for, as he took occasion to observe to Plutus, it had been on the whole, a long and tiring day after an extremely short night's rest.

"A tiring and ill-fed day, Plutus of my heart," he said, rolling one of his second-hand-like cigarettes as he went. "And so we will go home now and eat great quantities. And rest a little and smoke and try to get our brain clear enough to deal with this bitter problem."

He lit his cigarette.

"Who destroyed the lovely little life that was

being lived by Molly O'Mourne, Plutus? . . . It seems to me that almost half the people we have met to-day might have done it. Motive—do you say, 'Motive' Plutus mine? Well, what motive can any sane person have for the destruction of beautiful, harmless and completely innocent life? . . . We shall give that aspect of it our attention in due time, small tyke. 'Motive' implies the existence of a person, and we have met many persons to-day. Perhaps therefore, many motives. Yes. Presently we will make a list of them and study each according to his merit. . . . Who would have imagined that we, seeking to establish ourselves in a quiet corner of a quiet countryside for a few days should settle down side by side with murder and mystery?"

They walked for a while in silence.

"Yet we have done that, carnivore," said Prosper. "Murder and mystery of the most complicated kind."

He threw away his cigarette end, moving into the shadows of Wolf's Hold. The watery sun was dropping low in the West, and already it was shadowed and still under the tall trees.

"We have not eaten—seriously eaten—from dawn to well-nigh dusk this day, Plutus. Everything but a square meal has happened to us—we have been highly craftsome and most detective-like, we have been all-but-arrested on a charge of murder, we have been bitterly threatened. Yes. We have been bayed by bloodhounds, menaced by pistols, we have sat with cataleptic men. Yes, again. We have seen deep sorrow, and beauty lying pale and tranquil in death, and tears and trouble and beauty vivid and alive, yet anxious and boding. We have seen a brave man confess himself cowardly, a man of intellect behave like a man without sense, we have seen money passing, and heard it described as the end of a game of New Forest chess. We have seen almost everything but food, we have done almost everything but eat."

They moved into their camp—it was oddly lonely-looking without Stolid Joe and Patience.

Prosper built his fire anew and brought forth oilstoves and accessories from the caravan. (He needed no more than a glance to discover, as he expected, that the caravan had been searched—rather obviously by Detective Inspector Meek—"Lord knows what he expected to find," said Prosper, shrugging.)

Slowly the veils of night unfurled themselves over the little camp at the edge of the dark wood. The ruddy gleam and flicker from the fire grew more brilliant against the shadows, the pallid blue flame of the oilstove shone more ghostly as Prosper Fair and his "carnivore" took their long leisure over their deferred meal.

The owls were calling before Prosper had quenched his stove, washed up, and settled again before the wood fire to roll cigarettes and to talk to the miniature dog who sat close by his side. . . .

"You will bear witness, Plutus mine, that I have not been utterly idle to-day," said Prosper. "Yet, for all my industry, for all my many meetings with new acquaintances, ever my mind returns to our friend of yesternight—the galloping man in skins who raids the livestock of the humble squatter—the goat-killer—the wielder of Paleolithic stone axes. . . .

"There are strange things that take place under cover of the darkness of night—and the darkness of life, Plutus. In the night time those things which seem to be but shadows in the twilight take shape and—for all I know—live and enact life as seems most fit to them. . . . Strange things, Plutus. One makes ready for them—"

He opened his palm, studying pensively the short-barreled, blunt-nosed, blued automatic pistol that lay upon it—

" . . . makes ready for them, yes," repeated Prosper, and swiftly closed his hand, moving it back to his pocket, as the shadows enlarged a silently moving man who stepped into the zone of the firelight, stopping by Prosper's side.

"Good evening, Mr. Fair," said the visitor, in a voice which held the faint, far tremor of discomfort.

It was the man from Scotland Yard—Detective Inspector Meek.

Prosper rose.

"Good evening, Inspector," he returned, "you work late o' nights. Let me find you a seat and a cigar."

They settled down with tobacco, staring into the camp fire.

"No doubt you feel I owe you an apology, Mr. Fair—" began the detective.

Prosper moved an anxious hand.

"No. Decidedly I do not, Inspector. I feel that I could stand practically anything but any more apologies. You were inclined to arrest me this morning. You considered the available evidence and decided not to arrest me. That is all. There is no need for apology."

"No? Well, perhaps not," agreed the detective.

"ON THE contrary, you were extraordinarily quick in the matter of the axe, Inspector—"

"Well, to be truthful, that was but a bit of a fluke, Mr. Fair. I looked in at the Normansrood post-office—useful places, post-offices, for detectives—before I'd been in the village five minutes and the Postmaster pointed out a registered parcel to me. It had been worried by his dog—the paper torn—you know the casual way these remote village post-offices are run, Mr. Fair—probably yours was the only parcel in the office. The dog had torn the paper and the axe-head, with its stains, was showing. The rest—finding you—was easy enough. I was wrong, I've no doubt. You say the stains are not human bloodstains and no doubt the test will prove that. Very well, I am satisfied. You say your dog picked it up and brought it into your camp?"

Prosper nodded.

"But where did the blood come from, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper shook his head.

"Let us wait until the stains are tested, Inspector," he advised. "When one knows definitely what they are not, one might be able to guess what they are. . . . And if they should prove to be human bloodstains then I think I can tell you at once who the murderer of Molly O'Mourne is."

"Can you—could you? I'd be glad to know that," said the detective, his harsh, rather brutal voice vibrating. "Well now, assuming those stains to be human, who would you say?"

Prosper smiled faintly.

"I should say it is the person—human, ghost, or devil—who, half-naked, prowls on horseback or afoot, about the Forest at night, for reasons best known to himself."

"Humph! . . . Have you seen the party, Mr. Fair?"

"I have. Last midnight he passed me, riding as though he were pursued by wolves."

"Could you recognize him, identify him—again?"

"No," said Prosper.

The hard face of the detective went harder still in the firelight.

"A pity, that," he said, and was silent for a moment.

"Camping here long, Mr. Fair?" he asked, at last.

"Probably until the mystery of Molly O'Mourne's death is solved," said Prosper.

"Yes? Well, that mightn't be so long. You're interested in solving it, Mr. Fair?"

"Very," said Prosper.

The detective rose.

"Well, I wish you luck," he said. "I'm hoping to solve it myself. But the sooner somebody solves it the better I shall be pleased."

He glanced at the brooding shadows about him.

"This Forest work is new to me," he added. "And the more I see of it the less I care for it."

Prosper nodded, smiling.

"Evidently you are a townsman, Inspector. Yet it is a fact that the deepest, darkest, most remote, most eerie spot in the heart of Wolf's Hold is safer than almost any locked and bolted room in the heart of any crowded city."

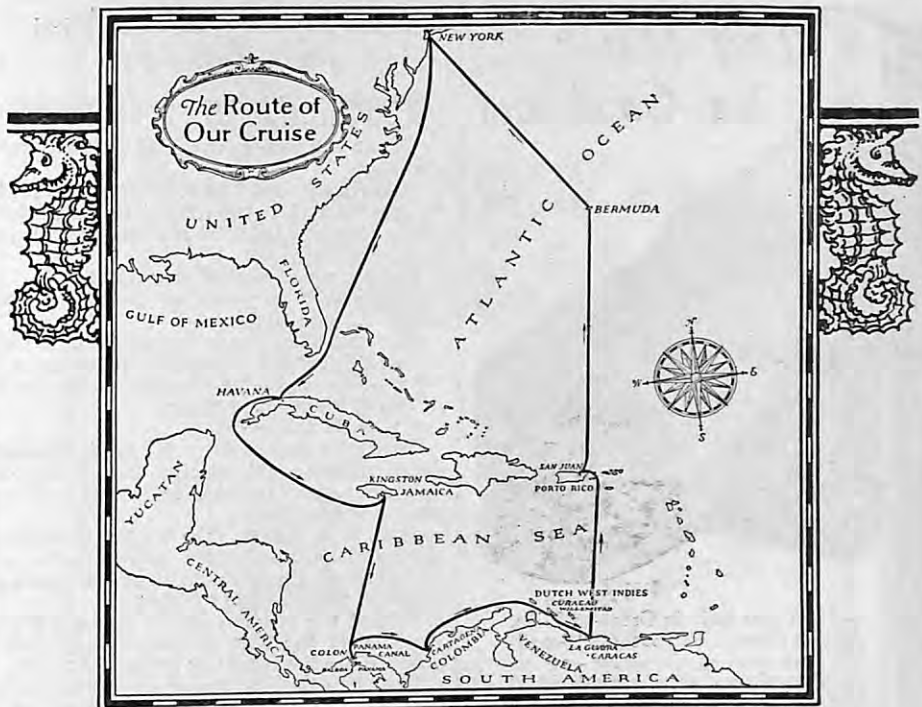
"As a rule, maybe it is. But there are exceptions, Mr. Fair, and this is one of them."

He rose.

"Cats' eyes—the power to see in the dark—that's what a man wants on a case like this. Eh?"

He stared with a certain measure of unease and distaste at the darkness that piled and hunched

(Continued on page 74)



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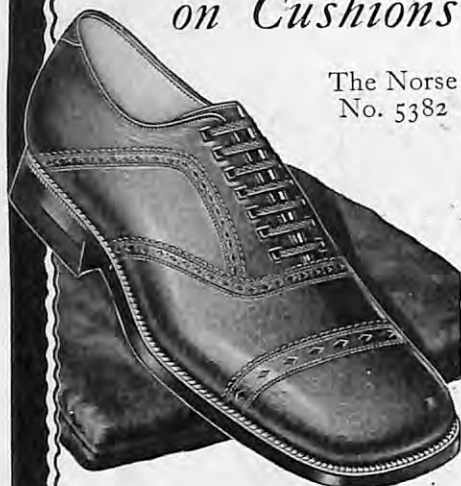
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## The Mystery of the Axes

(Continued from page 73)

and massed itself in ever deepening profundity under the whispering trees.

"There will be a moon within an hour," said Prosper.

"Very likely. But I think I'll rely on my torch to light me back to the village," said the detective. "Nothing to beat a reliable and powerful flash, Mr. Fair."

Prosper agreed willingly enough.

"It's merely a matter of custom—moving about the countryside—"

He broke off as Plutus dropped his bone with a queer little snarl of surprise, sprang up, and stared into the all-but-complete darkness surrounding the camp, growling.

"Why, Plutus—"

Something hummed by his head, whizzing between him and the detective, flew clean across the camp, and thudded against one of the encircling pine trunks.

Even as he turned in the direction from which the missile came Prosper noticed that, curiously enough, Plutus was glaring in the direction in which the thing had vanished.

"What the hell was that?" snapped Meek, lurching to the edge of the camp, a drawn pistol in his hand, peering out into the dark.

Footsteps thudded swiftly through the darkness on the south side of the camp—there was a wild flurry of hoofs on the north side, a hoarse yell, and the hoofs steadied to a gallop.

Then the night was shocked by the violent, banging reports of both barrels of a shot-gun—the flames from the muzzle spouted through the darkness in a pinkish glare; the hoof beats died out and Prosper and the detective ran together to the spot where they had seen the flame-spouts from the gun.

But the man who had fired was no longer there. Prosper checked the barking of Plutus and they caught for a second a faint sound that might have been the thud of boots on the yielding turf.

Then that, too, died out and there was silence. Detective Inspector Meek stared at Prosper, then swore savagely.

"This Forest is like a place haunted by ghosts—or devils. Things that move in the dark. If I could have caught as much as a glimpse—"

He was no longer uneasy—evidently it was inaction rather than action which, with the lonely darkness, fretted his nerves.

But Prosper was moving towards the pine-trees on the south side of the camp.

The detective watched him reach for an object high up on the pine trunk, dimly lit by the camp fire.

Prosper wrenched and it came away. He brought it closer to the firelight.

In the white blaze from the Scotland Yard man's torch they saw that it was another axe of a prehistoric age.

But, unlike the first, this was an axe of the Neolithic—its head was made of glassy, keen and beautifully polished obsidian!

(To be continued)

## Let the Buyer Beware

(Continued from page 31)

sickening apprehensions of a man being shelled by a gun somewhere on the other side of a hill. That the big red-brick factory which was like home to him, where eighty per cent. of the men who trooped out at the five-thirty whistle called him Doug, could, by any stock manipulation, be taken from them!—The idea itself was unpleasant enough, but the knowledge that some one was trying to do that thing set his skin creeping in cold goose-flesh beneath his clothes. By two o'clock his nerves were gone—frayed like old fiddle strings. His runabout was parked in the drive that ran in and out of the green, well-clipped quadrangle around three sides of which the plant was built, and taking his hat he went out and drove down-town. His brain was seething, and he tooled his car along automatically, without any definite objective. It was perhaps because his mind was dominated by what was happening, that and his father's advice, that he drew up, almost unconsciously, before a broker's office, and stepped inside the



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narrow smoky room, one wall of which was covered by a great, white-barred blackboard.

"Infallible," he inquired, "where is it posted?" A customer's man, a round-faced, chubby individual, pointed with his cigarette toward a smaller board at one end of the room.

"Say," he asked, "what's happening in that stock?"

Douglas shook his head noncommittally.

"I only know it's a gift at thirty-two. You can buy me two hundred shares."

"I guess you're not looking at the board," the other answered. "That was yesterday. You pay forty-three to-day."

"What!" Douglas stared, and as he stood there a wooden-faced quotation clerk stepped to the end board with a piece of chalk and marked Infallible up to forty-four and then to forty-six. It was plain enough what was happening. The easy stock, in weak hands, had all been frightened out; those stockholders who had received his statement had kept their shares and were hanging on, and now the price was going up to coax it away from them—to make it worth their while to sell.

"Do you still want it?" the customer's man, noting the advancing price, cocked an inquiring glance up at him, and added, with another smoky wave of his cigarette, "they are putting up Triumph, too; there must be money in the adding-machine business."

DOUGLAS was swept by a torment of indecision. It was no longer a bargain, but—the parade was going on without him. It was the feeling of maddening, enforced passivity, as though he were gagged and tied to a chair while his safe was being rifled, that forced his answer: "Yes—five hundred shares, at the market."

The idea of buying and selling later at a profit did not occur to him; in his mind was only the hot desire to get some of the stock away from Meier, to fight back the only way he could. It averaged him forty-nine before the order was filled, and the price swept up and past with the irresistible ease of an incoming tide lapping over rocks that an hour before had stood stark and dry against the horizon. During the next few days the spectacular rise in Infallible Common was a sensation. It went up and up until the price touched ninety-six, and there, as though it had run into a stone wall, all transactions ceased abruptly.

There had been two days without a sale when a man came up to Douglas McKnight in the broker's office and introduced himself; a man of about forty-five, full-faced, with eyes a little on the shifty side, the kind of eyes that hold one for a moment, and then slant off at nothing in particular. His black-and-white checked suit was faultless. One corner of a lavender handkerchief added a perfumed touch of color, and a thin gold chain cut diagonally down across his well-filled vest, from an upper pocket of which three black cigars protruded, like a row of pickaninnies looking over a fence.

"Mr. McKnight," he asked, "may I speak to you a minute?" He eased his hand inside Douglas's unresisting arm, and leading him into a private ticker room, lowered his voice confidentially. "My name is Styles," he said. "I perhaps have the advantage of you, for I don't believe you know me; but I have a proposition to make that I feel convinced you will find exceedingly interesting."

As he mentioned his name Douglas stiffened, and his blue eyes grew darker. In his sartorial perfection the man before him fitted into place like the missing piece in a picture puzzle: a tool—a go-between.

"Yes?" he asked, in curt inquiry.

"I have a client," went on Styles, "to whom your company has been highly recommended. He wants to buy some stock—five hundred shares. If you would consider selling that much of your holdings I can make you a handsome offer."

"How much?"

Styles dropped his voice still lower. "One hundred and twenty-five dollars a share," he answered, almost in a whisper, and in the silky one of one conferring an unparalleled favor.

"Mr. Styles," replied Douglas, with an itching tingle to smack his hand against the man's fat jowls, "you haven't the advantage of me at all. I know what you're trying to do, and if you were in my office I'd boot you out. Just tell that

(Continued on page 77)



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## Let the Buyer Beware

(Continued from page 75)

swine, Meier, to keep away from me, will you? My stock is not for sale."

Style's oily smile dried up as Douglas spoke, and he backed precipitately toward the door, with the red of anger mottling his puffy face. His shifty eyes burned venomously, and then he seemed to swallow down his anger, as though an inner voice had cautioned him.

"You got me wrong, Mr. McKnight," he protested, with a flapping wave of his hand, "I'm trying to do you a friendly turn."

Douglas measured him coldly.

"Styles," he said, "you're a liar. Stand away from that door and let me out of here."

There was more than a little savage satisfaction in the interview. It was action, anyway, and Douglas chewed on it with relish as he drove back to the plant.

Over against one wall of Evan McKnight's unpretentious office, with a picture of the original frame factory building hanging above it, was a deep leather couch, with one raised end. The old gentleman was lying there—an indulgence that he allowed himself toward the end of a busy afternoon—when Douglas entered. The smoke from one of his twisted stogies curled comfortably toward the ceiling, and he was chatting with Hartley, sitting beside the couch. As Douglas bore down on them he looked up quizzically.

"News, Doug?"

"Whoops. You bet! Meier is up against it."

"How?" McKnight's eyes flickered for an instant toward Hartley, and then, as Douglas told of the interview, he listened, his white head resting against the black leather, eyes half closed, a thin ribbon of smoke trickling from between pursed lips.

"Sort of loud-dressed fellow, was he; plump-faced?"

"Yes."

"That's Styles, all right. He's a broker. Did he say he wanted the stock for Meier?"

"No, he didn't have to. It was funny. When I mentioned Meier he wanted to bite me. They need that five hundred shares, all right."

Evan McKnight was silent for a moment, then said slowly: "If Meier only needs five hundred shares—he is going to get it. Styles would have paid two hundred if you'd bargained; and at that figure somebody is going to drop; you can depend on it." There was no resentment in his voice, rather a fatalistic note, as if what must be must, that filled Douglas with a fury of exasperation.

"Damn it," he almost shouted, "if he gets those five hundred shares you know what it means, don't you?" In swift pantomime he made as if to kick a man through the door. "I don't care what you do, but for God's sake do something. You may feel like stepping out of here, but I don't," and he flung angrily from the room.

IT WAS two days later that the big Infallible plant had an unusual visitor; and a bustling stir swept the outside office as the employees recognized the corpulent, prosperous-looking fat-necked man, who, with curiously speculative glances about him, passed through and proceeded with rolling gait toward Evan McKnight's private sanctum. Douglas, who was talking with his father, felt a sudden cold heaviness at the pit of his stomach as Meier came through the open door, but McKnight looked up with apparently only pleased surprise, and a welcoming sparkle in his eyes. Meier extended a pudgy hand across the table, and favored Douglas with a brief nod.

"I thought I'd drop in and pay you a visit," he explained, in his husky voice.

"Why, that's right neighborly, Adolph. You make me feel a little ashamed," McKnight was entirely cordial, "I've been intending to call over at the Triumph for a long time, but you know how it is with good intentions—I never seemed to get around to it."

"Glad to see you any time," Meier paused, uncertainly, and McKnight motioned toward a chair.

"Sit down, and be comfortable; unless you'd care to take a look around first. I'm not insinuating, but I think it might do you some good to see a real plant."

It was apparent that this reception was not anticipated, and Meier's answer came with some embarrassment.

"Yes, I would like to," he said, "if you don't mind."

"Well, Doug, I think we can show him something," McKnight turned invitingly, and his cheerful smile deepened suddenly at the look of outrage on Douglas's face.

HE LED his rival through bright, well-ordered machine shops, through the enameling and paint shops, the assembly and finishing rooms, and down to the loading platform, where rows of neat boxes, shaped to fit the machines, and stamped with the Infallible trade-mark in bright red, were ranged awaiting shipment. He had few words to say, but his expression was one of quiet amusement as he noted the impression it was making. From an air of almost studied indifference Meier warmed into interest, until, when they turned back into McKnight's office, he was rubbing his fat hands together as a hungry man would do when approaching a well-filled board.

When they sat down again McKnight, pulling open a drawer in the old roll-top, brought out a box of cigars, and as he reached with it toward Meier his look was one of inquiry. The other understood, and his pudgy hands trembled ever so little as he lighted his cigar and looked along it at the man across from him.

"I'm obliged to you, Evan," he said, as he shook out the match, "I really came over to see your plant. Perhaps—" he hesitated, as if seeking a proper phrase, and then, with a little twist in his chair, as though impatient at his own hesitation, "perhaps you don't know that I'm a stockholder now."

McKnight slowly unhooked his glasses, and breathing on the lenses, started wiping them with a little square of pink cloth.

"I had an idea, Adolph," he said, intent upon his work, "that something of that sort might be in the wind." He looked up, and went on, in his mild dry voice: "How much stock have you?"

Douglas, whose heart was pounding like an overburdened motor, saw a puzzled expression come into the other's face. There had been a teasing, taunting note in McKnight's question, and Meier's heavy cheeks flushed. When he answered his tone was sharper than before.

"Fifty-one per cent."

"So you have control." It sounded almost congratulatory. "What do you propose to do with the plant?"

Meier's eyes had hardened by this time, and he didn't mince matters.

"I can use it," he said, coldly, "or if I find I can't it will be easy to liquidate."

"Do you intend to continue manufacturing the Infallible adding-machine?"

Meier's smile was wholly derisive.

"What do you think I bought control for?" he scoffed, "because I was in love with your machine? Not so you could particularly notice it. The Triumph absorbs the Infallible." The thick fingers of his right hand, outstretched, palm down on the table, closed slowly, and he added: "That's what is happening."

"Then you don't propose to continue manufacturing the Infallible?" McKnight was persistent.

"No!" the word was sharp with impatience, "I don't."

"There is to be a meeting of the stockholders Friday; they may have something to say about that."

The quiet words, coldly spoken, carried an indefinable savor of irony, as though McKnight were secretly baiting the big man, and Douglas, sensing it, waited, with his nails biting into his clenched hands, for what might come. Meier flushed to the sting of it.

"I'm ready for that meeting," he whipped out. "With fifty-one per cent. of the stock I am not worrying much about the stockholders."

"And the directors? Personally I will vote against any such radical change."

Meier's bushy eyebrows drew down over his cold eyes.

"You'll never have a chance," he said, "as a director."

(Continued on page 78)

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## Let the Buyer Beware

(Continued from page 77)

It was very still in the little office for a moment. McKnight sat staring straight ahead, through Meier, as though he didn't see him; the smoke from the cigar in his hand curling up past his white head.

"Then we—I mean Doug, here, and Hartley, and myself, are out?"

"Well—" Meier settled back comfortably, "I don't know, perhaps—"

"To hell with you!" Douglas swung from his chair, his eyes smoldering. "Count me out." He was sick with disappointment, with a feeling somehow, that he had lost his father, and his hot gaze swept the quiet old man pityingly. "Make your own deal," he said, struggling with his voice, for his throat was choking up. "I wouldn't work for this—thief," the word came viciously, "if my life depended on it."

Meier turned on him with a growl. "Don't worry," he grated, "you won't have to."

"I rather think you'll have to get along without any of us, Adolph," said McKnight. "I'm too old a dog to change—" his gaze traveled slowly about the office—"I'd feel lost working anywhere else. Hartley, I imagine, will feel the same as I do."

"Suits me." Meier, leaning forward, smacked his thick hands on the arms of his chair and got to his feet, "but don't overlook the fact that I tried to meet you half-way when we talked this over before."

THERE was a mere scattering of local stockholders, seated in little whispering, self-conscious groups, when the stockholders' meeting was called to order, that Friday afternoon, in the employee's club-room at the Infallible plant. Meier and Styles, the focal point of many curious eyes, were side by side in one of the front rows, leaning toward each other occasionally, the smoke from their cigars drifting bluish gray above them.

Stockholders meetings were usually cut-and-dried affairs, and Meier sat silent and attentive until Evan McKnight said: "The next order of business is the election of directors for the ensuing year," when he got slowly to his feet.

"Mr. President," he said, in his hoarse, rumbling voice, "I would like to say a few words which I think are pertinent at this point. I am here in a dual capacity: as a stockholder, and as a representative of the Triumph Adding Machine Company. As a stockholder I wish to state, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the fact, that I own fifty-one per cent. of the Infallible common stock. As a representative of the Triumph Company I am here to offer the owners of the other forty-nine per cent. an exchange of Triumph stock for their holdings on the basis of one share of Triumph for each two shares of Infallible. As our par value is twice yours this is perfectly fair; but your board of directors, as at present constituted, will probably not ratify it, and I am therefore unwilling to vote for any one of them until this question is cleared up." He sat down, and the silence that followed was ghastly. It was succeeded by an excited whispering which rose in crescendo as discussion quickened, until the room was in an uproar.

But from that point Meier drove his steamroller ruthlessly, and the local stockholders stampeded when they saw that the ship was sinking. The exchange of stock was ratified, accomplishing the complete subversion of the Infallible as an independent Company; and the manufacture of the Triumph machines as the sole product was endorsed. "Thereby," as Meier put it, with expanding good humor, "standardizing our output, and eliminating the expense of a double overhead."

To Douglas it was a simple tragedy.

Next day the factory was closed down, the manufacture of Infallible machines was stopped, and Meier stumped about the big red-brick building dictating to the new superintendent he had brought along, the changes he had planned.

It was a week later that the Triumph Company, a great white-stone pile on the other side of town, had visitors. Two men, both spare, but one a trifle stiff and with white hair showing below his soft straw hat, ascended the wide stone

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stair that led to the executive offices, and asked for Adolph Meier. They were Evan McKnight and his son.

Douglas had come with sullen unwillingness. He had been too desperately unhappy, too overwhelmed by what had occurred to erase from his mind the bitterness aroused by what he considered the passive attitude of his father, and there had been, between the two, little, this last week, of cordiality. But the old manufacturer had insisted, and in his insistence there had seemed a fugitive something that had again fanned a spark into the hope with which Douglas had waited so anxiously that day for the trump card that was never played.

"I THOUGHT I'd return your call, Adolph,"

Evan McKnight spoke cheerfully, and his brisk gaze, openly curious, took in the sumptuously furnished office, with its handsome pictures and thick rugs, and returned to the bulky figure in the padded chair behind the big desk. "You work in style, don't you?" he smiled.

Meier was perplexed; the slight narrowing of his eyes, and the quick momentary drawing together of his shaggy brows showed it.

"Hello, Evan," he replied, in dubious greeting, as though his brain were busy behind his words. "Yes, I try to be comfortable." Douglas, after one sharp glance, he ignored, and there was an awkward pause. "Did you want to see the plant?"

"No—I just came over to finish up our deal."

Meier, who had just lighted a cigar, chewed on it a moment, with a speculative narrowing of his gray eyes.

"How finish?" he asked, "you've got your stock."

McKnight, who had dropped into a chair, smiled and leaning forward clasped his bony fingers about his knee.

"I know; I'm glad to have that stock. It wasn't that I wanted to talk about."

Douglas, watching the two older men, saw a shadow of disturbed uncertainty creep over Meier's wide face. The big body shifted uneasily.

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply. "Far as I know you've got everything that's coming to you."

"You haven't made any Infallible machines for almost a week, have you?" asked McKnight, composedly, apparently switching the conversation.

"No—we haven't," answered Meier, in gruff impatience, "and we're not going to. What is it you're driving at?"

"Just this, Adolph," there was a peculiar drawl in the dry voice, and to Douglas the picture it painted was that of a man slowly passing a knife back and forth over a whetstone.

"The patent covering the keyboard on the Infallible machine is made out in my name, and runs to me. I have a contract with the Infallible Adding Machine Company permitting the use of the keyboard as long as they manufacture Infallible machines. It also stipulates that on the day they stop doing so—without my written consent—they are to pay me, for this patent, a sum equal to twice the capital stock of the Company. That's what I'm driving at. I'd like a check for eight million dollars."

Meier's face purpled, and he brought his fist down on the top of his desk with a shout:

"I'll see you in hell first!"

McKnight's thin, sharp-beaked visage shot forward, two spots of red burning in the drawn skin over his high cheek-bones.

"Be quiet," he said coldly, "you've only heard the half of it." He leaned back in his chair and measured the man across from him in withering disdain. "Did you believe—that's what hurts me most, Adolph—that I would let you take my business away from me like a stick of candy from a baby? Don't you think I understood what you were after when I saw that rotten, fake agency letter you sent out to break the price of our stock? Don't you? I did a little speculating myself then, Adolph. When a man sees a prairie-fire coming he starts a back fire, if he's wise. I secured marginal contracts covering twenty-six thousand shares of stock in the Triumph Adding Machine Company; enough, with the stock received in exchange for Infallible shares by Hartley, Douglas and myself, to give us control of the Triumph Company. I am expecting to take care of my

(Continued on page 81)

# G

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2. You can *feel* the difference the instant you lather.
3. After shaving lotions unnecessary. INGRAM'S is lather and lotion in one.

### Just Do This!

Write us for your 7 Free cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation—the other side with the *unusual* INGRAM'S. Then shave. INGRAM'S cools and soothes the tiny nicks

and scratches you *don't* see, but *do* feel . . . and leaves you a whole skin for the next shave.

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187,776 jars in 1925  
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**Ingram's Shaving Cream**  
COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave

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## Personalities and Appreciations

### An Apology

IN OUR July issue, accompanying Arthur Chapman's article "Hell and High Water," we published a photograph over the caption: "A view of the main street of Little Rock, Arkansas." The picture showed a man paddling a canoe up the middle of the thoroughfare, which was covered by several feet of water.

No sooner had the magazine reached our readers than a host of them seized pen and paper and swamped our office under a flood of protest. The picture, it appeared, was not of the main street of Little Rock, but of North Little Rock, a separate municipality. The main street of the real Little Rock had not been flooded. Furthermore, its buildings are much taller than those of the main street of North Little Rock.

We regret exceedingly the injustice we did to Little Rock. We did not mean to do it. The photograph was labeled by the agency from which we secured it, and we assumed it to be labeled correctly.

### The Pictorial Questionnaire

When Mr. Cushing suggested that we try the pictorial questionnaire which appeared, first, in our August issue, we thought the idea good and believed it would be popular. We did not imagine then, however, what a very popular feature it would prove to be. Every mail brings us letters and postal cards urging us to keep it up. If you like the questionnaire and have not yet written to say so, won't you write us now? A postal card will do. Just say: Keep up the pictorial questionnaire.

Unless, of course, you don't like it, in which case tell us that. Write anyway. We like to hear from you.

### The Story of Harriman

In this issue is the first instalment of a three-part biography of one of the greatest figures in American railroad history: E. H. Harriman. The story of Harriman's career is a fascinating and inspiring record of courage, tenacity and vision. His fights, virtually single-handed, against the financial powers of his day, his deeds as well as his victories, reveal the force of his character and the clarity of his intelligence. The story of Harriman is largely the story of American transportation. No single individual played a more vital part in giving this country the great railroad systems that to-day are its breath of life. Harriman, during his comparatively short period of activity and power, was one of the most misunderstood, maligned and mistrusted of men. In this biography, written by William Almon Wolff, you find out why that was so. It is an absorbing story.

### The Elks Magazine Cruise

Again this winter the islands and countries of the Caribbean will see an Elks Club steam into their harbors, drop anchor and send its members and their families ashore for visits and sight-seeing. And in many of the visitors they will recognize old friends, for among the reservations already made for the Second Annual ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise are a large number from those charter members of the floating club who made the first trip, last winter. Sailing from New York on February 11, *S. S. Meganitic* of the White Star Line, specially chartered for Elks, their families and their friends, will spend twenty-two days at sea, stopping at Havana, at the beautiful West Indian islands, at ports on the mainland of South America, and at Bermuda. Last year the Elks Lodges at Panama and at Porto Rico threw open their Homes to the travelers and delightful fraternal times were enjoyed by the members of Lodges all over the United States, and their hospitable hosts of these tropical outposts of the Order. These touches of home and modernity served to emphasize for the more imaginative the background of antiquity and romance of the Caribbean countries—the landing place of Columbus in the New World, the sites of its earliest cities, the scene and inspiration of magnificent feats of conquest and exploration, and of the equally colorful but less praiseworthy activities of the notorious freebooters of the Spanish main.

## Let the Buyer Beware

(Continued from page 79)

marginal contracts with a portion of the eight million dollars that is due me. That's why I'd like a check."

Meier's answer was a glare.

"I'll break your contract," he snarled.

"Try it—here's a copy," McKnight tossed a folded paper on the desk before him, then allowed his eyes to wander about the sumptuous office. "Make a very pretty branch, Doug," he mused. "How would you like to run this end of the business?"

Meier wavered, fumbled with the paper uncertainly, then opening it, read it through deliberately. When he finished the arrogance had left his eyes and been replaced by something very close to fear. He looked at McKnight silently for a moment, while his big body seemed to shrink, then said huskily:

"Well?"

"IT ISN'T a nice feeling, is it?" McKnight spoke softly. "Here is my offer, and it's a generous one. For the twenty-six thousand shares of Triumph stock for which I hold contracts I put up a margin of ten dollars a share—two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. I'll sell you those contracts for one million dollars, and you can have your plant; I don't want it—provided—" he seemed to carve each word with a thin steel blade,—"that within twenty-four hours you have every Infalible stock certificate, properly endorsed, in the mail and on its way back to the original owner!"

A slight bulging of the heavy cheeks was the

only indication that Meier had heard. He sat, for what seemed to Douglas an interminable time, and thought, then gathered himself together with a little shiver.

"What about your exchange stock in the Triumph Company?" he growled.

McKnight grinned boyishly.

"Nice stock, Adolph; I told you I was glad to have it. We all are. But that has nothing to do with this transaction."

The cigar in Meier's hand broke between his fingers; and then a glint of admiration showed in his gray eyes. He took his medicine bravely. Tossing the shattered cigar away he slowly opened a drawer and produced a box. Flipping back the lid he held it out.

"Take a cigar," he snapped, "and get to hell out of here before I lose my shirt."

As the door of the factory closed behind them and they stood again at the top of the wide stone steps, Douglas rounded fiercely on his father.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

McKnight bit off the end of his cigar, and beamed through his spectacles.

"I didn't dare," he answered. "You were grand. Somebody had to 'skirl the pipes,' or Meier would have been suspicious. I couldn't—I felt too much like laughing. Why, I had to sell enough of my own stock to let him have control. He'll be sending that back with his compliments." He grasped Douglas's arm and exhaled a long joyous stream of fragrant blue smoke. "Come on," he said, "let's drive over to the plant."

## The Spell of the Magic Pipes

(Continued from page 42)

who had little before him but darkness and uncertainty. He began to play in one of the harmonica classes, and before long stood at the top of his group. He played the instrument so well and with such enthusiasm that it was said he did "everything but eat it." It was a joy to watch him. Well, "Algy" did not stay content long after his mastery of the harmonica. He wanted to play the saxophone. As a result of his success with the humbler instrument he had his chance. He became the protégé of a member of the famous Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and not long after that he was playing the saxophone in a way that gained him a good livelihood. But "Algy" still plays the harmonica, and to see him is to understand much. His sightless face lights up with a joy that fairly transfigures him—and it is impossible to doubt that the lowly harmonica has brought into his life something that is beyond great riches.

And "Algy" is only one of hundreds who have become musical wonders, discovered and developed as a result of the harmonica movement. Last year a total of twenty-eight annual scholarships in music were secured for the boys of Philadelphia.

How are these youngsters taught to play the harmonica? It is simplicity itself. A small boy, who might be instrument-shy with a larger and heavier music-maker, is given a harmonica and to his delight instantly finds that he can blow it and produce harmony! That is the first step in the ascending ladder of music. And let no one forget that there is scarcely a living child who is not born with a latent instinct for climbing and who will attempt the second and third steps if helped and guided.

In the harmonica classes simple tunes are played on the piano for the aspiring musicians. He is asked to hum the tune and to master it in this fashion. Then he makes his first essay in repeating it on the instrument. It is surprising how soon perfection of phrasing is achieved. Easy folk-songs are generally the first to be learned. From these the student progresses until he is able to play more difficult pieces, and has achieved, with the other members of his class, a repertoire of classical music which many an adult musician might envy.

If you think the harmonica is capable only of "Turkey in the Straw," or tunes of this type, read this typical program of the Philadelphia Harmonica Band playing under the direction of

Mr. Hoxie, at the Biennial Congress of the National Federation of Music Clubs in Chicago of this year:

- I. March, Under the Double Eagle. . . . . Wagner
- II. Intermezzo, from Cavalleria Rusticana. . . . . Mascagni
- III. Medley of Folk-Songs—  
Old Folks At Home. . . . . Foster  
Dixie. . . . . Emmett  
Love's Old Sweet Song. . . . . Molloy
- IV. La Paloma. . . . . Yradier
- V. The American Patrol. . . . . McEacham
- VI. The Glow Worm. . . . . Lincke
- VII. Blue Skies. . . . . Berlin
- VIII. The Blue Danube Waltz. . . . . Strauss
- IX. The Volga Boat Song. . . . . Russian Folk-Song
- X. (a) Serenata. . . . . M. Moszkowski  
(b) Chanson Arabe. . . . . Rimsky-Korsakoff
- XI. Sextette from Lucia. . . . . Donizetti
- XII. Stars and Stripes. . . . . Sousa
- The Star Spangled Banner. . . . . Key

That is surely a program for the harmonica, you will say! But there are hundreds of other selections which the youngsters can play, and play well. In recognition of their musical achievements the players have been conducted at special concerts by such famous conductors as John Philip Sousa and Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra! To play the harmonica that way is a fine and proud achievement for a boy, who, perhaps only a year ago, blew vulgar tunes on street corners.

It is quite natural when the mastery of the harmonica has been achieved, that ambition should be stirred and desire arise in the boys to participate in more highly developed forms of group playing. This came about in Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Hoxie. Two new musical units, offspring of the harmonica bands, were organized: the Civic Junior Symphony Orchestra and the Junior Civic Band, each composed of 109 players.

It took the entire summer and fall of 1924 to examine the 1,150 applicants. From this great array of talent 230 were selected for membership in these two organizations.

The history of the achievements of the orchestra and band is one of unusual interest. Their participation in great civic enterprises—musical festivals, Christmas caroling, and the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition—won public favor and warm praise from the musical fraternity and critics.

(Continued on page 82)

# Hello Everybody! This is Johnnie Walker Speaking!



"Surprising how many people buy my cigarettes and say—  
"My, that's some cigarette, where can I buy it?"

Try any first class shop and see for yourself what I mean—only"

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Extremely Mild

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IMAGINE the joy of getting 365 velvety shaves from one blade! Yet, some users of KRIS-KROSS report results even more amazing than this. Here at last is the perfect stropper—a real blade rejuvenator. Stroppers any make blade (except Durham) on the diagonal. Duplicate barber's secret stroke. Patented flip-flop action and automatic pressure regulation. Stroppers heavy at first, finishes light. Eleven seconds gives the keenest cutting edge that steel can take. You'll never know real shaving satisfaction till you own a KRIS-KROSS Stropper.

### 3-Way Razor Given

Right now, to introduce KRIS-KROSS, I am giving an astonishing new kind of razor without extra charge. Instantly adjustable to 3 positions. Patented features decrease beard resistance 45%. Gives a sliding stroke. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before. Mail the coupon for full details. No obligation. Do it now.

### AGENTS!

There's real money and a big future selling KRIS-KROSS. Even spare time workers make \$6 to \$12 a day extra. Just showing KRIS-KROSS to friends and fellow employees. W. S. Benson made over \$50 in 3 weeks. Bradford made \$40 on a Saturday afternoon. Get details of this permanent big-pay proposition. Check bottom of coupon and mail today.

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Breath taking Beauty! Quality! A Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess, a wonderful gift to your home. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round-cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Ask for beautiful descriptive folder and prices now. You'll want this sure!



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1000 Walt Street,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set, tell me where I can buy it, and the price.

Name

Address

My Dealer is

## The Spell of the Magic Pipes

(Continued from page 81)

Three annual invitation concerts were given at the Metropolitan Opera House by the combined musical units which include the Harmonica Band, with Mayor Kendrick as the host and sponsor of the events. At the express wishes of the Mayor, the matinee performances were reserved for music students and parochial schools.

The Abrams Annual Award of \$200 in gold was distributed to four outstanding players in 1925 and 1926, but the award of 1927 was given to 65 members in special gold medals as a token of three years of faithful service. Many members of the units have been the recipients of instruments, scholarships, wardrobes and financial assistance, while 6,500 tickets to symphony orchestra concerts, opera and recitals have been distributed through the courtesy of well-known individuals and organizations. Professional engagements have been secured for many players in the band and orchestra, and in a number of instances advanced players have been placed in excellent paying positions, thereby substantially helping these young musicians while pursuing their studies.

THE annual harmonica contests held in Philadelphia are among the most interesting musical events in the country, and indicate the wide and enthusiastic interest on the part of the city's youngsters in music. Seven thousand kids of all sizes and colors, representing hundreds of schools, reformatories, orphan asylums and institutions for the blind and crippled, took part in the fifth annual contest held last May. And how those boys practiced for the contest, and what spirit they displayed! Nothing more poignant and at the same time more inspiring can be imagined than what took place out in the Widener Memorial School for the Blind in Philadelphia. Here the players entered for the competition were so anxious to perfect themselves, that every morning before the rising bell, they would practice, their little sightless heads under the covers so as not to disturb their room-mates! Surely if children, and blind children at that, can be made so interested in music and can be imbued so with an ambition to win out, the harmonica is truly a marvelous instrument.

And the sportsmanship that is shown by the youngsters in these annual contests! Take the case of John. He was one of the contestants in the semi-final eliminations which were held that year in the office of Mayor Kendrick.

Eleven of the 12 finalists had been selected. It was decided that John Pugliese, 13, and James Thorpe, 14, would fight it out for the honor of being chosen.

They were called to the front of the room. A hush spread over the crowd. Suddenly, the strains of "Ting-a-ling," a waltz, burst forth from the harmonica of John Pugliese. There was not a sound until he had completed the last note. Then the boys, no longer able to restrain themselves in spite of the edict of Albert N. Hoxie, their leader, that there must be no noise, applauded John to the echo.

Now it was Jim's turn to "do his stuff." He was to play the same tune so there could be no discrimination in the way of musical selections played. The same scene was repeated, this time Jim receiving an ovation when he had finished.

But the judges couldn't decide which was the better of the two, so they were ordered to try again. They both played "Swanee River," interpolating a bit of syncopation. Even this was not enough for the judges, so the boys were told to play Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies" for their final number.

Both boys went to their seats. Mr. Hoxie arose from his chair. Both had been so clever with their little instruments that spectators had been unable to decide the winner. The air was tense.

"John," said Mr. Hoxie, "do you know what mistake you made when you were playing 'Blue Skies'?" "Yes, I was off pitch toward the last."

Then it was all over: Jim Thorpe had won! Or, so every one thought, but they hadn't thought of the real he-man who was hidden inside of John Pugliese's diminutive frame. He got up, rushed over to where Jim was sitting, and extended his hand in congratulation.

"I'm glad you won, Jim, you played better than I did," said John. Jim was unable to reply. The nervous strain was too much for him, and he had been on the verge of tears several times.

Then Mr. Hoxie arose again. "After such a wonderful display of sportsmanship the judges have decided to allow thirteen boys to compete in the finals," he announced. Bedlam reigned. Was it a popular decision? It was.

One could go on with story after story to show how the inexpensive and once musically despised mouth-organ has been the means of bringing to many youths a sense of manliness and co-operation, as well as opening for them an avenue of expression leading to clean enjoyment and a happy place among their fellows.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, through the activities of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who is the Director of Public Welfare in that city, has shown great interest in these boy musicians. On many occasions its handsome auditorium has been at their disposal for rehearsals, meetings and contests; and it has been generous in its support in various other ways.

It is to be hoped that the Social and Community Welfare Committees, Crippled Kiddies Committees, and all members of other Subordinate Lodges of the Order will be moved by this brief outline of the inspiring work being done in Philadelphia, to investigate the possibilities of starting a similar movement in their own communities. Here is a golden idea. It is not an impractical dream. It has been worked out already in many cities and among thousands of boys.

If you are a Big Brother to the youngsters of your town in helping them in their education and sports, why not be a Big Brother to them in music too?



## Answers to "How Well Do You Know Your Country?"

- (1) Door to the White House, Washington, D. C.
- (2) The old Governor's Palace, Santa Fe, N. M., where Gen. Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur."
- (3) St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., (Where Patrick Henry addressed the Virginia Convention of 1775.)
- (4) Log Cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born, Hodgenville, Ky.
- (5) Blue Canyon in New Mexico, reached by motor car from Gallup.
- (6) Edwin Natural Bridge, in Southern Utah.
- (7) The Sea Gull Monument, Tabernacle Square, Salt Lake City.
- (8) The "House of Seven Gables," Salem, Mass., scene of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance of that title.
- (9) The Devil's Slide, Croyden, Utah.
- (10) U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

Note.—There will be another pictorial questionnaire next month.

# It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



## —how had she found time to practice?

**“WELL, Jim—I told you I had a surprise for you!”**  
She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised—and pleased—he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. I didn't even know that she could read notes. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

“How did you ever do it?” her husband asked. “When did you find time to practice?”

“And who is your teacher?” I added.

“Wait, wait!” she laughed. “One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes.”

“No teacher?”

“No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument, and the piano appealed to me most. I thought I'd never learn how to play it, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long, long hours of hard work and study. And I thought it would be expensive, too.”

“Well, it *is* hard work, and it is expensive,” I said. “Why, I have a sister . . .”

“I know,” she laughed, “but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others

had learned to play their favorite musical instruments in this same delightful, easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing.”

“But you didn't tell me anything about it,” Jim said.

“Well, you see, that was my big surprise. Ever since I received my first lesson I've been practicing by myself—during the day while you've been away at business. I turned my spare moments between house-keeping and shopping into something pleasant and profitable.”

“If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded,” said Jim.

### Learn to Play at Home

This story is typical. There are thousands of men and women who have turned their spare moments into valuable time. In hours that would otherwise be wasted, they have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

Are you letting priceless moments slip by when you could be learning to play some

musical instrument—easily, quickly?

You simply can not go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by illustration and diagram you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without any long hours of tedious practice. Without dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

Here is your chance to become a good

player—quickly—without a teacher. The U. S. School of Music will make you a *capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

### Demonstration Lesson FREE

Half a million people have already taught themselves to play their favorite instruments right in their own home. To prove that you, too, can learn music this fascinating way, let us send you our free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” which fully explains this remarkable method. We will include also our Free Demonstration Lesson.

### Mail Coupon Today

Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that “talent” means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3629 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Guitar	Cornet
	Saxophone
Voice and Speech Culture	
Automatic Finger Control	
Piano Accordion	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-string or Tenor)	



## When the Days Grow Shorter

**W**HEN you have passed forty, then the days begin growing a trifle shorter. Then it is comforting to know that the afternoon of life has been provided for.

Investments made during the heyday of your best earning years insure your future comfort and happiness. But you owe it to yourself to safeguard those declining years by choosing only safe investments.

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## Investment Fundamentals

By Paul Tomlinson

**U**PON returning to my desk after lunch the other day I found a memorandum asking me to ring up a certain number. The number meant nothing to me, but thinking that perhaps it might, I put in the call.

"This is Mr. Brown of the Blank Merchandising Service," said a voice I had never heard before.

"Yes," I said.

"I wanted to tell you that you have been allotted ten units of our new issues of eight per cent cumulative preferred stock," said Mr. Brown. "Each unit carries with it two shares of common."

I said nothing, but congratulated myself on my good luck.

"We are conducting an extensive campaign in several States," Mr. Brown continued, "and enlarging our service. We are offering 100,000 shares of this new preferred stock which has a par value of \$25 a share, four shares to a unit, and two shares of common of no par value with each unit. You're familiar with our company, of course?"

"I've heard of it," I said, truthfully enough.

"It's a big thing," said Mr. Brown enthusiastically. "The common stock last year earned over \$19 a share."

He did not state how many shares of common stock there were outstanding last year, and I did not question him on this point.

"We have allotted you ten units of this new preferred stock," Mr. Brown repeated. "It is 8 per cent. cumulative, you know; there's two shares of common with each unit, and it earned over \$19 a share last year."

"Yes," I said.

"The price," said Mr. Brown, coming to the real point, "is \$130 for each unit. We've allotted you ten units."

I made no comment, and there ensued what seemed to me an awkward silence. Finally Mr. Brown broke it.

"Can we put you down for ten units?" he inquired.

"Where is this stock listed?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Where is it listed?" I repeated.

His voice had a different tone now. "Listen," he said, "this stock is not listed on the New York Stock Exchange."

"Is it listed on any exchange?" I asked.

Mr. Brown instead of replying to my question, asked me one himself. "You know Mr. Garboard, don't you?" he inquired.

"What Mr. Garboard?" I asked.

"Why, the lawyer here in town," said Mr. Brown.

"I've heard of him," I admitted.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, and his tone was expansive, "he knows all about this stock we are selling."

"Where is it listed?" I inquired.

"It's not listed on the New York Stock Exchange, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Brown. His voice had a note of trouble in it, I thought.

"Is it listed on any exchange?" I asked.

"Listen," said Mr. Brown, "this stock is not listed anywhere. You know the minute you buy anything listed on the New York Stock Exchange then you're speculating."

I laughed outright. It was a rude thing to do, and, besides, I had hoped to continue the conversation. This pronouncement of Mr. Brown's, however, was too much. I realized that our talk was ended.

"Really," I said, "I'm not interested."

"All right," said Mr. Brown quickly, and hung up.

If ever you doubt the desirability of wares peddled by a stock salesman, an almost sure-fire test of his sincerity is to ask where the stock he is offering is listed. In other words, where is the market for the stock, where can it be sold? If the man is not sincere this question usually embarrasses him frightfully, for while these salesmen frequently know surprisingly little about investing themselves, they are aware that one of the qualifications of a good security is marketability. How many of these men ever offer to sell you stock at a certain price, and then append the statement that if you ever want to sell it they will either buy it back themselves, or at least guarantee to find a purchaser?

The vendor of doubtful securities often gives himself away, too, by disparaging the New York Stock Exchange, and what is known as Wall Street. There may be wicked people on the New York Stock Exchange, and Wall Street may be an evil place, but when a man tells you that by purchasing any of the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange you are speculating, he merely makes himself ridiculous. People speculate in grain, in wheat, in corn, in cotton, but that fact does not mean that those commodities are in themselves speculative, or, for that matter, not essential to human existence. People have bought Liberty bonds—listed on the New York Stock Exchange—and bought them with the idea of making a speculative profit, yet who would ever think of describing Liberty bonds as speculative? All securities, like all commodities, fluctuate in price; the man who buys securities with the sole idea of making a profit out of them is speculating; the investor buys because of intrinsic value and the promise of a definite and continuing return on his money.

**T**HE conversation with Mr. Brown brought out another point which lay investors are sometimes liable to overlook. He stated that last year the common stock of the company he was promoting earned over \$19 a share. No figures are available to refute his statement, nor is there any reason to doubt its truth. Even so, that fact does not necessarily make the stock an attractive investment. Mr. Brown said the company was expanding considerably, and while I do not know what their outstanding stock was a year ago, let us assume it was 500,000 shares. Earnings of \$19 a share



on this amount would be \$95,000. Now they are selling 100,000 shares of 8 per cent. cumulative preferred, \$25 par, a total of \$2,500,000 of preferred stock. Eight per cent. on two and one half millions is \$200,000 a year, which means that in order to pay the preferred dividend alone, earnings must show an increase of more than 100 per cent. With every four shares of preferred stock, two new shares of common are being issued, which means that the common outstanding will be 55,000 shares, and only 6 per cent. to be earned on these shares means \$33,000 over and above the required dividend on the preferred issue.

In other words, while it may be perfectly possible to show large earnings per share on a small amount of stock, it very possibly may be an entirely different matter to show earnings that are particularly attractive if a large amount of new stock is to be issued. And then there is the matter of the salesman's commission; frequently he will get from \$15 to \$25 out of every \$100 you pay. Three or four years ago I personally was offered 100 shares of some oil stock, as a present, if I would give the salesman the names of ten people in town who might be likely to buy. Any man who would offer a stranger 100 shares of stock for so small a consideration must be under no illusion concerning its value.

There is no doubt, however, but that the people engaged in the business of selling fake or doubtful securities are clever. If they weren't, it is scarcely possible that they could take a billion dollars a year out of the pockets of the people of this country, and that is what they do. Not that they are necessarily clever about investments, but they do know human nature, and all human beings find it difficult to resist the lure of easy money. The salesmen make it look as if they were going to make a lot of easy money, and the cleverness of the salesmen is concerned with making it look very easy indeed. And they work the old, old games over and over again. The late Mr. Barnum is reported to have said that a new sucker was born every minute; probably he was over-optimistic, but, like the users of razors, there must be at least a million new ones a year. And they must be new ones, for a burnt child dreads the fire and the old dodges are not apt to be effective twice on the same person.

A CASE in point is a recent circular describing an issue of new stock of a new company. Very little was said about the company or about the stock, very little of importance that is, but almost the whole circular was concerned with accounts of the profits made by those far-sighted people who had invested in the stock of certain outstanding successes. Suppose, the circular asked, you had been one of the original stockholders in the Bell Telephone Company, The Victor Talking Machine, The Ford Motor Company, and several of the other old favorites. Well, suppose you had, it certainly would have been delightful, and the writer of this article for one wishes that he had. The fact that the Bell Telephone Company made great fortunes for the original investors is, however, no guarantee of similar happy results for the original investors in every cat-and-dog scheme that comes along. One might just as well argue that because Charles Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris alone that everyone else can do it too. As a matter of fact the people who put their money into these outstanding successes were most of them nothing more than speculators when they did it, and probably they and the people who sold them the stock were as surprised as anyone at what has happened since. If anyone is of the opinion that the way to make money is to get in on the ground floor of some new enterprise whose stock is being peddled to the public, let him get hold of a book called "Obsolete Securities"—there are several volumes now—and read the names of literally thousands of corporations whose stocks are now worthless, and the corporations defunct.

The "long shots" do win sometimes, of course. We heard of a golfer the other day who bet \$500 against \$15,000 that he could sink a forty-foot putt, and he won. It is probable, however, that if he had made the same bet 100 times running he would have been out of pocket. So it is with the lay investor. Some of them, once in a while, make money by investing in the rankest of speculations, but

(Continued on page 86)

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## Investment Fundamentals

(Continued from page 85)

there are more who lose, and the winnings do not counterbalance the gains. The statistics show that out of every seven new enterprises started only one succeeds. Why is it not better to put money into a proven success with the odds in your favor rather than to invest in something where under the most favorable conditions the odds are seven to one against you at the start? You may not make as much at any one time as you would if you happened to strike one of the unexpected successes, but in the long run a sound investment policy will surely bring the happiest results.

Another excellent idea to keep in mind is that the present is not necessarily the best time to invest. The particular investment which is suited to your requirements may not be available or conditions in the investment market may be such as to make it advisable to wait awhile. A decision on this point will probably be required from an expert investment banker, but frequently it pays to let money remain idle for a time, or at least to keep it in the bank at a low rate of interest, waiting for the right investment to present itself. The layman usually finds this a difficult thing to do; but it is often worth while. And it is always worth

while to get good advice before agreeing to buy any security, whether it is offered to you over the telephone, by letter or circular, or by a salesman calling on you in person.

### Investment Literature

"How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 Edition). Describes plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investing for Safety"—The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real-estate bond issues.

"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.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

## Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 13)

Napoleonic inability to admit that anything he wanted to do could not be done.

In these days J. P. Morgan was perhaps already the greatest figure in American finance. He and his connections were regarded as invincible; his name was already one with which to conjure.

The Illinois Central had for some time operated, under a lease, the Dubuque and Sioux City R. R., in Iowa. It paid the owners 38 per cent. of its gross earnings, and, for some time, made money. But in 1884 it began to lose. It might have extended these lines, but to do so must have spent its own money for the benefit of the stockholders of the leased line. Harriman recommended purchase of enough stock to give the Illinois Central control, and was authorized to go ahead.

But this was no secret, and some of the big stockholders in the leased road decided to do, or try to do, a little profiteering. They wanted the I. C. to buy at par—far above the market—or make a new and profitable lease. So they pooled their stock in a voting trust, with Drexel, Morgan and Co. as trustees. The idea was popular; Drexel, Morgan and Co. went to the annual meeting with more than a majority of the stock. Harriman had bought about 15,000 shares for the I. C., but Drexel, Morgan and Co. had more than twice as many shares.

Obviously, Drexel, Morgan and Co. could control the meeting and elect a directorate favorable to their plans. The thing for Harriman to do was to retire gracefully from a hopeless fight and make the best terms he could. Did he do it? He did not. He studied the facts—not only the obvious facts, which everyone could see, but some hidden below the surface.

In Dubuque, at the annual meeting of the Dubuque and Sioux City, in February, 1887, Harriman and the I. C. controlled a majority of the stockholders actually present, organized the meeting, and nominated a board of directors that suited them. Proxies representing 5,000 shares were presented—and rejected, because the Iowa law forbade proxy voting. And the stock represented by Drexel, Morgan and Co. was also rejected, the vote having been signed by the firm personally, not as a trustee. Harriman's directors were elected.

Everyone laughed at Harriman. They said he couldn't hope to beat Morgan on so slim a technicality. The case went to the courts, and dragged. Harriman's case, it was seen, was stronger than had been thought. Finally Harriman, acting for the Illinois Central, offered Drexel, Morgan and Co. \$80 a share for the stock they held, named a time limit, and said the offer would not be renewed if it were declined. It was accepted! Harriman had had

his first fight with J. P. Morgan, and had won it.

Indirectly, this led to Harriman's election as vice-president of the Illinois Central when Stuyvesant Fish became its president. He was, at last, in 1887, when he was thirty-nine years old, definitely launched upon his career, an important official in a great railway. Two years later, with Fish in Europe, he was acting president, and was forced, rather against his will it seems, to reorganize the operating executives of the road.

### IV

STILL Harriman was far from being a great figure; there was no real foreshadowing, as yet, of the part he was to play. Many men of substance disliked and, on the whole distrusted him; he was regarded much more as a speculator than as a real railroad man.

He had begun the making of his Ramapo mountain home in 1885, buying the old Parrot estate, and setting out, from the first, to add to it. He was by no means a rich man yet; there was no reason to suppose he would ever be the very rich one he became. The few who knew him well both liked him and trusted him; they trusted not only him, but his judgment. Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., in which house a young man named Otto H. Kahn was beginning to make his mark, thought well of what he knew of Harriman. But financial New York, as a whole, when it thought of him at all, was a little inclined to curl its lip.

Yet, in 1890 he did a thing that should have awakened the financial world to his real quality. The country, in that year, was on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Money was cheap and plentiful. The time seemed to be ripe for expansion and the expenditure of money on railway extension; most railways did so spend it, and prodigally.

The Illinois Central, in the previous year, had named a committee to plan for the future, and, in January, 1890, this committee reported a three-and-a-half-year programme involving great expenditures and vast improvements and extensions. Harriman, ill in bed in New York, wrote a letter strongly disapproving the carrying out of the report. "Our whole force," he wrote, "should be devoted to making and saving money."

There was general surprise. Harriman had been the boldest of all in his demands for extension and his plans for great expenditure. No one could understand his sudden turn to the side of caution. But so influential was his opinion that the report was laid on the table. Had it been carried out the Illinois Central might well have been one of the nearly one

(Continued on page 89)





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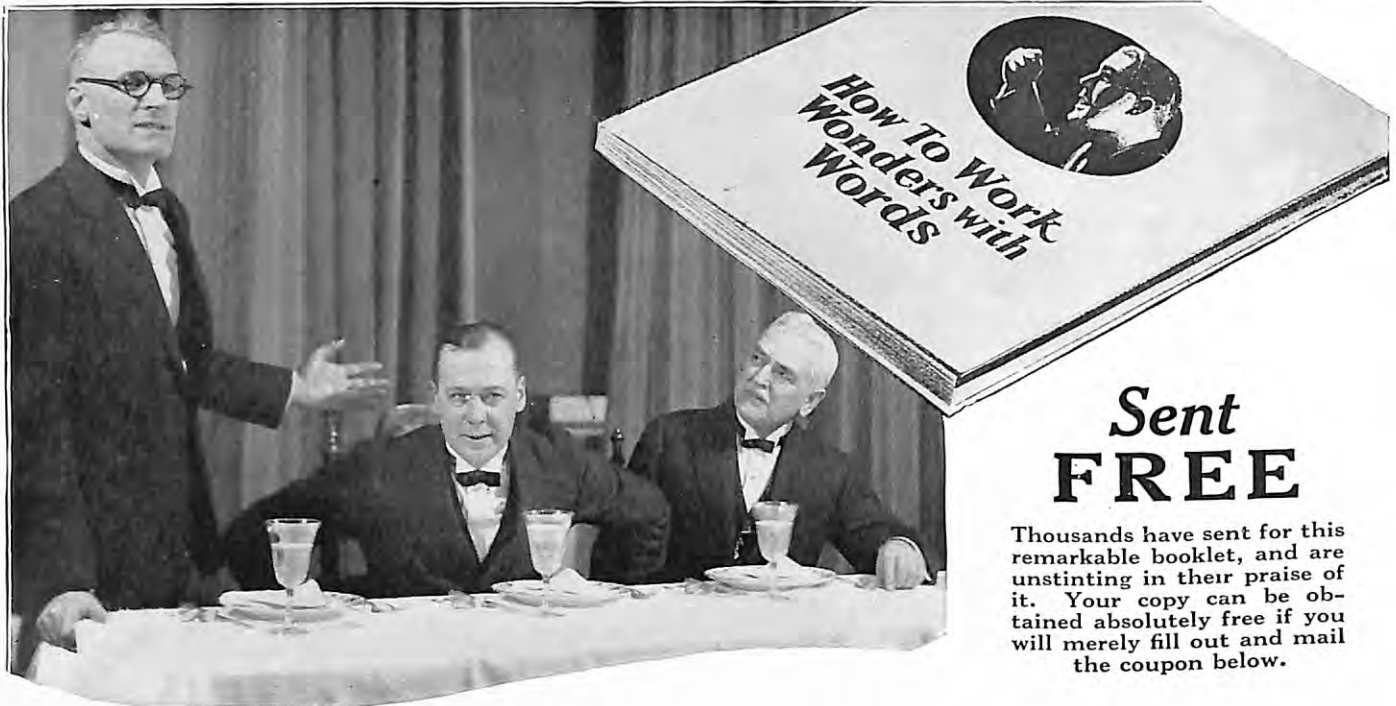
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## Edward Henry Harriman

(Continued from page 86)

hundred and sixty railways swept into bankruptcy as a result of the panic of 1893. Instead it not only survived the panic, but came through more powerful than before—and borrowed money, readily, in 1895, at 3 per cent. A few people gave credit for this to Harriman; the country at large regarded it as still another evidence of the genius of Stuyvesant Fish—though Fish himself was generous in his praise of Harriman.

Heredity had played a part, probably small, in the shaping of Harriman's career. Environment, beyond doubt, had played a part, and a very considerable one. Now opportunity was about to appear.

One of the great railways, indeed the greatest, to go down in the 1893 panic, was the Union Pacific. It had been built at excessive cost. It had suffered from long operation through sparsely settled and undeveloped territory. It had acquired, at exaggerated valuations, competing and connecting lines—one of its greatest handicaps being its practically forced acquisition of the Kansas Pacific and the Denver Pacific through the operations of Jay Gould. It went down with a smash in October, 1893.

Attempts at reorganization began at once, with J. P. Morgan prominently concerned. They failed, and in 1895 the Brice Committee, which had undertaken the work, returned securities entrusted to it and gave up its task. Foreclosure and sale had reduced the mileage of the road from 8,167 in 1893 to 4,469, and the end of this sort of amputation was not in sight.

Now Jacob H. Schiff and Kuhn, Loeb and Co. became interested in attempts at reorganization—J. P. Morgan having told Mr. Schiff that he was disgusted and wanted nothing more to do with the road.

Kuhn, Loeb and Co. were then, as they still are, among the great bankers of the world with enormous and vastly wealthy European connections. No house, not even that of Morgan, was more solidly established. There was general confidence on the part of the security holders in Mr. Schiff's ability to restore order—at the beginning.

Schiff, at first, did not know it. But, all this time, Harriman had been watching the Union Pacific. For him it represented opportunity. He wanted the road. He was determined to reorganize it, for the benefit of the Illinois Central. Against Schiff his chances looked slim indeed. But he was resolved to take them. In his office in the quarters of Harriman and Co. he waited.

Very quietly he spread his nets. Quietly he stirred up trouble for Schiff, here and there and everywhere. Opposition, on all sorts of grounds, developed, threatening Schiff's plans. Schiff could not trace it; thought, for a time, that Morgan was opposing him; asked him if he had changed his mind; and wanted, even now, to take a part in the reorganization. Morgan said no; promised to find out, if he could, who was at the bottom of the trouble. He did.

"It's that fellow Harriman," he told Schiff. "Look out for him."

Schiff was surprised. Surprised and puzzled. He went to Harriman; told him what he had heard—that Harriman was the man who was at the bottom of the trouble he was having.

"Quite true," said Harriman. "I am."

"Why?" asked Schiff, amazed.

"Because I intend to reorganize the Union Pacific myself," said Harriman.

Schiff laughed. It was, perhaps, the last time any one ever laughed, in just that way, at Harriman.

(To be continued)

## The Big Fellows

(Continued from page 19)

Now that prize-fighting has become such big business that it is listed thinly disguised on the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Rickard is becoming a bit worried over a possible famine in potential Big Fellows. Of course there always has been a Big Fellow of a sort hanging around, but there always is a chance that the people who pay for these exhibitions may become critical of their Big Fellows. When they do, it will not be so easy to fill the big arenas and the prize-fighting stock will fall off on the Exchange.

Judging from some of the financial returns received and expected, the material for the making of Big Fellows is worth about \$3,000 a pound, and for one exhibition only. Of course, some of the Big Fellows are worth more to the pound or even to the carat than others, possibly worth their weight in platinum, if I had a rapid statistician handy to figure it for me.

MR. RICKARD thinks that their value is increasing, but, then, of course, Mr. Rickard is both an enthusiast and an optimist. He would have to be in his business. No man can make a ballyhoo ring sincere unless he believes in it to a great extent himself.

A few years ago the available supply would not seem at all impressive or even mildly satisfactory, but Mr. Rickard has been able to make it go around. This may be partly luck and partly spreading the material as thinly as possible while making the best possible show. There is tonnage enough about, but only a small percentage of it is of any possible use for ring purposes, even in these days where the patrons are not so particular and where the gathering and the spectacle of a championship prize-fight would dwarf the bout itself, though it were a great one.

Being a business man in a big business Mr.

Rickard is not concerned with ideals nor is he attempting to force into a realization the legend of the prize-ring. He wants to maintain for his patrons a satisfactory Big Fellow, and see to it that there is a successor when the inclination is evident that another Big Fellow is wanted. And Mr. Rickard will attempt to make it possible that each succeeding Big Fellow in the dynasty fulfils the requirements as he gets them.

Obviously we are in the midst of a great professional boxing renaissance, with, as Mr. Rickard says, nicer and nicer people coming to the big bouts all of the time. It is apparent that the nicer the people are the more they like the Big Fellows, and the further away they get from the legend as to what it is all about.

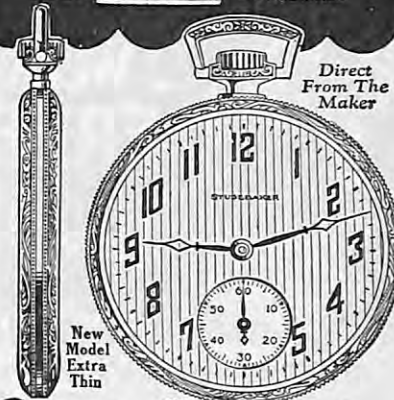
I am hoping that one of these days the revulsion will come, and that the dragon will cease to be the sentimental, money-favorite at the ringside and afterward, and that the crowds will go to see what they maintain that they go to see. But there are no indications of a trend of this sort at present. They go to see The Big Fellow.

It does not seem probable that a young man with the face of an altar boy and the inclination to read books ever could fulfil this vision for them. But then again it might be. They might turn from the illusion of The Big Fellow to the sort of bigness they pretend that the prize-ring is expected to produce.

In this event, when Gene Tunney revisits Canada in the near future, both the little boy of the Windsor Station and Pete Millejour, the guide, would gasp, "How big he is. This certainly is The Big Fellow, himself."

Of course in time there would come a saturnine Fitzsimmons who would growl, "The bigger they are (even morally and mentally) the harder they fall." And it would start all over, the search for The Big Fellow.

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## From Start to Finish

(Continued from page 37)

been weighed, the valet picked up the lead-pad Johnson had used in the previous race, in which his mount had carried a total weight of 96 pounds.

There was nothing for the officials to do, but to disqualify Pride and award the race to the second horse. But since the whole thing had been a palpably honest mistake on the part of Johnson's valet, no disciplinary action was taken. Yet among those who had wagered—and apparently won—on Pride, I do not doubt that there were some who regarded the whole thing as a black piece of underhanded work, and who did not hesitate to say so.

From start to finish, racing is a game of hazards, financial and otherwise, and mistakes in judgment are frequent, but slips from common honesty are not. Remember how much of the responsibility rests on mere boys. Remember what temptations could be laid before these boys; and the wonder of it is not that racing is reputed dishonest without deserving the stigma, but that it is not dishonest. Yet take them as a whole, jockeys will risk their all, down to their very lives, to ride a winning mount. There comes to me the case of a German boy, Carl Ganz (whose brother took the Anglicized name of Roscoe Goose) and was also a good race rider. Carl Ganz had the mount of E. R. Bradley's Beachcomber at Latonia. He was eager to win. An opening showed momentarily which seemed to give promise of enabling him to slip through into the lead. But he wasn't quick enough. In the fractional fraction of a second that elapsed while he made his move the opening closed as another horse came across. Beachcomber fell, and a flying hoof crushed the rider's skull. It was this incident which impelled Colonel Bradley to look about for some sort of protection for the boys, and thus was brought into general use in this country the fiber skull-cap now worn by jockeys beneath their silk riding caps. Boys who habitually risk their very lives to win races are not very apt to succumb to temptation that might be offered them to lose intentionally.

Some perfectly astounding feats are credited to some of these jockeys. Jockey James Lee, a negro boy, raised in New Orleans, set a world's record at Churchill Downs on June 5, 1907, when he won all six races—the entire card. One other jockey, Herman Phillips, subsequently rode winners in every one of the six races on the card at Reno in July, 1916. Four other jockeys, in the history of racing, have ridden six winners in one day, but in each of these instances there were seven races on the card. As a matter of fact, Walter Miller, in 1906, rode eight consecutive winning races, but this was on two different days, the eight being the total of the last four on one day and the first four on the next. Ivan Parke duplicated this feat in Latonia on October 16 and 17, 1923, on which days he rode a total of ten winners, eight of them being in consecutive races.

The ownership of a stable of racing thoroughbreds is by no means a bed of roses, and most of the large stables show tremendous deficits on

the year's operations, these deficits being the price which rich owners are willing—nay, eager—to pay for the privilege of seeing their flaming colors come thundering down the stretch to the finish in the lead of a field of splendid horses. The risks of monetary loss in conducting a big racing stable are overwhelmingly great. With a frequency that must be discouraging, these owners will purchase high-priced horses which sometimes do not so much as ever go to the post. A colt which cost \$100,000 may become valueless overnight, for racing thoroughbreds class as the world's most perishable property. The colt may contract a sudden illness which will rob him of wind; he may, while walking with sharp plates, strike himself so as to disable himself forever; he may break down in his first race and have to be destroyed. We need only point to the very recent instance of Bubbling Over by way of illustration.

On the other hand, the medal has its reverse side, too, and many supposedly valueless horses have turned out to be veritable gold mines. Off-hand I recall that Morello, at one time, could hardly command a bid at a public sale and was sold in the ring at Sheephead Bay for \$100; yet, among other rich stakes he won the 1892 Futurity, which had a value of \$40,450 to the winner.

When Cudgel was believed by his trainer to have contracted rickets, he was sold to John W. Schorr the elder for \$1,500. Some time later, at the request of E. B. McLean, publisher of the Washington Post and the Cincinnati Enquirer, I secured an option on him for \$20,000. The sale was not consummated because the younger John Schorr, who was Mr. McLean's trainer, was afraid that if the horse, purchased for this sum from his father, had not turned out well, he would have been thought to have brought about the transfer by collusion. At any event, Cudgel went on to reap a rich reward of earnings by winning many stakes and purses, and now promises to make good in the stud. As values range to-day, he would have been cheap at \$75,000.

BY WAY of conclusion, let it not be understood that any of the above is a "defense of racing." I admit that I love the sport and am one of the firmest of believers in it. In thirty years of newspaper work, where opportunities to expose so-called "crooked practices" would certainly have been of the best, I have never failed to report anything off-color that came to my notice. But nothing is farther out of line, to my way of thinking, than the idea that racing stands in need of a defense. Its popularity with the American people is growing with each year. The number of thoroughbred horses, and the amount distributed in the way of purses are growing greater each year. Racing carries its own defense in the persons of those most actively identified with it—the Kings of England and Spain, the Bradleys, the Winns, the Belmonts, the Whitneys, and the Wideners.

(THE END)

## The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Reunion


(Continued from page 41)

none; nor of the California units which included two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the President of the State Association, four District Deputies, and representatives from sixty-one of the sixty-eight Lodges of the State, some 150 in all; nor of the parade prize winners. No, we can only say to you—see the next parade, at all costs. Prize winners were, for floats: First, Indiana State Elks Association, for float "Miss Indiana," \$1,000 prize; second, Hamilton, O., Lodge for their reproduction of a Continental block-house, \$750 prize; third, Glendale, Calif., Lodge, for their four-horse Concord stage coach, a famous relic of the early days in the West, \$250 prize. Boys' Bands: Wilmington, O., Lodge, prize of \$250 to be divided among the bandmen. Another Lodge, not previously mentioned, which brought a boys' band to the

convention, was Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge. The following were awarded prizes for being the best decorated buildings: Office Buildings: "Cincinnati Enquirer." Hotels: The Sinton Hotel. Department Stores: The Mabley & Carew Co. Retail Stores: The A. E. Burkhardt Co.

Though many delegates and visitors left for their homes in the early hours of the evening following the parade, a sufficient number remained to crowd the ball rooms of the city's hotels, where they enjoyed the dancing arranged for by the reunion committee. By Friday noon, however, the city had a strangely deserted air as the bustle and gaiety occasioned by thousands of visitors subsided, and another successful convention was written into the history of the Order.





**GEORGE JOHNSON**  
Drum Major  
Drum and Bugle Corps,  
Racine, Wis.

"On to Paris" sails the American Legion on September 8th, over 16,000 strong.

Bands, bands, bands. Drum and Bugle Corps to stir the blood and tingle the foot of the veteran! And among them is the Racine Corps, first prize winners at national legion conventions for four consecutive years—now, as always, using the quality instruments of the world—"HOLTON."

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**THE ALL 'ROUND SPORTS GLASS**  
Some are slightly worn or refinished. All are optically perfect. Day and night lenses—dust and moisture proof—last a lifetime—includes strap and lens cover. Guaranteed same as new glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send promptly on receipt of check or money order for \$8.50. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfactory.

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\$1 box fifteen assorted. Designs in colors. Sentiment and ELK EMBLEM on each card, all Steel Die Stamped. Space for name. Send \$1 TODAY for trial box or ten cents in stamps for sample.  
**PILGRIM STUDIOS, 11 Otis St., Boston, Mass.**

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

Frederick J. Mulhern was recently elected Exalted Ruler of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge to succeed Peter F. Ward, who resigned. Mr. Mulhern is one of the youngest Exalted Rulers in the Order, and has served on many active committees and in all the chairs.

A valuable Elk charm was found recently by John Hennsoth, of Minden, Nev., who will return it to the owner on proper identification. The charm bears the name of a Victor, Colo., Lodge member.

On September 18, Rahway, N. J., Lodge will hold its annual clambake at Linden.

During the National Educational Association convention in Seattle, Wash., a number of the most distinguished educators of the country were the guests of Seattle Lodge and addressed the members.

The recently organized Bugle Corps of Berwick, Pa., Lodge now consists of forty pieces, and has made a number of public appearances.

Massachusetts Lodges expended \$135,305.70 on charity work last year. Everett Lodge had the highest per capita expenditure, with \$12.33, while Newton was second with \$7.23.

The sum of \$3,773.51 was netted by Pat-chogue, N. Y., Lodge at its block party.

The Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Connecticut recently met at Willimantic.

San Jose, Calif., Lodge is sponsoring a Lodge of Antlers for the boys of its city.

Akron, Ohio, Lodge has added to its long list of contributions a gift of \$1,000 to the building fund of the City Hospital.

September 3, 4 and 5, will see the annual summer outing of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, at Ben Lomond.

Washington, D. C., Lodge followed its custom of twenty years standing and took the orphans of the Capital and of Alexandria, Va., to Glen Echo Park for a day's outing.

The crippled youngsters of New Rochelle, N. Y., enjoyed a day's outing at Hudson Park as the guests of New Rochelle Lodge.

Westfield, Mass., Lodge recently entertained some seventy-five veterans from the U. S. Hospital at Leeds at an outing and picnic at which a program of sports was run off.

## Man-Size

(Continued from page 20)

"And, as President of the United States, I bestow the Distinguished Flying Cross, as symbol of appreciation for what he is and what he has done, upon Col. Charles A. Lindbergh."

Now, there are not many of us who have been left in any doubt as to what he is or what he has done. Still, the thrill of those days last May and June, when the air was vibrant with the sound of the boy's wings and the entire world dizzy from gazing up into the sky and shouting—returns forcefully again as we read the aviator's unaffected narrative. In our hearts, the shouting and the tumult have not all died down, I assure you.

The publishers tell us that here is "the flier's own story of his life and his transatlantic flight, together with his views on the future of aviation. With a foreword by Myron T. Herrick, U. S. Ambassador to France."

Surely that promises enough to entice any reader; and added to that is a part of his book—a part Lindbergh wouldn't or couldn't write himself—giving a colorful and prancing description of the ovations that greeted him everywhere he went. The picture of these wild scenes, where the people completely lost their heads over the hero, are told by Fitzhugh Green, and add a rare note of excitement.

However, it is the chapters by Lindbergh which, of course, interest us most. Here is such casualness, such simplicity, such scorning of "working-up" to dramatic moments, such directness of purpose, such enveloping boyishness, that it is astounding.

He set out to be an aviator—and he became the ace of aces.

(Continued on page 92)

Insist  
on the  
Original

**BUCK SKIN  
JACKET**  
GUARANTEE



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If it Fades—Shrinks—  
or Loses its soft Texture

SHOW me a jacket that will do all that, a jacket that wears like leather, looks like buckskin and washes BEAU-TIF-UL-LY. Buck Skin—soft as wool—warm as fur! Buck Skin that keeps the rain off and the wind out! Sure I'm raving—so will you and so will your wife, when Buck Skin, after years of hard service—weathers time and looks more than ever like smooth suede—mellow as your old briar pipe. No fading! No shrinking! And a real money-back Guarantee with each garment says so. 100% pure worsted wool knitted belt, snaps back into shape even after washing. A warm, comfortable, big, husky jacket with two oversized flap pockets. Color: Buckskin tan. Ask your dealer or mail my coupon with \$5.50 and I'll see you get your Buck Skin and pay the carrying charges myself.

*Buck Skin For*

**FREE:** "Buck Skin Joe's Family Album" pictures in life-like colors Tom Mix in a Buck Skin (the shirt at \$3.50 and the jacket at \$5.50); also the Buck Skin flannel shirt and Buck Jacket, the colorful glorified lumberjacks.



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See that I get  
A **Buck-Skein** Jacket at \$5.50 ☐  
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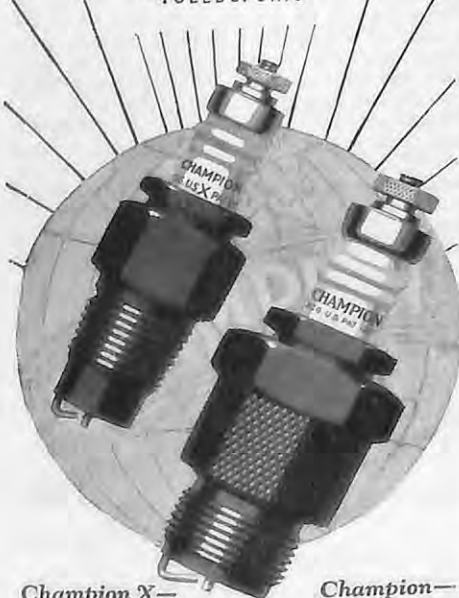
More than 100,000 dealers and garages sell dependable Champion Spark Plugs—supplying two out of three motorists. You will find complete stocks of Champions wherever automobile parts or accessories are sold.

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine, and all are of the same gas-tight, two-piece construction with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

The dealer will be glad to recommend the particular type of Champion plug which will assure the best performance from your engine.

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Champion X—  
Exclusively for  
Fords—packed in  
the Red Box

60¢

Champion—  
for cars other  
than Fords—  
packed in the  
Blue Box

75¢

## Man-Size

(Continued from page 91)

He made up his mind to fly to Paris—and that was that.

The story of the flight is so easily told that it makes you laugh.

"About 7:40 A. M. the motor was started and at 7:52 I took off on the flight for Paris."

"During the day I saw a number of porpoises and a few birds but no ships."

"The sun went down after passing Cherbourg and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible. I saw the lights of Paris a little before 10 P. M. . . . and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about four thousand feet."

"I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed."

Lindbergh and his Spirit of St. Louis were there. He says it all so "for grantedly" that he really might have been taking a little flight from Manhattan to Brooklyn.

"I am not an author by profession" the boy insists. Again, thank God for that. His book is the book of the dauntless and one-idea young man who gave us a great spring this year.

### Marching On

By James Boyd. (Scribner's Sons, New York.)

THIS is the James Boyd whose book on the Revolution, "Drums," made us turn a cartwheel of delight here in these pages a couple of years ago.

This time he has advanced his date, taken the Civil War as the background against which to throw a luminous picture of the Old South, and his hero, James Fraser, of Brunswick County, North Carolina, is a descendant of those Frasers who endeared themselves to us in this author's first book.

### A Good Woman

By Louis Bromfield. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

WHY should we think, involuntarily, of "Elmer Gantry" when we read this new novel by the author of that splendid piece of work, "The Green Bay Tree"?

Surely no two writers handle their incisive and ironic pens less alike than Mr. Bromfield and Sinclair Lewis, yet there it is—a sort of ink-brotherhood between the two. Both hate the sanctimony so often smeared over a cruel and destructively righteous nature; both hate the thing called "life" when it means only stagnation instead of fine freedom, sex instead of love, and fraud instead of decency. Both use satire as a weapon and employ large casts of actors to carry their drama—still, essentially there is no resemblance between these two men. Bromfield seems to go ahead of Lewis when it comes to motivating his women. Here he often touches true pathos, a deep vein of sensitive forbearance, and an intimation of that futility which life itself inevitably holds.

This novel "A Good Woman," is the fourth of that tenuously connected saga of which the splendid "Green Bay Tree" was the first. It deals with existence in that same ugly steel town where Lily Shane found the bars of a soulless morality pressing too coldly upon her, and so took her life in her two lawless hands to make at least an honest wicked thing of it.

The group of Middle Westerners, who this time engage Mr. Bromfield's talents, are Philip Downes, a young man who returns from Africa because he has lost the faith to carry him further along in his missionary work. He struggles to find a new reason for being, a new key to life. His indomitable mother, Emma Downes, the good woman, who has ordered his manhood into one channel of disaster, again takes her place at the helm. She is a rigid, destructive, utterly un-understanding creature who ultimately brings tragedy to everyone with whom she comes in contact.

Naomi, the wife, is a figure for infinite pity. Mary, the girl whom Philip has always loved—she also is drawn into the net of the "good woman," and caught.

Except for Mr. Bromfield's striking craftsmanship, "A Good Woman" is, to us, an appallingly grey tale. A novel of wide proportions

and well handled, yet one that makes you dread the world just a little more than you did before you read it—and that's not such a good thing, if you ask me.

### For Our Pilgrims to France On the Slope of Montmartre

By William Wallace Irwin. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

THE man who is searching for the usual cock-eyed view of Paris had better leave this delicious glimpse of life in the Latin Quarter alone.

Mr. Irwin tells us of a sort of "home town" that exists in the immediate neighborhood of his apartment—a routine of little useful affairs and people both more characteristic, after all, of the French, than all the wild tales of night life on the Boulevards.

For the gilded gorgeousness of Paris establishments (as seen and believed in the movies) the author substitutes his own delightful eagle's perch high up in an old French house in an old French street.

### A Wanderer in Paris

By E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

INTIMATE and neighborly papers of a gentleman traveler, evoking a hospitable atmosphere and displaying the happiest knowledge of the Magic City.

### Paris Restaurants

By Robert Robert. (Brentano's, New York.)

A CONVIVIAL volume leading you eagerly from breakfast to luncheon, enthusiastically from luncheon to dinner and riotously from dinner to supper. You can't starve with this book in your pocket.

### How to See Paris Without Being Ruined

By John Chancellor. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

GOOD advice—good tips—good fun—good gracious!

### The Paris That's Not in the Guide Books

By Basil Woon. (Brentano's, New York.)

FASCINATING by-paths along which an interesting present goes hand in hand with old glories and romance. Don't miss this.

### When You Go to London

By H. V. Morton. (Harper's, New York.)

THE things that any visitor should really see and do—and how to see and do them in the easiest and jolliest way. Good as two "personal conductors."

### When You Go to Europe

By Edwin Robert Petre. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

PRICELESS advice of a very practical nature. The commandments and beatitudes of a trip abroad.

### Travel Charts and Travel Chats

By Frederick L. Collins. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis.)

JUST what its title says. Years of experienced travel boiled down and put in new, concise form. Indispensable and unusual.

### Three Lights from a Match

By Leonard Nason. (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.)

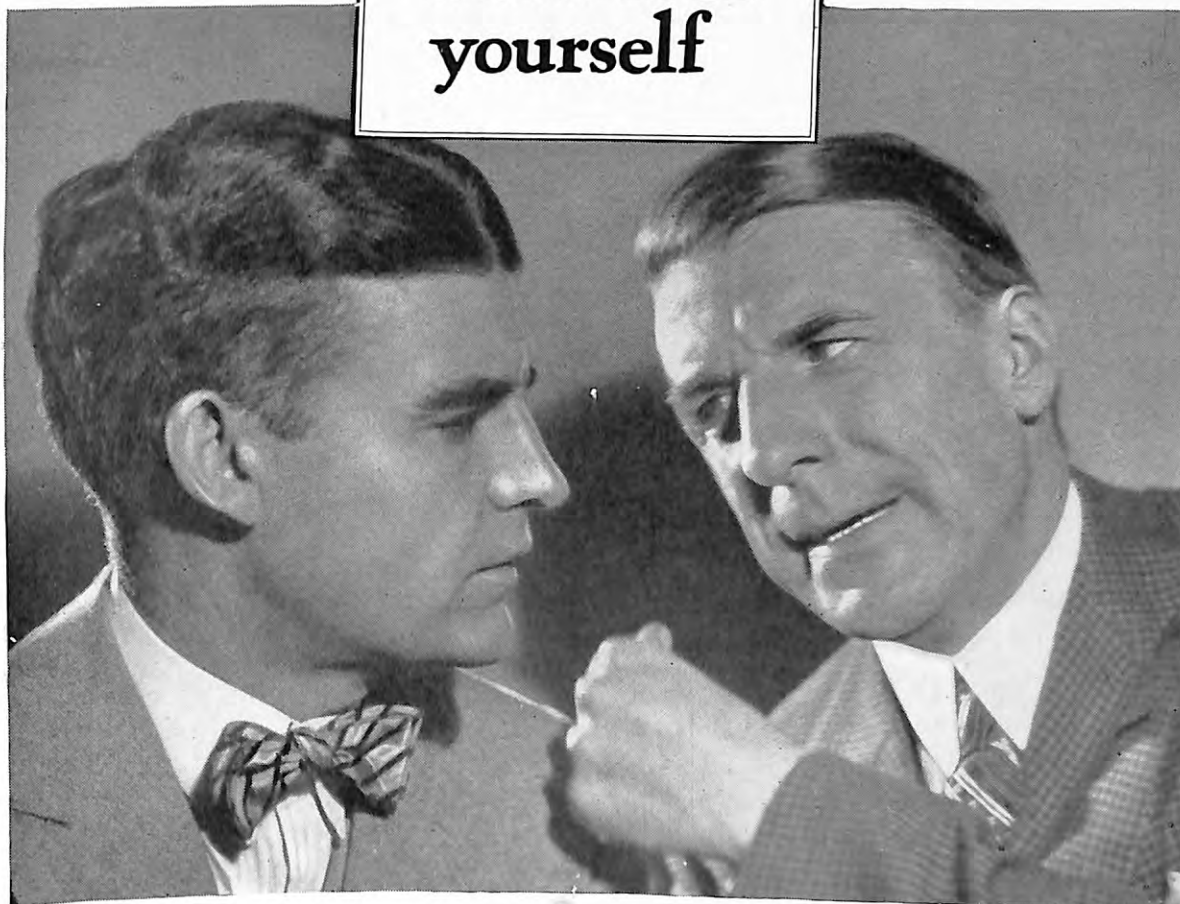
Exciting War tales.

### On Special Mission

By Charles Lucietto. (McBride Co., New York.)

HAIR-RAISING yarns of the French Secret Service during the World War.

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yourself**



## Decency demands it

Don't fool yourself by thinking that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). The worst offenders are usually unaware of it. You, yourself, can never tell.

Therefore, common decency demands that before meeting people, you put yourself on the polite side by the use of Listerine. You simply rinse the mouth.

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**Had Halitosis**  
**115** barbers say that about every third man that walks into the shop has halitosis. Who should know better than barbers?  
*Face to face evidence*

Immediately and effectively, Listerine combats unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums, the most common source of halitosis. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office so that you may never offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

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### FALL IN LINE!

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.





*Better be out of gas than out of Chesterfields*



*The natural tobacco taste of Chesterfield is proof that if tobaccos and blend are right, nothing need be (or should be) added.*

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